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F.D.R.'s cabinet begged him to reassure business. "All right, I'll turn on the old record" —— from the

MORGENTHAU DIARIES

•

BUCKY HARRIS & CO.
by Quentin Reynolds

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Best way to guard against sunburn, Bobbie, Celeste and Robyn tell Daddy, is to cover up with sand. *Really* the best way to get a "model" smile is to remember what thousands of schools stress—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth.

Perfect formation! At least, 3-year-old Bobbie thinks so. Look at his pleased-as-punch smile! Look at the sparkling smiles of *all* the McClains and you see why they use Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. Dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own personal use,* a recent national survey shows!

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Model Mother... Model daughter... Model son, too!

Even father Roy McClain has a "model" smile, thanks to Celeste's model dental care

"A good patient" is 5-year-old Robyn, who visits her dentist for regular check-ups on teeth and gums. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away!* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile—so important, in fact, that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, as shown by recent national survey! Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.

QUITE A FAMILY, the McClains of East Orange, New Jersey . . .

Mrs. Celeste McClain, Robyn and Bobbie McClain are all three of them Powers models, with (naturally!) "model" smiles. *Mr.* McClain is not a model (he's a department store executive) but you can see that his smile is a "model" one, too!

Actually, it's not surprising that the McClain smiles are all the "model" kind. Celeste has been modeling beachwear, furs and formal fashions for seven years, so she knows how important a sparkling smile can be. It's only natural, then, that she sees to it that her family safeguards its smiles by following the dental routine of so many successful models: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Ipana Tooth Paste for your Smile of Beauty

Product of Bristol-Myers

TAKE A RADIO SERVICEMAN'S WORD FOR IT

Motorola Is America's Finest Auto Radio

Maybe I shouldn't be tipping you off, because if I depended on Motorolas for repair work I'd go broke—they're that dependable. About all I see of a Motorola is when I install it, and when the owner has it transferred to his new car.

I know the "inside" of radios, and it's easy to see that Motorola's superior performance is based on superior engineering. Drop around for a demonstration at your nearest Motorola dealer—you'll find him listed in your classified directory.

DESIGNED TO FIT
ALL CARS—REGARDLESS OF MAKE OR MODEL

Motorola AUTO Radio

Consult your classified telephone directory for your nearest Motorola Radio dealer

MOTOROLA, INC. • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

COLLIER'S

October 4, 1947

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				JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*		

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●

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE SENATOR'S MAIL

DEAR MR. GERVASI: An interesting feature in connection with your story (Yankee Gadfly, Aug. 2d) was that you refer to my daughter Louise's illness, multiple sclerosis, and the improvement of her condition through treatments which she had for a six-month period in an institute set up by Henry J. Kaiser. Thirty-six different letters from all parts of the country have been sent me by victims of this dread disease or by their loved ones asking the name of the doctor under whom Louise was given these treatments.

We have answered by explaining the treatments given, and giving the name of Dr. Kabat who is head of this Institute founded by Mr. Kaiser and himself. We have been very much touched by these letters. CHARLES W. TOBEY,
United States Senate, Temple, N. H.

THAT PARTCHED LOOK

DEAR SIRS: Enclosed you will find a cartoon that I think is a positive disgrace to your magazine and certainly does not give the reading public any credit for intelligence. The human race is becoming poorly built and homely enough without people having to look at such things as this cartoon.

VERA S. MCMILLAN, Vancouver, B. C.

Rhinoceroses think other rhinocerose lovely; Partch people think there's nothin lovelier than the Partched Look.

AH, WOMAN—THY FACE IS A LOVELY SNAR

DEAR EDITOR: Your magazine has hit new low in frontispieces. A group of silly empty-faced females putting on make-up (Charm School Cover, Aug. 16th.) Wh don't you chaps concentrate on intell gence, not beauty? All a girl (so the think) needs is an eighth-grade educatio a 35-inch bust and how to put on make-u and she is ready for life. Think how mar

(Continued on page 44)

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Diabetes met its master

in 1921 when insulin, which often controls the disease, was discovered.

Since that time, other advances have further improved the treatment of diabetes. Control has become more accurate with the development of slower acting insulins. Today, most diabetics under good medical care can look forward to a healthy, active life!

The diabetic today holds the key to his future

Successful control of diabetes depends largely on the closest teamwork between doctor and patient. Most doctors say that the patient is the more important member of the team.

The diabetic needs to study his disease under his doctor's guidance. He can usually learn to avoid such complications as diabetic coma, insulin reactions, gangrene, and early degenerative changes in the arteries, the heart, and the kidneys. Above all, he can learn how to fit his special diabetic requirements into a normal pattern of happy living.

For further information about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 117C, "Diabetes."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet 117C, "Diabetes."

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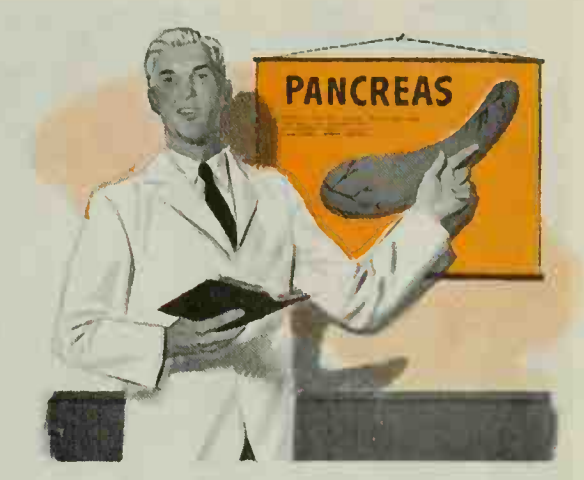
TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!



Q. What is insulin and why is it used?

A. Insulin is a substance produced by the pancreas, a large gland near the stomach. It enables the body to store and burn sugar. When the pancreas does not produce enough insulin, the sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace the natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it by means of a suitable diet.

Q. What other controls are important?

A. Diet is an essential part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, especially when diabetes is discovered early, correct diet alone can control the disease. Active work or exercise also helps the body to burn up sugar. Success in treating diabetes depends on keeping *diet*, *exercise*, and *insulin* in correct balance.

Q. How can diabetes be detected early?

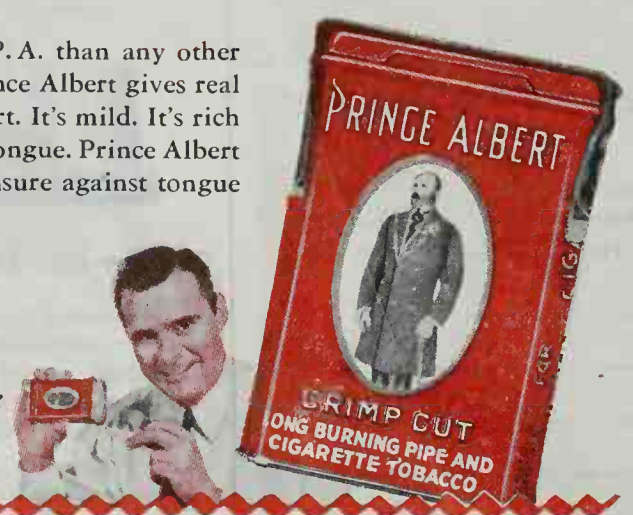
A. Diabetes can be detected by having a urinalysis with your regular physical examination. This will permit your physician to discover diabetes before the appearance of such symptoms as excessive hunger and thirst, frequent urination, and loss of weight. Such periodic examinations are a sensible precaution for everyone. They are essential for those most likely to get diabetes—people between 40 and 60, especially if they are overweight, or have a history of diabetes in the family.

P.A. * means Pipe Appeal

A pipe *does* something for a man—adds a masculine touch that appeals to women. And a pipe filled with Prince Albert has real appeal to any pipe smoker!

means Prince Albert

● More pipes smoke P. A. than any other tobacco . . . because Prince Albert gives real smoking joy and comfort. It's mild. It's rich tasting. It's easy on the tongue. Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try P. A. today!



CIGARETTES ROLL UP FAST AND NEAT—WHEN YOU USE CRIMP CUT P.A.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

The National Joy Smoke

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Most species of deer have foot glands which secrete a substance that, when freshly tracked, has an odor so strong it nauseates pursuing hunters.

During its 1896 season, Barnum and Bailey's Circus exhibited one of America's first automobiles, a Duryea Motor Wagon, among its "Wonders of Nature" such as the Alligator-Faced Boy and the Wild Man from Borneo.

The quality of some Japanese swords is illustrated by an incident that occurred during the fighting in Shanghai in 1932. Armed with a particularly fine specimen, an incensed Jap officer slashed off the barrel and water jacket of a Chinese machine gun with a single stroke.

Persons holding annuities live, on the average, from two to four years longer than persons holding regular life insurance policies because they are usually healthy people and the income enables them to have a carefree, secure old age. Because of this difference, special mortality tables are used for annuitants by insurance companies.

The most damaging plagiarism suit brought in this country was that against Richard Walton Tully in 1912 by a woman who claimed his play, The Bird of Paradise, had been stolen from one she had written. Not having any play to show the court, she disappeared until 1924 when she returned, reopened the case, produced a manuscript and was awarded $781,990. In 1930, the decision was reversed by the N.Y. State Court of Appeals which found no resemblance between the two plays. The battle to clear his name cost Tully his fortune and left him unable to write during the remaining 15 years of his life.

Among the noteworthy disk jockeys in the United States today is Robin Morgan whose turntable shows, interspersed with comment, is broadcast Saturday mornings from 10:15 to 10:30 (EST) over Station WOR in New York. Miss Morgan is five years old.

A civil marriage is more important than a religious marriage in most European countries as it is obligatory and the only one recognized by the law of the state.

Few feats have paralleled that of the miner, W. H. Schmidt, who worked from 1906 to 1938 in digging a 2,000-foot tunnel through a granite mountain in Kern County, California. Realizing such a tunnel was the only feasible way he could transport the ore from his claim to the outside world, yet being too poor to purchase modern tools or employ help, he did the job alone, equipped only with a small jackhammer, a lantern and a hand-pushed truck for removing the loosened rock.

In the early 1870s, so many divorces were sought in Utah, where no grounds were required, that one law firm in the town of Corinne handled its divorce business on a mass-production basis. In quantities in advance, it prepared the necessary papers so completely that they became legal when signed by the man and woman involved; and the firm sold them through a slot machine at $2.50 a set. —*By Earl L. Wellersdick, Torrington, Conn.*

Montevideo, Uruguay, has a peculiar cemetery consisting of walls in which the dead are sealed in crypts arranged in seven horizontal rows whose total height is about 25 feet. Anyone wishing to attach flowers to a crypt above the second row has to be lifted up to the position on an elevator wheeled about and operated by an attendant.

While the atomic theory is generally believed to have originated in 1803 with John Dalton, the British scientist, the idea that all material substances are composed of atoms was taught in several ancient Greek schools as early as 400 B.C.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and its items may be reproduced without permission.

MARIA MONTEZ—*starring in the United Artists release "ATLANTIS", a Seymour Nebenzal production.*

"Wake-up-to-music" CLOCK-RADIO

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It's all so simple. Set the hour and station. Then this clock-radio wakens you with music—gently as a falling eaf. If you doze off again, it becomes firm as a stern papa, uzzing, buzzing, buzzing, until you rise and shine.

Starting your day right is only part of its magic. Is there a rogram you simply mustn't miss? Want to catch a train or eep an important luncheon date? The G-E clock-radio remembers—reminds you automatically.

Imagine a fine-toned G-E superheterodyne radio and an accurate G-E electric clock—both in one beautiful plastic cabinet. n your living room, or office, or kitchen, as well as beside our bed, it's the smartest-looking table model you ever saw.

Why be alarmed? Get this double value General Electric Clock-Radio and wake up smiling. A welcome gift for every member of the family—including yourself.

What beauty! *Beauty of tone, beauty of cabinet in this G-E Clock-Radio, Model 62. Genuine ivory plastic. Plenty of power. Superheterodyne circuit. Built-in Beamascope antenna. Big (4") Dynapower Speaker. Latest model, accurate G-E electric clock. Also available in rosewood plastic, Model 60.*

ODEL 50W

MODEL 50B

opular priced—*these gem-like G-E clock-radios are double value—radio and clock in one dainty cabiet. Hundreds of thousands now in use. Your choice f ivory, lustrous black, or rosewood plastic.*

MODEL 50

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LIQUID SIMONIZ KLEENER is wanderful for cleaning quickly new cars ar thase with finishes in average canditian. *Paste* Simoniz Kleener cleans, restares lustre and makes dull cars look new agoin. Then apply SIMONIZ ta make that restored beouty lost years longer.

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Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

KEEPS NEW CARS . . . NEW LOOKING

THE WEEK'S WORK

W. B. Courtney

CHER SHANE: You ask for autobiographical details. I believe your readers would be more interested in some of my recent and objective experiences in rambling these past two years around a reborn Europe—to where I will return as soon as I collect my back pay.

In Greece I visited the only Aegean Isle the Germans failed to capture and hold. It is inhabited by honey-exporting monks who, when the Nazis tried to land, threw the beehives at them. In Lisbon I saw an official pamphlet on "Better Hotels" advising innkeepers, in preparation for the expected reappearance of American tourists, to banish cuspidors from their rooms, because well-bred Americans prefer to spit out the windows. In Czechoslovakia there was a brisk black market in grandmothers; they are rented out at high rates to prove Aryan descent. In North Germany they periodically weigh cops in charge of food distribution—a gain in weight being held proof they have pinched some of the food, and they are forthwith jugged. In Lourdes a greeting banner over the railroad station read: "WELCOME TO GOD'S TOWN. BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

In Clack Street, London, a tankful of whale oil busted and flowed over the cobbles until it solidified. Mistaken for lard, it was joyfully scooped up by hundreds of hungry East Enders chanting, "Fish'n'chips for everybody tonight!"

In Copenhagen I found at last the sensible relation between national security and national welfare: The 1947 Budget for Denmark's army, navy and air force is footed entirely by the profits of the Carlsberg Brewery. While across the Ore Sound in Sweden, I saw a football match, in which a team of confirmed alcoholics played a team of robust young temperance athletes. The lushes won—34 to 0—and I came away much refreshed.

By the way, Mr. Shane, who the hell are you? The last time I made a routine visit for editorial guidance to the Home Office on February 6, 1897, we had a bloke named Tod Sloan writing about horses.

A guy named Richard Harding Davis writing articles that made the founding of the Boy Scouts inevitable; and two old codgers named Davenport and Crichton writing pieces about the curse of liquor. But I don't recall anyone named Shane. Are we expanding? *Veuillez agreer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus sincere,* and hoping you are the same, W. B. Courtney

(The Boys They Left Behind, p. 24)

SINCE we specter to get her fact right, Jule Mannix, flanked by he husband, Dan, spent a week with Bo Nelson, who has Ghosts for Sale o p. 16. Dan used to work in a carniva and the gypsy palmists, horoscop casters and mind readers in the sho had bought their equipment fro Nelson wholesale.

Dan had always dreamed of mee ing Nelson; Jule's assignment pr vided the necessary carfare an introduction.

Nelson proved as fabulous as on a One-man Clearing House for Me talists can be.

Mail-order business for Nels products: Palmistry books, mag mirrors and poltergeists was bris professional "mentalists" came b droves from the country over watch Nelson demonstrate his met ods; and Nelson was deep in o parchments, new books on psych ogy, and studying the stars for ne wrinkles in promoting good, hone deception.

What Jule liked best about Nels was his preoccupation with the "re thing." If you buy a pound of N son's Devil's Foot Root, or Hi John, the Conjurer's Herb, a silv talisman, or book of charms and cantations, you can be sure the her are fresh, the talisman silver, t parchment is lamb and the incan tions exact translations from old d uments.

Nelson's artificial ghosts are ca fully copied from letters he gets scribing the "real thing"; and special brand of ectoplasm (the st ghosts are made of) has been carefu laboratory-tested for the commer market. Many letters from satisf customers attest the spirit-rais qualities of the Nelson product.

"Working with Bob Nelson," M Mannix tells us, "you always hav feeling someday he may draw a ch on the floor, burn some of his Spe Lizard's Blood Incense, there'll b puff of smoke, the devil will app and ask what you want. And w knows, maybe someday it'll happ History's studded with such cases.'

This week's cover: Boy's Life. mond Abel, holding the kittens from Hollis, Long Island, hopes be a great musician; goldheaded H old Stone, hopeful of becoming a rymore, is on the road now; Whi the pooch, wants to meet Lassie Hollywood, some day. Jimmy Sn kodachromed it, gaining inspira from the fable of the lad who tra his $50,000 dog for two $25 cats. . . . TED SHA

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING since the invention of the phonograph

It's new! It's beautiful! It has everything! New pull-out phonograph makes record loading easy. New high speed changer plays up to 12 records automatically. New static-free FM radio with tilt-tuning dial. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond period cabinet with compartment for 144 records in albums. See it . . . hear it . . . at your Admiral dealer, today. Walnut only **$289.95** (Slightly higher in west and south.)

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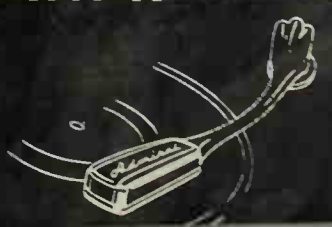
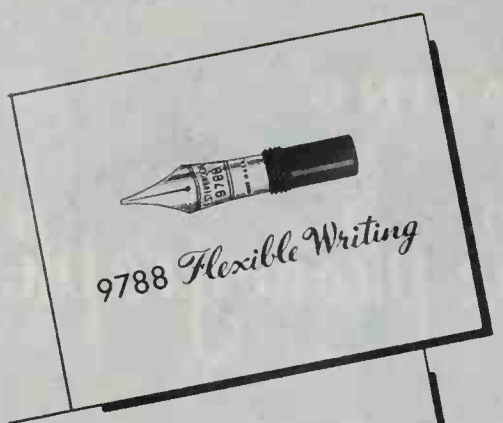
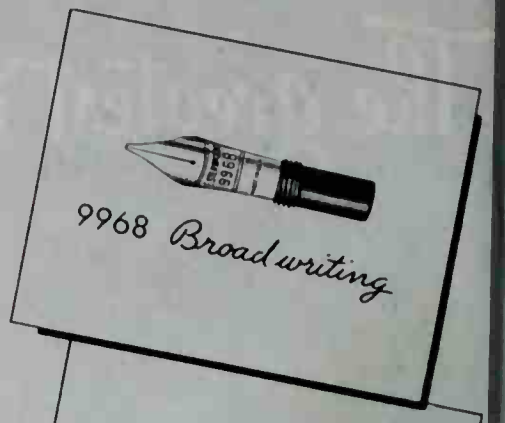
FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

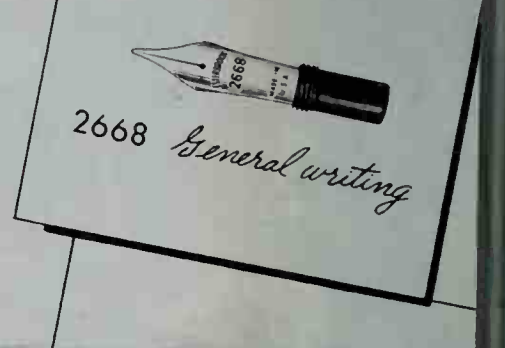
with Miracle Tone Arm

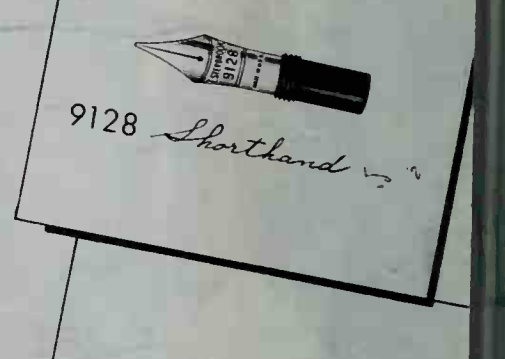


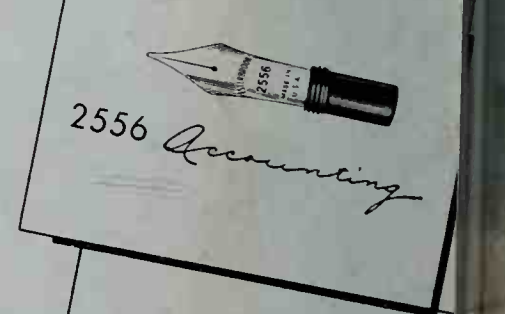
NO OTHER PEN CAN WRITE SO WELL FOR YOU...

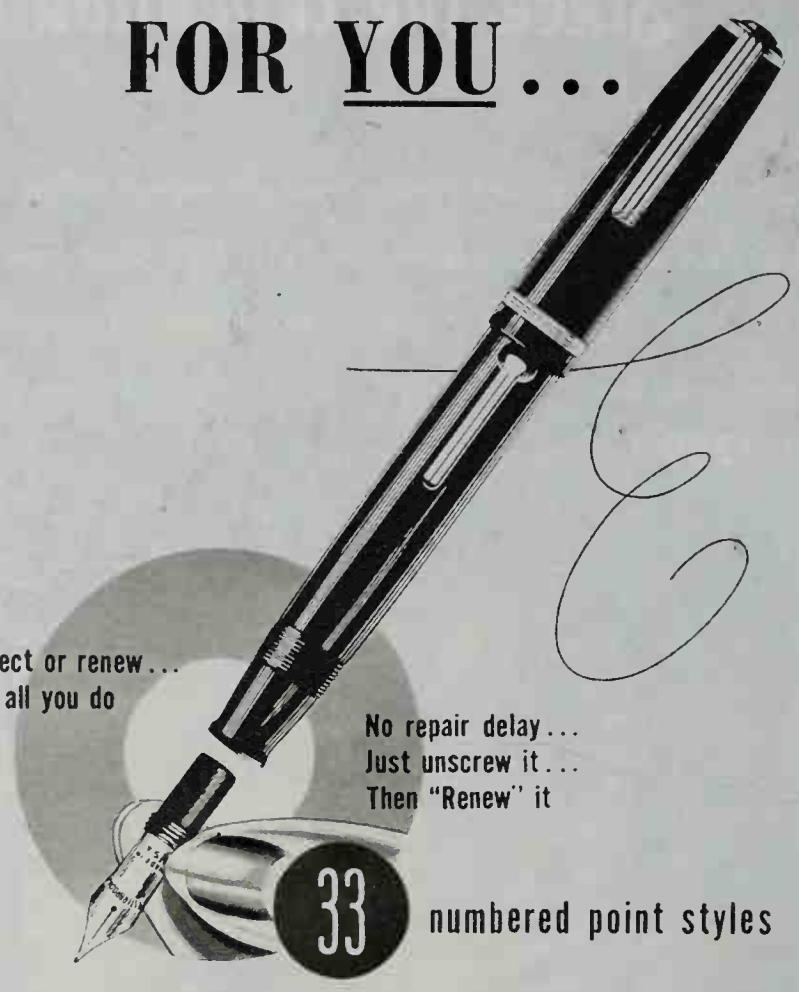












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RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

THESE ARE THE YANKEES

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The disorganized, disgruntled Yankees were a poor bet when the season opened. But somebody switched the odds. Maybe it was a new manager who didn't even want the job—Bucky Harris

BUCKY HARRIS looked out the window of his new Fifth Avenue office. It was January 8, 1947, a dull gray day, and, if you had dared him to, Bucky might well have taken a dry dive right out the window. Larry MacPhail had been tossing the full force of his Demosthenian personality at Bucky for a month and, finally, completely worn down by the talkingest man in or out of baseball, Bucky had succumbed.

Signed up originally to act as executive assistant of a great baseball organization, Bucky now found himself manager of an ordinary third-place baseball team.

Judged by its 1946 record, it was a very tired Yankee team that was coming apart at the seams. Bucky had one twenty-game winner (Spud Chandler), not one .300 hitter, and no first baseman. He contemplated the future with distaste.

The phone rang and a cheerful voice said, "Hi, Bucky. This is George McQuinn. I hear you're looking for a first baseman."

"That's right, George," Bucky said. "You mean Mickey Vernon of the Senators?"

"No, Bucky. I mean George McQuinn. Sign me up and it'll mean the pennant for you."

Bucky blinked. He knew that George McQuinn was not quite old enough to have helped the Rough Riders storm San Juan Hill, but he knew, too, that it was almost time George began collecting on his old-age Social Security. George had just received his unconditional release from Connie Mack, and when the canny Mr. Mack releases you, you are supposed to be very, very finished.

"I'm in good shape, Bucky," George said with confidence.

"Well," Bucky said cautiously, "come on up to New York at the Yankees' expense and we'll talk it over."

So George McQuinn arrived the next day, slim, debonair, and still quietly confident. Bucky turned him

Cleveland's Joe Gordon waves his teammate Lou Boudreau in, and Lou is put out by Yankee catcher Berra. In background is first baseman George McQuinn

Above: The Yankees' two top men, Manager Bucky Harris and President Larry MacPhail. Larry, though a master at filling the ballpark with paying customers, can't get along with the players, and the popular Bucky acts as peacemaker, smoothing out the various causes of irritation between them and MacPhail

over to Dr. Mal Stevens, then the team physician. Doctor Stevens gave George every test he could think of, and then he said to Bucky, "He's in great physical condition. I see no reason why he doesn't have another good year left in him."

Bucky, who prides himself on being strictly a percentage player who seldom plays hunches, said, "George, what's the most you ever made in baseball?"

George said, "Twelve thousand a year."

"Will you play for us for fifteen thousand?" Bucky said. George would.

Of course, Bucky could have played Tommy Henrich at first, but Tommy was just about the best right fielder in the league. He had young Steve Souchock, but he felt that the kid was at least a year away from the big time. Who else was there? Nobody but old man McQuinn. So Bucky crossed his fingers and on opening day he said casually, "George, you're our first baseman."

Just four months later old man McQuinn, after a sensational early-season splurge, was picked by everybody to be the league's first baseman in the All-Star game.

It would take a clairvoyant with a crystal ball in good working order to tell you how the inept, lackadaisical third-place 1946 Yankee team leaped to the leadership of the American League, but baseball men are pretty unanimous in saying that one of the most important factors in this baseball miracle was the play of old man George McQuinn.

There are, of course, many other reasons. There was Joe DiMaggio, for instance. Joe, playing the first two months with a huge six-inch open cut in his left heel; playing with a chipped bone in his right shoulder that made it agony for him to throw; playing with a ruptured neck muscle that hurt every time he turned his head, was magnificent all year. The Yankees really tore the league apart when they won nineteen consecutive games (June 29th through July 17th).

When Freddie Hutchinson of Detroit finally brought it to an end on July 18th, the Yankees were eleven games out in front; and the Red Sox and the Tigers were weary from chasing them. During that stretch DiMaggio hit .361; all pitchers looked alike to the Yankee Clipper. He hit men like Masterson, Dobson, Kramer, Feller, Marchildon, Kinder and Muncrief as though he owned them.

McQuinn, Henrich, Johnny Lindell and Billy Johnson caught fire, too, and the five, with help from the rest of the boys, slammed the ball so hard that only four opposing pitchers (Wynn, Masterson, Kinder and Feller) were able to go the route against the 1947 edition of Murderers' Row. But it was DiMaggio who paced the club. Shortly after the streak ended Joe hurt his neck. He was out seven days—the Yankees lost five out of seven. As soon as he returned the club resumed its winning way.

Then there was Frank Shea, the miraculous rookie who was toiling for Oakland a year ago. By July 5th, Shea had won his eleventh game. Then he was hurt and was lost to the team for almost the rest of the season. There was Joe Page, who always wanted to be a starting pitcher. Bucky convinced him that he was the best relief pitcher in baseball, and he went right out and proved it.

Men Who Played Great Ball

There was Yogi Berra, the Man Without a Neck, who caught when Aaron Robinson's hitting fell off and who played the outfield when he was needed. Berra is a discovery and protégé of canny John Schulte, one of the best coaches in the game. There was the steady play of Tommy Henrich and the timely hitting and truly great fielding of Rizzuto and Stirnweiss, a double-play combination that has its equal only in Lou Boudreau and Joe Gordon of Cleveland. There were other reasons why the Yanks surged to the top of the league, but far and above them all looms the amiable figure of Stanley (Bucky) Harris, the man who didn't want to be manager.

Just to refresh your memory about Bucky Harris. He came up from Buffalo in 1919 to play second base for the Senators. He was the kind of hustling ballplayer who was never stopped by such slight occupational mishaps as broken fingers. His fingers were always getting broken, but that only cost the Senators a few dollars for adhesive tape. Made manager in 1924, he won the pennant and then the World Series from John McGraw's Giants. In 1928, he went to Detroit to spend five years building up a pennant contender. Tom Yawkey then signed him to manage Boston, and in 1934, he brought the Red Sox home in fourth place, the first time the club had seen the rarified air of the first division since 1918.

One day Bucky and Yawkey were out duck hunting. Yawkey told Harris that he had a chance to get Joe Cronin from Washington. Cronin was then the hottest shortstop in the game.

"That's great, Tom," Bucky said. "Grab him."

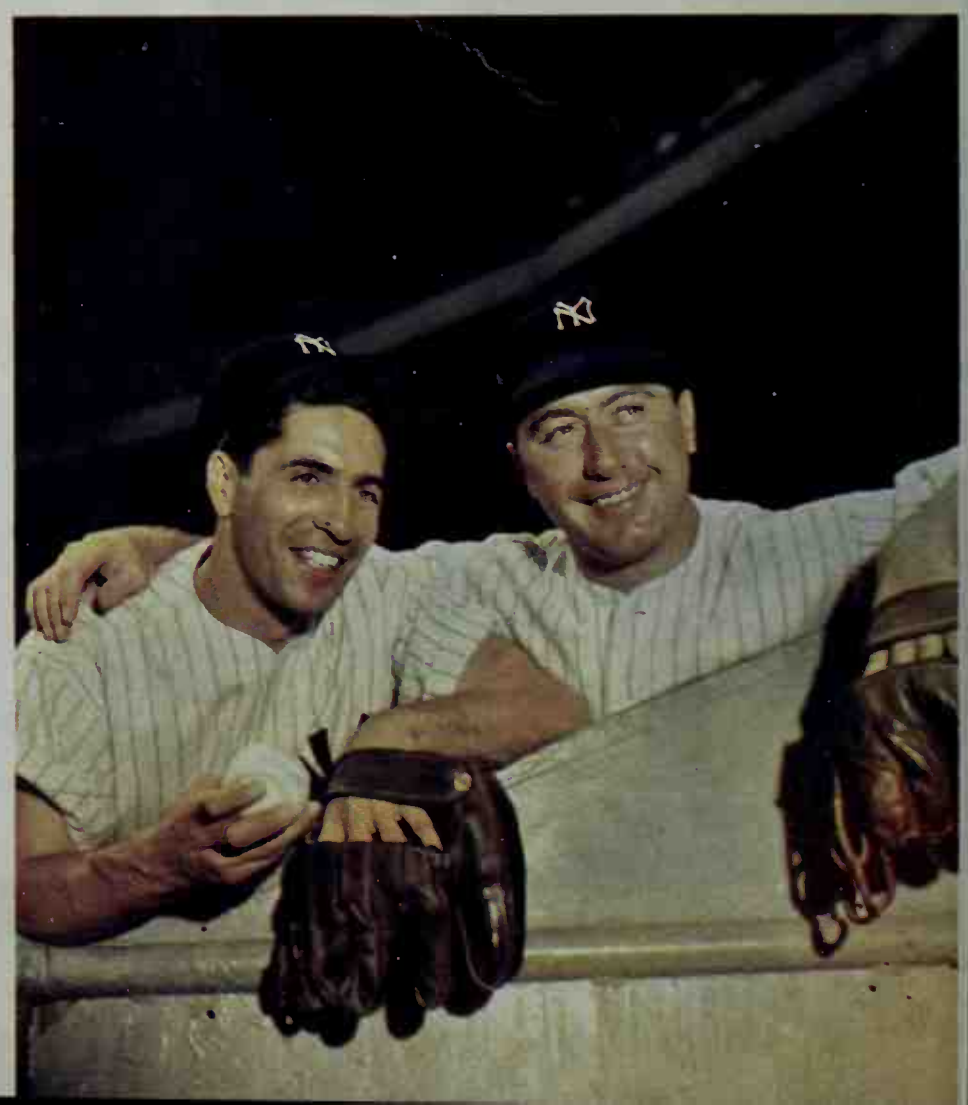
"Griffith will only sell him on condition that I make Cronin manager of the Red Sox," Yawkey said.

"Joe will be a great playing manager," Harris said calmly. "I advise you to make the deal."

Well—that's Bucky Harris. He went back to Washington as manager, then shifted to Philadelphia in 1943. Bill Cox, who owned the Phillies, fired Bucky in midseason, and the whole baseball world (including the late Judge Landis) fired broadsides at Cox. Buffalo of the International League offered Bucky a major-league salary and he went to the upstate city.

It was then that persuasive Larry MacPhail asked Bucky to become his executive assistant at the Yankee Stadium. Bucky, deceptively young-looking at fifty, liked the idea of hanging up his spikes and parking the carcass in a big soft chair in an air-cooled office. That was in August, 1946. Joe McCarthy had resigned. Big as it was, the Yankee Stadium wasn't nearly big enough to hold such conflicting personalities as Joe and Larry MacPhail. Bill Dickey tried his hand as manager and it didn't work. It was a tired, sullen, unhappy ball club. Dickey resigned and Johnny

Phil Rizzuto and George Stirnweiss, the great Yankee fielding team, make a double-play combination equaled only by Boudreau and Gordon of the Indians



Neun finished out the season. Then during the winter MacPhail went to work on Bucky.

Finally he sold Bucky the idea of managing the Yankees "just for one year." It isn't MacPhail who sold Bucky the idea of sticking around next year (and probably from then on); it was DiMaggio and Keller and McQuinn and Henrich and the rest of the Yankee players.

"I've been with a lot of ball clubs," Bucky says, "but never one like this. There isn't a wrong guy on the club. These boys have done everything I've asked them to do this year. I've never seen spirit on any club like we have on the Yankees. I can't quite explain it, but if you hang around the locker room and sit in the dugout during batting practice and go out with the boys afterward, you'll see what I mean."

So I did those very things and found the answer—Bucky Harris. The players like the way he handles the team. They like the way he plays percentages instead of going in for wild gambles. They like the way he leaves them alone if they're going good. This is a mature Yankee club. Of the twenty-six men on the club roster, eighteen spent the war years in service. They are professionals who learned their trade well in the fast minor leagues. Bucky lets them think for themselves.

As a group the 1947 Yankees would compare favorably with any similar age group of insurance salesmen, advertising men, newspapermen or bankers. Bucky treats them like that, too. Before a game he may give a few words of advice to his starting pitcher, but that's all the instruction he feels they need. I was sitting with Bucky in his office one afternoon when Bobo Newsom, whom he had named as his starting pitcher, came in.

"Got any orders, Bucky?" Big Bobo asked.

Bucky grinned. "You know how to pitch to this club as well as I do, Bobo."

Newsom smiled happily and then pitched a shutout against the Red Sox.

The toughest job Bucky has is to act as a buffer between the players and Larry MacPhail. Larry's job is to keep the ball park filled with paying customers, and at that he has no equal. But he is also boss of the players, and in his human relationships with them he fails utterly.

To Larry, players are chattels to be bought, traded and sold. He pays them well and figures that the Yankee Corporation owns them body and soul. When they are going particularly well Larry will toss them a bonus or a gaudy bauble like a watch or tie clasp. If you tried to explain to Larry that ballplayers are human beings, capable of likes and dislikes, he would be honestly puzzled. Larry treats the players with all the exquisite tact of a ten-ton bulldozer clearing a forest.

Mal Stevens' "Resignation"

There was the matter of Dr. Marvin Stevens, for instance. The popular Mal Stevens began the season as the team physician. Eminent in his own field of orthopedics, the former Yale football star made friends of the players. If one of them came up with some ailment that Mal thought could be better treated by a specialist in that field, he'd hustle the player to the best qualified expert.

Midway through the season it was announced that Doctor Stevens had resigned. He hadn't resigned; he was fired by Larry MacPhail, who had found a doctor whose methods he liked better. Stevens disagreed with MacPhail over methods for treating certain muscular ailments. So did some of the players.

Larry took the attitude, "What do ballplayers know about medicine?" The answer obviously is, "Nothing." Larry threatened to fine them heavily if they didn't follow the methods he considered best. And Larry stuck to his choice with typical stubbornness. Bucky had to straighten out things like that all season.

Larry didn't think that DiMaggio, Keller and a couple of others were co-operative enough one day when some newsreel men were around taking pictures. Keller hadn't had a hit in three days and he wanted a lot of batting practice. Joe hadn't been meeting the ball well and he too wanted to stay in that cage. When ballplayers are in a slump, the understanding newspaper photographers stay away from them. The newsreel men weren't so hep. They got insistent and finally Joe and Keller told them to run along and roll their hoops. MacPhail fined them both for that.

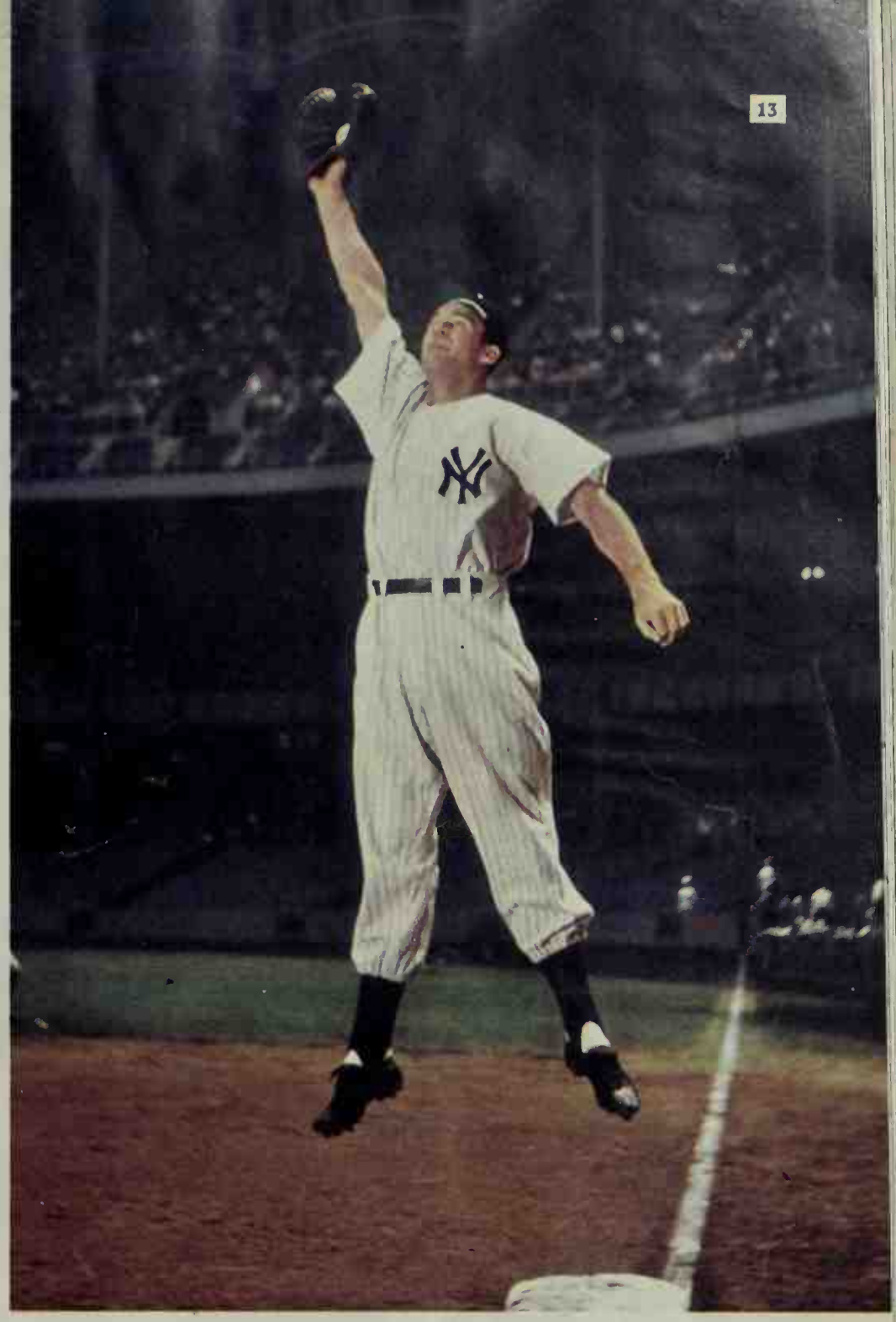
He fined a few of the boys for not speaking at banquets arranged by local New York groups with the help of the Yankee front office. The boys were too tired at night to join any chicken-and-string-bean circuit. They weren't interested in Larry's promotional stunts.

Under any other manager the team might well have folded up, or at least been badly affected by the dictatorial front-office tactics. Ballplayers in mid-season are trained down fine, and with the sharpening of their physical condition comes an understandable increase in sensitivity. They're on razor edge physically and mentally. MacPhail's treatment of them drew them closer together. And they drew Bucky in with them. Sure he was a friend of Larry; Larry was his boss, but they felt that Bucky was in their corner. And they were right.

The players believe in him as a manager, too. At one time this year Shea, DiMaggio, Chandler, Keller, Wensloff and Henrich were all out with injuries, and Floyd Bevens, a sixteen-game winner in 1946, had completely lost his stuff and was sitting on the bench gloomily contemplating a four-won-ten-lost average. Yet somehow Bucky managed to juggle his reserves around so that the team kept on winning. Ask Bucky how he did it and he grins and gives you a one-word answer, "Percentage."

That of course only tells half the story. A good manager has to have the same sense of prophecy usually attributed only to the seventh sons of seventh sons. The Yanks had a serious-looking bespectacled pitcher named Vic Raschi with them in spring training. Raschi was the typical postwar rookie—a twenty-eight-year-old ex-serviceman. Serious in mien as

(Continued on page 36)



The veteran George McQuinn had been given an unconditional release by Connie Mack, and when canny Connie releases a ballplayer he is generally supposed to be very, very finished. But Bucky Harris took a chance and signed McQuinn for the Yankees. McQuinn became a sensation at first base

As goes Joe DiMaggio so go the Yankees. He's the pace-setter for the club and despite an injured heel and bad shoulder he marched it to a lively tempo

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

Jeff went below and hurled the things out into the cockpit. He could hear the pattering of Clarissa's feet on deck and in a little while she said, "I'm decent, Mr. Holmes

BY JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

YOUNG MAN WITH AN IDEA

Geoffrey J. Holmes believed in Fate—and Fate, who had a lovely figure, believed in him. Why else would she follow him around in such an exposed condition?

GEOFFREY J. HOLMES had to draw up his knees or hunch over when he coped with the standardized equipment designed for the average-sized man. The ideas that came to Jeff's mind were of like stature. Naturally, he was young.

This morning he hunched. The top of his convertible pressed down upon his head. It poured down rain. Wilshire Boulevard was a sea of traffic.

Besides all this, Jeff toyed with two tremendous ideas at once—the details of building the Ledge Canyon Dam, and marriage. The bids on the dam had not been submitted, nor had Jeff met the girl he would marry. But such things were mere details. The important thing was in knowing exactly what you wanted and going after it.

The woman Jeff intended to marry would be tiny and cuddly. One he could bounce on his knee, while he pored over blueprints of an evening.

Jeff could see her plainly, in his mind. Better yet, he saw her dart from the shelter of a store vestibule and wave frantically at him, he was sure of that. Three other male drivers, alone and searching for opportunities, thought so, too.

Jeff rose to the occasion. He figured he could get there first if he sideslipped in. He did. He skidded through the deep gutter water and stopped exactly in front of where the green-suited little lady was standing. The other drivers stopped, too. They leaped from their cars and ran toward the girl. But Jeff knew he was the lucky one.

The girl was not tiny or cuddly. She was tall, with wide shoulders, slim waist and long, straight pin-up kind of legs. Her hair was black with a dusty sheen and her eyes were green. She was exactly the type, even the very one, Jeff realized, he had in mind, though she looked perfectly capable of deciding when she might like to be bounced on whose knee.

The trouble was, the girl was all wet. Jeff's skidding car wheels had picked up about a half ton of water from the gutter and heaved it in her face.

Her perky little hat hung over one ear. Muddy water streamed down her beautiful face, and a small gob of mud had plastered itself in the provocative hollow of her right cheek. A once floating paper bag was draped limply over her handbag and her once light green suit was now a dark, water-soaked green. According to all the rumors Jeff had heard, this was definitely not the way to get acquainted with the woman of your dreams.

The three knights of the road and rain came galloping up. "You dumbheaded California driver!"

"Give a guy a big car," said the redheaded young man, who drove a small car, "and he thinks he owns the road."

The third, an older gentleman, tried the Father-will-protect-you approach. "Come, my dear," he said. "I have a heater in my car. And a little nip. A little nip will help ward off a chill."

Jeff squeezed himself out the door and stood upright, frowning down upon the outraged males. The one who had called him a dumbhead turned pale. The older man backed up. Only the redhead stood his ground.

"You can't go around splashing women, see," he said. "You ought to be more careful."

"Let's not have any trouble," said the girl. "It was this tall gentleman I was trying to attract."

"Yeah," said Jeff, looking at the others. "She was trying to attract me. You guys have caused enough trouble. "You run along so you won't be late for work."

He did not even stop to wonder why such a beautiful girl had been trying to attract him. Fortune had patted his head so often lately he just took such things in stride.

"Let's get in the car," he said. "You'll get all wet standing here in the rain."

The girl rolled her green eyes up at him and a shiver of fear tickled his spine and he knew his first doubt. But the crisis passed. The lust to maim and murder faded from her eyes. She even smiled. It would have been more beautiful if it had not been so forced. But at least it showed her teeth.

"Thank you," she said. "You are so kind."

THE girl picked up the hem of her skirt and twisted it. Water ran onto the floor of the car. She seemed resigned.

"I," she said, "have been trying to attract your attention for almost a month."

"You have?" said Jeff, amazed. "My gosh!"

"Yes," said the girl. "I suppose you know why?"

"Yes," said Jeff. "It's Fate. Fate makes you do things whether you want to or not. But I can't see why it made me not see you for a month. I'm not really blind. I don't see why it made me get you all wet, either. I'm sorry about that, but I will make amends. Just tell me what you want me to do."

"Very well," said the girl. "I want you to turn around and take me home so I can change clothes. I can't show up at the office looking as if I'd spent the night plugging a leak in a dike."

Jeff swallowed. She was asking little enough in the way of amends. But affairs were rushing toward a climax. Within the hour, Geoffrey J. Holmes was due to be interviewed by the press. He was to become a national figure. This was no time for a woman to change clothes.

"What," said Jeff, "do your friends call you?"

"Clarissa. Clarissa Margaret."

"Look, Clarissa," said Jeff. "There is a nice radiator in Mr. Geoffrey J. Holmes' office. You could sit by the radiator and dry out."

"You don't mean *the* Geoffrey J. Holmes!" cried Clarissa. "Not the engineering genius who is going to merge with the C. M. O'Connor Company, like I read in the papers, and build the Ledge Canyon Dam?"

"That article was a lie!" Jeff almost shouted. "The O'Connor Company planted that piece to try and compromise Mr. Holmes. They have been writing and phoning his office for a month and Mr. Holmes won't even talk to them, let alone merge. Someday Mr. Holmes is going to get his hands on O'Connor." He almost tore the steering wheel out by the roots making his point clear.

"My goodness!" said Clarissa. "Is the great Mr. Holmes going to build that monstrous dam by himself?"

"No," said Jeff. "He wishes he could, but he is not that well off financially. He is going to merge with the Big Four Construction Syndicate."

"Oh," said Clarissa. "I am disappointed in him. I understand the Big Four is a bunch of bandits. They always wind up making the job cost twice as much as their original bid. The newspapers—"

"Newspapers have to have someone to pick on," said Jeff. "Lately they've picked on the Syndicate. That is why the Big Four are letting Mr. Holmes in. He has an idea that will save a million dollars on that Ledge Canyon job."

"No!" said Clarissa. "Has Mr. Holmes told them the idea already?"

"Ha!" said Mr. Holmes. "He is not that dumb. He has just convinced them he can, that's all. Confidentially, all concerned know the Syndicate is tottering. One more little scandal and they are washed up. But one job, well and cheaply done, which is the only way Mr. Holmes would do a job, puts the Syndicate back in public favor. So the Syndicate is grateful and Mr. Holmes becomes the white-haired boy and a leading member of the biggest outfit in the world. Don't you think he's smart?"

Clarissa said, "I think Mr. Holmes is nuts."

"That is no way for a lady to talk."

"Sorry," said Clarissa. "But the point is, when Mr. Holmes becomes involved with the Syndicate, he loses his identity. Mr. B. B. Bowen takes credit for everything. Every time the Big Four is mentioned there is a picture of B. B. Bowen. B. B. inspects work. B. B. plays golf in a helicopter. What do the other three companies do?"

"You just don't understand," Jeff said. "Geoffrey J. Holmes will not be submerged. A strange sort of Fate looks after him. Oh, you'll love Jeff when you get to know him real well. Tonight, when we are having dinner together, I will tell you all about him."

"Oh, wonderful," cried Clarissa. "I hope anticipation doesn't make me sick so I can't make it. But now, let's assume that Mr. Holmes is one hell of a fellow and the subject exhausted. I yearn for that hot radiator."

On the twelfth floor of a downtown office building they came to a door bearing the legend, "Geoffrey J. Holmes Construction Company. Geoffrey J. Holmes—Private."

"It just so happens," Jeff said, "that I have a key to Mr. Holmes' private office. Nice guy. You'll love him."

The office was a corner one. The radiator was in the far corner, between two large windows. Jeff's desk was set diagonally between the windows so that his back was to the radiator. Clarissa made a beeline for the hissing heater.

"Just take all the time you need," said Jeff. "No one will bother us in here. Mrs. MacDonald, Mr. Holmes' secretary, is late on a rainy day. Now—"

He fell silent as voices rose in a connecting office. Clarissa, her back turned to him, the hem of her skirt lifted a little to the warming heat, froze. Someone wished to be ushered *(Continued on page 28)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

GHOSTS FOR SALE

Bob Nelson makes them to order and guarantees to scare the daylights out of your Aunt Emma. If your house needs haunting, he can arrange that, too, down to the last skeleton rattle and terrifying scream

FOR the last 25 years, Robert Nelson of Columbus, Ohio, has been in hot competition with the Powers of Darkness to see which of the contestants can do the best job of scaring the tar out of the American public. So far, Mr. Nelson has won.

Bob Nelson acts as agent for ghosts, vampires, werewolves, strangled screams, and things that go bump, bump in the night. For a reasonable sum, Nelson will have your house haunted, provide a headless skeleton to walk through your mother-in-law's bedroom at three A.M., or instruct a disembodied voice to wail and gibber from the teakettle when your wife has a few friends in for the afternoon.

Nelson keeps a careful catalogue of all particularly grisly cases of supernatural visitante or hauntings that appear in the newspapers. Whenever he feels that the devil may be catching up on him, Nelson and his corps of highly trained assistants work night and day to create some new horror.

When Bob Nelson was 13 years old, he and his brother Lawrence decided to become the world's greatest magicians. They began giving shows at children's parties. Then one afternoon the Nelsons stopped to watch a pair of street corner mind readers. One of the mind readers sat blindfolded on a platform and called out the name of any object handed his friend who walked through the crowd.

At the end of the performance, they offered $10 to anyone who could duplicate their feat.

"Lawrence and I had worked out a system so that we could secretly communicate with each other," Bob explained. "We put on a better demonstration of thought transference than the mind readers. Once, we were nearly caught. They challenged us to read off numbers they wrote on a blackboard behind our backs while we were blindfolded. That was tough. Fortunately, Lawrence was a quick thinker. He found he could see down the sides of his nose under the blindfold. He palmed a small pocket mirror so he could watch the blackboard and call off anything they wrote. The crowd made the mind readers pay us the $10. We realized then that our naturally strong occult powers might have to be strengthened occasionally by mechanical means."

A few years later when the magic business hit a slump, the boys remembered their mind-reading system. Instead of presenting their magic show as trickery, they decided to introduce a few mentalist routines and suggest that the effects were performed by cosmic vibrations. As a result, the boys took in $250 the first night. Both the Nelsons have been mentalists ever since.

"We got our first big break while we were playing a small theater near Columbus," Bob recalls. "The audience would write their questions on slips of paper and Lawrence, disguised with a beard and turban, answered them from the stage. I happened to be standing in the lobby when a shopkeeper I knew in Columbus came in. He didn't notice me and naturally he couldn't recognize Lawrence. I sneaked up behind him and read his questions while he was writing them down."

Lawrence had rigged up a pair of earphones inside the turban with a concealed wire that led to a telephone mouthpiece in the rear of the theater so Bob could tell him what the audience was writing. Bob rushed to the telephone and rapidly recounted to his impassive brother on the stage not only the shopkeeper's message but also a complete account of the man's home life. Lawrence began his reading. Halfway through the speech, the shopkeeper leaped from his seat with a hoarse scream and bolted from the theater. From then on, the brothers were made.

In order to solve its daily problems the American public requires a steady

(Above) Bob Nelson demonstrates window-shade "ghost" which is luminous and appears or disappears at a seance as the medium unrolls or rolls up the shade in the dark room. (Above, right) The author poses at medium's table in a simulated seance scene. All ghostly objects shown can be manipulated by medium, using thin metal attachments. Writing on slate appears automatically when slate is turned over. (Right) Nelson's famous talking teakettle excites dog when voice from spout calls him by name

BY JULE MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

supply of dream books, horoscopes, crystal balls, and lucky pieces. The brothers received such a steady demand for these items, that Bob Nelson decided to start manufacturing them wholesale. Lawrence preferred to stay on the road. So they broke up.

Bob returned to Columbus and opened his occult supply house. He was promptly deluged with orders from mediums for floating tables, self-writing slates, and trumpets and built-in voices. Today they form the major part of his business.

"Ordinary ghosts are too high-strung to stand the strain put on them by modern life," explains Nelson. "Harry Price, the well-known English expert on psychic research, tells a story that illustrates this very well. As a boy, Harry wanted to photograph a ghost that was haunting an old English castle. He and a friend rigged up an electrical unit loaded with flash powder around the staircase where the ghost usually appeared. Being amateurs, they used too much flash powder. Then they led wires into another room and hid.

"At midnight, they heard the ghost walking through the castle. He caught sight of the photographic outfit and went over to examine it. The boys heard him clicking his tongue with astonishment as he inspected the apparatus. Then he started up the stairs. The boys hurriedly set off the powder. For a few seconds, all they could hear was the explosion. Then they heard the ghost falling downstairs. Apparently he dematerialized before he hit the bottom, because he was gone when they rushed out."

Any of his ghosts, Nelson claims, would have poured down those stairs and run Harry Price and his friend ragged. Nelson's ghosts are all used to being photographed. They are also virtually indestructible and take being shot at, seized by irate exposers, and having lights suddenly turned on them, with equal indifference.

"All my supernatural effects are much superior to the ordinary run of stuff you'd find in a haunted house," says Bob proudly. Last spring, Nelson visited Lily Dale, New York, the famous summer resort for spiritualists. In Lily Dale stands the farmhouse where the Fox sisters, founders of modern spiritualism, first heard the ghostly rappings made by the spirit of a peddler whose murdered corpse was buried in the cellar. The peddler still haunts the farmhouse. One of the local mediums offered, for a fee, to bring back his spirit to knock for Nelson. Nelson agreed and a few minutes later soft raps were heard from the floor boards near the medium's feet. But not for long. Suddenly loud, authoritative knocks came from every part of the room.

"What's that?" screamed the terrified medium. "That's not the peddler!"

"Certainly not!" Nelson told her indignantly. "That, Madam, is my Little Wonder Spirit Knocker, now retailing for $3.50. Far superior to any knocks produced by spirits, the Little Wonder will work even though I am tied hand and foot and subjected to a strict examination. You can't afford to be without it."

Charmed, the medium bought two Little Wonders, and Nelson hurried on to his next customer.

Revealing how Nelson creates his ghosts would be unfair. But it would be equally unfair not to give some idea of the ghost maker's ingenuity.

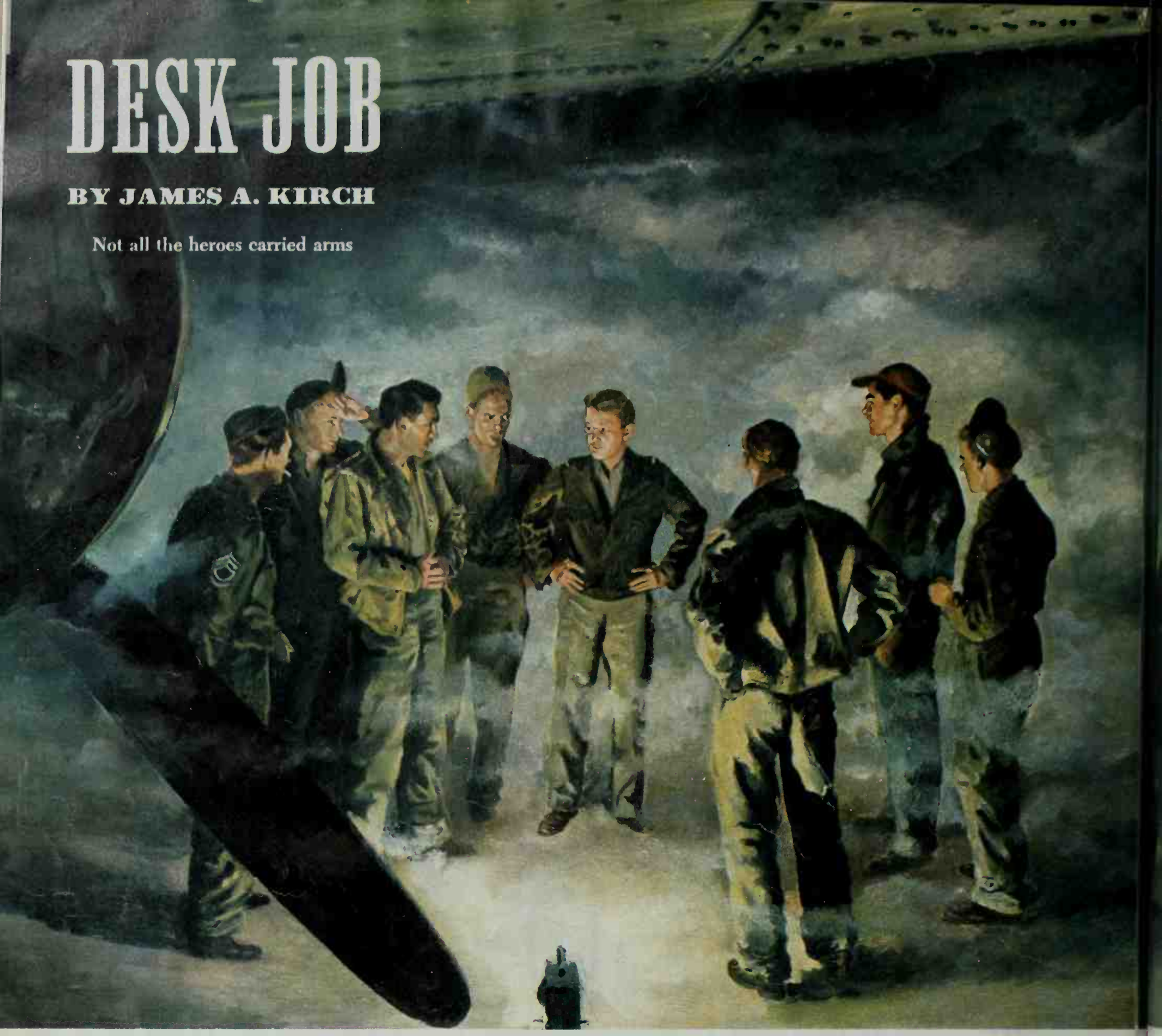
Nelson is frequently requested to haunt guest rooms, particularly in country houses during the summer when visitors drop in and stay a month. Let's suppose you and your family have decided to move in on Cousin Willie during August. After a few days, you notice that Cousin Willie and his wife are making pointed remarks about train schedules. You remember hearing that the

(Continued on page 88)

DESK JOB

BY JAMES A. KIRCH

Not all the heroes carried arms



EVEN before he opened the Quonset door and looked out, he knew, but he stood there for a moment and hated the swirling fog with his eyes. He pushed the door closed against it, but it feathered into the weather station like stuffing from a pillow. It clung to his thin young face in fat beads and made blinders of the square-cut lenses of his glasses.

The sergeant swung around on his plotting stool. He was a thickset blond boy, just crowding twenty, younger even than Lieutenant Harkness. "Any better, Lieutenant?"

Harkness took off his glasses and rubbed them on the front of his shirt. "It's bird-walking weather." He said the words slowly, as if the fact had just become clear to him.

The sergeant's eyes checked the clock on the wall. "It's early," he offered. "They'd be maybe over the target, now. It could still break wide open. If this stuff blows out . . ."

"It *has* to blow out." Harkness sat down at his desk, studying the half-scrawled letter to his father. He knew the words were without meaning, but he couldn't sit there watching the clock. Awkwardly he gripped the pen and wrote: *I was thrilled with the news about Ed.*

The squawk box said, "Operations to Weather." Harkness' pen stopped in the middle of a word. "Go ahead," he said dully.

"Harkness," the colonel's voice barked. "How about this stuff? We're socked in completely."

"It should blow off," Harkness answered, then repeated it, trying to convince himself with the sound of the words. "It should blow off all right."

The colonel said, "I've got fifteen planes out there, Harkness. They're going to be looking for home pretty soon. It had *better* blow off." The squawk box clicked shut.

"He thinks we make it ourselves." The sergeant's voice was bitter. "He's got an idea we cook it up under the weather station and can turn it off when we want. He's nuts."

"He's worried," Harkness said.

"Sure," the sergeant said. "*Now*, he's worried. But whose idea was it? Who came in here and said he had to send a flight out on the first break in the weather? Who sent 'em out knowing it would fog in after they left?"

"I called it," Harkness reminded him. "I figured it would clear again an hour before they got back."

The sergeant picked up the word. "An hour. So we call 'em right down to an hour? And if we muff one, who takes the rap? Nuts!"

Only half hearing him, the lieutenant settled back at his desk. He accepted the fact that errors in judgment were his: it was part of his job. It had been up to the colonel to hound him, to insist that they make use of the first chance to send out their planes, but it had been his job to call that break and make certain the colonel didn't prod him into a hasty decision. He didn't know what had gone wrong.

The fog, when first it had settled, had fit in with his forecast. But the cold air that should have been bulging behind it hadn't flowed in to break it. The winds had been right when they'd taken the balloon run, but that had been before the fog had blanketed the field, when you could still see a lantern in the air. But now the winds might be wrong. If they were wrong, this stuff could lay in for hours. The bombers would come back and circle high over the field, chattering on the intercoms, but the pilots wouldn't find the landing strip. They'd lay up there like pigeons locked out of their roost, until their engines choked with thirst, and then they'd black out their minds and head down through the fog. One or two of them would make it, if their luck rode hot.

"I ain't worried, yet." The sergeant studied the clock, figuring the time. "I got half an hour. If we're still socked in, I'll start sweating it out."

Harkness went back to his letter, forcing his mind to it. He'd lost the thought of his writing, so he picked up

l: going to be rough," Harkness mitted. "With plenty of flares, ly should find us—if it breaks"

l V-mail note from home. In the d, sure strokes of the pen, he saw father again. *Ed*, he remembered. t was it. Ed had just won a medal. father had colored the news like sports commentator covering a ne. Always it had been like that. a child, he had crouched next to father in the stands and the older had pounded his shoulder until muscles were sore, roaring, "Look d! Look at your brother, boy!" as always Ed his father was watch-

e hadn't been jealous. He had pted the fact that Ed had the gift is father in him, the boldness and e that could take him to the top. hadn't been jealous, but he had ied with him the hurt knowledge only Ed was the son of his father.

He could imagine his father swelling with pride as he spoke of his boy and he could picture the amazement that would cloud his face if someone asked which son he meant.

"Why, Ed," he'd say. "Ed, of course. Stan's got a desk job someplace. Stan's a fine boy, but different. He's more like his mother." And there would be wonder in his father's voice at the thought of a woman being uppermost in a man.

The squawk box sputtered, "Operations to Weather."

"Shoot," the sergeant said.

The colonel's voice was ragged. "Harkness, what do you think about flagging them on down to Callwater when they start coming in?"

CALLWATER lay sixty miles inland. It made a good alternate when the planes were riding ahead of a storm.

"We can't," Harkness said. "It's zero-zero down there. This stuff is laying thick all along. It hit us first, and it'll blow out of here first."

"You're sure of that? You're *sure* it will blow out?"

The sergeant scowled at the squawk box.

"Before it leaves Callwater," Harkness said, tightly. "If we're socked in, they're bound to be worse."

"You mean we'll *both* be fogged in?"

He hadn't said that. He wouldn't have put it in words. "I mean we'll clear before they do," he said.

Slowly, the colonel said, "There's a lot of boys up there, Harkness. I hope you figured this right." The squawk box went dead.

Pushing up from his desk, Harkness opened the door again. The sergeant followed him, peering over his shoulder. "If we had one of those radiosonde gadgets, we could get a line on the winds."

Harkness didn't answer him. He had made his forecast with the information available to him. The fact that his data was limited didn't alter it. Unhooking a fog light from the wall, he burrowed into the soup-thick mist. The hangar line he found largely by feel, threading his way until the hangar loomed up before him.

The line chief came forward, motioning to the lantern in his hand. "That don't even take a bite out of it, Lieutenant."

Harkness glimpsed vague figures behind the towering bulk of the line chief. He felt them tighten with recognition and lean forward eagerly.

"It's going to be rough," he admitted. A man cursed in the darkness and Harkness went on, trying to ease the strain for them. "It should thin out on us, though. With plenty of flares, they should find us all right, if it breaks."

Silently, the line chief weighed his words. "Well," he said, "we're not looking for miracles, Lieutenant. Just lift it a little, that's all we ask. We've got good men up there, and good men down here to baby them in. We'll be lit up like Christmas. If it just lifts a little . . ."

"Right," Harkness said. "That's what I mean. That's what our chance is." He studied the grave faces of the men who had crowded close to him. "Look," he began. He stopped, turned, and fought his way back to the station.

As he entered, the sergeant looked at the clock but said nothing. The half-hour was up.

He tried to get back to his letter. *I'm proud of Ed*, he wrote, *but we all knew he had what it takes.* He reread the part in his father's letter that had disturbed him. It was like his father to have made all arrangements without consulting him. The very handwriting, firm and incisive, told him he was expected to accept his father's decisions, as he had always accepted them in the past. He would be, as always, the blurred shadow of Ed and his father.

"Radio to Weather!" The call brought him alive. This was it. The clock had run out on him.

"Go ahead," he said.

"Picked 'em up," the voice said. "They're still quite a ways out. They don't even know what they're headed for. You got any ideas?"

"That's Sergeant Mulrooney," the sergeant said. He yelled into the squawk box. "We're gonna blow this stuff off with a bellows. Me and the lieutenant. You don't have to worry."

"With your loud mouth, I believe it," Mulrooney said. "Besides, I'm not worried. I like it. I like the whole fouled-up war. I just want to know what to tell them."

"Bring 'em in," Harkness said. "Tell them to stay up and look for a break."

"I don't know," Mulrooney said. "The colonel was talking about sending them on. He had an idea . . ."

"He's full of ideas," the sergeant said. "That's why he's a colonel."

Harkness said, "I'll talk to the colonel. You just bring them in." He got up to switch the squawk box to *Send*. He had his hand on the button when the colonel's voice stopped him.

"Operations to Weather. I'm sending them on. They can maybe make it past Callwater."

"They can maybe make it in here," Harkness said. "You can let them circle the field and wait for a break."

The colonel grunted. "You're not a flier, son. A flier doesn't want to hang up there waiting to die. He'd rather take his chances on running it out."

"They can't run it out," Harkness said. He had to make the colonel see that. The stuff was dammed up all along, and this was the back of it. The only chance was a break overhead. There was no use sending them on.

"They can try," the colonel said. The colonel was his father's sort of man. Movement was part of him.

"No," Harkness said. He held his voice level, steadying the words with his mind. "Sir," he said, "for the record, I'm forecasting a break overhead. I want that clear, sir. I say we can bring them in here." He knew what he was doing even before the sergeant went through the motions of laying his head on the chopping block. He could have made it indefinite and left the final decision up to the colonel. But if the break came at all, this was where it would start. He couldn't let the colonel send them on down.

The colonel was a long moment in answering. "Roger," he said, finally. "It's your baby, Harkness."

The sergeant kept looking at him. "It's all yours now, Lieutenant," he said. "You bought it."

The first distant whine of the planes needled their eardrums. Until the angry hum of motors began to swell over the field, they sat in silence.

"They've got gas." The sergeant's face wrinkled as he added it up. "They can stand half an hour." A sudden thought stabbed him. "That's if it was clean. If they ran into trouble, that uses up juice."

Harkness said, "If it just starts to break, it'll wash right out of here. It's a soap bubble—one prick and it's gone." His hand tugged at his collar and came away damp. "Hot," he said.

The sergeant slid off his stool and crossed the room to the pothellied stove. Wetting his finger, he touched the stove lid, then let his hand lie on the top. He saw Harkness watching him and jerked his hand back. "Some stove," he muttered. "She sure burns up the coal. We're practically out." He kicked the coal scuttle to prove it. "Damn," he said. He went to the door and when he threw it open, the sound of the planes filled the room.

"They're stuck up there," the sergeant growled. "And the guys down here can't do a thing. I can see a bunch of guys down near the line, just sweating it out . . ." He stopped as his own words registered. He turned to Harkness, wonder filling his eyes. "I said I can *see* a bunch of guys down near the line . . ."

"I heard you," the lieutenant said. He came to the door and pulled it closed behind them. His eyes fought the fog and made out a dim flare on the line. Shadowy figures crossed in front of it, blotting it out. "It's . . . It's . . ." He couldn't say the word.

The sergeant said it for him. "It's *lifting*. Man, it's lifting." His clenched fist thumped Harkness' shoulder. "Just like you said, boy. Just like you said!"

THE fog sucked up off the ground, leaving the line chief's flares smoldering beneath it. They watched while the shadowy figures became men, and the landing strip bared its outline before them. Without speaking they stood there until the first plane dropped from the low-hanging clouds to circle the field. It circled twice, getting the feel of it, and then it came in and sat down like a baby. The second plane pulled up too soon and hit with a spine-jarring jolt, but the crew walked away from it. The sergeant kept track on his fingers, checking the count by punching Harkness' shoulder after each landing. "Look at that," he said. "Look at that pigeon come home." When he'd counted fifteen, Harkness suddenly awoke to the punches.

"Hey," he said. "Don't you know you can't hit an officer?"

The sergeant grinned. "No, sir," he said. "I mean, yes, sir." He pushed open the door and stepped aside for Harkness to enter. "Man," he said. "Wait'll I see Mulrooney. The trouble with him is he worries too much."

Harkness said, "The trouble with you is you talk too much. You and the colonel." He stood for a moment in the center of the room until his eyes found the V-mail note from his father. He sat down at his desk and reread it. *We've arranged for you to apply for a transfer. We'll get you someplace where your decisions will mean something. A more active sector. Maybe with Ed.* He picked the letter up, crumpling it in his hand, and threw it with a quick, sure motion at the coal scuttle.

"Sergeant," he said, "you'd better make up that coal requisition. We've got a rough winter ahead of us."

It would be hard to explain to his father. He'd let that go until morning. This time, this moment now, was his own. He looked up and found the sergeant's eyes on him. He grinned and made a circle with his forefinger and thumb and the two of them sat there and listened to the wind beginning to whisper over the land. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY GASTON SUDAKA

In November, 1937, President Roosevelt told reporters his first interest was the one-third of the nation who were ill-nourished, ill-clad and ill-housed

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

II—THE STRUGGLE FOR A PROGRAM

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

The 1937 stock market crash launched a bitter battle that threatened to tear apart the New Deal's high command. Here the former Secretary of the Treasury lifts the veil of secrecy from the tense conflict and tells who influenced Roosevelt's economic policy

OCTOBER 19, 1937, was a date of particular significance in the history of President Roosevelt's administrations. As I have explained, the Treasury had conducted a long and difficult campaign toward balancing the budget without endangering the President's essential relief and recovery aims. We seemed at last to be within sight of our goal. Then came October 19th, which became known as "Black Tuesday." The stock market collapsed.

Seven million shares changed hands while prices skidded amid a hysteria resembling a mob in a theater fire. Steve Early phoned me from the White House to say that telegrams were pouring in asking that the exchange be closed. I recommended that they keep all exchanges open. The production index started to decline. Panic overcame the business community, and our immediate budgetary plans eventually were lost in the emergency.

One result of Black Tuesday was a vast and sudden change in policy. Whereas we had been drastically curtailing expenditures and relief funds in our budgeting planning, we were now to return to a program of spending. Whereas the President's thinking had been directed toward more orthodox lines, he now was to swing back to the viewpoint that business was determined to fight him to the end.

Just how this affected his long-range political planning I would not pretend to say but it is interesting at this point to diverge briefly and look ahead to January of 1938 when I made an unusual entry in my diary concerning a conversation with the President. Obviously, the failure of our plans to balance the budget was in the background of his mind when I had luncheon with him on January 16th.

Afterward when I was thinking about what he said, I was not certain —and I am still not wholly certain— what he meant, but I put it down in my diary that it seemed the President was "going to plan to get back the way (President) Cleveland did." (There was an interval of Republican administration between Cleveland's first and second terms.)

In this conversation I had asked Roosevelt what useful work I could do for him in the last two years of his second administration, and he replied:

"The next two years really don't count. They are over the dam. I think you and I can get by (and he smiled) with another three billion deficit in '40 and '41. (The fiscal year of 1941 would end his second term.) Then it will be up to whoever succeeds us which will most likely be either a conservative Democrat or a Republican. The thing for us to be thinking about is what will happen after we are out.

"After we are out, the next Administration will most likely begin to economize and slash expenditures and the chances are we will have chaos as a result. We must have a plan. Our successors will not have a plan. After they have failed they will most likely send for us to come back and solve the problem. I don't mean necessarily send for us to return to Washington, but at least call on us for a program."

He did not elaborate further and at that time I was so involved in my own problems that I thought no more about his meaning, other than that he had no idea of seeking a third term in 1940.

But to get back to the October stock market collapse. I was convinced that the only way out was through restoring business confidence by balancing the budget as we had planned. I felt that private investors would not risk their capital when economic conditions were uncertain; and that government deficits created uncertainty by causing fears of present inflation and future taxation. The shot-in-the-arm that a balanced budget would give to private business seemed to me to be worth the try.

In the meantime, however, a different school of thought had arisen about budgetary and fiscal policy. As I have said, the early New Dealers, from Roosevelt down, were looking forward to a balanced budget as an ultimate goal. But in the course of time new theories, based in part on the reasoning of the great British economist, John Maynard Keynes, had come into vogue. These theories transformed spending from a temporary expedient to a permanent instrumentality of government. Whenever private investment declined, the Keynesians favored the expansion of government economic activity in order to fill the gap and maintain the level of production and employment.

Spending Group Is Active

The advocates of compensatory spending were an able and well-organized group. Leon Henderson's "Boom or Bust" memorandum of the previous spring had predicted a business slump, and this gave Hopkins, for whom Henderson was then working, a basis for demanding the continuance of the spending policies. Tommy Corcoran was the political brains of the spending group. Ben Cohen and Lauchlin Currie assisted in the formation of policy, and Jimmy Roosevelt, who was then acting as his father's assistant, was generally sympathetic to their ideas.

Thus the President was buffeted both ways. I would argue, with support from John Garner and Cordell Hull, that the best way to stop the recession was to cut spending and balance the budget as a means of encouraging private investment. Hopkins, Ickes, Corcoran, Henderson and the others were arguing that the large-scale spending should be resumed as quickly as possible in order to prevent the recession from getting any worse. Both of us had powerful economic arguments on our side, though mine were drawn from economics of the orthodox school, while the spenders followed the "new economics" of Keynes. The President listened to one group, then to another, and could not decide which course to follow.

On November 3, 1937, I drafted and redrafted a letter to Roosevelt. "I have had to come to the conclusion that we are headed right into another depression," I wrote. ". . . Last Friday you told newspapermen that your first interest was the one third of the nation who are ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed. . . . I hardly need tell you that the first to feel another depression will be this same one third. . . . The question is, Mr. President: What are we going to do to stop it?"

This must not have been the most tactful letter I could have written. I called F.D.R. that night. He got very excited and disagreeable and quoted at great length a man he described as a "wise old bird" who had said that business was deliberately causing the depression in order to hold a pistol to his head and force a retreat from the New Deal.

I said, "A great deal depends on who this person is."

Like a crack from a whip, his voice came back. "It is not necessary for you to know who that person is."

It was a grim conversation. Mrs. Morgenthau later said that my voice sounded like the drippings of an icicle.

At Cabinet meeting the next day, the President continued in his acid mood.

"Of course, I am glad to hear from the various members of the Cabinet their sad story on how bad business conditions are," he began. "Last night when I went to bed, alongside of my bed was the darnedest letter you ever saw from Henry." He made a grimace of a long, long face and said, "It was just terrible." Then, in a fairly angry voice, he said, "I am sick and tired of being told by the Cabinet, by Henry and by everybody else for the last two weeks what's the matter with the country and nobody suggests what I should do."

There was complete silence. Finally, I gathered my courage and began, "You can do something about public utilities," I said. "You can do something about the railroads. You can do something about housing. Above all," I added, "you must do something to reassure business."

"You want me to turn on the old record," Roosevelt said, meaning a balanced budget.

"You asked me," I replied. "What business wants to know is: Are we headed toward state Socialism or are we going to continue on a capitalistic basis?"

"I have told them that again and again," the President replied.

"All right, Mr. President, tell them for the fifteenth time. That's what they want to know."

"That's what they want to know," Farley echoed. Wallace also supported me.

Farley, for the first time in my memory, asked to see the President's message before he sent it to the special session of Congress on November 15th.

"All right, Jim," Roosevelt said. "I will turn on the old record."

It was one of Roosevelt's grandest traits that he could take talk like that without a quiver. Farley remarked that it was the best Cabinet meeting we had ever had.

Six days after the meeting, on November 10, 1937, I stood before a meeting of the National Academy of Political Science in New York City. On each side of me sat a Morgan Company partner. The audience was filled with the wealthiest and most conservative businessmen of New York City. And the speech I was about to give had been checked and double-checked—every word, every syllable—by the President in two long conferences.

I told the audience of businessmen: "We want to see capital go into productive channels of private industry. We want to see private business expand. We believe that much (I had originally written 'the bulk,' but the President changed it) of the remaining unemployment will disappear as private capital funds are increasingly employed in productive enterprise. We believe that one of the most important ways of achieving these ends at this time is to continue progress toward a balance of the federal budget."

Audience Reaction to Speech

The reception of my New York speech almost convinced me that he was right. This audience of leading businessmen openly tittered and hooted when I tried to set forth the Administration policy. Perhaps they may have thought that the Administration had forfeited all right to be heard. Herman Oliphant, the general counsel of the Treasury Department, was furious. "We sit here and lose the feel of what the typical leadership of American business and finance is," he said at staff meeting the next day, "and it's very illuminating to realize the hopelessness of trying to work with them."

The President himself seemed still on the fence. At the next Cabinet meeting, remarking that the press had called the speech "constructive," he added dryly, "Possibly too constructive." While we are doing everything we can to balance the budget, he went on, we must remember that this is not the most important issue before the country—not nearly so important as human lives.

As a result of an editorial about that time in the Wall Street Journal, for example, he was persuaded that business would do nothing to improve economic conditions until the undistributed profits tax was changed. Corcoran, Hopkins and the others were feeding him tales of business hostility to the New Deal.

"He is firmly convinced," I told my Treasury staff meeting, "that business is just going to sit back and fight it out as to who controls America."

I clung to my hope that our business leadership would prove itself competent and public spirited. In the meantime, the spenders put on their winter drive. Harold Ickes and Robert Jackson delivered a series of speeches assailing the "sixty families," who have been named as the controllers of our national wealth. And the depression got worse and worse. One morning Mrs. Morgenthau opened her mail to find a letter saying that 50 to 75 men had organized in New York City to murder the President and the Secretary of the Treasury because they were holding back on relief. This was not true. I had always favored relief for the hungry and homeless. But this was quite different from a program to spend our way out of the depression.

In these grim times the President kept fighting for adequate relief funds. One day in January, 1938, he told me in an expansive mood, how

(Continued on page 45)

Harold Ickes (left) was to resume loans to states and municipalities after Tommy Corcoran (right) had helped sell Mr. Roosevelt on the spending program

Leon Henderson's (right) "Boom or Bust" statement gave Harry Hopkins (left) a basis for demanding continuance of spending policies in 1937

WALLFLOWER

The story of a rejected woman—who knew better than to fight back

THERE had been a washout somewhere along the line and the train was late. I waited near the train gate, pacing up and down a good deal, grinding out partly smoked butts with my heel and immediately lighting new cigarettes. So much had happened in the past few days, and there had been such indelible finality about it, that I felt the way I often have the day the bank examiners appeared—wondering if every detail will fit into place and knowing that it is too late to check up. In the station that night I found myself balancing accounts in the unexceptional career of George Saunders, cashier of the First National Bank of Coburn—that, is, myself—and knowing it was too late for revisions.

I looked often into the shadows beyond the train gate. In the forty years of my life I had watched the town of Coburn grow, and perhaps I had grown a little with it, but the old North Station remained the same. The only change in it, aside from replacement equipment, was the removal of the brass cuspidors in the waiting room.

The station was a dingy yellow building that would bring a nostalgic sigh from an old railroader. You could stand by the train gates and watch the trains follow their whistles along the tracks, approaching head on, puffing steam by day and focusing glaring lights in your face by night. That night I looked often along the tracks for the light of the train, and I thought about my first dance, when I was fifteen years old.

There was nothing strange about a sober, middle-aged bank cashier pacing a station platform at nine o'clock at night remembering his first dance, because the train I waited for would bring Serena Whitford back to Coburn, and Serena was the girl I had taken to that dance. It was a long time ago.

Somewhere in a cupboard Elsie used to keep a worn Manila envelope stuffed with trophies of her girlhood, and just the other day, before the final breakup, she had that envelope out and I saw over her shoulder what she was looking at. Among the souvenirs was a little red dance program, and I saw there my own name scribbled on the second line. The tune they played for that particular dance was Margie. That song has always had a strong nostalgic fascination for me, and it will always be associated in my mind with Elsie.

I suppose it's that way with everyone, and I suppose the other boys whose names I saw on the program will remember Elsie whenever they hear the Twelfth Street Rag, or Broadway Rose, or Grieving for You, or Sweet Mama—if those songs are ever played these days. Anyone who ever danced with Elsie certainly has not forgotten her golden hair and blue eyes and the little one-sided smile that brought out the dimple in her cheek. Sometime later I learned that she had practiced the smile in order to make the dimple more pronounced, but for that matter one of the boys I knew—I think it was Joe Minor—stood for hours in front of a mirror learning to raise an eyebrow individually, as Rudolph Valentino had in The Sheik.

I had known Elsie slightly at high school, and I had heard about the dance from Joe Minor, who received his invitation a couple of days before mine came through. I remember the excitement with which I opened the envelope and saw the neatly spaced printing. But at the bottom, just below R.S.V.P., was a line in the violet ink the girls favored in those days, and it said: *Please bring Serena Whitford.*

KIDS who grow up together in a small town—I should say city, because Coburn had about twenty-five thousand even then—know one another pretty well in childhood, but an abyss yawns suddenly and frighteningly in youth, and that dance was the bridge on which I stepped across. I had so much to worry about—white flannels to go with my blue serge coat, a bow tie, white shoes and socks, the use of the family car—that I hardly gave a thought to Serena Whitford, and it was not until we were on our way to the dance that I understood that I stood pretty low in Elsie's social classification and had barely got my foot in the door. Serena Whitford was about the least attractive girl in town.

When I think about it now, it's plain what the ordeal must have been for her, but at the time, and for years afterward, I could only appreciate the hell I went through. Except for that one dance with Elsie, when the band played Margie, I danced every dance with Serena. There was Foot Warmer Blues, Palesteena, Twelfth Street Rag, Grieving For You, Sweet Mama, Alice Blue Gown—I danced them all with Serena.

Serena had a broad, sallow face, and cheekbones that flattened out under her brown eyes, and her body was squat and muscular. She had everything that was unfortunate in a young girl, and to top it off she was shy. Through all those interminable dances we hardly exchanged a word. I know that my face was red and I had begun to sweat. After the Twelfth Street Rag I faced the awful realization that I was stuck with Serena Whitford, and I'm afraid I had little sympathy with Serena's feelings. For that matter, I suppose I never even considered that she had feelings at all; I really hated Serena then.

That one dance with Elsie was the high moment of the evening for me, and when it was finished and her next partner claimed her, she gave me a little pat on the elbow and her one-sided smile and said, "Be sweet to Serena, George. She's my best friend."

I suppose it's commonplace that beautiful young girls select rather unattractive specimens as their close companions. At the time I was consoled, at least to some extent, by the thought that I was serving Elsie in my attentions to Serena Whitford. It was my Ordeal by Fire.

That dance opened up a new social world for a small, cliquish group that revolved about Elsie and met usually in Elsie's home. The boys were the same who only a year before had been riding past Elsie's house on their bicycles to show off gymnastics; the girls were friends Elsie had made in grammar school and high school. Among them, of course, was Serena Whitford.

When the group gathered at Elsie's house to play records and dance, it was Elsie who delegated someone to drive over and pick up Serena. I had to do it only once; after that my improved social standing showed in the fact that I was never designated to escort Serena. But I remember that one occasion. She was in the parlor of the Georgian brick house she lived in, playing a record she always favored. As I remember it was Alice Blue Gown. But before I could get into the parlor I had to run the gantlet of her parents. Her mother was one of those pathetically effusive women who would have unnerved a caller even had her daughter been as beautiful as Elsie. Her manner made it obvious that few boys called to see Serena. In fact, she even brought out a tray of milk and cookies.

Lips that had already tasted corn whisky rank with the fusel oil of those prohibition days, and, to tell the truth, rejected it more than once, lifted scornfully over milk and gingerbread cookies. But I drank the milk and ate the cookies, and exchanged a glance with Serena in the conspiracy of youth to keep parents in ignorance of what youth knew and what youth wanted.

Later, as we drove to Elsie's house, Serena said in a voice that was tight and choked-up, "I could just die when Mother brings out milk and cookies."

I was surprised and said, "Why, they were pretty good cookies."

It simply had not *(Continued on page 82)*

Anyone who ever danced with Elsie certainly has not forgotten her smile. That one dance I had with her was the high moment of my evening

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

His parents killed in Slovakia, Johnny Fomgacz Mascotted for G.I.s in medical and artillery units. Yanks freed him from prison camp

One of the Mystery Mascots. He says his name is Robert Bellet and that both parents were lost in an air bombardment. He now "lives wild"

THE BOYS THEY LEFT BEHIND

BY W. B. COURTNEY

Whatever happened to the thousands of young Mascots adopted by G.I. outfits in Europe during the war? The answer is sad, disturbing, for these victims of a lost boyhood are potential Dead End Kids

The first eleven years of Albert Lagrand's life are a closed book. Not a solitary clue has been found to

Do any of you G.I.s remember Jack Anderson, another Mystery Mascot? He escaped from the Dachau camp

UPON each shoulder of his miniature Eisenhower jacket he wore the silver oak leaves of a lieutenant colonel. Nice going! —for a boy not yet twelve, and small for his age.

The Unit patches on his arms showed nicer going: Shaef, the 8th and 9th Air Forces; the 82d Airborne, 2d and 4th Armored, and the 9th, 28th and 42d Divisions; together with the 3d and 6th Armies. Plus "Hershey bars" denoting 72 months' service, or more than half the months of his life's total.

Across his breast glowed the whole spectrum of war. Flight wings, combat infantryman's badge, Presidential citations, decorations from Purple Heart and Croix de Guerre to the Distinguished Service Medal; campaign ribbons of every theater Yanks had fought in the globe around.

He removed a cigar from his lips and studied it with a frown: "Lemme tell ya, chum, these here PX torpedoes ain't what they usta be when we was fightin'!"

"How come you're a lieutenant colonel today, pal?" I asked.

He grinned, but said nothing.

"What was your last outfit, pal?"

"What's it to ya?" he snapped. The bravado and posturing had fled instantly; in their place came a glare of misgiving and fright. It was a chilling reminder of the narrow margin-land between light and shadow in which such kids dwell; the automatic reflex of a legacy of orphanhood, beatings, Nazi jailers. So you kept silent, and waited. Soon he was at ease again; but not ready yet for confidences, save of the present.

"Ya wuz askin'," he said, "how come I'm sportin' beer-colonel pips. Lookit, chum, y'ain't such a dope ya don't know how in this man's Army brass is useful. So when I steps out formal, like t'night, I won't say I don't give th' chisel a toin. I cudda gone as prack'ly anythin' "—he fished a handful of rank insignia, including generals' stars, from his pocket—"but me buddies always said a beer-colonel wuz the oney grade no snoopers was inarested in an' ask no questions of. Suits me poifect, 'cause this drag t'night is strictly Kraut an' off limits."

"But all that fruit salad, Colonel? Aren't you overdoing it?"

He sucked in his chin and squinted down at his blazing chest. "Like I already told ya, pal, I'm steppin' out *ce soir*. Wit' a slick pigeon I pick up th' foist day I case this burg. Real high-class fam'ly stuff. Ole man runs a bak'ry."

This youngster is one of the countless "little G.I.s" that the millions of big G.I.s gathered in, petted, overfed, made pals of—then carelessly sailed away and forgot. He is one of the heartsick stepsons of Sad Sack.

This much about him is known. His name is Jake. His parents, three older brothers, and his only sister were burned in the Auschwitz ovens. He was flung into one of the Nazi camps to be "Germanized" as future man power for the Third Reich. Found starving by Yanks in the spring of 1945, he was sent to a hospital; after which he "served" with various American detachments. Home town—family name—relatives, if any—such details have been forgotten in years of animal-like terror and cave-wild existence.

Much has been heard and read about the extracurricular activities of our happy-go-lucky G.I.s in Europe, aside from their splendid war deeds. But no word has gone home about the castoff mascots. Nor, until lately, has intelligent and concerted awareness of them dawned over here. Now there is a special G.I. Mascot Camp at Wartenberg, a town northeast of Munich in our German zone of occupation.

Human and dramatic factors stalk behind this effort to segregate the Mascots from the other lost children of Europe. These factors highlight the Mascots as the saddest, and at the same time funniest and most dangerous, of the problems left by the G.I.s.

It's saddest because these little "discarded persons" had their imaginations bewildered, and then their hearts broken, by the idolized G.I.s. The story of each Mascot discloses one point common to all—"his" G.I. made heap big talk about the wonders of the land across the sea, and promised to take him there. It made each small head spin with golden fancies, and with the enchanting discovery that life was not just rags, cold, dirty cellars and scrimmaging over pails of garbage. Few of the G.I.s have made the slightest move to redeem their promises. And few of the Mascots, unless helped from America by their G.I.s have much chance of ever reaching the land they were led to believe is the fairest land on earth.

Tragedy of Lost Childhood

It's saddest, too, on another score, of which our pal Jake is typical. With his swaggering and cussing, his "pigeons" and "snorts" and cigars, Jake is but one of numberless European boys who will never know boyhood, partly because of well-meaning but thoughtless G.I. friends. The average G.I. was neither a psychologist nor a mind reader. He was simply a good-natured mugg, lonesome for his own town and kin, scarcely much older himself than the admiring kids who followed him. When he saw them fiddling around his gear, eager to be helpful, or eying his full mess kit, or when he stumbled upon them, sick and filthy, in liberated death holes—it was like him to stretch a hand. After that, he could never get rid of them.

The Mascot problem really arose from innate Yank generosity, and the complacent toleration of "kid brothers" normal to American young manhood. But there was a hidden qualification in these temporary kid brothers which the G.I.s did not realize. The Mascots had come from blackened and halted infancies. It amused the big Yank to see them share his perils, gripes, smoking, drinking and daily grind on a man-to-man basis. He did not understand that such experience would bounce them abruptly from interrupted childhood to premature manhood—with no way station.

Perhaps the most striking and comical first impression you have of the Mascots is their imitation American speech. The majority did not know a word of English to begin; none had yet the faintest idea of grammar. They learned parrotlike; in billets, not books. Unit Mascots speak average G.I. slang; but any whose fond attachment was to an individual Yank simply mimics him. Some prattle like hillbillies, Maryland tugboat hands or New Mexican ranchers. Others—Jake, for instance—like Brooklyn street gamins. Add their hodgepodge of European accents, and the effect is unbelievably amusing.

The Mascot problem is funnier then, because it sustains throughout Europe a full-blown echo and

(Continued on page 40)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY A. L. ZEGART

…soje Josimcevic, a Yugoslav, whose whole family was killed by the …tapo, is a lucky boy now. G.I. sponsors are sending him to Michigan

Mascots await word from G.I. pals. Mail address: Wartenberg Child Center, G.I. Mascot Camp, International Refugee Organization, Area Team 1066, APO 407, U.S. Army, Germany

. Raymond E. Farris of Des Moines, Iowa, combat veteran of 69th Infantry Division, stands treat for ice cream for some other "veterans" at a lakeside resort in Bavaria

Keck stood by the window and observed Barbara and Lineer enter the garden. He swung his pistol quickly, a wild anger flaring in his eyes

SWEET WATER

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF BITTER CONFLICT IN THE OLD WEST

BY DICK PEARCE

THE STORY takes place in the Southwest at the time of the rapid expansion of the railroads across the continent.

Arriving in his home territory of New Mexico, engineer JIM LINEER is puzzled when he learns that the railroad which he has recommended be built through the dry Tularosa Valley, and which railroad magnate H. H. EDWARDS has tentatively commissioned him to build, is to be bossed instead by Edwards' rashly self-confident adopted son, TRACY THOMASON. He soon learns that Thomason is engaged to Edwards' daughter, BARBARA, who is living in Tularosa with her young companion, MOLLY RIORDAN.

Thomason has arranged an uneasy truce between the two feuding land barons of the valley, old JUBAL NYE and blustering WILSON WARE. Thomason's next problem is water for building and running the railroad. He believes it can be obtained by drilling wells; Lineer opposes him with the view that water must be piped down from the mountains. The bad feeling between the two men grows stronger when Barbara Edwards goes riding with Lineer.

Shortly afterward, Lineer is riding with his side-kick and fellow railroad man, TIM MCCARTHY, who is in love with Molly Riordan. As the two men stop at one of the infrequent desert wells, a rifle cracks; Lineer is slightly wounded. Having been ordered to avoid trouble at all costs for the sake of the railroad, Lineer and McCarthy ride on to Tularosa, where they learn that their assailant was HARRY KECK, old Jubal Nye's foreman; Keck has been hiding out at the well after getting into a scrape with some of Wilson Ware's employees.

III

WILSE WARE sat with his nephew in the ground-floor corner office that commanded the main street of White Oaks. It was typical of the man that he worked here where he could see all and be seen by all. This was his town. These were his people. They worked for him. Or they were cronies from the turbulent days when this was a mining camp. Or they were miners or ranchers or merchants who looked to him as their leader. He belonged to them as much as they to him.

"Thomason knows his business," said young Ed Ware. His soft cheeks were pink and moist from the heat, but his usual good humor was showing. "He drove a hard bargain for that sawmill."

Wilse Ware nodded absently. "I would have let him have it for less I want to see those rails laid." He wa staring down the street, his bearde face preoccupied. Now he stood an paced, putting his immense energ into the strides and frowning heavily

"What are you doing about Harr Keck?" asked his nephew.

"Doing?" Wilse paused, then re sumed his striding as though reluctan to interrupt some thought. "I'm doin nothing. We have a sheriff."

"I know where Jube Nye hid him.

Wilse turned around, giving hi nephew his full attention now. "Ol Nye hid him?"

Ed Ware nodded, enjoying h moment of small triumph. "Down Tinker Well."

Wilse said thoughtfully, "If I wa

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
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Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

YOUNG MAN WITH AN IDEA

Continued from page 15

into the august presence of Mr. Geoffrey J. Holmes, and right now. Clarissa dropped her skirt and started for the door.

"No, no!" cried Jeff. "Don't go!" He leaped past her, unfolded a screen, captured Clarissa in it and carried her back to the radiator. "You just stay there and dry off," he ordered. "Nobody can see you behind there."

The connecting door opened, revealing three heads, arranged more or less vertically. A round, cherubic face peeked in at doorknob level; the face was topped by a wet hat; bright, suspicious eyes looked out from under the brim. Above this face showed the gray hair and spectacle-magnified eyes of Mrs. MacDonald, not only not late but ahead of time. Over her loomed a set of solemn, cadaverous features.

"Ha!" said the cherub. "He is, too, in."

"He is not," Mrs. MacDonald said.

"I can see him," said the top level. "Plain as day."

THE door opened wider and the trio dissolved into component identities. The short, chubby man and the tall thin man came on into the office. The tall man carried a camera in his hand.

"These gentlemen are from the press," announced Mrs. MacDonald and closed the door in her own face.

Jeff scowled. The press was out early and the interruption rattled him to the point where he contemplated taking a man in each hand and bashing them against the wall. Then he realized how Fate was really knocking itself out this wonderful morning.

"Ah, yes," he said. "The press. I presume you wish a statement concerning the merger of my company with the Syndicate."

"Right," said Shorty. "My name is Carter. He's Guppy."

"How do you do?" Jeff smiled. "How do you want me to pose, Mr. Guppy? Sitting at my desk, like this?"

"No pictures. We'll run Bowen's picture with your statement."

A delicious little laugh came from behind the screen.

"Something funny?" Carter demanded.

"Yes," said Jeff. "No. Now this merger."

"Right," said Carter. "What we want to know is, with your good reputation, Holmes, why merge with the Syndicate? What cooks?"

"Gentlemen," said Jeff, "I resent that insinuation. I consider the Syndicate above reproach. The ethics—"

Carter started to pinch his nose with finger and thumb. Guppy, his eyes suddenly wild, reached out a long arm and batted Carter aside.

"Hold it, Mr. Holmes!"

A flash bulb made the room brilliant. Another. "Okay, Squat," said Mr. Guppy. "Let's go."

"But, gentlemen," said Jeff. "I had just begun to say—"

"You have said enough. Thank you." Carter slammed the door.

Jeff rubbed his chin, a little irked. Carter had given him no chance at all. He turned to speak to Clarissa.

The rain had stopped. The sun peeked through, throwing a strong light directly into the corner windows. It also cast a gorgeous feminine silhouette against the middle section of the screen. Worse, draped over the screen were a pair of wet but sheer nylons and one slightly damp silk slip.

"Oh, no!" yelled Jeff. He leaped from his chair and tore through the office in hot pursuit of Carter and Guppy. He was too late to catch them in the hall. He practically fell down twelve flights of stairs. That did him no good, either.

Back in his own outer office, Jeff put his hands on Mrs. MacDonald's desk and glared at her with glassy eyes. "Get me the editor of that paper," he panted. "When I'm through with him, I want Mr. B. B. Bowen on the phone. I'll teach you to let newspapermen into my office."

"Well!" said Mrs. MacDonald. "Really now, Mr. Holmes."

Jeff staggered into his own office. A wisp of cloud had obscured the sun. There was no silhouette. The slip and nylons were not on the screen, but there was the suspicious hiss of water drops hitting the hot radiator.

"Is that you?" Clarissa asked.

"It's me!" yelled Jeff. "You—you—"

"Don't you dare move that screen," said Clarissa.

The phone buzzer buzzed. "Mr. Smith, that editor, on the phone," announced Mrs. MacDonald. "Go ahead."

"Smith," barked Jeff, "this is Geoffrey J. Holmes. Two of your thugs came into my office this morning to interview me about my merger with the Syndicate."

"Yessss," said Smith.

"There was a woman in my office," said Jeff. "She was behind a screen, but she was—er, slightly unclothed, when your men barged in without knocking. They snapped an indecent picture and ran out."

"You're kidding," Smith said.

"I'm not kidding!"

"Oh, brother!" said Smith.

"You publish that picture," yelled Jeff, "and I'll sue. The sun was shining through the screen and you could see plainly, her silhouette, I mean. I—"

"Oh, good heavens!" cried Clarissa.

"Sue!" Mr. Smith said. "Please do. 'By, now."

Mrs. MacDonald stuck her head in the door. "Mr. Bowen is at Catalina Island fishing. He has a house at Catalina."

"Get him on the phone there," Jeff ordered.

"There is no phone there. Mr. Bowen goes there to escape. Where are you going, Mr. Holmes?"

"Catalina," cried Jeff. "He can't escape from me. I need his influence. I'm ruined if I don't find him." He was halfway out the door when Mrs. MacDonald screamed.

"Look!" she screamed, pointing at the screen.

Jeff looked. The sun was peeking through again.

JEFF had three choices. He could fly over, take the ferry or use his own boat. He decided on the latter. He could use his own boat to search the surrounding ocean if B. B. was really out fishing. His own boat would make a better impression, too. The newspapers had said that Mr. Bowen was a lover of the sea.

There was not a cloud left in the sky when Jeff rounded the breakwater and pointed the bowsprit of his little ketch, the Flying Cloud, toward the Catalina Island cove that was Avalon Bay, twenty miles across the channel.

The stiff westerly wind sent him bowling along. White water snorted along the lee rail, the wake streamed out long and clean astern.

The sails were setting beautifully. The wind, the sparkling sea, the rain-washed air, the clean drive of the little ship over the long, low swells made up a sailorman's dream. Jeff should have been happy. He was not. He kept thinking about how a girl named Clarissa would look dead. It was the saddest thing he had ever imagined.

Habit made Jeff anchor quite a distance from shore, away from the bunched-up pleasure boats and the party noises that usually sprang from one or two of them. He wasted no time.

"Pop played dumb about the new Ford!"

1 When I think of it I get simply furious! I mean I *really* do! Terry, he's my "brain" brother, and I went all over town studying the new cars—really studying them! It was practically research!

2 And we told Dad that Ford was the only car in the low-price field to offer a choice of two great engines—the 100 horsepower V-8 and the brilliant new Six. We told him both had 4-ring aluminum pistons and balanced carburetion to save on gas and oil.

3 We didn't forget the brakes either. We told all about Ford having the biggest in the low-price class—that they were hydraulic and self-centering. (Terry bore down hard there—I was proud even if he was my brother.)

4 Well, while all this was going on, Pop just smiled and we didn't think we were making any progress at all so Terry talked about the "Lifeguard" body—how it was made of extra heavy gauge steel and how the paint was baked-on to stay. Then do you *know* what happened? Pop knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said, "Are you kids finished?"

5 "I guess so," said Terry, "only gee whizz, gosh—if you'd only drive a Ford yourself you'd see what I mean."

"I have," said Pop. "As a matter of fact my order came through today—a convertible coupe—and it's going to be delivered tonight!"

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moment his sails were furled and stopped, he tossed his dinghy overside, stepped into it and rowed ashore.

The Bowen hideaway was known by most of the natives. It was a big place, hanging high on the hill overlooking town and bay. A butler answered Jeff's knock and query.

"Sorry, sir," said the butler. "Mr. Bowen is out fishing. He told me not to expect him before midnight."

"It's important," groaned Jeff. "They are going to publish something in the newspaper that won't do him any good. Is there a radio on his boat?"

"Oh, no, sir. Mr. Bowen does not like to be disturbed while fishing. Do you wish to wait here?"

Jeff thought. "No," he said. "I'll go back to my boat. It's the Flying Cloud. I'll watch for Mr. Bowen. But for gosh sake, man, if I miss him, tell him to come right down. Tell him all is lost."

Jeff returned to his boat. He sat in the cockpit and smoked his pipe and watched the sea for a sign of hope. Darkness finally came. Mr. Bowen's fishing cruiser did not come in. But the fog did. A thick, pea-soup fog.

For a while, the racket of howling foghorns and tolling bells rose as amateur sailors obeyed the rules of the sea. But later, when the operators of the horns and bells grew sleepy, that ceased. The heck with it. No one could find Avalon Bay in such a fog, anyway. If they did, he would be blowing his own foghorn. Time enough then to answer back.

IN THE quiet darkness, Jeff listened for just that, the horn or siren of a fishing boat groping for the land. All he could hear was the lap of little waves against the hull and the splash of water against the bottom of his dinghy riding out on the end of the small boat boom. Then he heard the knocking on the hull, up forward and a feminine voice yelling, "Hey, there!"

Jeff grabbed a flashlight and dashed forward. He shined the light down. A head, with black hair done in a knot and a beautiful face under it, came into focus.

"Oh!" said Clarissa. "Hello, there!"

"Oh, no," groaned Jeff. "What the devil are you doing there?"

"Swimming," said Clarissa. "Which way is shore?"

"That way," said Jeff, shining his light along the bowsprit. "The bow is pointed right at it."

"How do you know?"

"The tide is running out," said Jeff. "That would make the bow point toward shore. I can also check by the compass."

"Well," said Clarissa, "the trouble is, I've lost my swimming suit. I took it off and tied it around my neck when I got out a ways. I like to swim without a suit on, don't you?"

"No!" yelled Jeff, who liked nothing better. "I swim in coveralls and I paint them inside with glue before I put them on." He glared at her, then said, "Well, come on aboard. As long as you have no clothes on—"

"Wolf!"

"I am not a wolf!" screamed Jeff. "I will go down into the cabin and throw some dungarees and a shirt into the cockpit. I will stay below. When you are dressed, just call out and I will come up and row you ashore in the dinghy."

"Oh, thank you," said Clarissa. "You are so kind."

Jeff went below and hurled the things out into the cockpit. He heard her swing aboard and the soft pattering of her bare feet walking down the deck. In a little while she called.

"I'm decent, Mr. Holmes."

Jeff went up on deck. He shone the light on Clarissa. Even in his old boatwork clothes, she looked beautiful.

"Now," he said, "just what are you doing in Avalon?"

"Why lots of people come here," she said. "It's a resort. I flew over. My, your boat is beautiful. I just dote on boats."

"Fine," said Jeff. "I will give you a quick ride in a little one." He reached down and pulled in the line that held the dinghy out at the end of the boat boom. There was no dinghy, only the ring it had been tied to.

Frantic, Jeff stood up and cupped his hands. "Shore boat!" he bellowed. "Shore boat!"

"Aw, shut up!" said a fog-muffled voice. "Go to bed. The shore boat stopped running an hour ago."

"Well," said Clarissa. "You have done it again. You get me into the damnedest predicaments."

"I—" said Jeff, raising both fists in the air. "I—" He collapsed and sat down in the cockpit. "Look, woman," he said. "This morning you waved at me. I tried to be a gentleman. I picked you up and gave you a ride into town. And what happens?"

"First," said Clarissa, "you let a man take my picture. That was a dirty trick. Then you left me behind with that horrible Mrs. MacDonald. What she *said!*"

"I wish she had heaved you out the window," said Jeff. "You have ruined me. You have ruined the Syndicate. The Gazette will have a field day with those pictures. I can just see the captions now. 'Junior Member Of Big Four At Work. Nice Work If You Can Get It.' Why—hey! I've got it. We'll get married. We'll get married right away. That will fix everything. The Gazette will have to retract and apologize."

"This," said Clarissa, "is probably the first time in history a woman ever was asked to marry a man to save the gentleman's honor."

"No, no," said Jeff. "I didn't mean it that way. I was going to ask you anyway. I wanted to marry you before I even saw you this morning. I have been thinking about marrying you for months."

"Ha!" said Clarissa. "A likely story. Nothing doing. I wouldn't marry you if you used Clark Gable for a stand-in."

"But I love you," pleaded Jeff. "Honest. And I'll be ruined if—"

"You said that before," Clarissa pointed out. "And it still sounds like a lot of hot fudge. Have you actually seen the evening papers?"

"No," said Jeff, "but—"

"Then how do you know you're ruined? Where do I sleep?"

"In the forward cabin," bawled Jeff, pointing. "Lock the door so I won't break your neck in my sleep. And when I knock in the morning, you come out, quick, or I come in after you. I'm expecting Bowen in the morning."

"Very well," said Clarissa.

Jeff reached in the companionway and snapped on the lights. Clarissa descended into the main cabin and he followed her. She idled a moment, running her fingers reverently over the polished cabin sides and carlings, then went on into the forward cabin, closing the door behind her.

Jeff turned out the lights and groped to a bunk in the main cabin. He settled down for an orgy of woman hating, but that was not so easy as he anticipated. He kept seeing the Flying Cloud staggering along through mountainous seas under reefed jib and mizzen sails. Spray lashed him. He was exhausted. Then Clarissa smiled at him from under the companionway slide and her hands came out, offering him a pannikin of hot coffee, laced with rum, and a thick sandwich; the construction of the meal was a miraculous feat, considering the way the little ship was rolling.

LATER they idled in a blue lagoon with the tropical sun beating down. Clarissa wore a native sarong. Jeff moved an arm to shield his eyes from the sun and suddenly realized what had happened.

He leaped up, stuck his head out the companionway and looked. The morning

COLLIER'S "I'm sorry, Natalie, but it's after visiting hours" HANK KETCHAM

was here, the sun high. The sea sparkled. The beach was already thronged with early swimmers.

He turned and took four long strides and banged upon the forward cabin door. "Out, you!" he bellowed. "Get up!"

"Go away," said Clarissa. "I'm sleepy."

"Come out or I break down the door," threatened Jeff.

"There's a fire-extinguisher gadget right here," replied Clarissa, sweetly. "You bust in and I'll squirt you right in the eyes. You won't be able to see a thing. While you are in that state, I shall bust you over the head with it. Then you won't even be able to hear yourself talk. That, in your case, would probably prove fatal."

Jeff gritted his teeth and pulled at his chin. That damned woman would probably do it, too. There was only one alternative. If she would not leave, Geoffrey J. Holmes would. He dashed up on deck. "Shore boat!" he yelled.

The shore boat was loading passengers at the pier. The operator looked toward the Flying Cloud and waved his hand. In a moment he was under way, heading directly toward Jeff. Jeff prepared to jump aboard.

The shore boat drew up in a sweeping curve and came alongside. There were passengers aboard who knew Jeff. They yelled at him. They looked up at the rigging and whistled. Jeff tilted his head up. Aloft, two pink pieces of scandalous feminine bathing suit swayed

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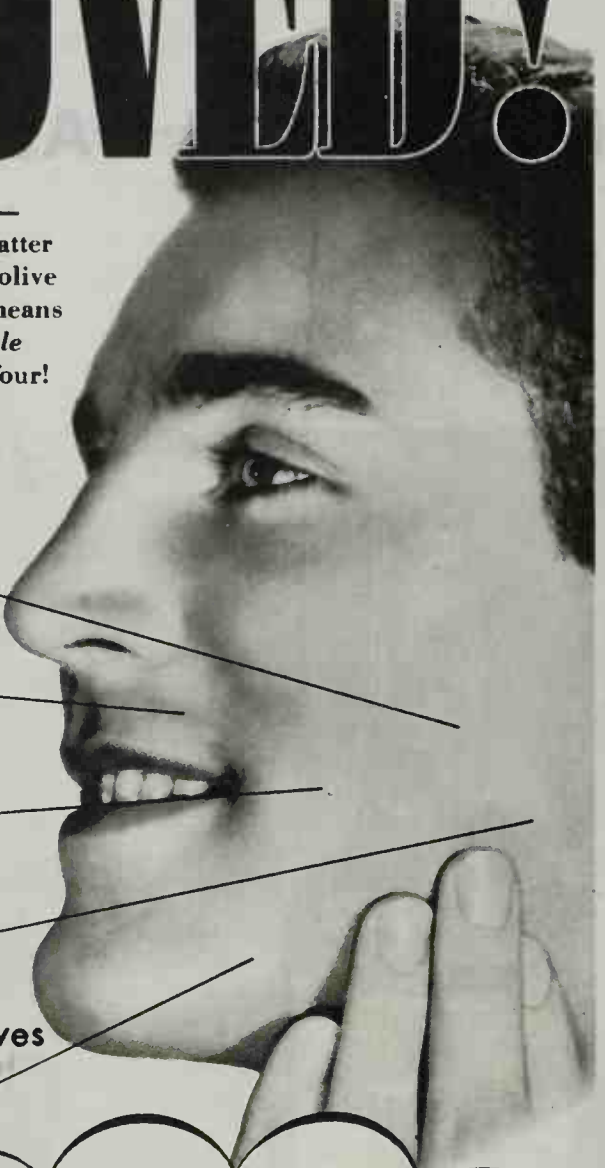

Beards Easier to cut —said **79%**

Closer Shaves —said **69%**

Less Razor Pull —said **75%**

Smoother Feeling Skin —said **82%**

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves —said **75%**

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of Every 4

Only PALMOLIVE Brushless Shave Cream Offers You This Proof!

Yes, it's been proved! Proved beyond mere claims and promises—proved in test after test on all kinds of beards! For 1297 men tried the Palmolive Brushless Way to Shave. You can see the results above! Actually, 3 out of 4 men tested reported smoother, more comfortable shaves. Regardless of how they shaved before!

—Look! Here's All You Do!—

1. Wash your face with soap and water! Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard.

This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect! Then shave!

Get a giant tube or big 9-oz. jar today!

in the breeze. And the Bowen butler was standing up in the boat, waving a letter at Jeff.

"Here you are, sir," said the butler. "A message from Mr. Bowen. He is sorry he cannot see you, but he has been under the care of a doctor since he saw the papers."

Jeff took the envelope and waved the boat away. He looked again at the bathing suit, then descended into the cabin and sat down. He placed the envelope on the table and stared at it.

"May I come out now, darling?" called Clarissa.

"I don't care what you do!"

Clarissa stepped into the main cabin. She was wearing Jeff's dungarees and shirt, the dungarees rolled high at the cuffs. And she was barefooted.

"My," she said. "You certainly are cross in the morning. That's why a girl should never accept a quick proposal, like you made last night. I always say a girl should know something about a man. Maybe some coffee would make you look human. I could use some coffee myself."

"There is no coffee," said Jeff. "If you want coffee, go ashore and get it. Please do."

"Very well," she said. She climbed the ladder and yelled and yoo-hooed for the shore boat. Jeff heard it come alongside and then she was gone. It was then he experienced the sense of loss he had been waiting to feel. He opened the letter and read:

> Dear Holmes:
> Under the circumstances, you may consider any agreement between us dissolved.
> B. B. Bowen.

IN a short time the shore boat banged alongside again and Clarissa came down, her arms laden with groceries.

"Coffee, bacon and eggs, buttered toast and jam," she said. "You look like a four-egg man to me. That about right?"

"Read this," said Jeff, waving the note at her. "If you have an appetite after you do, I'll wash dishes with my ears."

Clarissa put down her packages and read the note. "Poooo!" she said, handing it back. "You ought to be thankful you didn't get tangled up with that gang."

Jeff clenched his fists, counted slowly to ten and managed to make his words plain enough to hear. "Look," he said. "Don't you realize what you have done? You've ruined me. My whole career, my whole business has been knocked into a cocked hat by a pair of nylons, a slip and your silhouette. They'll print that picture in every paper in the country. Even that batty O'Conner wouldn't hav me for a partner, now."

"Maybe not," said Clarissa, "after th way you've acted. How much could yo build that job for, you and your brigh idea?"

"Three and a half million," said Jef "Nobody could touch that bid."

Clarissa whistled. "You sure?" sh asked. "You're not talking as crazy a you act?"

"Positive," said Jeff. "But you wouldn understand. It has nothing to do wit bacon and eggs and taking off you clothes."

Clarissa put her hands on her hips an squinted at him. When she turned awa she went directly to the ship-to-sho radio and tuned it in. In a moment sh was talking to the operator.

"Get me Crandall 6495— Okay. . . Hello, that you, Helen? What? Oh, I' all right. Don't worry. Now look. G some new stationery printed. Holm and O'Conner Construction Compan That's right. Geoffrey J. Holmes, Pres dent and Chief Engineer. . . . Yep. Don put my name on it. C. M. O'Conner going out of business as such. Oh, f heaven's sake! Here he comes!"

"Ha!" roared Jeff. "So that's it. warned you what I'd do if I ever got m hands on O'Conner."

Clarissa Margaret O'Conner snatch a newspaper from inside her shirt an waved it in Jeff's face. He paused an stared. There was a headline:

BIG FOUR CONSTRUCTION SYNDICATE INDICTED ON NINE COUNTS OF FRAUD

There was quite a story, but no p tures. "When my attorneys got throu with that nasty Mr. Smith," said Claris "he gave up the negative. You just ca take pictures of an undressed wom without her permission, you know. A you lucky that I'm so smart!"

Jeff looked at her. When he spoke, l voice cracked a little. "I warned yo he said, "what I'd do if I ever got m hands on O'Conner."

Clarissa put up no argument. S even met him halfway. After a whi Jeff backed up and collapsed on t cabin transom. Clarissa shook her he dazedly.

"How many eggs?" she asked.

"I'll leave it to you," said Jeff. "You been doing all right."

Clarissa cracked eight eggs a dropped them into the frying pan on t galley stove. Jeff just leaned back on cloud and watched her work.

"Sure is wonderful," he said, "wh Fate will do for a man if he just does interfere and mess things up."

THE END

"What a perfectly vile thing to say about anybody! I wish I'd thought of it"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUG

Have you sent in your name for Elsie's new BABY?

$25,000.00 in cash prizes!

(including dealer prizes)

Contest closes midnight, October 31

HURRY! For Elsie's sake, hurry!

For your own sake, hurry!

Here's your big opportunity to win a big cash prize!

Send Elsie a name for her new baby boy—one you think would fit the personality of that cute, pint-size edition of Elmer! And write just 25 words saying why you think the name would fit!

If you send in the winning entry, you get $7,500! . . . Second and third prizes $1,000 each. And more than 800 *additional prizes* in *cash!*

If you have several good name possibilities, send 'em all in! Just remember to accompany each entry with a label, box top, bottle top—any mark of identification from any one of the great family of Borden Foods.

Contest closes midnight, October 31!

Sit right down NOW. Use the coupon on the end of this ad, or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery.

Don't wait—you may miss out on thousands of dollars!

Read these rules!

1. Send in a first name for Elsie and Elmer's new baby boy calf. Then in 25 additional words or less complete the statement: "I suggest this name for Elsie's baby because . . ."

2. Use the coupon in this ad or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery. Print clearly your own name and address (also your age and name of your school principal if you are under 14), and the name and address of merchant from whom you buy Borden products. Let your storekeeper help you . . . then, if you win a prize, he wins one too. Write on one side of paper only.

3. This contest is open to any person in the continental United States . . . except employees of The Borden Company and its subsidiaries and affiliates, its advertising agencies and members of their immediate families. Contest is subject to all Government regulations.

4. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a label, bottle cap, box top, or any other mark of identification from any Borden product.

5. All entries must be the original work of the contestants, submitted in their own names. No more than one prize will be awarded in one family.

Mail your entries to:—

Elsie's Contest
P.O. Box 18
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

6. Entries will be judged by the judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. The name will be selected on appropriateness and originality. The statement will be judged on sincerity, logic and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Age will be considered in judging entries of children under 14 years. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned. All entries and ideas therein become the property of The Borden Company, which shall have the right to use, with contestants' names, in Borden Advertising.

7. The contest closes midnight October 31, 1947 and all entries must be postmarked before that date and received before November 15, 1947.

8. The Borden Company will have notices mailed to winners. A complete list of winners will be sent to all contestants requesting one and sending a stamped, addressed envelope. The Borden Company will decide whether or when to announce winning names for the calf.

CONTEST PRIZES

First Prize		$7,500
Two Prizes		1,000 each
Three Prizes		500 each
Twenty Prizes		100 each
Eighty Prizes		25 each
Three Hundred Prizes		10 each
Four Hundred & Five Prizes		5 each
		$20,025
Plus Dealer Prizes of		4,975
Grand Total		$25,000

Grand prize **$7,500.00**

Borden's

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P.O. Box 18, New York 8, N. Y.

My name for the new calf is_____

Name_____

Street address_____

City_____ State_____

My 25-word statement is attached. Also name and address of dealer from whom I buy my Borden Products.

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Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
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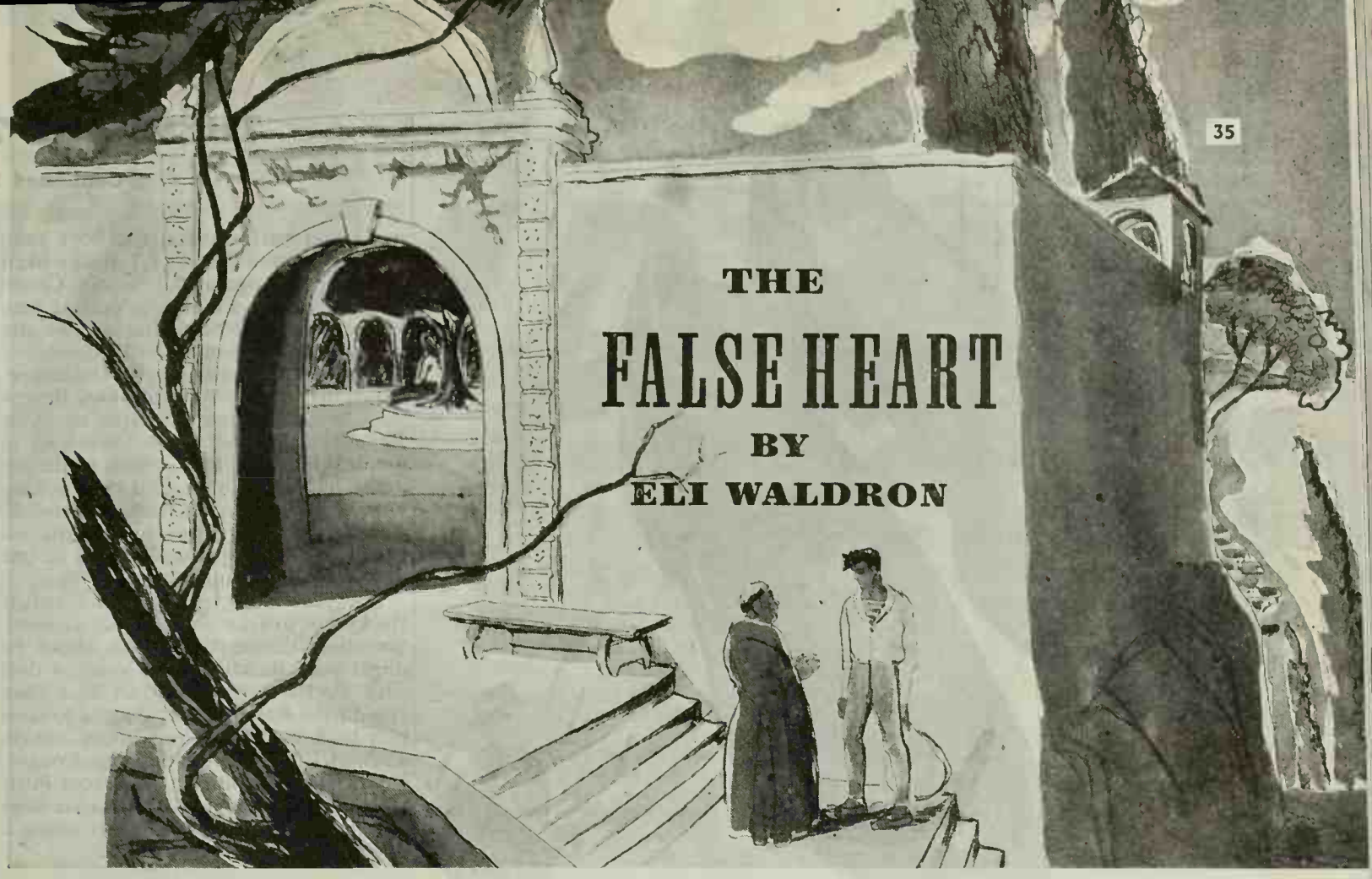
Welcome! The longest-run stage hit in history (*8 straight years!*) is a Warner Picture now! Heed the happy word of all who've already seen it and head for Warners' finest the first moment you can!

THE FALSE HEART

BY

ELI WALDRON



"I am ready," Vicente said. "I—I don't know what to say," Brother Andrus began, "there have been—difficulties"

BROTHER ANDRUS was taking his morning stroll along the cliff edge when he saw the young Portuguese, Vicente, coming up the rocky path. He had been expecting him but he frowned nevertheless and thrust out his lower lip in a troubled manner. He was a short, heavy man, and his robe and cowl made him appear wider than he was. This, together with the thrust-out lip, might have suggested a stubbornness of character until one observed his eyes; they were wonderfully soft and sympathetic. But they looked away from Vicente now.

Back some distance from the long drop of the cliff stood the garden wall and, beyond the garden, the monastery. It had no name and no great history, but its thick, baked walls seemed as enduring as man's need for peace, and there was a comforting air of repose about it. It was a refuge, welcoming all who sought the contemplative life, and while there was work to do—there were vineyards and rooms—there was also sufficient time for prayer, and on days of rest the glittering sea to watch and the multicolored fishing village at the foot of the cliff to look upon. Brother Andrus' position was that of secretary to the abbot and one of his duties was to receive newcomers.

He was preparing for this duty now as he stopped and waited for the young man to climb the last few feet to the summit of the cliff.

"Well!" the slender young Portuguese said with a smile that shone brilliantly white across his dark face. "I am here as I said I would be."

"And not even out of breath," laughed Brother Andrus, thinking of the days when he, too, had climbed and exulted.

"Is it— You meant today, didn't you?" Vicente asked a little anxiously.

Brother Andrus shrugged. "I meant any time that you felt you were ready to join us."

Vicente took a breath and his face was grave. "I am ready. I am happy now."

The older man averted his eyes and rubbed his chin. "I—I don't know what to say," he began. "There have been, well—difficulties."

Vicente stared at him and shook his head in a puzzled way. "I don't understand." And when he did not receive an answer, he continued awkwardly, "But it was all settled. My parents' approval— Your recommendation— Why, I even brought all my belongings." He held out the brown paper parcel he was carrying, in a gesture of appeal.

"I know, I know," Brother Andrus said gruffly, waving his hand.

There was irritation in his manner, but it with himself rather than with his visitor.

He could have wished for no happier solution to the entire matter than to take the young man by the arm and lead him into the coolness of the sanctuary, but he had begun a falsehood in his heart and was forced to go on with it. Vicente, glowing with natural purity and goodness, was the kind of man the abbot delighted in receiving. In fact, the abbot had been inquiring about him only yesterday. But the falsehood had been established in the heart of Brother Andrus.

"Look," he said impulsively, putting his arm about the young man's shoulders and pointing at the sea and the white-and-green boats bobbing in the harbor. "Can you leave all that behind and not regret it?"

"Yes," replied Vicente in a low, clear voice. "I have thought about regret; it will not trouble me."

"And the life in the village?" insisted Brother Andrus. "The songs, the dancing—?"

"They are not to be regretted either," Vicente said, a certain stiffness developing in his manner. "I wish to seek happiness here; I do not wish to be deceived by what is merely pleasant to the senses."

The friar took his arm from the young man's shoulders and clasped his hands behind his back. Together they looked out over the immense blue space of the sea to the point where water and sky misted and became indistinguishable.

And though it possibly was unfair of him, Brother Andrus asked, "Is there no one in the village? No girl, for instance—?" And having asked the question, he turned away slightly in the manner of one who needs no answer.

"I—" Vicente hesitated. And then emotionally, "But what does it matter? I am anxious to leave all that behind."

"Ah, yes," said Brother Andrus sadly. "You are anxious. But doesn't that mean that there is some uncertainty in your mind? That is the difficulty I spoke of. Is it perhaps too early for you to give up looking for happiness below? If there *is* a girl, as there appears to be, you may find it with her. There is still such a thing as love, Vicente, and with love the home sometimes becomes a kind of monastery."

"But you do not understand!" Vicente burst out, grasping the brother by the sleeve.

"But I do," said Brother Andrus firmly. "And it is important that you understand, too. Return, Vicente. And if there is a girl—as there appears to be—smile at her and hold out your arms."

Vicente looked down at the ground and brushed his hand across his face in a perplexed way. Then he raised his head to the cowled figure and nodded slowly. "You are right, of course," he said. "I was not ready. But I—I did not think you would know—" He tried to say more, but words had left him. With a pale but brightening smile, he took a measured step and then started running swiftly down the path.

Brother Andrus rubbed his chin again and groaned inwardly beneath the weight of his falsehoods. Falsehood was strange to him. Without authority, he had taken this thing into his own hands and he didn't know quite what to think of himself. He could console his spirit by believing he had acted wisely, but at this very moment the abbot was waiting to receive the young man, reflecting upon his suitability for the monastic life, and preparing to congratulate the friar upon his success in winning him over. It was a situation that held no ray of joy for Brother Andrus.

WHEN he entered the garden gate the girl jumped up from the stone bench by the fountain and came toward him. Her eyes were filled with apprehension.

"Did—did he leave?" she asked.

"Yes, child," he whispered, glancing nervously at the door of the chapel. "I reasoned with him. He has returned to the village."

"How can I thank you?" she cried in relief. Her face began to shine with gratitude and the few tears that had become caught in her long lashes twinkled with the reflected light. Brother Andrus saw that it would be easy for a young man to love her.

"It was jealousy, nothing else," she said. "I wanted to make him jealous, and when I went sailing with a fisherman from another village, he threatened to come up here. He loves me. I am sure of it."

"I—I am sure of it, too," observed Brother Andrus uncomfortably. "But you must leave now. Go down to him, smile, tell him you are sorry."

"I will," she said in a tense voice. She bent suddenly, seized Brother Andrus' hand and kissed it. Then she was gone. . . .

Brother Andrus was staring at his hand in a perturbed way when the chapel door opened. The abbot, a white-haired man of seventy-odd with a serious face and tapering fingers, came to the center of the garden and sat down on the bench by the fountain. Brother Andrus joined him there, taking the opposite end of the bench uneasily.

"I thought I heard voices out here," said the abbot in an absent-minded way. He bent over to pick a flower.

Brother Andrus swallowed lumpily. "I—I was reciting a poem," he said. He shifted on the bench and felt the weight of falsehood grow in him.

Silence floated about among the flowers and along the ivied wall.

"That young man, that fisherman," the abbot finally said, "wasn't he to have arrived today?"

"Why—why, yes," said Brother Andrus. "And as a matter of fact, he did arrive. He wished to express his regret for not joining us. He . . . he felt that he was not quite suited to our—our philosophy." He closed his eyes and shuddered. Falsehood upon falsehood without end.

"Oh—" said the abbot in dismay. "What a pity, really. He was such a pious young man. He would have made an excellent brother to us."

Brother Andrus stood up, not daring to look at his superior's face. "But perhaps he will make an excellent husband for some good girl. There—there appears to be a girl in the picture." He stared fixedly at the garden wall.

"H'mmm, yes—" said the abbot nodding vaguely.

Brother Andrus straightened his shoulders and faced him. "If you will excuse me now—" he said.

"Prayers?" said the abbot, sniffing the flower he had picked. And, since it was a customary question, "For whom?"

"For two young people," said Brother Andrus, closing his eyes again. "And after that a long prayer for myself."

He took a deep breath and when he opened his eyes, he found the abbot peering up at him slyly over the flower.

"H'mmm, yes—" said the abbot in a strange way. "That might be an excellent idea. A long prayer for yourself. Yes." But he smiled as he spoke and Brother Andrus was also startled into smiling. Then he made a sober face and turned briskly toward the chapel.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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• Want "fireside warmth" for your feet in the worst winter weather? Then whistle up a pair of Walk-Over Mudhounds. Snow, slush or sleet can't crack their combination of flexible oiled soles and hardy grain leather. Sturdy but trim, they're walking proof that cold weather need not call for clodhoppers! Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

THESE ARE THE YANKEES

Continued from page 13

well as in performance, the boys soon tagged him "the Professor." Bucky liked the way Vic operated. So did Coach Johnny Schulte, a master in dealing with inexperienced pitchers. But no one else paid much attention to the Professor.

After all, Chandler seemed to have retained his great 1946 form: Floyd Bevens was looking great; experienced Allie Reynolds, acquired from Cleveland in the deal that sent Joe Gordon to the Indians, had all his stuff, and two rookies, Don Johnson and Charley Wensloff, were setting the grapefruit league on fire. Pitching, it appeared, would be one of Bucky's least troublesome worries.

But years of experience had taught Bucky not to take anything for granted. Sometime during the season ahead he might need Raschi. Bucky made a deal with Portland to the effect that they could have Raschi if they'd agree to send him back on twenty-four hours' notice. Then in July came the pitching drought. Bucky recalled the Professor from Portland, and the solemn-looking rookie went out and won six in a row before losing a 3 to 0 decision to the Red Sox.

Wanted: One Reliable Pitcher

But Raschi alone couldn't take the place of the ailing Chandler, Shea, Bevens and Wensloff. The team was winning on its hitting, but Bucky knew that this couldn't keep up. He needed one pitcher who could be depended on to work steadily.

Bucky heard that Bobo Newsom had become involved in some kind of rhubarb with owner Clark Griffith and the Washington players, and that Griffith wanted to get rid of him. Bucky also heard that Horace Stoneham was hot to get Bobo for his National League Giants, but of course Newsom would first have to be waived out of the American League.

Bucky told MacPhail to grab the veteran as soon as waivers were offered. Griffith went through the motions of putting Bobo on the block. No one wanted him (Detroit or Cleveland could well have used him), so the Yanks claimed him. Griff pleaded with Bucky to let Newsom go so he could sell him to the Giants for $20,000, just double the established waiver price. But Bucky laughed at his old boss and friend. Two days later old Bobo was wearing a Yankee uniform.

"Newsom is a clubhouse lawyer, troublemaker and a clown," old baseball men warned. "The players won't like him. They'll resent his coming along just to ride the gravy train and grab himself a cut of the World Series dough."

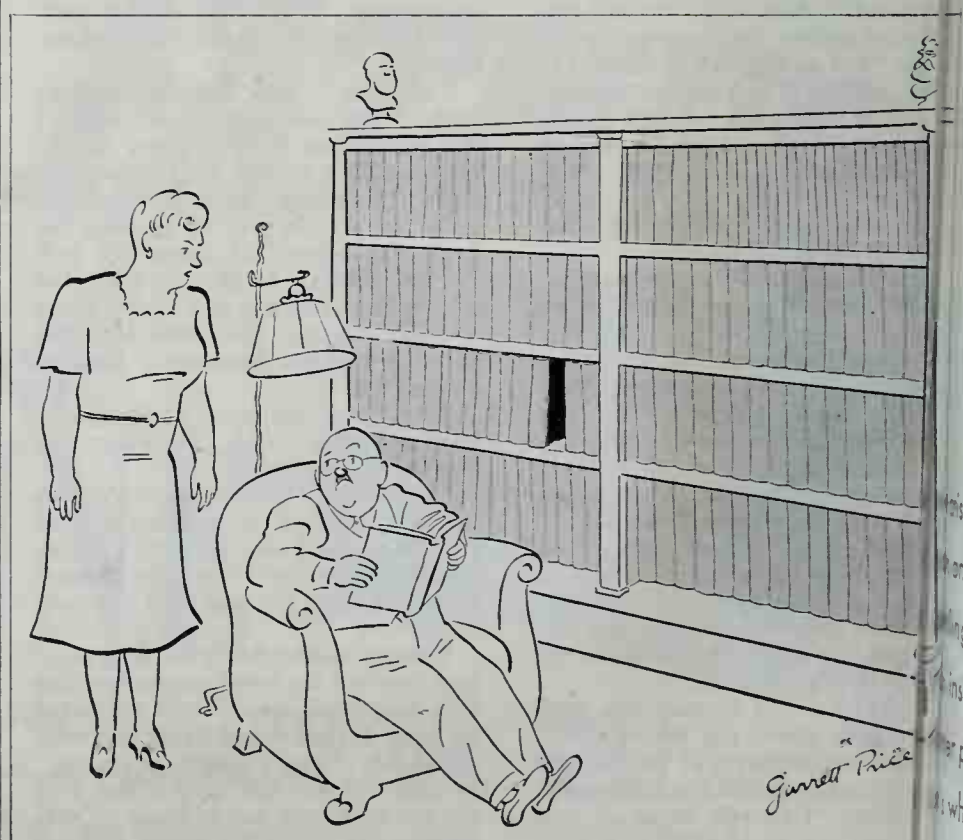
Bobo confounded them by going on and winning four in a row. The players were tickled to death to have the ec[c]entric extrovert around the clubhouse. Bobo a clown? He wasn't a clown when he shut the Red Sox out 1 to 0 in the early August series that broke the heart of Joe Cronin's men and clinched the pennant. The players, having battled against Bobo when he was in enemy uniform, had a lot of respect for the big guy. And he, in turn, loved being with a winning ball club.

Bucky Harris gave Bobo a new lease on life and Bobo has shown his appreciation. The players were very happy to vote Bobo a full World Series share. And once again they chuckled over how Buck had outwitted the other American League managers in grabbing Newsom. For Bobo actually did insure the pennant for them. They might have won it without him; they did win it with him.

"What's the secret of being a winning manager?" Bucky snorted when I put that inane question to him.

"That's easy. First you have to have good ballplayers. Well, I've got good ballplayers. Second, your players have to like you and have confidence in you. I get along pretty well with our gang. Another secret is to be lucky in the injury department. I wasn't so good there. Beyond that you just play percentage. Now and then, when you're behind and up against some pitcher who is red-hot, you gamble."

And Bucky does. If the team is behind, Bucky will throw the book away and take a chance. Let's take a look at a typical bit of Harris strategy. The Yanks were playing the Athletics early in August. Going into the ninth, Connie Mack's surprisingly alert, hustling club held a 3-2 advantage over the Yanks. It was one out and Johnny Lindell had managed to scratch a single. Phil Rizzuto went to the plate. The percentage would insist that Bucky play for a tie; but Rizzuto sacrifice Lindell to second



"I wish you wouldn't read, dear—I hate that gap in the shelves"

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"I'd rather be a war correspondent than a sportswriter . . . it seems more permanent!"

that he would be in position to score. But Bucky closed his ears to percentage and gave Rizzuto the sign for a hit-and-run.

"Yes, it was a gamble," Bucky says, recalling the play, "but good players hate to play for a tie. My men like to play to win. And Rizzuto is an intelligent hitter."

The Athletics' infield played the obvious defense for an attempted sacrifice, hoping to end the game with a double play. On the first pitch, Lindell, getting the sign, lit out from first with the pitcher's windup. He was at second before the ball reached the plate. Rizzuto slammed it through the hole between third and shortstop, and before the ball was retrieved Lindell had slid home and Rizzuto was on second. The gamble had worked. Before the inning was over four runs had trickled across and the game was won six to three.

"Brilliant Strategy" Analyzed

"Now if Rizzuto had popped up," Harris says, smiling, "Lindell who was running before the crack of the bat, would have been an easy out and the ball game would have been over. I would have been a bum manager for taking such a gamble. But it worked, so it was called brilliant strategy. I've tried it a few times when it didn't work, but," Bucky laughed, "I conveniently forget those times."

On the field the Yankees display a merciless, precise devotion to their craft. But in the dressing room before a game there is nothing dead-pan or cold about these American League champions. Come in with me if you want to see what happens back of the dugout and under the stands. The game is set for two o'clock. By eleven several of the players have arrived and are dressing. Each player has a roomy cubicle to himself. Freshly laundered uniforms are hung on hooks. Players drift in and greet each other casually. Handsome Johnny Lindell walks to his cubicle and lets out a roar.

"Who did this?" he yells.

"Who did what?" Bobo Newsom asks innocently.

Johnny waves a hand at the pictures of a dozen scantily clad pretties someone had pinned on the wall that forms the back of his cubicle. Johnny, a confirmed family man, starts to rip the pictures down and then says reluctantly, "Kind of pretty at that." Phil Rizzuto, looking like a jockey, walks in beaming. Phil has nothing especially to beam about: he's just naturally a happy guy.

"There's a good ballplayer," DiMaggio, taking off his shirt, motions toward Phil. "They rob him of hits all the time. With any luck he'd be hitting fifty points higher."

Chunky George Stirnweiss is undressing across the room.

"Hi, Joe," he calls across the room. "How's the neck?"

"Great," Joe says sarcastically. "At that, it's better than the heel."

"Baseball is too tough a game for you brittle guys," little Rizzuto says complacently. "Nothing ever happens to George or me."

Yogi Berra walks in. Were Ring Lardner alive today, Berra is the only man on the Yankee team he would feel was related to any of his fabulous fictional baseball characters.

"Nice-looking tie you got on," DiMaggio says casually.

Berra's hand goes to his neck. "I got no tie on," he says seriously. "Ties choke your t'roat."

Just off the big locker room is Trainer Ed Froelich's domain. Froelich is a busy man today. His strong, sure fingers dig deep into Henrich's injured leg; Shea lies down and Froelich soothes his shoulder with the magic a good trainer carries in his fingers. DiMaggio climbs into an aluminum tub in which hot water swirls about. This is supposed to help the circulation in his injured heel. Look at the heel and you'll wince. The surgeon's cut extends right around it; a five-and-a-half-inch incision. The ugly scar tissue turns red under the stimulus of the swirling bath.

"At least it doesn't bleed any more," DiMaggio says happily.

Most of the players are dressed now. The locker room is just behind the dugout. They amble out on the field. Batting practice begins. Bucky sits on the bench, his eyes missing very little. Berra lines one into the right-field stands.

Bucky smiles. "He takes a nice cut Goes after a lot of bad balls, but wait until he gets over that. He's going to be quite a hitter."

McQuinn gets up. McQuinn doesn't look more than twenty-eight. Actually he's thirty-six. McQuinn is one of the most graceful performers in baseball. At

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he plate he is loose and his swing is easy.
"He weighs only 170," Bucky says, 'but he hits a real long ball. Fine man, George McQuinn. He's got another good year in him, too."

The batting cage is taken away. Coach Frankie Crosetti slaps high flies to the outfielders. DiMaggio is out in center. He grabs a few flies and starts trotting in to the bench. He stops trotting and walks. Even from the bench Harris knows that something is wrong.

"Joe is hurting," Bucky says quietly. His heel hurts and his shoulder is pretty bad. Nobody knows how bad. They're afraid to run on Joe. They're afraid of his arm. They don't know how bad that right shoulder is."

DiMaggio ducks into the dugout. He wipes the sweat from his forehead and he's biting his lower lip.

"Is it the heel?" Bucky asks.

Joe nods. Bucky motions with his head toward the opening that leads to the dressing room. Joe disappears.

"He'd play on one leg if I'd let him," Bucky says with real admiration in his voice. "Guts. That's what Joe has."

Harris called mildly to Coach Dressen. "Get Berra and Clark over here."

Everybody's for Bucky

Berra trots over and climbs into the dugout. Al Clark is a new man just over from Newark. Clark looks like a senior college. He's just twenty-four. Bucky says, nodding to right field, "Can you play the sun?"

Clark blinks and you'd never know that this was the moment that his whole life has been directed toward. In a few moments he'll be out there playing right field for the Yankees before fifty thousand people. He can't keep the eagerness out of his voice. "I've played a lot of right field."

"I know," Bucky says gently. "But mostly you've played it at night. Can you play the sun?"

"I can play the sun." Clark says.

"Start at right field, then," Bucky says casually. "Larry, you play left. Joe won't be playing today. Frank," he turns to Crosetti, "tell Johnny to go in at center."

Bucky sits back. "I've got the best outfield in baseball. Keller, DiMaggio and Henrich. And none of them can play. So we'll go along with Berra, Lindell and young Clark. If they all hit I'm a great manager. If they fall down I'm a bum."

Crosetti rings a bell in the dugout to signalize that practice is over. The players trot in chatting happily.

Rizzuto sits next to me on the bench. "What's with Joe?" he asks quietly.

"His heel went bad," I tell him.

The word goes down the bench. The kidding stops. Joe's heel is bad. You know that every man there is thinking of Joe. Newsom and Shea slide off the bench and disappear through the opening leading to the dressing room.

"Nothing serious," Bucky says quietly. "It's just sore. He'll be all right in a few days."

The stands are filled now. An announcer bellows the line-up. Once the umpire calls "Play ball," everyone except the players has to leave the dugout. I drop into the dressing room.

There is a small radio in the dressing room and Joe slumps in an easy chair listening to Mel Allen's broadcast of the game, taking place sixty feet from us. Tommy Henrich, his leg heavy with adhesive tape, limps in. The radio says that Stirnweiss has walked. So has Rizzuto. Berra slams a triple to right field, scoring them both. Then young Clark drives a hard ball to right scoring Berra.

"Don't look like Bucky needs us out there," DiMaggio grins.

"How do you like Bucky as a manager?" I ask Henrich.

"Are you kidding?" Tommy laughs. "How could anyone not like Bucky as a manager?"

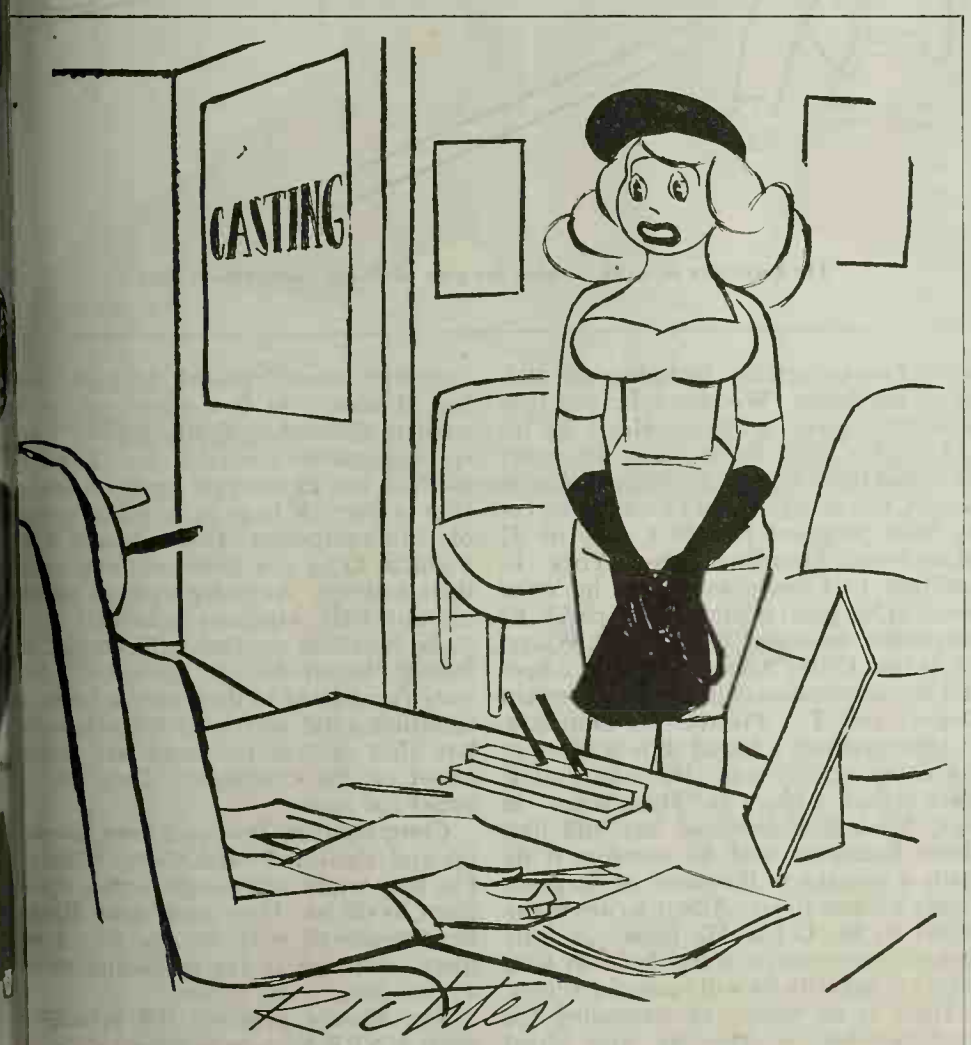
"Look, we finished third last year," Joe says. "So this year we got practically the same team. And we're winning the pennant easy. You know the difference between us last year and us this year?"

"You tell me," I say.

"Bucky," Joe snaps. "Right, Tommy?"

"Right," Henrich says, looking up at me aggressively, hoping perhaps that I'll disagree with him. But I wouldn't disagree with him. Not me.

THE END



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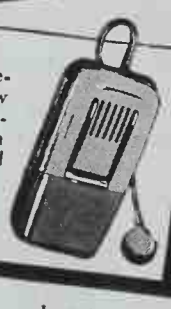

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THE BOYS THEY LEFT BEHIND

Continued from page 24

cut-down "spittin' image" of the rough, tough, fighting G.I., who has long since departed. His echo, in his manifold regional dialects, burns your ears with nostalgia in remote and unexpected places. Joisey City fluting the consonants of Jedrzejów; Memphis and Texas disemvoweling Mikolów and Tiawierce. His strange new words are salting torpid Old World languages; jalopy, stinker, hotfoot, pushover, geezer, jerk—all these and a bookful more.

His startling image struts along, pockets stuffed with matches, dice, jackknives, pin-ups of unpeeled American womanhood, comic sections from old American Sunday papers, cartoon books from the PX. It faithfully mirrors his loudmouthed self-assurance, exuberance, gum chewing, whistling at dolls, grousing, wisecracking, talent for gold-bricking—and chants, in lusty treble, his "Roll Me Over, In the Clover!"

It would be a simpler problem if it stopped there. Precisely because it does not stop there it is most dangerous to Europe morally, and to Europe's grateful remembrance of the Yank armies. For the G.I.s helped boot out Hitler's gangsters, only to bequeath Europe a wide-flung gang of potential Dead End Kids. There is deep anxiety that many of them, unless attracted by the roll call at Wartenberg, may augment the myriad "wild children" known to be living rat lives amid the rubble of destroyed cities —and become their officers.

"Liberated" Groups a Menace

A distinction must be noted in the chief sources of G.I. Mascots. First, those from Allied countries—France, Belgium and the many smuggled from the United Kingdom to the Continent by the Yanks. Second, those collected later from "liberated" groups. Third, German kids who blarneyed their way into G.I. graces. With rare exceptions, Western Allied boys are no part of the present situation; most are safely home. Nor are the Germans; tracing experts will cull them. The trouble reposes in the second class; and to appreciate why these pose a menace their "education" must be considered.

They are graduates of history's wildest academy. Some as toddlers, some in early teens, were schooled by Nazi violence; learned cheating and robbing as the only means to life, saw brutality and killing as commonplace as grass and rain.

From that grim "night" course they straightaway entered G.I. "day" school. But young soldiers on campaign are hardly ideal mentors. At no time are men at war normal in minds, manners or morals. Nor is the gift of little monkeys to imitate big monkeys even confined to the good habits of the latter.

The Mascots, therefore, copied the adult resourcefulness, wiles, profanity, recklessness, fatalism of G.I.s at war and after the war, the restlessness, dissatisfaction, cynicism, wangling and irresponsibility of G.I.s wanting to "git the hell home." Of that mad and confused background the G.I. Mascot problem is formed and it offers contradictory faces.

Consider Jack, a Dutch youngster, an old-timer of thirteen, who served two years with Canadian and Yank troops. The day I met him he was in disgrace in the child center where he was living until the Mascot camp opened. He had been picked up dead drunk in the village the previous night.

Conversely, there is proof that all G.I. influence was not unwholesome. Workers are constantly finding seeds of best young male American traits, even in the hardest-boiled kids. Many have absorbed benefits of the famous "G.I. ingenuity" —or skill and inventiveness with tools so notable during the war in Air Force ground crews and mechanized land units. Some nine- to twelve-year-old Mascots are as handy with the insides of a jeep as with the outside wrappings of a chocolate bar.

Occasionally there is a Mascot who is a 100 per cent credit to the G.I.s—like Albert Lagrand. That isn't his name, but it is the only one he or anybody else probably will ever know for him. It was given to him by French-Canadian soldiers who found him unconscious in a ditch near Calais in 1944, without papers, documents, or identity marks. Although judged to be almost fourteen, remembrable life for Albert is three years—since he woke up, from his shell shock, in a field hospital.

Albert's first eleven years are a closed book. Not a solitary clue has been found to his relatives, nationality or home. He learned Canuck from the French-Canadians, English from the G.I.s and knows a few words of German and Dutch.

Albert began his Mascot service as soon as he left the hospital, first with Canadians, then with Yanks. He was in several major actions, including the Battle of the Bulge. Wounded, he was (unofficially!) given a Purple Heart by his G.I.s—also three battle stars. Presently he joined the Engineer Training Center at Kassel, Germany, where he was cared for by Staff Sergeant Harold Copey of 72 Main Street, Manchester, New York. In addition to Copey, to whom he owes much of his good manners and speech, he frequently mentions T/3 John P. Wiegel of Akron, Ohio; Anne L. Martin, a Special Services hostess of the 3d Replacement Depot; and T/5 Preston M. Dunagan.

Albert spends a lot of time waiting in the camp mail room. He asks you if there is such a place as "Manchester" in New York, for someone has told him about Rochester and he wonders if he made a mistake in the name of Sergeant Copey's home town. Albert writes many letters to his G.I.s. He hopes—a little forlornly nowadays, it has been so long —that eventually he will receive answers.

There is no means of estimating the total number of Mascots who glued themselves to America's globe-spread armies. It is certain they were of every race and color, and that in Europe alo there were tens of thousands, all told.

They "enlisted"—each according to his artfulness. I watched one join Thunderbolt Squadron in Normar when the 9th Tactical Air Force v running interference for tanks. He a peared in the flap door of a tent occup by two pilots. He was thin, wan, da Nobody paid him any mind and he didn say a word; just stood and stared. Fina one pilot got nervous and said, "Beat kid!" The boy smiled. The other pi grunted, tossed him candy, and sa "Okay, now beat it—mooch—*allon* The boy smiled.

When the pilots returned from m their bedding rolls, duds and tent w tidied. When they came back from m sions the kid was ahead of groundmen help them with their chutes. He def the combined measures of pilots, m chanics and sentries to run him off. T following winter, up beyond Verdun saw him again—now the acknowledg housekeeper, tyrant, *vin* scrounger a bosom friend of those pilots.

With the postwar melting of our forc

"He's master of ceremonies on one of those quiz programs"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

"unemployment" reared its nasty h for Mascots. At first some—or so soldiers themselves firmly believe—w spirited into the United States. The us method was to smuggle them on and ship in barrack bags or in packing ca of Unit equipment. Once aboard it w a cinch; G.I.s can hide anything exc their feelings. As redeployment beca more orderly, vigilance tightened.

An untallied number still remain. though hundreds of "liberated" b were repatriated to their native lands, sponsible (and worried!) officials cal late that several thousand are mill about on the Continent. They are smart for cops.

Comparatively few have been roun up and identified—and those, willin For they won't stay caught unless it s them to do so. One camp near Hei berg mustered only six the day I w there, although in the preceding mo 40 had come—and flown.

The Mascot problem fell princip upon UNRRA—now superseded by International Refugee Organizati Army brass, traditionally chary of

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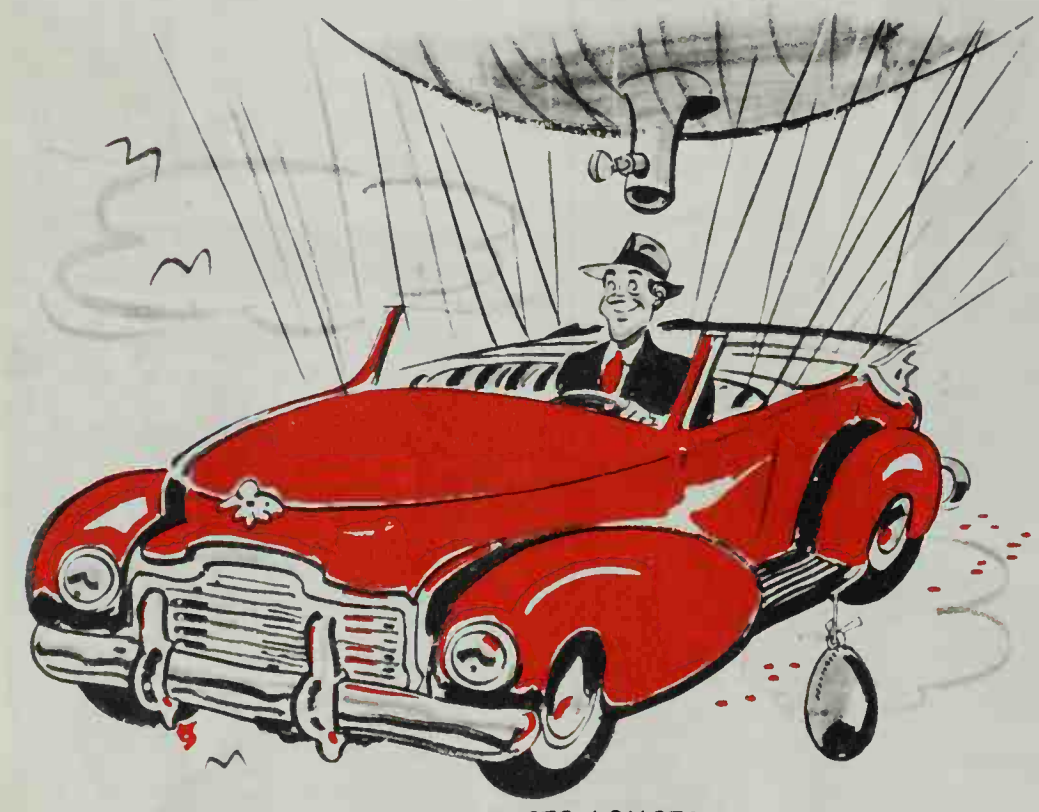

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potatoes, ignored the matter for a while; said it was exaggerated. At Bremerhaven, where it plucks Mascots from homebound outfits, the Army tosses the kids regardless of age into jail—whence IRO redeems them. The Army sent, or claims to have sent, a directive through channels that Mascots are henceforth taboo. No IRO official whom I interviewed has seen the order, in spite of requests for copies. In Wiesbaden a Child Tracing official stated that twoscore Mascots were known to be with G.I.s still in that city alone. In 3,000 years generals haven't learned that by orders you cannot quell devotion.

That Mascots were going to be a *special* problem, however, was not foreseen. They were accepted by UNRRA as "unaccompanied children," and distributed into ordinary child camps. Whereupon these shrimp packages of dynamite fiercely resented being treated as "kids." Moreover, to put them among non-Mascot refugee children was like putting alley tomcats with Angora house kittens.

Not Exactly Wholesome Kids

They introduced liquor, cigarettes, poker, crap shooting, profanity and too-ready fists to the children. They promptly contacted, and dealt in, the nearest black market. They brought advanced sex theories; some, indeed, were found suffering from untreated venereal disease.

They hid their beloved uniforms; preserving them for going "over the hill." No system of locks, checks and guards kept them in when they "wanted out." Alone or in squads they would disappear.

The idea for a separate G.I. Mascot camp was proposed by Joseph Noia, United States Zone Director for the World Young Men's Christian Association. The Army, wakened at last to the situation, made Wartenberg available. The Y administers Wartenberg, though it remains under the over-all charge of IRO: just as the fate of its Mascots shadows G.I. conscience. A Pole, Joseph Kobalnik—ex-prisoner of war and former Y executive in his native land—is camp leader with a staff of 20, of whom but two a nurse and a music teacher, are the scorned "dames."

Wartenberg provides a semblance of their G.I. days, since that seems to be the only feasible method of touching their muddled little egos. The most popular feature with the kids is the interest shown by real G.I.s stationed near by, who have volunteered as part-time assistants. They visit regularly, hold bull sessions, share and instruct in strenuous American games.

Gossip speeds along the "G.I. Mascot grapevine" in Austria and Germany as fast as black-market currency quotations around Rome or Paris. Even before Wartenberg was ready, hitherto untabbed Mascots dribbled into the village to "look things over." It is hoped that if and when the kids put an okay upon the camp all the A.W.O.L.s, known and unknown, will rally to it—and a full census and roundup will be possible. Also, that if they can be persuaded to stay put until keys to their identities are found, the majority may yet be turned into useful citizens—of whatever land.

So far as the Mascots themselves talk, connive and dream there is, of course, but one country—the one Private First Class Artie Greengroin used to call "the United States of A." And so far as officials handling them can judge, most of the Mascots are timber from which excellent American citizens might be wrought.

None of the Mascots has the slightest apprehension, however, of the immense difficulties standing between him and his ambition. Each is convinced it is solely up to "his" G.I.

Obviously, all G.I.s who were nice to kids in Europe can't be expected to adopt those kids, or sponsor them, even in the many cases in which it will be legally possible. They can't be expected to maintain perpetual interest in their e Mascots. The melancholy difference that Mascots were just a bit of wartin scenery to G.I.s—but that G.I.s were the world to Mascots.

Furthermore, the Mascots are e meshed by international legal red ta In a sense they are wards of the Unit Nations. Race, age, absence or existen of relatives, these and other matters co plicate a picture which there is not sp here to simplify. It may be said in g eral, however, that Mascots of unkno nationality are "easiest" to adopt. I the adoption laws of the particu American state in which the would foster parent lives, German law, milit government policy and the United Sta immigration quota law are involved. T "United States Committee for Care European Children," 215 Fourth Aven New York City, is the official agency filiated with IRO that knows all the swers.

Among the boys are some whose tionalities may never be determin more, whose relatives will never be cated. And there are countries—Belgi and Holland, for example, whose phanages are sorely overtaxed—wh are not interested in having their c pletely kinless little wayfarers back.

Lastly, neither Wartenberg nor IRO can supply certain essentials wh the average Mascot never had, does have now, perhaps never will hav things as necessary to adolescent s and minds as bread and milk to adc cent flesh and bones: stability, affect something to look forward to.

Wants No Part of His Homeland

Our pal, "Colonel" Jake, summe up. Meager evidence—not yet prov indicates he may be a Rumanian. No has come forward to sponsor his g to the United States. His views a going to Rumania are what you m expect of Jake:

"Don't boin me up! Wotta la chum—I wudden take th' whole dun they give it to me free fer nuttin'! I w go to N'Yawk!"

This started him talking about his A bighearted and openhanded mar all accounts. "He bought these fer explained Jake, indicating his uni and decorations, and prattling off of other kindnesses. In fact, recolle of his G.I. got under Jake's revers leather skin. And thereby bared s thing universal in the Mascots sooner or later, is bound to pop out

It was time for him to go mee pigeon and for me to drive bac Frankfort, but he asked, "Lookit, m have ya got another minnit? If ya git to N'Yawk, do me a favor an' up this feller for me, will ya?—ar how it goes wit' him, an' tell him goes it wit' me. He's one swell guy

From an inside pocket he had out a sheet of paper. Both hands trembling now, as he carefully unf and smoothed the paper. It was g worn; and the name and address w on it in ink were smudged.

"Look, Colonel," I said, trying t it, "why don't you take better ca this? Pretty soon nobody will be to make it out. How did you get messed up?"

But Jake wasn't listening. H turned aside and put one arm acr face and slumped against the wal shoulders with the lieutenant co leaves were quivering in a most u tary fashion.

"Aw, th' louse!" he sobbed, "t louse. He never oncet wrote to m

No need to ask Jake how the ol came on his G.I.s name and a There was a big new blot there Nothing that a five-cent postage could not dry.

THE END

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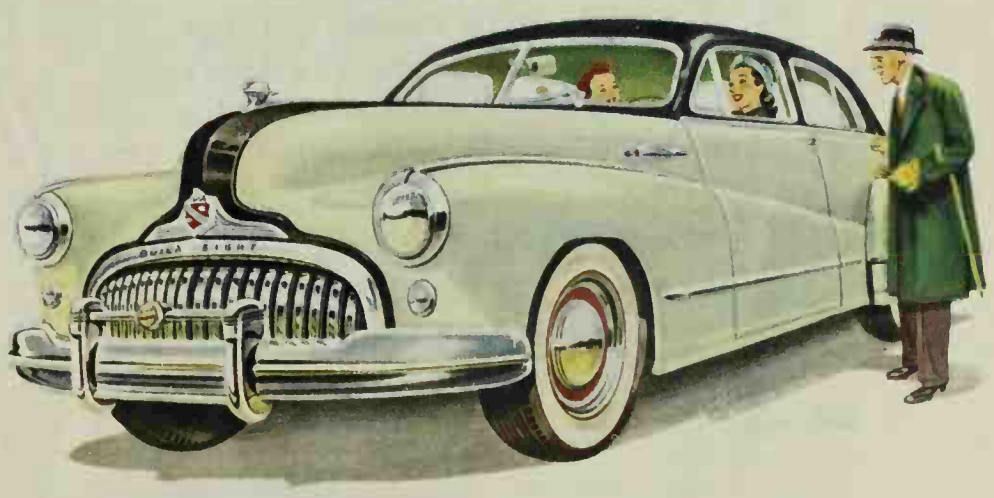
On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, twice weekly.



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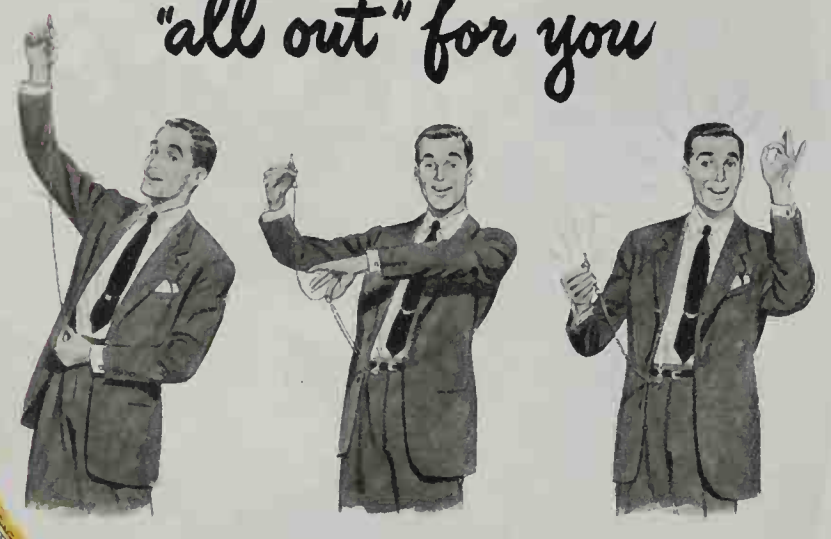

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

stupid females will take their cue from your very bad front illustration.

H. E. H., JR., Oakland, Cal.

That's the trouble—all the beautiful women are trying to look intelligent, and the intelligent women are trying to look beautiful—and succeeding. (See editorial —Looking for a Wife?)

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION

LESTER VELIE: Your recent articles (They Kicked Us Off Our Land, July 26th—Aug. 9th) left impression you had made exhaustive study of public lands question, and that you are an authority on the matter. You and I know that neither is true. Subcommittee on Public Lands is holding series of hearings on grazing and forest service problems in the Western states this fall. First hearing will be held at Rawlins, Wyoming. If you still feel you are authority on these problems or if you contend you have even slightest knowledge of subject, we would be glad to have you testify before the committee at Rawlins and subject yourself to cross examination. This will enable general public and your readers to judge for themselves extent of your knowledge of public domain problems. Please wire collect if you can or will attend.

FRANK A. BARRETT,
Member of Congress, Lusk, Wyoming

Modest Lester Velie claims only that he is a reporter—not an authority on public lands.

. . . WALTER DAVENPORT: Izaak Walton League, National Conservation Organization, heartily applauds Lester Velie's articles on attempted Western public-land grab, assails with equal strength attempts by Congressman Barrett of Wyoming, presumably representing all the people, to have Velie at one of his hearings for crucifying purposes. Hope Velie won't come but if he does we promise all help to arm him with further facts and figures to confound his questioners.

WILLIAM VOIGT, JR., Denver, Colo.

SIGNALS OFF!

DEAR COLLIER'S: Your cover for Aug. 23d —Girl Dancing with a Portable Strapped over Shoulder—is cute but meaningless. A portable battery set is strictly directional and receives in one direction only—and is dead when turned opposite the signal strength. Heck of a thing to quibble about —isn't it?

FRANK KLARE MILLER, Altoona, Pa.

Yop.

BIG WIND

GENTLEMEN: I worked as a Customs Patrolman all through the 1935 hurricane, up and down the coast from Tampa and at no time did the wind reach a velocity of over 100 miles per hour as Frank Harvey states in Demon From the Doldrums (Aug. 23d).

During the last 29 years, I have been through at least ten hurricanes and have yet to see a wind reading of over 100 miles per hour. Harvey's statements about the damage done in Miami in 1926 and that done in 1935 are both a pack of lies.

R. H. LAIN, Tampa, Fla.

DO YOU HAVE ANCESTORS?

DEAR SIRS: I do believe James Dugan has entirely the wrong slant on ancestors (How to Have Ancestors, Aug. 23d). I believe it is one of the most natural things in the world, to wonder what our forebears did, where they lived and where they came from.

Grandmother herself started this when we were children, crowding about her knee and begging for stories. Now that I am a grandmother myself, I have time and inclination to look into this matter, and find many other women doing the same thin

Personally, I have a scrapbook wi records of 58 families, complete—fro 1620-45, mostly from Norwich and oth surrounding towns, in Connecticut—a many English records before that.

And that reminds me, isn't Mr. Dug one of the Dugans of Dugan?

GEORGINA G. WHITE, Cazenovia, N.

. . . The pitiful egomania of those wh six million ancestors came over in t "Mayflower" gives me a pain. Pikers a "Johnny-come-lately's" to a man— woman!

My ancestors—eliminating the addl and lesser distinguished, have been trac back through Sir Walter Rawley—inven of the cigarette; William the Corncure (Family name Scholl) 1066; Attila Bum, 406-453 A.D.; Nero, and his ma fiddle—37-68 A.D.; Tutankhamen, the dertaker's delight—1365; B.C., Adam, Troublemaker; Piltdown, the half and h Professor Simiidae, famous banana j gler; Vertebrata, inventor of the backbo Amoeba, getting weaker; Protozoa, smaller!! Atom—Aha, my friends, we are at last! The atom, or two of th were *my* ancestors!!

A. MCMASTER, New York, N.

PURCHASE PRICE

DEAR EDITOR: Referring to F. Northr suggestion (The Week's Mail, Aug. 2 that the Jews buy back Palestine from Arabs: Jews were doing just that thro the Jewish National Fund, till 1939 w the British issued their infamous W Paper, which forbade Arabs to sell b land to Jews in about 90 per cent of Pa tine.

MAX WOLF, Brooklyn 24, N

FIGHTING THE BULL FIGHT

DEAR SIRS: I agree with Doris East (The Week's Mail, July 26th) that Be in the Bull Ring (June 14th) was a grace to your magazine.

With magazines, motion pictures Hollywood women reporters playing i I fear this "sport" will eventually b cepted in this country.

GLADYS OLDAKER, Seattle, W

. . . I wish to become a bullfighter. English-speaking bullfightress Miss chita Cintrón should be able to fu me the address of an institution w teaches this art. Therefore, will you p forward me her address?

PHILIP L. RUPPENTHAL, Russell, K

Are you nuts, Phil?

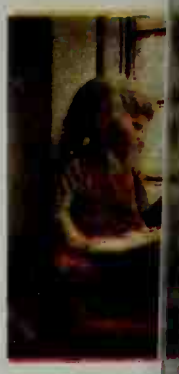
LONELY LAD

DEAR EDITOR: Artist's painting of B Window (Aug. 9th) cast a shadow the life of my five-year-old neig After worrying for hours over what have caused the sad little boy to sit st out of the window, he said, "I gue must not have any mother."

MRS. MILDRED SWA
Independence,

. . . I noticed a strong resemblanc tween my own boy Robert and the l the cover. . . .

MRS. ROBERT R. WOOD, Oberlin,



KAYWOODIE
REMEMBERS WHEN

First phone, 1876

he Kaywoodie organization as making pipes 25 years be- re the first telephone, and was nong the first to install an fice telephone. Established 51.

HOW TO TELL THE
GENUINE KAYWOODIE
K FOR THE CLOVERLEAF
brand name on the stem

Super Grain No. 21C
Vest Pocket Poker Shape
Oval Bowl, $5

AYWOODIE

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new 1947 Vest-Pocket Poker Shape easily into your pocket, takes little , because of its oval-shaped bowl. leasing to smoke as to look at. oodies are the world's best smok- ipes made by the No. 1 pipe- g organization, which does the ering, the research, testing meth- nd seasoning, so that Kaywoodie good companion for years. Kay- ie Company, New and London. Book- request, 630 Fifth N. Y. 20.

KAYWOODIE $3.50
IN $5, RELIEF-GRAIN $7.50, FLAME-GRAIN $10,
E $10, MEERSCHAUM-LINED $12.50
EUR $15, NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 21

he had been teasing certain Congressional leaders about what might happen if insufficient relief funds were voted. He said that Representative Clarence Cannon, ranking Democrat on the House Appropriations Committee, had asked him, some days before, if he would take less than the 875 millions he had asked Congress for WPA. The President told him he meant what he said in his budget message. Then he jokingly added that when the WPA hunger marchers descended upon Washington, he would put up a big sign in front of the White House saying: "WPA Need Not Apply Here" and with a big arrow pointing to Capitol Hill.

The President grinned and said Cannon went up on the Hill and repeated the story as a result of which Congress got mad and voted to cut the appropriation.

That morning Mr. Roosevelt went on, Vice-President Garner and Senator Alben W. Barkley, the majority leader, had been to see him about the WPA appropriation, and he had told Barkley he took it for granted the senator would fight for the 875 millions. The President said Garner was worried about what might happen if Congress cut the appropriation, as seemed certain, and touched off unemployment demonstrations.

"Will you give us protection when these people march on Washington?" the President said Garner asked him.

"Jack," the President replied, "there may be 30,000 people (hunger marchers). The Metropolitan Police are available. I can call out the soldiers and draw a cordon around the Capitol, but what am I going to do about housing these people, or feeding them? I will have to ask Congress for the money."

"But will you protect us?" the Vice-President persisted.

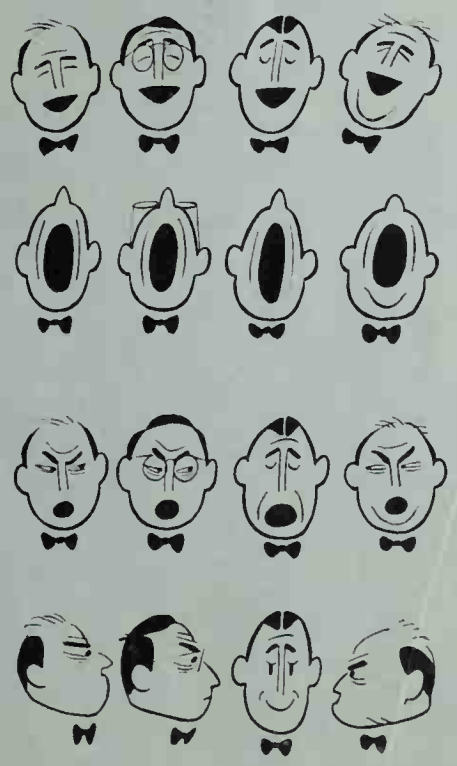
"Yes," the President said.

"Well, that's something I have been very much worried about," Garner remarked.

Later I accused Roosevelt of teasing Garner and he laughed.

F.D.R. left for a short vacation at Warm Springs on March 23d. Two days after he had gone, the stock market took another sickening dip. This was a signal for new activity on the part of the spenders. Harry Hopkins, armed with memoranda from Henderson and Au-

SLIGHTLY SOUR



COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

sweater girl
...iceberg variety!

What a chill Jill I was! Believe me, those wintery winds weren't whistling "Dixie" as they howled through our walls. The furnace gobbled coal at a rate that ate right through our budget. Not only that . . . you can't look pleasin' when you're freezin'!

My morale was dipping toward zero when an ad (something like this!) gave me a hot idea. Pronto I 'phoned the **CAREY** Approved Home Insulator . . . learned he has a neat system which actually *blows* Rock Wool into your walls without muss or fuss.

I learned this, too: First cost is surprisingly low . . . and you save enough (up to a third) on fuel bills to pay for the job in a few seasons. What's more, **CAREY** Rock Wool also pays dividends in summer; keeps your home as much as 15° cooler on hottest days. It's fireproof too . . . gives homes additional protection.

Anyway, my **CAREY** man completed the job one day last week, and already our coal pile has a new lease on life. Comfort? Confidentially, I'm doin' better without that sweater!

You say your place is hard to heat . . . hard to keep cozy . . . hard on your pocketbook? Well, I certainly learned a lot from an ad like this; you could do the same thing. Remember, the name is **CAREY.**

this free book **TELLS THE WHOLE STORY**

Here's a book jam-packed with information to give you the inside story of Rock Wool Insulation. Full of facts and figures, it's a handy guide to help you decide how, when, and where to insulate your home. For a FREE copy of "Year-'Round Comfort Plus" just drop us a line on a penny postcard. Address Dept. C-10.

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Carey *rock wool insulation*

In Canada:
1557 Mac Kay St.,
Montreal 1, P. Q.

Asphalt Shingles—Asbestos Shingles and Sidings
Asbestos Wallboard—Rock Wool Insulation
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THE PHILIP CAREY MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI 15, O.

MT. ROCK COATS

They fit!

by Don Herold

Terrific NEWS! COATS That FIT!

Maybe you're prettier than I am. Or luckier.

But I — honestly — have never had a coat that sat completely right on my shoulders and around my neck, and that hung right on my skeleton.

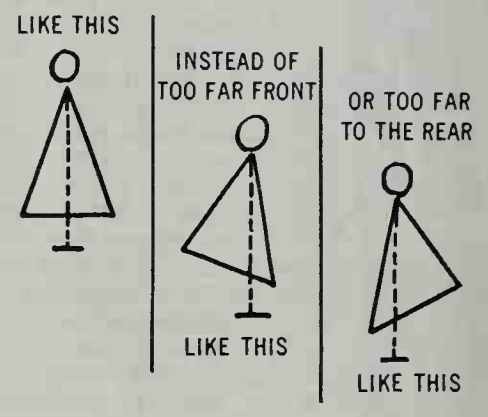
So when a coat company comes out with the simple slogan, "*They fit,*" it's either a lie or it's such sensational news that we men ought to stampede the stores to look into it.

Skeptically and cynically I looked into the claim of the people who publish this slogan "They Fit" and who make the coats that go with it. (The coats incidentally, are called MT. ROCK.) And I learned that these folks have really done it!

At about a dozen points they've rocked tradition. (Mt. Rock — get it?) For example, they've given extra width here:

— which allows your lapel to stay flat instead of popping open.

And they've put *you* in the middle of your coat where you should be:



(This balanced hang actually makes the coat feel lighter on you.)

If you are sick of coats that fit silly, go cautiously to a store that sells Mt. Rocks and defy them to show you this post-war development in coat architecture.

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Akron, Ohio—THE YEAGER CO.
Albany, N. Y.—C. L. SUMMER
Albion, N. Y.—SAMMET'S STORE, INC.
Allentown, Pa.—KOCH BROS.
Altoona, Pa.—WESTFALL'S
Amherst, Mass.—E. M. SWITZER JR., INC.
Amherst, Mass.—THOMAS F. WALSH
Amsterdam, N. Y.—SOCHIN'S
Ann Arbor, Mich.—FIEGEL'S
Asbury Park, N. J.—SHUTT'S CLOTHIERS
Asheville, N. C.—M. V. MOORE & CO.
Ashland, Ky.—YOUNGOALE'S MEN'S SHOP
Ashtabula, Ohio—HEATH & WOOD
Atchison, Kansas—GEORGE H. FALTER
Atlanta, Ga.—PARKS-CHAMBERS
Atlantic City, N. J.—ALGAR & COMPANY
Auburn, N. Y.—MARSHALL'S CLOTHING STORE
Baltimore, Md.—ISAAC HAMBURGER & SONS
Baltimore, Md.—WARNER & CO.
Bangor, Maine—LYFORD-WOODWARD CO.
Barre, Vt.—F. H. ROGERS & CO.
Batavia, N. Y.—E. J. BEARDSLEY CO.
Bath, N. Y.—M. COHN & SONS
Battle Creek, Mich.—PAUL R. BUTTON
Bay City, Mich.—FORD'S
Bayshore, N. Y.—NEW MEN'S SHOP
Beaver Falls, Pa.—TAYLOR'S
Bellevue, Wash.—STEIL & NORQUIST, INC.
Bellows Falls, Vt.—J. J. FENTON CO., INC.
Bennington, Vt.—ADAMS CLOTHES SHOP
Berkeley, Calif.—MALIK
Berwick, Pa.—MEN'S QUALITY SHOP
Biddeford, Maine—LEWIS POLAKEWICH, INC.
Binghamton, N. Y.—SALL-STEARNS
Binghamton, N. Y.—SISSON BROS. WELDEN CO.
Birmingham, Ala.—BURGER-PHILLIPS
Bloomsburg, Pa.—LEE-PAT'S
Boise, Idaho—RALPH DAVIS
Boise, Idaho—MEFFERT & JOHNSON
Boston, Mass.—JORDAN MARSH CO.
Boston, Mass.—KENNEDY'S, INC.
Bradford, Pa.—THE JAS. R. EVANS CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.—DAVIS & SAVARO
Bristol, Conn.—SAVARO & McCARTHY
Brockton, Mass.—LINEHAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.—ABRAHAM & STRAUS
Brooklyn, N. Y.—SAM & MACK
Buffalo, N. Y.—THE KLEINHANS CO.
Burlington, Vt.—HAYES & CARNEY, INC.
Cambridge, Mass.—HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY
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Canandaigua, N. Y.—SHENKMAN'S
Carbondale, Pa.—McCANN BROS.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—THE SYNDICATE
Champaign, Ill.—JOS. KUHN & CO.
Charleroi, Pa.—WOLF'S
Charlotte, N. C.—JACK WOOD, LTD.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—THE NEW DAVIDSON'S
Chicago, Ill.—IRVING BOGIN, INC.
Chicago, Ill.—CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.
Cleveland, Ohio—THE WM. TAYLOR SON & CO.
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Colorado Springs, Colo.—PERKINS-SHEARER
Columbus, Ohio—THE UNION
Connellsville, Pa.—GIGLIOTTI'S
Corning, N. Y.—FARRELL'S MEN'S WEAR
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East Orange, N. J.—DONALD BUNCE CO.
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MT. ROCK COATS ... *fit like the Champion and his Trophy* ... The Medium Man. The Short Man. The Tall Man.

After the big game, its hero is awarded the ball that brought victory . . . a trophy that fits him like a Mt. Rock coat. The man on the left is fitted perfectly in his *Parley* double-breasted polo coat with half belt, patch pockets and three piece sleeve—in camel shade fleece. The Irving in the center, is a full-sweep, set-in-sleeve, single-breasted model with slash pockets—in "shower-proofed" gabardine. On the right is the Boylston, a full raglan with military collar and slash pockets—in imported tweed. The girl is wearing her D. Boone, a raglan in imported Manx tweed. Write for don herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

MT. ROCK COATS • 15 HAND STREET • ROCHESTER, N. Y.

TOPCOATS AND OVERCOATS • *$50 to $80*

FEATURING EXCLUSIVE FABRICS BY ARDSLEY, *Cerey*, *CONTINENTAL*, AND Worumbo

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San Antonio, Texas—FOMBY'S
San Antonio, Texas—FRANK BROS.
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Santa Barbara, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
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Springfield, Mass.—ALBERT STEIGER CO.
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Tulsa, Okla.—THE PALACE CLOTHIERS
Tulsa, Okla.—WOOLF BROS.
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Twin Falls, Idaho—IDAHO DEPT. STORE, INC
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Vancouver, Wash.—HADLEY'S, INC.
Van Nuys, Calif.—CLARK & STIEB
Virginia, Minn.—PALACE CLOTHING CO.
Waltham, Mass.—COLLINS & ROONEY
Washington, D. C.—WOODWARD & LOTHROP
Washington, Pa.—C. H. JONES & SONS
Waterbury, Conn.—JONES, MORGAN CO.
Watertown, N. Y.—J. LEBOVSKY
Waterville, Maine—STEVEN'S
Westfield, Mass.—H. S. EATON CLO. CO.
West New York, N. J.—SCHLESSINGER'S
Wheeling, W. Va.—MAX CRONE & CO.
Wichita, Kansas—WOOLF BROS.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—THE HUB
Williamsport, Pa.—HOOVER & GEHRON
Williamstown, Mass.—HOUSE OF WALSH
Willimantic, Conn.—THE CHURCH REED CO.
Wilmington, Del.—TOADVINE'S
Winston-Salem, N. C.—NORMAN STOCKTON, INC.
Woonsocket, R. I.—MOUSSEAU'S
Wooster, Ohio—NICK AMSTER
Worcester, Mass.—WARE PRATT CO.
Yonkers, N. Y.—PADOW CLOTHES
York, Pa.—LEHMAYER'S
Youngstown, Ohio—THE G. M. McKELVEY CO.

With hair like this,
you'll hear this:

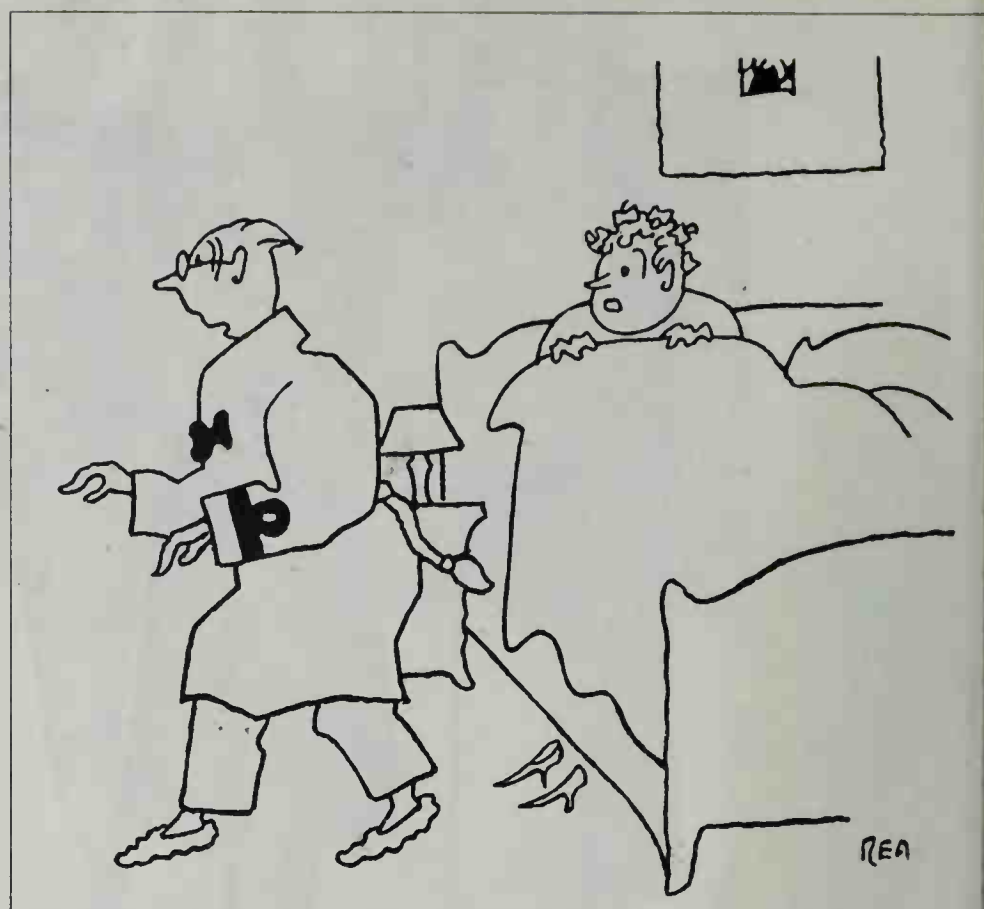
"hello, handsome"

There's more to handsome hair than meets your girl's eye. Bosses have eyes, too. And while they're not apt to call you "handsome" ... they are going to size you up as a well-groomed young chap worth watching. And worth promoting. Promote yourself with ...

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol-Myers

50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Feel that clean, refreshing *tingle* as the alcohol in Vitalis stimulates your scalp. Feels wonderful! So different from the all-oil dressings. And the alcohol evaporates in split seconds! Leaves a fine protective film of pure vegetable oils evenly distributed over your hair and scalp. This prevents dryness, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. Now, *10 seconds* to comb. You've got well-groomed hair with a natural lustre. No greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. At drug counters or barber shops ... Get Vitalis, *Handsome!*



COLLIER'S "And if it is a burglar, Henry, scurry right back upstairs" GARDNER REA

brey Williams, camped on the President's doorstep at Warm Springs.

In the meantime, I had gone off to Sea Island, Georgia, where I worked out an economic program on a balanced-budget basis. On the train back I dictated a long memorandum to the President. Then, on Sunday night, April 10th, I had a long and unhappy talk at the White House with the President, Hopkins and Jimmy Roosevelt.

"We have been traveling fast this last week and have covered a lot of ground," the President said, "and you will have to hurry to catch up."

I said, "Mr. President, maybe I never can catch up."

F.D.R. smiled. "Oh, yes, you can," he said, "—in a couple of hours."

Proposed Spending Plans

With that he outlined his ideas. My heart sank. It was clear that Hopkins had sold him on the spending program. More than that, he had made up his mind to go ahead on it without consulting the Director of the Budget or a single person at the Treasury. Harold Ickes was to be put back into the business of lending money to states and municipalities. Nathan Straus' United States Housing Authority was to have its loan authorization doubled. Steward MacDonald, Federal Housing Administrator, was to build 500 million dollars' worth of houses. The transcontinental highway was to be started. And so on.

I listened and then I read my memorandum, with its emphasis on stimulating private re-employment.

When I finished, the President asked: "You are in agreement with us?"

"What you have outlined not only frightens me but will frighten the country," I replied. "How much is it going to cost?"

"Oh," he said, "we have all of that ... we have all that."

I said I would like to see a list of what was proposed but I was shown nothing that night.

Before I left, I urged: "Please, Mr. President, don't decide on this until you sleep on it."

The next day at eleven in the morning the President met with the party leaders in Congress and outlined his ideas. Just before they adjourned, I broke in.

They might be interested, I said, to know just what the budget was going to look like for the next fiscal year. I told them I thought the revenue would fa below our January estimates by 900 m lion dollars; that additional expenditur including those mentioned that morni but excluding any money for lending a pump-priming, would increase the defi for 1939 to three and a half billi dollars. This gave everybody quite shock.

After the meeting Roosevelt and I h our regular Monday lunch. Usually t was a gay and friendly meal, but not t day. He said coldly that I had no rig to bring up the question of the deficit the morning conference, that I shou have spoken to him first. He was goi to take care of the unemployed, added, no matter how much it cost.

"You can call Steve Early," he sa vehemently, "and he will tell you t nothing is settled. You are just jum ing at conclusions."

"No use getting angry," I said. "I use in yelling at me. It does not do a good."

I left the White House in a bla humor, but the next day he brought the question of financing again.

Harry Hopkins came for lunch in m office along with Marriner Eccles, cha man of the Federal Reserve Board, W lace, Jimmy Roosevelt and other leadi spenders. Harry now set forth in det the program of which I had heard much in vague outline.

After lunch I said to Jimmy, "Now, last I have heard the program."

Much to my surprise, he said, "Th always has been a program."

I said, "Now at last I have heard program and I wish you would take following message to your father. 'Af giving the matter further considerati I will let you know whether or not I finance it.'"

Jimmy said, "Well, of course you finance it."

I said, "I don't know, Jimmy."

I was profoundly shaken. My ho for a balanced budget were dead. I that we were committed as a nation to unsound policy.

With a heavy heart I went home t night and tossed about in bed. So where in the early morning I reached decision.

At ten thirty the next mornin walked sadly over to the White Hous

"Mr. President," I said, "I am go to say something which is one of most difficult things that I have ever to do, but if you insist on going thro

ith this spending program I am seriusly thinking of resigning."

The President responded with a long issertation on the solidarity of the ritish Cabinet—how each member is ound by the decision of the majority nd how they all stand or fall together. You just can't do this," he said. "You ave done a magnificent job, and you ave kept your own counsel."

"After all," I said, "nobody in the reasury has had time to study this proam, and we have not been consulted as whether it can or cannot be financed; rthermore, whether it will achieve the sults you desire."

A Secretary Under Pressure

The President then became excited id said if I resigned now it would mean e destruction of the Democratic party, e creation of a third party and the loss the Administration program in Coness and that I would go down in history having quit under fire.

"The trouble with you," Roosevelt id, "is that you are piqued and sore cause you have not been consulted."

"No, Mr. President," I said, "neither those statements is correct. You are king your general, in charge of ances, to carry out a program when had nothing to do with the planning."

F.D.R. was obviously uncomfortable. one point he indicated he would like close the discussion. "I've got Baruch iting," he said.

"Let him wait," I said. "This is more portant."

We parted without resolving our diffities. The President simply would not en to the resignation talk. I was miserle and unhappy.

Why did I not push the resignation ough?) I spent the next few hours in loomy daze of indecision. But gradu the relative values of the situation gan to sort themselves out, and my sition began to clarify itself. The sident and I had differed over an issue ncerning which, it is fair to say, there re, at the very least, two sides. It was, reover, a technical issue rather than noral issue: a question of means, not nds. And it was but one of the many issues involved in the Roosevelt Administration.

I might disagree with Franklin Roosevelt about this, but we were in total agreement on all other broad questions. We shared the same deep conviction that the first concern of government should be the masses of the people. We shared the same deep conviction that the democracies of the world must prepare for an impending war with the forces of aggression. Should I jeopardize these common objectives, should I withdraw from the common struggle, because of my opposition to one phase of the President's program? More important, should I desert the man I admired and loved second only to my father because of a single disagreement? At the bottom of my heart, I knew that my greatest usefulness was in the service of Franklin Roosevelt and that I could not abandon him.

So I stayed on. Like a general in war, I obeyed the orders of the commander in chief, remembering that I agreed with his strategy and generally with his tactics, even though in this one case I had a different appraisal of the situation. I did my best to carry out my part of the spending program as loyally as possible.

Looking back today, I am not sure who was correct. Many economists, I know, would say that the President was right and I was wrong. The huge outlays for defense and war have caused economists and businessmen to revise "orthodox" conccptions. Certainly an unbalanced budget need not be an automatic disaster, as some used to think, and certainly government spending can assure undreamed of levels of production and employment. Still, my position in 1937 was based on the hope that we could get along without calling upon sustained government spending to make up for the deficiencies of private spending—that someday the system might run on its own power. I still have that hope.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau reveals how President Roosevelt began organizing against the Axis long before Munich despite the isolationists and the powerful obstructionists in the State Department.

"When Phyllis was married her husband said he'd never look at another woman. He also meant her mother!"

OLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

THE HUCKSTER'S LADY

BY KYLE CRICHTON

All about Deborah Kerr, a Scottish girl with a soft British accent and an ironbound contract which is worth over a million bucks — in American money

WE DON'T want to get Clark Gable angry and we certainly aren't casting a lance at that three-pronged entity, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but we must say that without Miss Deborah Kerr we should have been unhappy at The Hucksters.

Not that Miss Kerr does any more acting than you could stick in your eye. She appears first as a very reserved and chilly character who is a widow with two children (a nice switch from the book, where she was merely a wife who was cheating a little on her warrior husband), but when she meets Mr. Gable and the steam begins to rise—well, there hasn't been anything like it since John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in Flesh and The Devil.

We hasten to add that Miss Kerr has long since established herself as an actress in British films but in this country she will be known through the ages as a lady who could accompany an almost total stranger on a midnight taxi ride to a deserted beach, follow him to a ramshackle resort hotel and finally chase him by plane to California, all with such gentility that the Johnston office beamed and romance took a sharp upward trend in the market. This *coula* be acting and, by the Lord Harry, it *may* be acting. but then again it may merely be that Miss Kerr is a Scottish girl who has a soft British accent.

Before Miss Kerr had a chance to reflect upon her experiences, she was making If Winter Comes with Walter Pidgeon and preparing to return to London in the fall to make Young Bess, a story of the famous beak-nosed queen. It was agreed that Miss Kerr would be required to strain herself in prettifying Bess, but all controversy on the subject was stilled by an act of God: the studio announced that Miss Kerr was about to become a mother.

At first blush this itself seemed a bit regal but all studios now interest themselves in the welfare of their minions and are never so happy as when acting the role of court chamberlain and announcing the plans and hopes of the mighty. As in all royal retinues, however, there were cynics to insist that Miss Kerr (and of course, her consort, Tony Bartley) had been forehanded in the matter.

"Oh, to be in London now that spring is there," they said, "and, oh, to be in California during the winter."

It was true that the tiny one would arrive in December and convalescence would occur during the winter; it was equally true that the family would be in London for the making of Young Bess in the spring instead of the fall, as originally planned; but it was really rather unthinkable that nature could be so pat as the critics hinted.

However, there was little doubt that The Hucksters would establish Miss Kerr and there was general rejoicing that M-G-M had done so well on its investment. For it must be understood that Miss Kerr did not come as an almoner seeking charity; she arrived with a seven-year contract, calling for $3,000 every Friday and no nonsense about options. There was the further provision that she be used in one picture to be made every year in England.

Since M-G-M is already committed to making a quota of pictures in the motherland this agreement was quite acceptable. Everything was acceptable if only Miss Kerr made good; otherwise an outbreak of suicides in the studio would have been nothing but justified. Her contract called for $1,092,000 and was as ironclad as the battleship Hood, having been attended to by sundry barristers with perukes and tight, hard minds.

Since these details establish the lady as a person age of some eminence, it is only right to reveal the background that has made it possible. To be brief about the early boring years, it may be said merely that she was born in Helensburgh on the banks of Loch Lomond and very soon thereafter took the low road to Surrey in England, where her father was an architect. In due *(Continued on page 5*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC CARPENTER

9 OUT OF 10 MEN HAVE IT*

BUT ONLY ONE HAT HAS!

Not phrenology—but straight fact! According to actual head shape measurements of thousands of men throughout the country, 90 out of 100 men's heads slope in at the temples.

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Here is an instrument to lift the pride and quicken the spirit of the modern business girl . . . make deft hands more deft. Here, too, is the promise of other Burroughs developm now in the making . . . of improvements refinements that reflect the stepped-up te of Burroughs research in electronics, m lurgy, chemistry and styling.

Great things are going on at Burroughs . . this new Burroughs Calculator bears evid Burroughs Adding Machine Company, De

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

RURAL CHAMPION

Just before starting the race, Claude uncorked the jug and swung it high. For an interminable time his throat worked as he gulped and the people watched in awe

BY GEORGES SURDEZ

Local boys make good—each in his own way

JULES FAUBRAS came home to visit his family toward the end of August. His father owned a sizable farm about three kilometers from our village of Harquemont, three thousand feet up in the Jura Mountains, on the French side of the Doubs River. That name, Jules Faubras, does not mean much today, but at that time it was known to every boy in France and to every attentive follower of sports all over the globe.

"Our Julot," the newspapers called him. He happened to have run five thousand meters in several seconds under fifteen minutes, which was remarkable forty years ago and remains very fair time even now. His figure for ten thousand meters was almost as startling and as he had just started against real opposition, it was generally believed that he would clip more seconds during the next season. Just at that time, the whole nation was in a fever about athletics, for the recent Olympic Games had seen no Frenchman in a glorious place and the national ego was smarting.

To be truthful, the people in our village seldom took much interest in outside matters and but for Jules, "Our Julot," few of us would have known or cared. But we were all proud that a local boy had his name printed in the Paris newspapers and his father produced clippings about his famous son, clippings in foreign languages, some from as far away as America, with his name underlined.

The headmaster of our little school told us many anecdotes about his famous ex-pupil—his intelligence, his application and determination. We looked forward to his arrival. Boys of my age could not remember him, as he had been away for several years.

Then, as always since when beholding a celebrity in the flesh, I experienced disappointment when he arrived. I had imagined someone of heroic stature, of striking appearance, and Jules turned out to be no taller than my father, five feet seven inches, just a stocky little guy with a thin, colorless mustache.

He came to the school and told us a good deal of rather dry stuff about physical condition in general, distance running in particular and the need for athletes to represent France before the world. It was boring, but we admired him nevertheless. Had he not beaten the best runners in France and a number of presumptuous foreigners?

He was to leave again before long, to engage in other races. He would travel to England, Germany, Sweden. People said that he would participate in the next Olympics and after winning his events, probably turn professional and make a tour of the United States. Even as an amateur, he was presumed to be deriving some income from sports. There were ways and means, people whispered. He did appear well supplied *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Grant's

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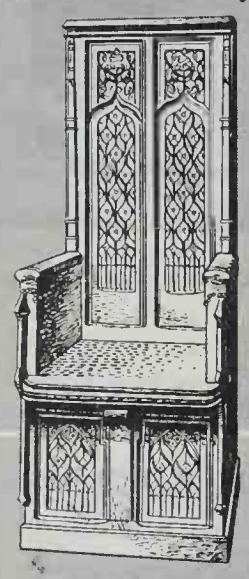
FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND

The stately grace of Scottish hand carving is well illustrated by this oak chair. Like the Scotch art of distilling, it dates back to the 15th century.



* *Every drop* of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof

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THE HUCKSTER'S LADY

Continued from page 50

course she was attending the famous Northumberland school in Bristol. But the arrival of a new headmistress brought rebellion in the heart of Miss Deborah.

"Pater," said she, in one of her holidays at home, "if you will do me one favor, I will be your dutiful child thereinafter endlessly. Let me leave that place."

Father had no serious objection, because Deborah's intent was to enter the dramatic school of her aunt, which was also in Bristol. Aunt Phyllis Smale was a personage in her own right, having had at least one season in London under Sir Maurice Browne, in which she gave her repertory of sketches much in the manner of our Ruth Draper. She knew acting and could teach it and Deborah was happy there until Auntie told her she might well now try London.

A Sure Road to Obscurity

Deborah stayed in London with a girl friend at the Y.W.C.A. and made the usual timid approaches to agents and managers with the usual success. She had red hair and a very dainty face but the best she could get were minor bits and walk-ons at the Regent's Park Outdoor Theatre, which is much like opening a concert career at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

"It was noisy, yes," she admits. "It required a subtlety of acting much like a parade. I was admirably fitted for it."

The details are confused but somewhere along in here she took up ballet dancing at Sadler's Wells. Since this is practically an obligatory legal duty for young Englishwomen (England having suffered from balletomania from the days of Adeline Genee, Pavlova and the early Russians) there was nothing particularly daring about the venture. For the better part of two years she went twirling about on her big toe but it was finally borne in upon her by the teaching staff that her career lay elsewhere. She still has moments of regret over it.

"If you're at the theater in London and there is a commotion over the arrival of somebody," she says sadly, "it will either be royalty or Margot Fonteyn of the ballet. . . . Never an actor."

This rebuff cast her back among the agents and the best she could get was an engagement in a theater at Oxford, where the young tolls of the university came and ogled her in a series of infinitesimal roles which may have added something to her education but nothing to her fame. Still later she was acting at the Cambridge Theater but this is a fooler because it happens to be located in London. The war had started by this time and her memories of the Cambridge are centered primarily on the fact that she had to walk home at night through the blacked-out city. "Eyes like a cat," she says, "that I must surely have."

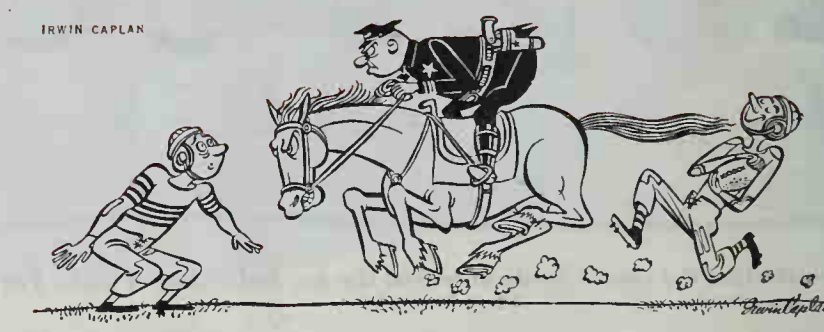
Her progress at this point was measured in millimeters but naturally the big chance was in the offing and according to the ritual it had to come accidentally. She was having lunch at the Savoy Grill one day when who should sit at an adjoining table but Gabriel Pascal, the cinema producer! And what should M. Pascal do but look her way, allow his eyes to bug out dangerously and then come over to her table and speak to her friend, who was, of course, an old acquaintance of M. Pascal's.

"And who is this beautiful young lady?" asked M. Pascal, bumbling happily in his quaint Hungarian way.

M. Pascal was told.

"Recite somesingg for me," pursued M. Pascal, "somesingg like zee Lord's Prayer." M. Pascal speaks with an accent.

Miss Kerr recited the Lord's Prayer entirely from memory and M. Pascal seemed very pleased because he was searching for a girl to play the Salvation



SPORTING ODDS

In the days before high-school football became big business, most fields provided no seats for spectators. At the Allentown, Pennsylvania, High School field, spectators were kept in place by horse-mounted city policemen, who rode up and down the side lines about a yard inside the playing field.

In a 1912 game between Allentown and the Vernon Training School from neighboring Bethlehem, Allentown was backed against her own goal line late in the second half. Allentown had the ball, but was trailing by one touchdown. On the play, an Allentown player managed to work himself between the side line and the mounted cop. A pass was thrown to him and he ran the length of the field for a touchdown, with the mounted cop providing interference.

Vernon Training School protested, the cop explained that he thought he was protecting the ball carrier from a fight, and the officials allowed the score. The game ended in a tie.

—Roland R. Lynn, Hellertown, Pa.

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Army lass in Major Barbara. He asked her to see him at his office, and eventually signed her to a personal contract and gave her the Major Barbara part.

This is the story as told by the publicity department but there is slightly more to it.

"He *also* said," Miss Kerr remembers, "and he put up his hand with a horrified air, 'Where did you get that hair-do? You look like a tart.' Do you have that word over here . . . streetwalker, you know? Well, I thought it was a very nice hair-do and didn't like his opinion too much but what do you do when a great cinema producer says things like that?"

This was almost her last contact with M. Pascal, who used her in Major Barbara and never thereafter. She was loaned out, however, and eventually M-G-M bought half of her contract and later all of it. She made Love on the Dole and Colonel Blimp, in which she had an excellent part. The reaction of the American audiences was less than hysterical, however, because the local exhibitors ran a truncated version of Blimp that was such a travesty on the original that the Federal Trade Commission has lately brought charges against the distributors on the grounds of false advertising. She also did Vacation from Marriage and Hatter's Castle, the latter finally receiving American distribution this fall after years in limbo.

Things She'd Rather Forget

She says very little about the experience of making films in wartime London, preferring to forget it, but it was rather a surprise to her when she learned that The Hucksters was all done after nine weeks of shooting.

"Why, we've just begun," she protested, thinking of England where seven months on a film was normal. There the actors work simultaneously in the theater and in the films and are forever scampering back and forth between them.

Like most visitors who arrive from abroad, she ate so heartily for months it was first held that her pregnancy was a mere prolonged indigestion. She and Mr. Bartley live in a home in Pacific Palisades, near Santa Monica. Her wants are looked after by Eva Dancer, their Northumberland housekeeper.

The one thing that will either ruin or help Miss Kerr is that she is a chameleon: She never looks alike twice. She has a very fair skin (now assisted by southern California freckles) and her acting seems to come from somewhere inside of herself. The consequence is that those who admired her in Colonel Blimp failed to recognize her in Vacation from Marriage. She may save herself great trouble from autograph hounds but find that for the public in general she is a myth. Her own ambition is to get so important in films that she can desert them if the whim ever strikes her to take off for Tibet.

Part of this restlessness may come from Mr. Bartley, who was a famous British ace in the war, sticking five years of it from the invasion of France to the end. Their marriage in London was a great social and military event, with fliers popping in nonchalantly from Adelaide and Burma to be on hand for the occasion, but Bartley was to discover later that his flying fame was a personal rather than national matter. With half a dozen other well-publicized aces he popped up to a town in the Midlands to help one of their fellow fliers in his campaign during the general election. Naturally he was a Conservative and they had a short interlude of relaxation during which they heaved a group of hecklers through a window, but the result was saddening.

"The women literally mobbed us for autographs," reports Bartley. "Then every bloody one of them voted Labor."

He is still an extremely young and handsome man and might have an acting career of his own but he prefers dallying with motion-picture production. Since he is a visitor without a work card he can do nothing now but look on while Miss Kerr works, but this keeps him close to the flame.

There are the usual stories about Miss Kerr in which she announces her intention of learning to drive on the right side of the road. It seems that she also likes outdoor barbecue pits, hot dogs and the way she has been treated here. It has been hinted that there is some resentment in England over the departure of their more important film names (Miss Kerr, Rex Harrison, Michael Redgrave) but since Hollywood is filled with others who have preceded them by many years there would seem to be no point in singling them out for scorn.

There remains nothing to say except that Deborah Kerr's name is pronounced with the accent on the *Deb* and the last name coming out as Carr. Since the only freedom left in the world is the way a man pronounces his name, we may as well pamper Miss Kerr in this regard and practice until we have it right. The Scotch are a sensitive people who have had little joy in life and the least their friends can do is call them by their right names. We have discussed this with Miss Kerr and wish to report this as the sense of the meeting.

THE END

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Rust is the commonest cause of mainspring breakage. High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature causes condensation of a droplet of moisture. A tiny pin point of rust begins—and *there* is where the mainspring breaks.

But now the Elgin Watch Company has developed an entirely new alloy of metals and from it a miracle mainspring: DuraPower*. It *will not rust.* And it retains its resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for lasting accuracy.

This DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* Only Elgin watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have the DuraPower Mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also at watch repair shops for replacement in many previous models.

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Try this tonight for Morning Freshness

How long since you bounced out of bed and smiled back at the sun—glad to be alive? If it's been some time, why not try this? Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

Reason is, Ovaltine at bedtime promotes sound sleep entirely without drugs. It also supplies *specially processed* food elements to restore vigor and freshness while you sleep. Besides, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for buoyant good health.

All in all, it's a 3-way aid to better sleep and morning freshness—so try it tonight!

OVALTINE

RURAL CHAMPION

Continued from page 53

with funds, but as he would not drink even the local wine, which never harmed anyone, what good did it do him, really?

What was tremendously impressive to our mountain community was that a group of newspaper reporters came in automobiles from large cities, just to talk with him and take his picture. The mayor and the members of the village council were not blind to the fact that such interest might be made profitable. The village fete was coming up, and they asked Jules to perform.

WITH visible amusement, he pointed out to the mayor and his aides that there was nobody for him to run against. Any capable runner, he informed them, would expect "expenses"; more, he was certain, than they would care to pay.

"We have some pretty good runners right here," the mayor said.

"There are runners and runners," Jules grinned.

"You could give them a start, you know."

"You mean a handicap race? Yes," Jules admitted, thoughtfully. "But remember that the race cannot be official, just an amusement for the people around here." He broke into a laugh. "But don't make it a long race, not more than two thousand meters. Otherwise, it would be a comedy, as I would finish all by myself. Running five thousand meters sounds easy, but there are very few chaps who can do it in decent time."

"If I remember right," one of the councilmen spoke up, "Heribert used to beat you."

"Kid stuff, Monsieur, kid stuff."

"But you never managed to beat him, did you?"

"You don't understand. The last time we ran, we were still kids, and it was over one kilometer. Since then, I have trained, competed against the best. While Heribert's grown fat and slow. He could not run a kilometer now, let alone five." Jules shook his head.

"If he consents to compete, will it be all right with you?"

"Of course." Jules nodded. "But make it a short distance and arrange a reasonable handicap." The famous runner shrugged, half smiled. "Remember, too, that I didn't suggest it. I don't want to humiliate him. It might look like—well, it might look like revenge."

Jules Faubras deceived nobody. All in the village understood that this race was what he had come home for, what he had hoped would be suggested. He had behaved very modestly, kept quiet, had permitted others to arrange the contest. But he had intended right along to show up his old rival publicly.

Jules Faubras and Claude Heribert were almost exactly the same age. From the time they had been small boys, they had been rivals in everything. Their rivalry had been amusing to the whole region, and interest had become intense when Antonia Collard had become involved.

Antonia was from pure Jurassic stock, her forebears all coming from the mountains between France and Switzerland. Her name was due to her mother's romantic fancy. She was a beautiful girl, tall, strong yet slim, with glistening dark hair, dark hazel eyes and the face of a mischievous angel. Over and above her good looks, she was one of the best prospects in the whole region; her father owned a farm, land, fields, pastures, woods. Her dowry would be considerable and she would one day inherit her share of the property. Jules Faubras was an acceptable candidate, because his people also had land, and his father sold his milk to the cheese syndicate.

Claude Heribert had nothing. His mother had died when he was a baby and his father, now dead also, had been a day laborer with a reputation for heavy drinking. Ever since anyone could remember, Claude had earned his living, even while going to school, doing chores, cutting wood, guarding cows, running errands. It was true that like his father before him he had grown tall and strong; handsome, with steel-blue eyes and thick, curly brown hair, white, glistening teeth—but it was suspected that he had inherited as well a restless, wild disposition.

Jules and Claude had been called into military service at the same time. But while Jules had gone into the foot chasseurs, big Claude had been incorporated into the dragoons. They had returned at the same time, and, being grown men, their rivalry had become more serious. Claude applied for work at the Collard farm. Nobody misunderstood his motive, but because he would work for a low salary he was hired. After that, nothing could discourage him, neither the gruff, rather kindly advice of Antonia's father to look for a more suitable match, nor the mother's open, bitter campaign against him. People said that there must have been an understanding between the girl and him since they were kids.

Rumor had it that Jules and Claude had "had it out" on a dark night, with Jules using a stout stick to even matters. Jules must have lost, for on the Sunday when the first banns had been read in church, he had been on his way to Paris.

Three years had passed. As nothing can remain secret in a small village, everyone knew that Claude had agreed to marry Antonia "in her shirt," that is, without dowry and with a contract for separate property rights. And all knew that after two years, his father-in-law, impressed by his humility, his devotion, his readiness to work, had felt ashamed and had voluntarily granted him all that was due a worthy son-in-law.

There were two children, a big boy and a small girl; Antonia seemed happy and proud. And on holidays, Claude would engage in various sports, demonstrate his strength and skill as one of the best natural athletes in the district. Jules, who received letters from his family, undoubtedly knew that his old rival was still admired by many, that he was considered a champion. It was quite natural that he had returned to show Antonia that, at least in the matter of athletic achievement, she had chosen second best. That may appear childish, but mountain villagers are vain and childish, almost as vain and as childish as cityfolk.

HOW would Claude Heribert react to Jules' challenge?—for it was a challenge, no matter how well he had screened it. The smart course, all agreed, would have been for him to say that he could not compete with a famous runner. But to everyone's relief, Claude did not prove smart on this occasion.

On the contrary he was laughing and swaggering.

"Sure, I'll race him," he replied. "But on my own conditions: We run ten kilometers, ten, do you hear? I don't take a handicap, either. I always could beat him at anything and this isn't Paris, you know, but Harquemont. Because we don't play the fool in monkey suits doesn't mean we can't run."

Those would be bitter words to eat, everyone realized. But they had been spoken and a surge of civic pride gripped us all. By an odd phenomenon, Jules became the outsider and we all hoped secretly for Big Claude to pin his ears back in good style. The young chaps who followed sports in the papers scorned that possibility. Claude was only a strong peasant, after all, while Jules was a

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trained runner. There was skill involved in running, and mysterious things like pacing, timing, stride, second wind. What chance could a guy who just knew how to lift them and slap them down have against a champion?

Claude behaved as if the prospect preyed on his mind. Some nights, at the inn, he would spend a couple of hours smoking and drinking, swearing that he would beat Jules without all that training nonsense, showing off. He lifted heavy chairs with his teeth, paraded his muscles. One evening when Jules was present, virtuously sipping mineral water, Claude went to him and told him he was ready to bet a cow on winning. Jules, patient, somewhat scornful, refused.

News of the race had leaked out—probably in the letters which the mayor wrote to provincial papers—and reporters arrived the day before the race. They considered the whole business as a rural comedy of manners. They pointed out that Claude was too heavy for a good distance runner, and that plodding in the fields must have hardened his muscles beyond the proper elasticity. Two other men were entered in the race, with handicaps. They had done some running in the army, and both made bets that they would finish before Claude, although they conceded Jules' victory.

The course was triangular: four kilometers to the village of Naiche, three and a half to a spot called Croix de la Font, a sort of shrine up in the hills, then two and a half down to Harquemont again. The race was scheduled to start at ten thirty on the Sunday morning of the village fete. By nine o'clock, a lot of outside people had come, on foot and in carts; the cafés overflowed.

The people from the Collard farm formed a large and rather gloomy party. Claude, who had been supplied with the proper outfit by one of the newspapermen, appeared extremely nervous, flushed and uncertain. Word started to spread that he had been drinking. Shortly before ten thirty, the handicap men having trotted away, Jules, very calm, was at the starting line, jogging up and down. But Claude had vanished and it was only after much shouting of his name that he emerged, from the back door of a café, carrying a little stoneware jug.

He grinned sheepishly when the mayor scolded him for being late, and posed for the photographs, still with the jug under his right arm.

Just before starting, Claude uncorked the jug and swung it high. For an interminable time his throat worked as he gulped. Finally, he lowered the muzzle, spilling a few drops of liquid.

"For luck!" he said, grinning widely.

"What's that stuff?" a newspaperman asked him.

"Best white wine in the region, mister."

"How much did you just drink?"

"This holds just over two liters."

"Think it'll be good for you, under the sun?"

"Look, to me white wine is just like gas for your car."

Many people laughed, many looked worried. Then the mayor lifted his arm and fired the starting shot. It was precisely ten forty-five.

I SAW the start and the finish of that celebrated race. But I did not get the inside story until much later. I was very young when we left Harquemont, and my parents had been transients there, without close ties, so that for somewhat over twenty years I heard nothing about anyone in the place. Then while on a trip in France, a combination of curiosity and nostalgia took me back.

Things had changed so little that I had the queer sensation of feeling closer to the small boys than to the adults. Because their current interests and activities had been mine, while the persons who remembered what I remembered appeared very old and settled.

For instance, Claude Heribert had become a mature man, with what was left of his beautiful hair turned quite gray. He was on the village council and wore colored ribbons on his Sunday coat—there had been a war in between, a sizable war, 1914 to 1918. His oldest son, whom I remembered as a baby, was now in the aviation! Claude did not remember me, but his wife, Antonia, did. My mother had loaned her books and magazines. She had not grown taller but had become somewhat wider. She invited me to a Sunday dinner. Claude walked me back to the inn. He was close to fifty, big and burly, but his stride was still hard to match.

"Take it easy, Monsieur Claude," I protested. "I'm no mountaineer!"

"Bah, you were born around here, and you're twenty years younger—"

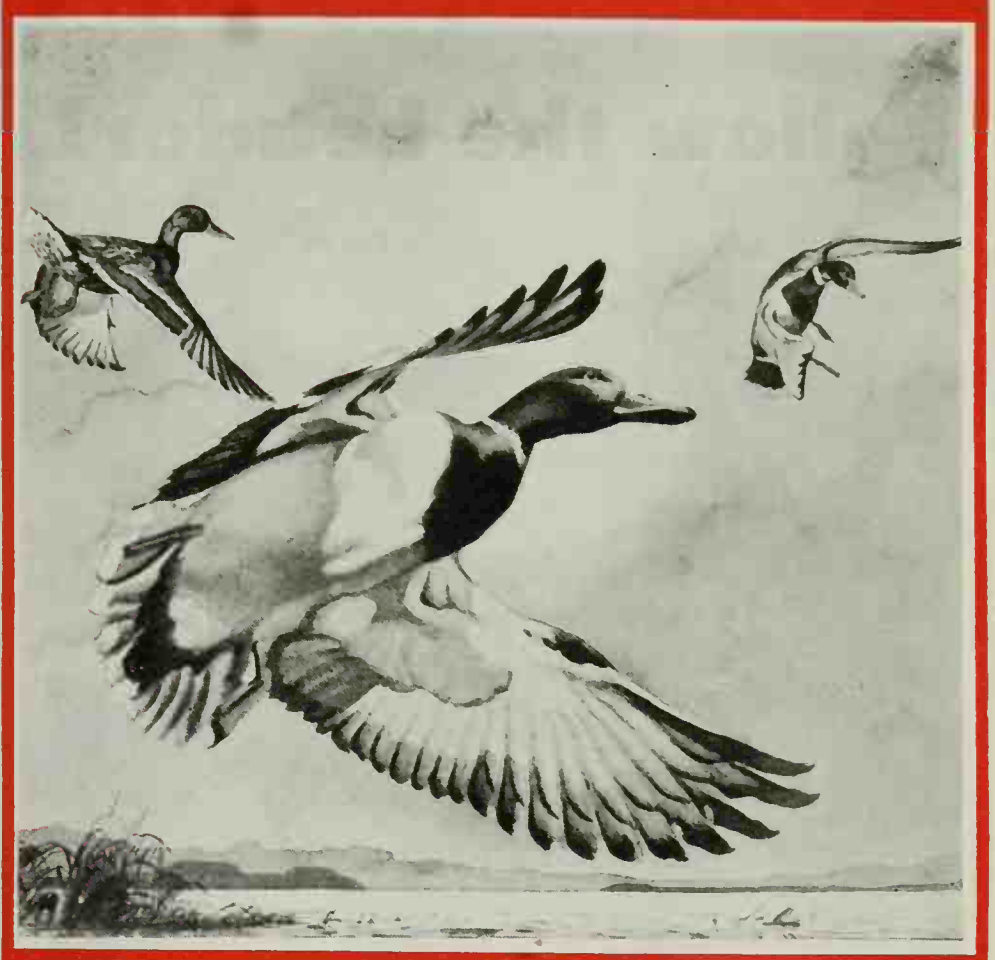
"But I never ran ten kilometers!"

He stopped short, hung his walking stick on his forearm, took off his hat to wipe away perspiration: "That's right, you must have been here then." He resumed walking, slower, half laughing: "I was young and full of go in those days, eh? Ah, twenty-eight months in the trenches cured me of all that!" He started filling his pipe.

"Whatever happened to Jules?"

"Oh, he's all right. Keeps a garage and

COLLIER'S "I said, 'Two, please!'" IRWIN CAPLAN



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café somewhere in Burgundy. Married."

"That was a nasty trick he tried on you, Monsieur Claude—all we kids were pulling for you that day—"

He shook his head again and laughed. "I was the one who pulled a trick, young man. I had been laying for Jules about a year, ever since he had written his father that he was running in competition. You see, I knew him and I knew that sooner or later, when he felt he was really sure of winning, he would come back to show me up. It may be hard for you to understand, because you say you never lived very long in any one place as a boy. You never got it in for anyone special." He chuckled. "There are kids growing up here who will be fighting one another all their lives. Look here, I wouldn't tell anybody around here, but maybe it will amuse you, and I know you won't tell anyone else—his brothers and nephews are still around, and I am contented with my lot. I do not want it upset.

"FACT is, I had done some running myself, in the dragoons. We had a young captain who was crazy about sports and tried to make athletes out of us. He took a shine to me because I was big and strong. He'd had me take a shot at distance running, then decided I was too heavy for it—he said something about my weight, and ankles and constant pounding. So he put me to running shorter distances. My best was the four hundred meters—I did that in fifty-two flat twice, and while it was no record, it was under the time made at the last Olympics.

"He wanted me to get a job in Paris and join a club after I was discharged, and he got very sore when I didn't. But I wanted to get back here because of Antonia. You can't understand how I felt. I knew she loved me, but she was—and don't laugh—like a princess to me. At that time, I only loved her for—for what a young man who hasn't lived much loves a good girl for—the way she walked, she laughed, you understand? I didn't know what she could be when there was trouble, sickness, grief. That brought on something like a new love when I found out. . . . Ahh!

"You were around at the time, so you know. I had to take a lot from her folks. I was nobody and I was poor. I didn't like it inside, and I only forgive them now that I have kids of my own and know how it feels to see them make what looks like a bad mistake.

"They kept reminding me I was a pauper. Her mother, especially, who made me sign all sorts of papers giving up this or that. Antonia used to cry nights, but it had to be like that if we wanted to be together. Ah. Well, that's all settled and over with now."

"Was there really a fight between you and Jules?"

"Not exactly a fight. He went crazy and waited for me one night. I suppose he did love Antonia and also his pride was hurt, being cut out by a poor guy. I'd been expecting it and I was ready. I took away his stick and pushed him around a little. He was game, but I was too big for him." Claude walked in silence for a space: "Ah. Must have been tough for him. I once wrestled with a man stronger than I was and got licked. I felt kind of bad for days, and we had fought just for amusement, not for anything else. I'd lost nothing except maybe vanity. Jules had lost a lot and I've come not to blame him too much for trying to shame me at something where my size was no help.

"Ah. You know how mothers-in-law can be? Mine was sore because she hadn't picked me herself. So, from the time Jules got into the papers, mine would make cracks about how some girls were too dumb to know who was a good man. And I knew what it would be when Jules got around to attending to licking me. So I started preparing for it. I'd run a lot as a kid, had to, because I worked on farms outside while I was going to school. I knew all the roads. After I knew he was coming back, I'd run whenever I could, when there was nobody on the roads.

"The hard work I did burned up the stuff I ate. I didn't have to worry about getting too fat! Time over a measured distance didn't mean much, because I ran in work shoes and clothing and I didn't have a stop watch. But I knew I could run a long way without losing breath and that I could run very fast for four hundred meters, even when I was tired. But at that, I knew he must be very good and that I didn't have a chance unless I tricked him—"

"How, Monsieur Claude?"

"By boasting like a fool, playing drunk—"

"You mean that jug of white wine?"

"Sure. I'd rinsed my mouth with the stuff so he'd smell it on my breath. When I tipped it up and made believe I was drinking, it was empty, save for what I spilled on the ground for luck. Now, red wine doesn't hurt you much, even if it wouldn't do you much good to drink a lot of it before running a long way. But white wine's a killer to a runner, makes your legs weak and wobbly. The captain once explained something about it affecting nerve centers. Anyway, in the army, although they'll let you drink some red wine on a march, white wine's forbidden. I knew that Jules, who'd served in the chasseurs, knew that.

"With a couple of quarts of water in my belly, I would have been out of the race. So he thought I'd collapse with white wine. That's why, you'll remember, we started out easily, that was why the time was so bad—forty minutes and more. He could have cut it six minutes. But he didn't want me to drop out too soon, because of just that—the white wine would have been blamed. He wanted to show me up.

"So that the funny thing was that he was thinking more of keeping me going than of beating me—at the start. I kept on his right side, for a reason. He was running slowly on purpose when we passed through Naiche. He was nursing me along until the back stretch, into Harquemont, when he intended to leave me and beat me by a kilometer or so.

"IF YOU remember the cantonal road going from Naiche to the Croix de la Font, you know it's fairly steep. A rise of almost four hundred meters. I'd cut wood up there several seasons, I knew everything about it. I kept to his right, and he liked me there, where he could peep at me, see how I was doing, worrying about my holding on. From time to time, I'd move left and he'd edge over. Now, like most hill roads, that one isn't too good. The carts have dug deep ruts in the middle, and the ridges in between are crumply, sink underfoot. You don't notice it much unless you know, but what it means is that your ankles, your knees, your hips, all the muscles in your legs, do just a little extra work at each stride.

"On the sides, the dirt was hard-packed, solid. I kept on his right side and he did not think of running way over on the left shoulder, away from ruts. And he had no idea I was doing anything to him. Also, he'd been away from the mountains a long time and even the slight rise in altitude was getting him. He felt a bit tired, and I gasped a few times to buck him up. I thought of passing him then and there, but it was lucky I didn't. We passed the control group at Croix de la Font and started downhill again. We overhauled and passed the two handicap men.

"Then we reached the first level stretch of maybe six hundred meters. He settled into his real stride, and I'm telling you, Jules almost beat me then, because he had plenty left and form counted. I realized that if I had lost my head and

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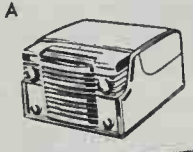

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passed him earlier, he'd have got wise to my scheme and beaten me by several hundred meters. He almost ran me off my feet, but he eased up just when I felt I couldn't keep on.

"Maybe he was tired and maybe he saw the bend in the road and made up his mind to make it more spectacular by letting me show up with him and pulling away fast. As for me, I had decided long in advance that all that was needed to beat him was to get there first, no matter by how short a lead. I knew he thought his final sprint would take me by surprise, that I wouldn't be able to stand the pace. But he was getting worried, because he had covered more than four fifths of the distance, and I was still right with him. I was still there, with two quarts of white wine sloshing in my belly. So far as he knew.

"As we rounded that bend he tried a sprint. He got away to a long lead, but, like a fool, he turned to look and to see how I was doing—and lost stride. I came up behind him and swung left, where he wasn't used to looking. We had saved our breath, we hadn't spoken a word until then.

" 'Enough fooling, Julot,' I said to him: 'Get going, Parisian!'

"I saw his face jerk toward me, his mouth open. He was trying to make some reply. I passed him, he caught up. I had noted a spot just four hundred meters from the finish. Four hundred meters was my best distance; I would try to imagine I hadn't been running at all and start off like I did in a dash. Well, he beat me to it, started to run like a devil.

"I lost fifteen, twenty meters. Then I stopped kidding myself about being fresh, just knew that I was going to get licked if I didn't find something extra somewhere. I wanted to beat that guy so badly that—well, you remember, I won."

Monsieur Claude sucked his pipe with a reminiscent smile.

I REMEMBERED that finish, the shouting, the dust, the swirling excitement. I remembered Antonia rushing out to embrace Claude, his tired, rather foolish smile. I remembered my surprise when I saw that he was crying even while he laughed. . . .

Jules left by the evening train. Nobody was sorry to see him go. "Our Julot" had become just a conceited Parisian who had taken a lesson from our local champion. That defeat must have taken something from him, too—for he ran second and third all the next season and finally quit running. Our champion, however, did get his name in the Paris papers, for one of the reporters had written a humorous article about the unperturbed mountaineer who ran on white wine and beat a champion.

Claude received letters, then visits from important men, men who represented athletic associations and wanted to convince him that his duty was to train and represent his country. He refused, even when he received a startling offer to run for money, a sum absolutely fantastic to mountain people, who find hard cash very scarce. The offers continued for a while, then a young chap in the south ran the ten-thousand meters in phenomenal time and Claude was forgotten.

"Say," I spoke up after a silence, "why didn't you accept that big offer to run for money? It was guaranteed, win or lose, and even if you'd lost every race, it was a nice little sum."

"It was a large sum, in those days," he corrected. "Why? Well, you shouldn't try to squeeze too much out of anything. I'd shown everybody I was the better runner. I'd proved to myself that I was the smarter thinker." He thought it over a moment before going on: "But there was something else, too, which I never puzzled out until this minute. I have kind of wondered myself at times about not taking that chance. It just comes to me why I refused, just now."

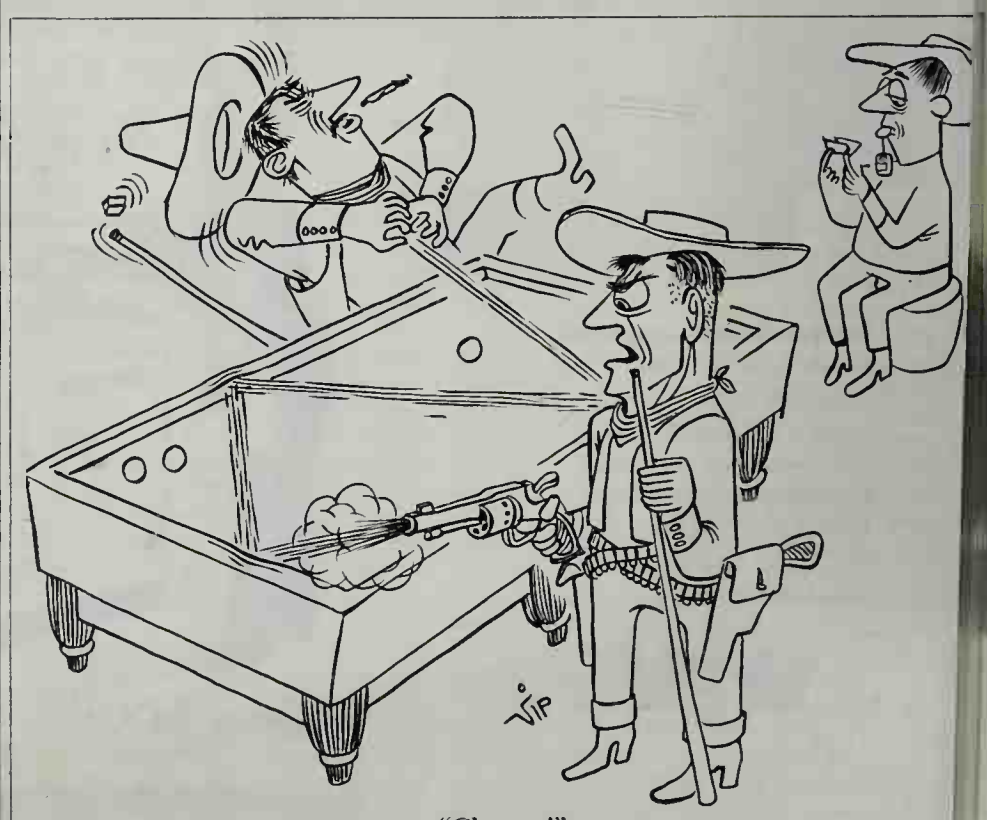
"Why, Monsieur Claude?"

"Well, I knew I'd have to beat Jules to shut up my mother-in-law. I wanted to shut her up to prove Antonia had been a good picker. So I really ran that race for Antonia. So you see, my winning was like a present for her. You know about presents—if you keep any of it for yourself, it spoils the present, eh? So I couldn't take anything for myself, no fame, no money. It would have been like holding back part of what I had given her. You follow me? Because, even if we never talked about it, then or in all these years, Antonia has always known why I ran that day. So she could be proud of me and think that even at running I was the better man. And I guess she knows, too, that I didn't want to spoil it by making something for myself out of it. She's very smart, you understand."

"You should tell her, sometime, Monsieur Claude."

"Oh, no." He stopped walking, gesticulated awkwardly: "Words are never as good as feelings." He took off his hat again to mop his forehead. He laughed happily in the sunset glow. "The thing one does for love, when one is young and foolish!"

THE END



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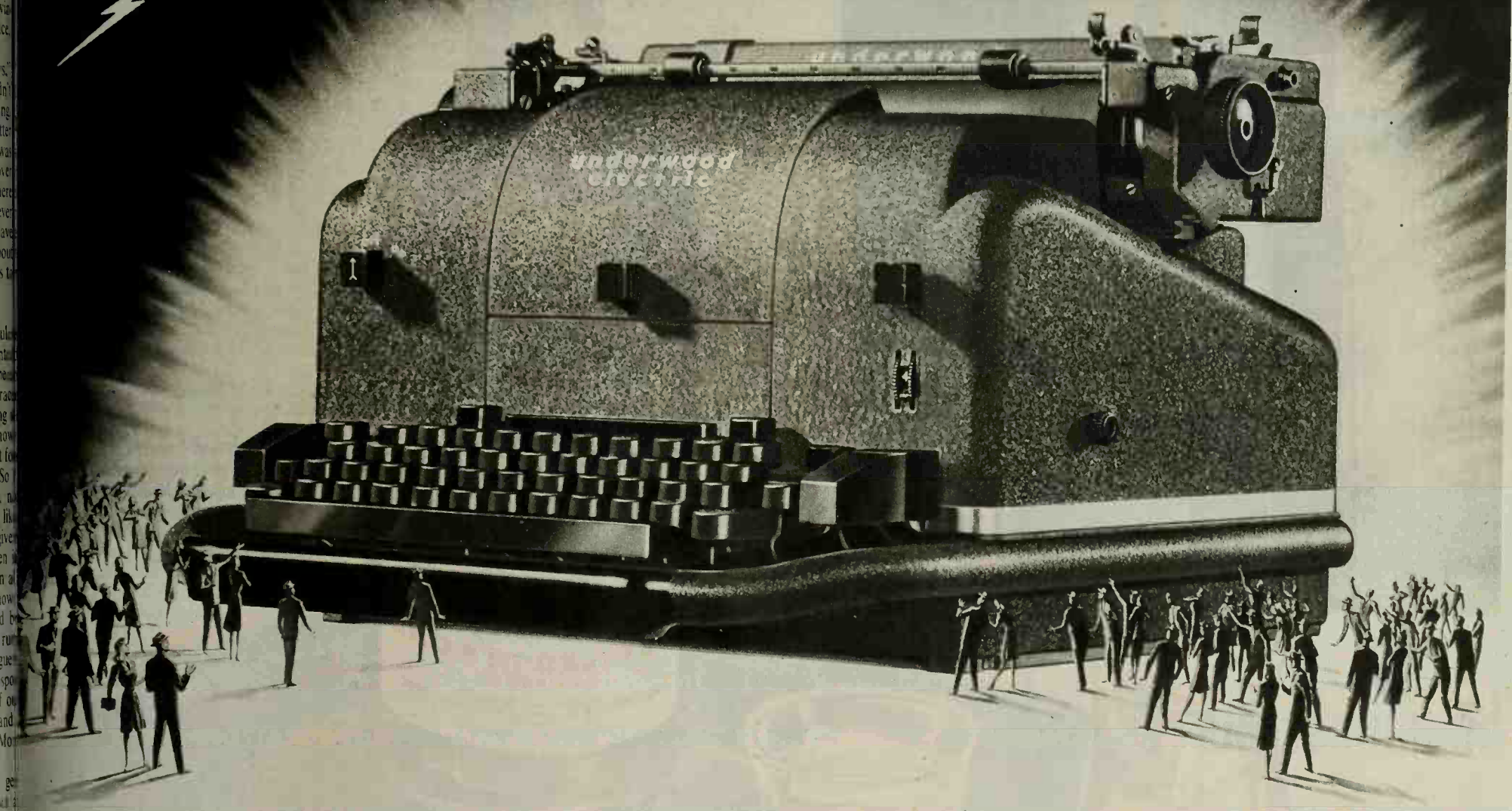

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SWEET WATER

Continued from page 26

ire Brann told it straight . . . " He ook his head. "No, it isn't worth it."
"What happened?"
"Keck got in the game at Cantwell's. ad a bad night and wouldn't quit. Put his horse as ante on the last hand of aw. Joe Brann said he didn't want to, t Keck insisted. Then Keck claimed ann fouled his hand. Brann says he in't. It was one of those things. Any- y, Keck pulled his gun, got to his horse d rode, and Brann swore out a war- nt. So now old Nye is hiding him, eh?
ow do you know?"
Young Ware hesitated. A faint resent- nt marked his tone. "I'm entitled to ne secrets."
Wilse stood in front of him, searching round face. "Not when I'm con- ned," he rumbled. He repeated, "How you know?"
The younger man tried to meet Wilse ire's black eyes and could not. "It was appenstance," he said sullenly.
"Well?"
Ed Ware looked down at his hands. spent the other evening with Tracy l Barbara Edwards. When I left and ked by old Nye's house, Harry Keck just riding away. I heard Nye call to Keck to make himself useful and air some corrals while he was down he well."
Wilse Ware's huge black hand reached and gripped his nephew's shoulder. powerful fingers dug into that ulder until Ed cried out. The younger n tried to jerk away but that single held him immovable. The red od of a terrible anger surged in Wilse e's face.
"You're lying!" he thundered. "If ry Keck was riding at night he would er leave Nye's house by the front . You sneaked around that house ng."
oung Ware stood perfectly still, held hat great arm like a frightened bird n eagle's claw.
"You spied. A filthy, sneaking spy. own nephew."
e flung Ed Ware from him and re- ed his pacing.
esently he stood before his nephew said slowly, "Brann has his rights. ee that he gets 'em. But I'll not break argain over a card game. If we can up Keck without a fight, all right. stand trial like anybody else. But ghting."
d put on his hat, anxious now to get away from his uncle's presence. "When is Folsom taking the wagons south again?"
Wilse swung again to face his nephew, saying sharply, "Why do you ask that?"
"The road passes within a mile of the well. I want to tell Jess to keep his eyes open. Why, what's the matter?"
"The wagons are waiting for a coal load," said Wilse irritably. "Troubles in number one."
"That's one of the mines under option to the railroad, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"Anything serious?"
"Of course not." Wilse's voice was curt, surprisingly half angry again. "Just little things. All mines have them."
Ed moved toward the street. His uncle called after him, "No talk about the mine, do y' hear? Somebody might get the wrong idea."
When his nephew had gone, Wilse Ware resumed his pacing, his frown growing heavier and heavier.

JIM LINEER peered across the desert at the wavy black line creeping down from the north. When his squint forced out the heat shimmer, the black line straightened and took on shape.
"Ware's coal wagons," he said.
Hellwig nodded. He was the drilling contractor from El Paso.
"Out here you git to where even the sight of a damned coal wagon is welcome," he said. "Coal in the desert in July!" He cocked an eye at the steam boiler of his drilling rig. "Still and all, I'd be using the stuff if it wasn't so high and mesquite so plentiful."
The road to El Paso, down which the Ware wagons were moving, lay a quarter mile to the west. Another mile westward was Tinker Well. The July rains were late. The harsh red humps of the Jarillas seemed to be melting back into the desert from which they sprang.
Hellwig cupped his hands at his mouth. *"Aguador!"* he bellowed. A little Mexican with a shrunken, timeless face crawled reluctantly from the shade beneath the water wagon, climbed to its seat and clucked the mules toward Tinker Well.
Hellwig took off his hard hat. Released sweat coursed suddenly in rivulets down his cheeks. He put the hat on again quickly. "A man could walk on that Tinker Well water," he growled. "It's scaling my boiler, not to mention my

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y. It's going to cost you plenty." he Ware wagons were straight west hem now, strung out on the road, lding southward. Lineer thought he ld make out the huge bulk of Jess som on the seat of the lead wagon. You'll collect without argument," er said. "Get us a good well and buy you a half-dozen boilers."

hey were committed now. All of n. The word had been passed, the al given. Down there to the south, w the state line, the roadbed crews pounding north. Plows and scrapers fresnos were sinking into the red n and flashing in the sun. Hundreds eams and hundreds of men. Soon rails would follow. A mile a day. e Georgie and Big Tim would stand o less. A mile a day, and every mile ging them closer to this waterless eland beneath an unblinking sun.

ater for how many? A thousand of horses and mules, say. And eight lred men. It had to be here. Thoma- had to be right. It had to be a well g as the first one down there at the line. And sweet as the first one. s too late now to look to the Sacra- os. That was a dream laid aside. e was only one more thing he could One more way to hedge Thomason's Get more water wagons. Send rams to Houston and San Antonio Dallas and Fort Worth. Yes, and Denver and Kansas City. Locate water wagon in the Southwest.

esently Hellwig said, "You never ell about wells. A couple of years was sinking one for a rancher over e Jornada—say, have them wagons ed?"

ieer swung around. The Ware ns were to the southwest now, all idden by the mesquite hummocks. tood a moment until he was sure were not moving. Then he ran g for his horse.

shouted over his shoulder, "Tinker Bring your men!"

ot me," Hellwig called back. "I ost nothing over there." Then he nbed the *aguador*. "Hey, wait a e!"

Lineer was already putting his to a run. He was still a half mile the well when he heard the crack ifle. Then a half dozen more shots flatly across the desert.

E firing died away. Lineer pulled , listening. There was no sound but cking lungs of his horse. Then rd the soft clank of harness trace . The water wagon emerged to- him through the mesquite. Its were walking stolidly but they hrowing their heads and he knew ad been running.

y were driverless.

er spurted from a small hole in the f the wagon's wooden tank. It hole the size of a rifle bullet.

cut around the wagon and moved a trot, waiting in his nerve centers e fire that did not come. He could e top of the old 'dobe *choza* now, ie holding corrals beyond.

pulled his horse down to a nervous and changed direction, cutting west. When he turned south he could see the well, and the tank yond it, and the blank north wall *choza*. Now, if he was right, the nen could see him but Harry Keck *choza* could not.

stopped. No living thing was in It was three hundred yards, an fle shot. He sat still, feeling the the sun in his cheeks. If anybody going to shoot at him, the shot have come before now. Neverthe- raised his left hand high above his nd kept it there.

h his eyes found a shapeless lump nething dark, dark clothes per- on the ground by the water tank. d be the *aguador*. It did not move.

He put his horse forward at a slow walk, and now he raised both hands above his head. His eyes searched the low hummocks to his left front. He tried in vain to pierce the little stubs of mesquite crowning each hummock. There was where he and Tim had slipped forward last week. There was where Jess Folsom and the Ware teamsters must be hidden now.

The silence ran on, a heavy and waiting thing, as he cut the distance slowly to two hundred yards. Then to a hundred. He ached to drop his right arm, to wipe away with its sleeve the sweat caught in his eyebrows and his eyelashes. But he knew that rifles followed him.

NOW the lump on the ground was moving. It was the *aguador*. The *aguador* saw him and was trying to crawl toward him. The *aguador* pushed up on his two elbows and his left knee, and then he threw himself forward with that knee and fell flat. Then he rose to his elbows, pushed with the left knee and fell again. He rose and fell forward, over and over in quick, spasmodic motions. Then slower and slower, and finally he sank and lay with his head thrust forward, chin dug into the hard ground.

"That's far enough, Lineer!"

It was Jess Folsom's voice. It came from the left front, out of the mesquite and the soapweed.

Lineer faced in that direction, halting his horse with his voice. He sat a moment, not sure what he was going to do or what he should do, knowing only that he must reach the man on the ground if he could. A blob of sweat broke out of the beads in his eyebrow and flowed into the corner of his eye, stinging and blurring his vision.

"Now turn around and get out of here," yelled Folsom. It was a measured yell, distinct and commanding.

"I have no gun, Jess," called Lineer.

He waited a moment more, then kicked his feet from the stirrups. He raised his right leg over the saddle horn, slowly, deliberately, and slid to the ground. He lowered his arms. He wiped his face across the crook of his left arm, feeling the sharper sting of sweat and then the cool relief. He stepped forward, leading his horse.

Sand and dust spurted a yard in front of him, and he heard the shot.

Almost immediately a shot answered from the *choza*, and he heard Harry Keck's defiant yell.

Answering fire drummed out of the hummocks. Lineer saw little puffs of tan dust eddy about the *choza*. He stepped back, short-reining and soothing his horse and waiting out the exchange. Keck was on the floor someplace there in the *choza*, not daring to raise himself to fire again. The Ware firing fell off.

"Keep still, Keck," called Lineer. "No more shooting."

The *aguador* got to his elbows and jerked forward and fell again. The man's eyes were open and on Lineer, and he was crying something that Lineer could not understand.

"Now will you get out of here?" It was Folsom. His voice was thick with anger. But it also held a faint note of complaint.

"No, Jess. The fight's over. Keep your men down and stay where you are."

Lineer dropped the reins. He took one step forward. He took a long side step to his left, his eyes riveted on the east wall of the *choza*. His nerves stretched to a vibrating tautness as the window came into view. Now Harry Keck, who missed by three inches a week ago, could find him with that rifle.

He took another step forward, and another, walking straight toward the *aguador*, eyes never moving from the window.

At the fourth step he heard Folsom curse and yell a command. He quickened his stride, knowing that he had won half his way, swiping again at the sweat

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that poured around his eyes. He reached the little Mexican. The window was at his right side now, not ten yards away. And Harry Keck had not spoken.

He hesitated, turned his back on the window and bent over the *aguador*. The man's right pant leg was covered with the rich red of blood. The dead red of sand and earth streaked through it. Blood trailed across the ground to a point near the well. There, where he had fallen, a pool of purple black gleamed in the bright sunlight.

The *aguador* rolled on his left side, looking up at Lineer with animal fright in his soft old eyes. His lips trembled and formed words, but the only sound that came out of him was a long sigh.

Lineer found his knife and slashed at the pants. It was then that Keck's high, reckless voice reached out at him:

"If they use you to rush me, Lineer, the first bullet goes into your back."

Lineer called without turning around, "Harry, you had better just keep quiet."

THE wound was in the fleshy part of the *aguador's* hip. Too far back to catch a bone. Clean holes where the bullet entered and emerged. The danger now was loss of blood. And that danger was serious.

Keck called contemptuously, "Lineer, you're a fool."

Lineer rose. Now he turned his back on the hummocks and spoke into the blankness of the window:

"Listen to me, Keck. When I finish here I'm going to walk out to that bunch. I'm trying to break up this fight and you're not helping with your talk. Folsom will think you and I are cooking up something."

He bent again to the wounded man. He slashed away the entire pants leg and used it to bind the wound as best he could.

The gratefulness of the *aguador* shone through the pain in his eyes.

"You are safe now, *viejo*," said Lineer. "Lie still. I'll be back."

He straightened and walked straight into the hummocks. He had gone fifty yards when he came around a thicket and found Folsom waiting for him. Folsom sat on the ground, his big forearms resting on his knees, his great hands wrapped around a rifle that was pointed loosely at Lineer.

"All right, Jess," said Lineer. "Take your men and get on back to your wagons."

Folsom met his gaze sourly. "Seems to me," he said, "you're pretty high and mighty all of a sudden. Maybe we oughta just sort of take you along with Keck."

"Never mind that, Jess. You Wilse Ware would skin you alive. Y through now. Move along."

"Who you tryin' to fool, Lineer? Ware stands behind his men, an know it."

"Sure I know it. But not whe tangle with the railroad. The ma shot was working for me."

Lineer saw uncertainty come Folsom's broad face. Looking do that face, he thought that there w too much intelligence in it, ar wickedness at all. But a capacity f thinking brutality was there.

The uncertainty gave way to s ness. "But this is legal. I'm a s deputy and there's a warrant o Keck. I've got a right to pick hi

"Not any more."

This was a place where Folso sure of his ground. He was su belligerent. "Who says so?"

"I do. And I'm running the v

"Since when?"

"Since the railroad was started until it is finished."

Folsom's eyes went over his fac fully and with surprise.

"A large order," he said as he his feet. "I'll be checking with th If he doesn't back you, watch out

Lineer walked straight into hi was so sudden, so unexpected Folsom gave a step of ground, for the rifle in his hands.

Lineer said levelly, "I don't lik kind of talk, Jess."

There was no fear in Folsom there was doubt. He did not whether Wilson Ware had surre authority to this man. Lineer's aggressiveness added to that dou to Folsom aggressiveness and au were one and the same thing.

Lineer, watching Folsom's fac the sharpness of his own tempe this. And he saw, in the man's co eyes, the beginning of hatred.

"Who shot the *aguador*?" Lin manded.

"I don't know. Maybe Kec him."

"How did it happen?"

"The fool got excited whe shootin' started. He jumped wagon to get away and ran rig the line of fire."

"Which way was he headed w was hit?"

"North."

"Then Keck didn't shoot hin was hit in the right hip. Tell Wils

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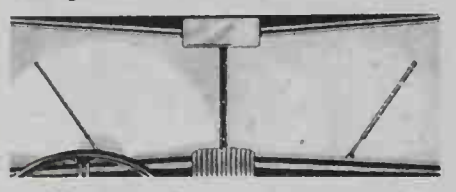

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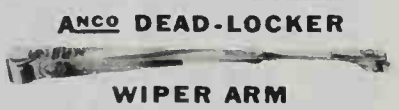

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that when you report to him. Tell him you shot the railroad's man."

Lineer turned and strode back toward the *choza.* He saw Hellwig coming in from the northeast with a wagon and all of the drilling crew. Good. He would need the wagon. He glanced at the sun. By steady driving he should make Tularosa by dawn. But there were other things to do first.

He side-stepped through the *choza* door and stood motionless, letting the pupils of his eyes expand to the darkness. Presently he made out the figure of Harry Keck squatting on the floor by the window, a rifle across his lap.

"They're gone, Keck," he said.

Keck was smiling thinly. "Do you want me to thank you, Lineer?"

"You tried to kill me last week," said Lineer. "Why?"

"I'd kill you now if you had a gun." Keck was laughing now. "I didn't try to kill you, Lineer. You're just the kind of man that doesn't understand a warning until he gets a bullet in his ribs."

"All right, Keck," said Lineer. "And you're the kind of man that will take no orders, so I'll give you none. But I'll give you advice. Ride to Jube Nye's house and stay there. And stay away from me."

LINEER wheeled out of the hut. The wagon pulled into the yard. Hellwig hopped off and strode angrily to the *aguador.*

"I want two men for hard rides," said Lineer.

"If it'll stop this kind of damfool business," said the driller, "you can have them."

Lineer picked the nearest man. "Ride to the railroad office in El Paso. Don't stop. Change horses at the state-line well. Tell Tracy Thomason I want him in Tularosa. Tell him to ride day and night."

He stabbed a finger at a second man. "You find Wilse Ware in White Oaks. Tell him Folsom shot a railroad man. Tell him I want him in Tularosa as fast as he can get there."

He turned back to Hellwig. "Get the *aguador* into the wagon."

The dawn sun topped the Sacramentos and shone full into Lineer's heavy-lidded eyes as he turned the team up the street to Jubal Nye's house. On the wagon bed behind him the *aguador* stirred, moaning.

"We are there, *viejo,*" said Lineer gently.

He climbed wearily down, tied at Nye's hitching post, and walked next door to the home of Barbara Edwards. Molly answered his knock.

"Ah, Molly," he said, "can Barbara spare you for a hard task?"

He saw sudden fear leap into her eyes and the blood drain from her cheeks, and he cursed himself for his stupidity.

"Tim's fine," he said quickly. "But I have a wounded man out in the wagon. He may die. I'm asking Jubal Nye to take him in because there is no other place. Will you come and nurse him?"

Barbara Edwards came to the door, looking small in a flaring blue robe, her hair thick and loose about her shoulders. Even through his weariness Lineer saw in her face the sweet freshness of sleep just ended.

"Jim! You'll not take him next door," she said. "You'll bring him in here—Molly, find Manuela. Tell her to air the southwest bedroom upstairs. Jim, you look half dead—can you carry him in alone? Wait, I'll slip on my dress and help you."

Lineer shook his head. "You don't understand, Barbara. This is a hard and dirty job. Your house is no place for him."

She shot a glance of quick anger at him. Then she smiled. "Jim Lineer, you are a fool. If you don't bring him here this instant I'm coming out into the street for him just as I am. Now hurry!"

She turned away into the house, calling to Molly. Lineer walked back to the wagon, feeling a sudden lifting of the black mood that had ridden with him through the long night.

The *aguador* cried out without opening his eyes as Lineer laid him upon the bed. *"Padre! Padre!"* The blood was drained from his sun-blackened face, giving it a sickly olive color. Tinker Well's red earth still matted his hair. *"Sangre de Cristo! Padre!"*

Molly stared down at him, her gentle blue eyes filled with compassion.

"I must get Father Otero," she said, and hurried out.

Lineer began cutting away the filthy shirt. He felt Barbara's hand on his arm.

"You're going to bed, Jim—Manuela, go make the bed in my room for Señor Lineer."

"In a minute," said Lineer. "Then I'll go to the hotel."

"Manuela has had two husbands," said Barbara firmly, "and if she can't undress and bathe this poor old man, I can."

Lineer cut away the last of the shirt and straightened. This was a side of Barbara Edwards that he did not know. He stared at her through the haze of his weariness, shook his head in slow bafflement and, when Manuela returned, followed Barbara from the room.

In the hallway he stopped, smiled humorously down at her, and announced, "I'm hungry."

"I am, too." She smiled. "Shall we eat?"

He stabled the horses and splashed his face at the basin, thinking that this girl had much more than the compassion that prompted her to admit the wounded workman into her home without a question. She had a sure balance of mind, a steady sense of the reality of life. She could meet suffering and act with a quick mercy. And she could understand that a man might feel hunger in the presence of pain, accepting that naturally as the way and the necessity of man.

SHE sat opposite him at breakfast. Her eyes were full of questions but she waited patiently until he had finished his coffee. He said briefly, "Some of Ware's men tried to take Keck. This fellow was caught in the middle."

He followed her without protest upstairs again to her bedroom. She stood in the doorway, regarding him with thoughtful eyes.

"Jim," she asked, "did this happen because Tracy did not get in touch at once with Wilse Ware?"

He dropped into a chair and began working on his right boot. Without looking up at her, he said, "Ask Tracy."

She lingered as though she intended to say more, then changed her mind. She closed the door, and he heard her footsteps going down the hall to the room where the *aguador* lay.

He looked about the room as he undressed, acutely conscious of the femininity of it. Yet it had an orderliness and a noticeable lack of the cloying fullness that he remembered from other bedrooms into which a young man's stray pursuits had led him.

He saw on her dressing table a hairbrush backed with heavy silver. Looking at it his thoughts went back to the private car there on the siding at San Antonio and the girl with mocking green eyes who stood on the rear platform of that car with this brush in her hand.

Slipping naked between clean white sheets, he listened for a minute to footsteps moving through the hall. Then deep, dreamless sleep came.

He awakened in late afternoon to that hush which marks the house of the sick. He lay for a while, letting his mind drift aimlessly away, reluctant to return to reality.

e thought with a slow surprise that whole life had been lived apart from kind of women that most men knew. hers and sisters and wives. He had r lived in a house with a woman, kind of woman. He wondered in an way if he would adjust easily or hard ie demands of a wife. And then he ght that he would prefer a woman flashed out at him if he gave her e, and not one who gained her way the weapon of a bland and supple yet inexorable pressure.

e became aware gradually that this n was imparting to his senses the , clean fragrance of the girl who here. His mind began, in a slow pleasant way, to build intimate images of her. He saw her seated re her dressing table, engaged in the erious pursuits of her sex. He saw ying here, her arms outflung and her rn hair loose upon the pillow. He fully awake at the sudden coursing xcitement through his body and g his legs to the floor, grinning at lf and yet wondering too.

dressed and tiptoed down the hall. y sat beside the little Mexican. His hing seemed quieter. . . .

left the house without seeing Bar- Jubal Nye was alone in the big room next door. Looking into strong, deeply lined face, Lineer tartled by the sudden revelation of suffering there. Yet the old lawyer as always, courteous and perfectly ossessed.

ou've heard?" asked Lineer.

ne whole valley has heard," said "Sit down, Jim."

o. Is Keck here?"

e nodded. "He says he didn't shoot an."

e's right. But let it stop there. I've for Ware and Thomason. I'm ng you until they get here."

l right, Jim. I'll be here." As r turned away, Nye added sharply, 't waste any time."

eer swung back, regarding the man thoughtfully. "Maybe you etter keep your men out of Tula- he said.

Ware coming alone?"

he brings men I'll see that he sends back."

large order," Nye said dryly. rhaps it's about time for large ."

Nye studied Lineer steadily. "All right, Jim. I'll keep my men out."

Swinging into the plaza, Lineer ran suddenly into the tension that lay upon the town. There was no outward change. Plaza life moved sluggishly as always in the hot late afternoon. But it was there in the uncertainty of men's eyes as they turned sober glances upon him.

Storm hovered over Tularosa. Storm such as these men had known before and faced now with both dread and anticipation.

THEY looked at the striding figure of Lineer, and then up the street toward the two big houses beside the *'cequia madre*. A man was shot. Only a stray Mexican who chanced to wander between two powerful forces. But the Mexican worked for a new force in the valley: The railroad. Always before, when one man was shot, then another was shot in swift reply. Then another. And another. It had always been that way in the Tularosa Basin. Now would the railroad add new guns to the feud? Would the coming of the railroad mean three powerful forces at war?

These were the questions in men's eyes as they looked up toward the big houses and back at Lineer. And according to their natures most men were deeply troubled, and a few were pleased.

Lineer cut in at the little banking office of Ed Ware. The nephew of Wilse Ware sat alone at his desk, wiping at his cheeks and down his open collar with a white silk handkerchief. His mild brown eyes were startled and momentarily afraid as they searched Lineer's face.

He burst out nervously, "Jim, I'm glad to see you! What's happening?"

"Wilse is on his way here. I want you to go meet him."

Young Ware seemed to shrink back.

Lineer regarded him with a closer attention, observing an unexpected fear in that round, ordinary face.

Ware took hold of himself. He said reluctantly, "All right."

"If he has men with him, tell him to send them back. Tell him I'm guaranteeing there will be no trouble here."

"Well, now—" began Ware doubtfully.

Lineer gestured curtly. "He'll come alone. Tell him Thomason is riding from El Paso. We talk when Thomason gets here. No talk until then."

Lineer claimed his room at the hotel

"—and now, men, reach in your refrigerator for a cold bottle of delicious Klix Beer—"

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Send in several entries. The more you send, the better your opportunity to win one of these sensational prizes. Remember, each entry must be accompanied by one Aunt Jemima package top. Write each of your jingle lines on a separate piece of plain paper. You'll find entry blanks at your grocer's, too. Be sure to print your name and address plainly on each entry. Remember, this great contest closes midnight, Wednesday, October 15, 1947. Mail your entry today!

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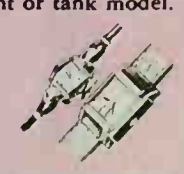

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2. Mail entries to: Aunt Jemima, Box D, Chicago 90, Ill. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Each entry must be accompanied by one package top from Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix for Pancakes or Buckwheats.

3. Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, October 15, 1947.

4. Entries will be judged for originality, suitability and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you send in an entry. Entries, contents and the ideas therein become the property of The Quaker Oats Company.

5. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete list of winners will be available about November 15, 1947. For list send self-addressed, stamped envelope.

6. Any resident of the United States may compete, except employees of The Quaker Oats Company, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

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Want to know something that makes friends say "How do you do it?" when you mix a Tom Collins, Fizz, Martini or Orange Blossom?

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When these "vintage year" botanicals are added to Hiram Walker's years of distilling skill, superlatively fine gin is the result.

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HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

d ate alone. He thought of returning Barbara Edwards' house but dis-ssed the idea. She and Molly could for the *aguador* anything he could do and better. He was sure of that now. Leaving the hotel he swung off the za and paced beneath the cotton-ods toward the desert. The sun's ssage beyond the San Andreas had tened the sky to a solid pink glow. t an oppressive stillness imprisoned e long twilight. If the July rains did t come soon, every living creature in s vast basin would suffer.

His mind went back to the two men ing toward Tularosa somewhere in s long afterglow. Tracy Thomason m the south. Wilse Ware from the rth. They should arrive within an ur of each other tomorrow evening. enty-four hours. He had that much e to decide how far he could go. How he must go. How far he could drive ee strong and stubborn men.

He began to measure them, one inst the other and each against the kground of his separate wants and sions. Powerful men. Men capable great and swift violence to attain an l. Yet two of them were essentially ple and uncomplicated men, secure l straightforward in their strength. dropped them from his mind, and the n who remained was Thomason.

The western sky flush faded. A heavy ckness pressed down upon the valley. eer became gradually aware that he alone upon the desert. He stopped, ening to the tiniest of night sounds t by their very loudness testified to the ensions of the silence. The night and desert beckoned with their mysteri-power, urging him toward the spec-white sands, where a man might go d or die of thirst in a day.

He swung about and paced back into n.

F THE two who rode from the far ends of the valley, Tracy Thomason eled farther and arrived first. He ped into the railroad land office just ore sundown, turned angrily away n he did not find Lineer and strode the street. Lost sleep and sun glare ked his eyes. But the thrusting vi-y of the man was undiminished.

e found Barbara in her garden. She with a glad cry and came to him, he kissed her with a demanding er that told of some new need, some ing uncertainty deep within him.

hen he freed her she looked at him deringly. She smiled and said ly, "I've missed you, Tracy."

e pulled him down beside her in the ramada that Ed Ware had built in garden in some earlier summer to pe the heat. Honeysuckle wandered it. Just behind it rose, incredibly, tree that proliferated in a dark and tiful green. A few steps away the *ia* murmured beneath its cotton-ds. In all the valley no spot furnished an illusion of coolness.

e pointed at the upstairs corner ow. "He seems a little better now," said. "But we don't know—"

omason stared at her blankly. o?"

Why, the man who was shot. I've r heard his name." She paused, ng, and added, "I wonder if even knows it."

he Mexican? In your house? Bar-are you out of your mind?"

e gave a little laugh. "I think Jim ght that at first too. No, Tracy. ad to be cared for, and who has reason to care for him than I?"

omason turned so that he faced her tly. "I won't have it," he snapped. ing some greasy little ragtag into ouse—Barbara, you forget you are to be my wife. You have a re-ibility to me. What will the people s town think?"

don't know what they will think," said Barbara quietly. "But I think he is a human being. And he is one of your men, Tracy."

"He is not my man. He's that well driller's man."

"Any man who works on the railroad is the railroad's man. And I am part of the railroad too."

"We'll get him out of there at once," said Thomason. His temper had subsided, but his voice was irritable. "I'll pay somebody in Tularosa to keep him."

Barbara sat quite still, her face lowered. For just a moment her eyes flashed. But when she spoke it was with regret and patience.

"No, Tracy, he stays. Tonight of all nights I want him here."

"Barbara!" he burst out. "For God's sake, why?"

"Because Wilson Ware is coming. Because you're going to sit down with Ware and Nye and Jim to save this valley, and I want you to do it in my house with every one of you knowing that poor little old man is upstairs."

THOMASON stood abruptly. A suspicion was forming in his brain. A suspicion that grew swiftly into belief, and tightened his face until his jaw thrust outward, long and ugly.

"Jim Lineer put you up to this," he said.

"No, Tracy. I'm doing this because I want to help you. Because I'm going to be your wife and I have a right to help you."

"Somebody has made you think this thing is more serious than it is. It had to be Jim Lineer."

"Jim told me nothing," she answered quietly. "If you don't believe this is serious, go look at the faces of the people on the plaza."

Thomason swung away and paced the garden in long, nervous strides. When he turned back to her his face held a completely changed expression. It was humble, almost solemn.

"I know. This was my fault, Barbara. I've been eating my heart out with that knowledge all the way up here."

He stood waiting for her reply, searching her face with a peculiar intensity, an avid expectancy.

Barbara rose and went to him. She raised her mouth, smiling. "You will straighten it out, Tracy. Nothing can stop you if you feel that way."

He kissed her lightly. "Of course, sweetheart," he said. His voice became light, completely assured. "This time I'll settle it for good."

He pulled her down beside him in the ramada, but almost at once sprang up again. He swung back and forth before her with restless, aggressive energy, his eyes gleaming with a conquering fire. Once he laughed softly to himself.

"I hope the colonel gets back before winter," he said. "Won't he be surprised?"

"At what, Tracy?"

"Me."

She said, puzzled, "I don't understand."

He sat again and grasped her hands, smiling his strong smile.

"Haven't you guessed the real reason your father made us promise to wait?"

"There is only one reason, Tracy. Our silly quarrels last winter." She glanced about her at the quiet peace of the garden, lifting her head to gaze over the cottonwoods at the high, dark line of the Sacramentos. "I've had time here to think a lot about the kind of person I was in New York. I can see now why he thought we would grow to hate each other out here." She smiled happily. "When he comes back and sees his changed daughter, I know he'll want us to marry at once."

"No, Barbara. Your father thought I would fail on this railroad. That was why he gave me complete responsibility. He wanted to leave me without any ex-

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cuses. And he didn't want his daughter to marry a failure."

"Tracy!"

"It's true. He has had some kind of doubt about me ever since—well, for a year now. He kept me loafing around New York last winter because of it." Thomason grinned. "He didn't know that would give me a chance to fall in love with you."

"I don't believe it."

Thomason said almost gaily, "You've never known that he called me into his office the day after we told him we were in love. He accused me of being too hot-headed and ambitious. Said I bulldozed people to get my way. Shouted at me that I couldn't make my own decisions. Oh, he gave me a real dressing down."

Barbara laughed with sudden, sharp relief. "Tracy, you silly. He was lecturing you as any father would."

"No, Barbara." Thomason's eyes sobered. Puzzlement came into his voice: "The colonel has done more for me than my own father could have. But he has never been a father to me. When I was a boy he never asked me to call him father. And when he talked to me about my own father I always had the feeling he was holding back something."

Barbara withdrew her hands from his, and clasped his hands between her own. She said softly, "I never dreamed you missed your own father so much, Tracy. You've always been so—so confident about everything."

"It doesn't matter now," he said lightly. He leaned forward, kissed her, then continued in a fiercely exultant voice, "The Jarilla Well is at ninety feet and going strong. We're ready to start laying rails. I'll have this road finished six months ahead of the time the colonel set. He'll see whether or not I can make my own decisions!"

BARBARA answered the brusque knock at her door. Wilson Ware stood there in the stream of yellow lamplight, an unlighted cigar jammed against his back teeth. Young Ed Ware stood uneasily a step behind. The skin over his left cheekbone was laid open in a long, irregular gash. His eye was swollen.

"Come in, Mr. Ware," said Barbara. "The others are here."

Ware stepped over the threshold. His black eyes swept the room, finding Lineer and Thomason and settling in a long stare on Jubal Nye.

Without turning he threw a contemptuous command back at his nephew: "Wait at the hotel."

The younger Ware turned without a word and slumped off the porch. Ignoring Barbara, Wilse Ware strode to the cold fireplace and turned to face the room, his powerful legs deep-plant and apart. Lineer nodded casually fr his chair. Jubal Nye, in a chair bes him, sat with cold immobility. Tho ason rose from a couch, smiling eas and offered his hand.

"Manuela!" called Barbara. T plump Mexican woman came in at on her dark eyes widening to the stor silence here. She bore an ornate t upon which were a thick-bellied pot a four cups, all gleaming with thick ve of gold filigree. These were newly rived in the first shipment of furnishi from New York. Barbara had cho to use them for the first time tonight.

"Please sit down, Mr. Ware—there, the couch with Tracy."

Her manner was cool, relaxed, co pletely self-possessed. Ware nodded sat, watching her with a careful bla ness as she arranged the service poured coffee. Once puzzlement flick across his eyes.

Barbara straightened, smiling. "Pl call me if you need anything. I'll be stairs with my patient."

Ware listened to her footsteps mo ing the stairs. He set down his coffee tasted and stood again at the firepl He returned the cigar to his mouth, r ing it slowly with his tongue, his he face guarded and suspicious.

He said questioningly, "Patient?"

"The wounded man," said Thoma

"Ah! The driller's Mexican, eh?"

Lineer said without emotion, " railroad's wounded man."

Ware's eyes veered around and set on Lineer, regarding him with a thou ful deliberation.

Ware swung his gaze back to Th ason. Thomason set down his co pleasantly aware that these three v waiting for him to speak. He faced u Ware, aggressively confident. Then frowned. For Barbara's footsteps v clicking down the stairs.

She entered the room, smilingly ap getic. "I forgot to tell you—" stopped, looking in dismay at W Ware. "Oh, Mr. Ware, don't tell that coffee is too weak! I'll have s more made at once. Here—"

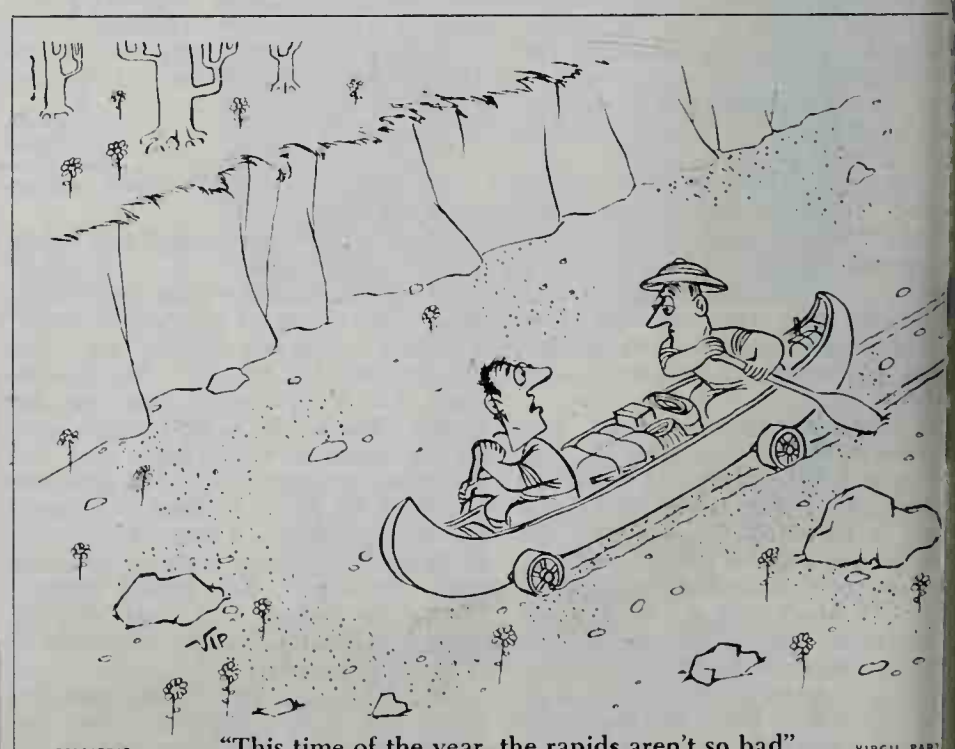
Ware returned abruptly to the co For the first time since he had ent this room, he smiled. A forced, unc fortable smile. "Not at all," he "It's fine." He picked up the cup.

Barbara persisted sweetly, "Are sure?"

"It's damned good coffee," he grov

"I forgot to tell all of you," she "that I'm having the housewarming weeks from Saturday night. And I promises now that you'll all be here."

She looked first at Ware. She was etly smiling and expectant. He stare



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her for a long moment. He said gruffly, "Thank you. I'll be here."

She turned to Jubal Nye. He said gravely, "Delighted."

She smiled at Lineer. "And I think I already have your promise, Jim." He nodded.

Again they listened silently to her feet on the stairs. Thomason's eyes were turned in that direction. He frowned again, vaguely angry. Lineer chuckled softly. Wilse Ware's laugh boomed out suddenly, and as suddenly the tension was gone from the room. On the second floor landing Barbara heard that laugh. Pent-up tautness flowed out of her body. She smiled contentedly as she seated herself on the top step.

Ware put a match to his cigar. He leaned back on the couch, his thick body at ease, and nodded at Thomason. "Well?" he asked.

THOMASON'S angry glance moved over the three men in turn. This was not the way he had intended it to be. These men were relaxed now, prepared to approach this crisis with logic and even good will. His little speech that was to have been spoken with such firm friendliness, with so pleasant a manner but with the iron there to be seen beneath the glove, was no longer necessary.

He said abruptly, "You've both broken your word."

The good humor vanished from Ware's face. He reached up with one hairy black fist, took the cigar from his mouth and studied it thoughtfully. Jubal Nye twisted slightly in his chair, glancing at Lineer. Lineer was watching the tightness on Thomason's mouth.

"We're going to do two things before we leave this room tonight," continued Thomason. "We're going to settle this fight. And we're going to make damned sure that there's not another one."

Ware leaned forward. "I gathered," he said dryly, "that when Jube and I both accepted invitations to Miss Edwards' party, that put an end to the war."

"Did it?" shot back Thomason challengingly. "It was over once before. It would have stayed over if you had been men of your word."

"Circumstances," snapped Ware. "I gave no permission for a gunfight."

"Nor did I," said Nye quickly.

Ware swung to the old lawyer. Black eyes with a little dancing flame in them locked with faded blue eyes that held a cold and implacable fury. The long, long hate beat at its feeble restraints, coiling and straining to break loose and wreak its violence upon this room.

Ware growled, "But you hid a man from the law."

Nye nodded. He said evenly, "I hid a man from Wilse Ware's law."

"Folsom is a deputy sheriff. He was doing his duty."

"Including the shooting of an innocent man?" Nye's voice grew sharper but ever more precise as his temper mounted.

"The devil with that!" shouted Tracy Thomason. Blood surged through his forehead until it submerged the faint freckles there. "That's done with. That's behind us. I'm demanding assurances for the future now!"

Ware laughed shortly. The full measure of his contempt was in his face and his voice as he said, "You've got 'em, and they're good if you'll use what little sense God gave you. What more do you want, boy?"

Thomason swayed toward Ware, held fully now by the rage that swept through him. His voice rose higher, "No man living can talk to me like that!"

"Of course not," said Ware with heavy mockery. "You're the president of the railroad, aren't you?"

Jubal Nye's penetrating voice cut between them, "I want to hear from Jim."

Thomason wrenched his body back around, staring now with his pale gray

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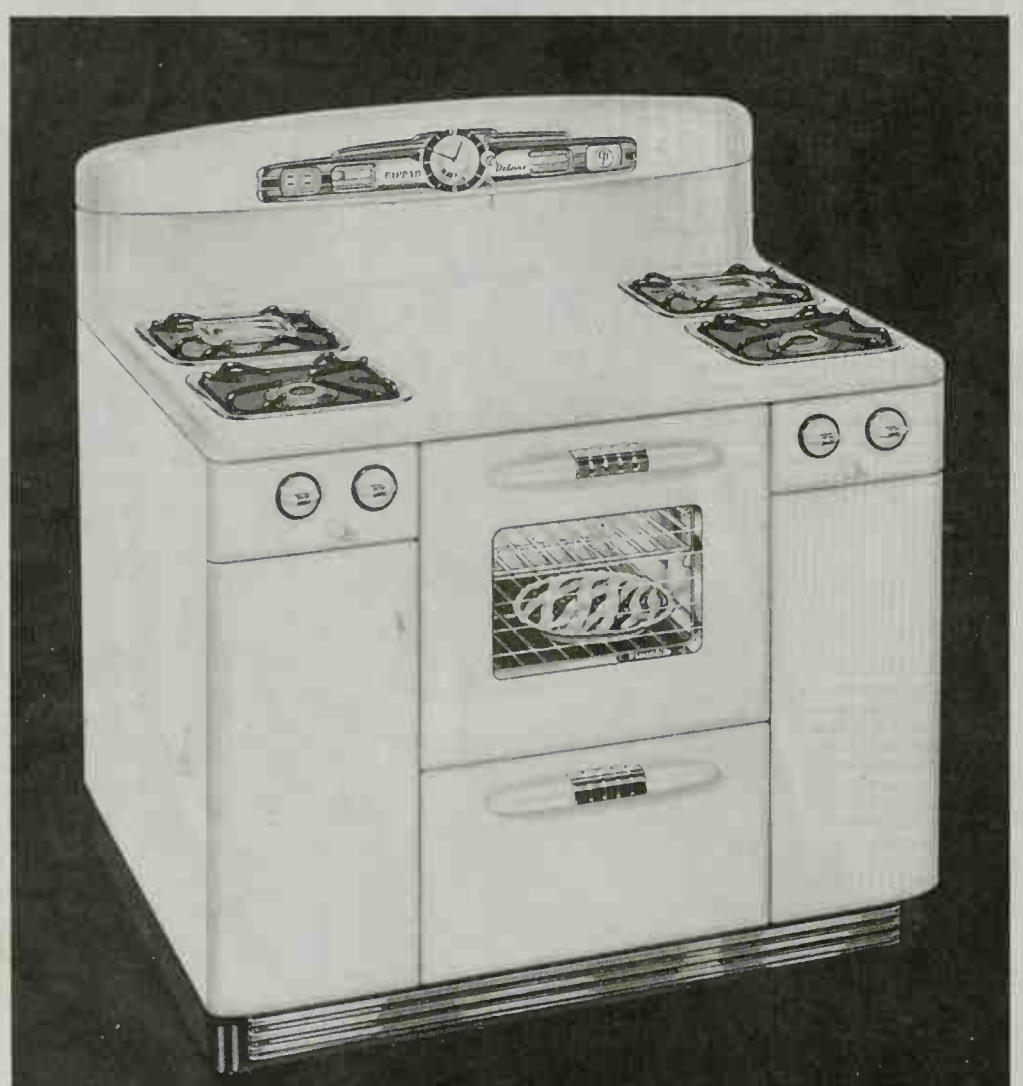

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eyes as though he could dominate the old lawyer with the force of that glare.

He snapped, "I'll do the talking."

"I'll hear Lineer," said Ware.

Thomason half rose, then as suddenly subsided. He looked uncertainly into the three faces about him. Some quality went out of the man in that moment. Some instinct toward decency and balance, perhaps. It fled from him, leaving him with his pride and his ambition and the galling knowledge that he would never dominate strong men. And as his eyes settled on Lineer there grew in them a hate that ate at his very soul.

He said sourly, "If Jim wants to talk, let him."

Lineer said slowly, "There can't be three forces running this valley. There can't be two. From now on, the railroad must be boss."

Thomason's head came up. He looked at Lineer, barely seeing him, his mind reaching out eagerly for this new idea.

"Of course," he said. He repeated, as if to himself, "Of course."

"I thought that was coming," said Ware. His deep voice was low, softly dangerous. "I've thought it since the day the railroad came into this valley."

Nye said dryly, "Things change. Even in this valley, things change."

WARE looked from Lineer to Nye. He said suspiciously to Nye, "You seemed damned anxious for Lineer to talk. You wouldn't by any chance have known what was in his mind, would you?"

Nye nodded slowly. "I knew what was in his mind because there was no other conclusion he could come to. But I didn't talk to him about it."

Ware grunted. It was the way of these men that, even across the gulf of their hate, each recognized the other as a man of honor. He accepted Nye's word, turning challengingly back to Lineer. "And if my answer is no?"

Thomason broke in. A new vista, a grander stage of command, had unfolded before him. All of his impetuous confidence was back in his voice: "Then, by God, we fold the railroad. We stop everything and pull out of here!"

Ware did not even turn his head. He said scornfully, "Talk sense. Who believes the great Colonel Edwards would let a little bloodshed make him abandon a railroad?"

Lineer said coolly, "Within three weeks we'll cross into New Mexico with rails. We'll have eight hundred men. We'll find guns for as many as we need to run this valley."

"Mule skinners," said Ware. "Mexican pick-and-shovel labor. What fighting can you get out of them?"

"Why—are you counting on fighting us?"

Ware relaxed in his seat, pulling at his beard and smiling with a faint malice. "That reminds me. According to the word Folsom sent, you told him you were running the valley now. Not the railroad, but you."

"That's correct," said Lineer easily. "I'm running it—under Thomason."

Thomason regarded Lineer, suspicion plain in his face.

Ware stood once more at the fireplace, meditative eyes on Lineer. Suddenly, then, he made his decision, sweeping his arm down in a short plunging arc.

"All right," he said. "I knew this was coming. I'm prepared to play it that way if you show me you mean business and play no favorites. But when construction is finished—" He left the sentence uncompleted, his black eyes steady on Lineer.

"When construction is finished," said Nye, "this won't be the same valley."

"We wipe the slate clean," said Lineer. "Keck goes free."

Wilse Ware smiled. "You sure push your luck," he said. His voice held a mild note of complaint. . . .

Barbara sat with Molly on the first steep ridge of the Sacramentos, observing the changing desert below. Yet she was not really seeing it, for she was caught up again in the wretched thoughts and doubts of these last two weeks.

Would she ever find the courage to tell Tracy that she had sat on the stair landing that night when the four men were gathered in her living room? Yes, she must. But she knew she could never tell him she had not intended it as eavesdropping; she could never explain to him that she had intended that night to bask innocently in his moment of triumph and to feel that she had done her part to make it a triumph.

So absorbed was she in her own unhappy thoughts that she was not aware that Molly had grown very quiet beside her. Molly was watching the distant white sands, far out where they beat like blinding ocean surf against the parapet of the San Andreas range. Molly's eyes were widely opened, and the shadow of some nameless fear darkened them.

Then, there below, the afternoon breeze stirred. It grew stronger. An eddying current moved across the sands, picking up the snow-white crystals and flinging them at the sky. They rose at first in a formless column. The column seemed to poise, to sway as it arranged itself into a slender shape. Then it dipped and wandered across the desert like a spectral wraith.

A sharp cry escaped from Molly. "Pavlo Blanco!" she whispered.

"Why, Molly!" exclaimed Barbara. She took Molly's hand and was startled to find it was trembling. "Molly, what did you say?"

"Pavlo Blanco. The White Lady of the Sands." Molly sat tensely, her eyes following the swooping specter there below with slow fascination. She continued in a low, frightened voice. "The spirit of a girl in her white wedding gown, searching for her lover swallowed up by the valley. It happened a long time ago, but Manuela says it is so."

Barbara did not smile. She said gently, "Molly, there is no man in this valley strong enough to harm your Tim."

"There is no man," said Molly. "But there is"—she paused, her blue eyes staring at nothing— "there is some dark thing at work down there."

RESTLESSNESS came over Barbara. She respected the sensitiveness of Molly, however strangely it might express itself. But there was more than intuition to guide her here. There was the new thing in Tracy Thomason's eyes, behind his smile. A secretiveness, a slyness almost, that was not like him. And there was a tight alertness in the ways of men telling her that the meeting in her house had not assured peace in the valley.

Sometimes she thought that all of it must be her imagination; that it sprang entirely from these foolish doubts that had risen to rob her of the happiness she had so recently found. She had so little reason to doubt, and she should be thoroughly ashamed of herself.

Molly said impulsively, "I wish so very much, Miss Barbara, that your Tracy and my Tim were friends."

Barbara kissed her cheek. "And they are." A thought came to Barbara then—a thought that she pushed away as despicable. It returned, forced upon her by the new and growing suspicion.

She took a long, searching look into herself, and asked firmly, "Did Tim tell you what happened in Sonora?"

Molly nodded hesitantly.

"Molly," said Barbara earnestly, "I want to know exactly what Tim said."

"We-ll," said Molly. "You know there was this bandit *jefe* and he was raiding their camps and stealing their supplies and all. And they had orders not to fight back on account of—politics, Tim said. The bandit was a man of the governor or some such v

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queer thing. And finally it got so bad Mr. Lineer telegraphed your father something had to be done, and the colonel sent Mr. Thomason out there."

"Yes, Molly, I know that."

"Tim said that when Mr. Thomason came he told Mr. Lineer he was going to the bandit *jefe* and"—Molly hesitated, embarrassed—"and make a contribution for the poor."

"Pay tribute," nodded Barbara.

"Tim said that Mr. Lineer advised against it, but Mr. Thomason was insistent. He said Mr. Thomason went to the hideout of the *jefe* and paid him some money, and came back and said there would be no more trouble. But two nights later, when Mr. Lineer was away, bandits came down on one of their camps again and killed a cook. Mr. Thomason claimed it must have been a different band that Mr. Lineer hadn't told him about, but Tim said everybody in the camp recognized the same *jefe.*"

Barbara fought down the anguish gathering in her heart. "Go on, Molly."

Molly continued unhappily: "Tim said he and Georgie Price organized the camp to go after the bandits, and Mr. Thomason ordered them not to go. Tim told him they were going anyway, and Mr. Thomason fired him. Tim told him that only Mr. Lineer could fire him, and Mr. Thomason got very angry and threatened him and Tim hit him."

"Is that really all, Molly?"

"That's all that Tim had to do with Mr. Thomason. When Mr. Lineer came back, Mr. Thomason ordered him to run Tim out of the camp, but instead Mr. Lineer told Mr. Thomason he had better leave. Then Mr. Lineer said—said to hell with orders from New York if the orders were going to get his men killed. And they went after the *jefe* and shot him and then there wasn't any more trouble."

Barbara rose. She turned to mount her horse. She said in a lifeless voice, "We had better go back and dress for the party."

They left the ridge and moved at a walk across the flatland. The first of the short-lived summer rains had at last come. Overnight, infinitely small flowers of pale yellow and blue-white had sprung from the red earth. Barbara sought them out with bent head as they rode, trying thus to lead her mind away from the pain of her thoughts.

She did not see the horseman angling toward them at a lope, nor hear his horse until he was almost at Molly's side. She looked up as Harry Keck reined in and lifted his hat to Molly. She saw at once the flush of liquor in his cheeks, and the bright recklessness in his eyes.

"Molly," he said, "I have been wanting to see you."

Molly said politely, "Thank you, Mr. Keck, but I cannot see you any more."

Keck pushed his horse closer. "I'll come over tonight," he said.

"No," said Molly, "not tonight or ever again, Mr. Keck."

Keck laughed. He leaned forward and grabbed the bit ring of Molly's horse, jerking the animal's head to an abrupt halt. "Tonight," he repeated.

"Stop that!" cried Barbara.

Keck grinned across at her, reaching for Molly's waist. "Tonight?" he demanded.

Barbara spurred her horse forward and whirled him until she faced Keck. She raised her riding whip and brought it slashing down at the hand that held Molly's horse. Keck was too quick for her. He jerked the hand back as the leather whistled down.

"Easy there!" he laughed.

"Run, Molly!" cried Barbara. Molly kicked at her horse as Barbara spurred her own mount against Keck's horse, catching him by surprise. She raised the whip and struck again. He threw his body back from the hips but this time he was not quick enough. Barbara saw the sharp tongue of leather lick at his cheek and she saw the livid welt rise even as she whirled her horse and rode off.

Keck lunged forward in pursuit but almost immediately pulled up his horse. For the houses of Tularosa were in sight.

BARBARA moved gracefully among the guests who thronged her house and garden. Though every door and window of the house was thrown open, the heat of the day still lingered there. But in the garden it was altogether pleasant. Violins mingled their sweet music with the murmur of the *'cequia madre.* A guitar sang sadly of love. The men and women of the Tularosa country took their ease at tables beneath smoking torches and found the night good.

Tracy Thomason cut across the garden with his long stride to intercept Barbara. He smiled down at her gaily, yet his tone held a tinge of sharpness, "Young lady, why are you dodging your true love tonight?"

Barbara gazed across the garden, suddenly wretched because she could not meet his smile. "But it's my party, Tracy," she said. "Would you have me neglect my guests?"

"Of course not," he said impatiently. "But I've hardly had a word with you."

"Please, Tracy—here come the Wares. We must go meet them."

Wilse Ware bowed with rough gallantry over her hand, his eyes full of his frank appreciation and his respect.

He said to Thomason, "I wonder, young fellow, if you know how really lucky you are."

Thomason smiled with his quick charm. "Luckier than I deserve." He shook hands with the younger Ware. "Good to see you, Ed." Ed Ware's l eye had lost its purplish bruise, but faint streak of irregular scar remain across his cheekbone.

Wilse Ware asked idly, "How's yc Jarilla well coming?"

"Slow but steady," said Thomas He continued confidently, "I look good water at four hundred feet."

Ware said in his blunt way, "I do have your confidence."

"Oh, the water's there. We'll be layi rails into White Oaks before you kn it. By the way, I hear you've opene new coal shaft. Increasing your o put?"

Ware's heavy face smoothed into guarded expression. "It comes to tha he murmured.

Barbara listened with only half an her eyes turning restlessly about garden. "Find them a drink, Trac she said, and moved off.

She slipped to Molly's side, laughin little at Molly's lost look.

"Quit worrying, Molly," she s "Tim will come. It's a long ride." added reassuringly, "I expect he and Lineer are at the hotel by now, clean up."

"Did you tell Mr. Thomason abou about Harry Keck?"

"No," said Barbara. "I've decide talk to Mr. Nye about it."

"I don't want Tim to know," s Molly. "He might do—something te ble."

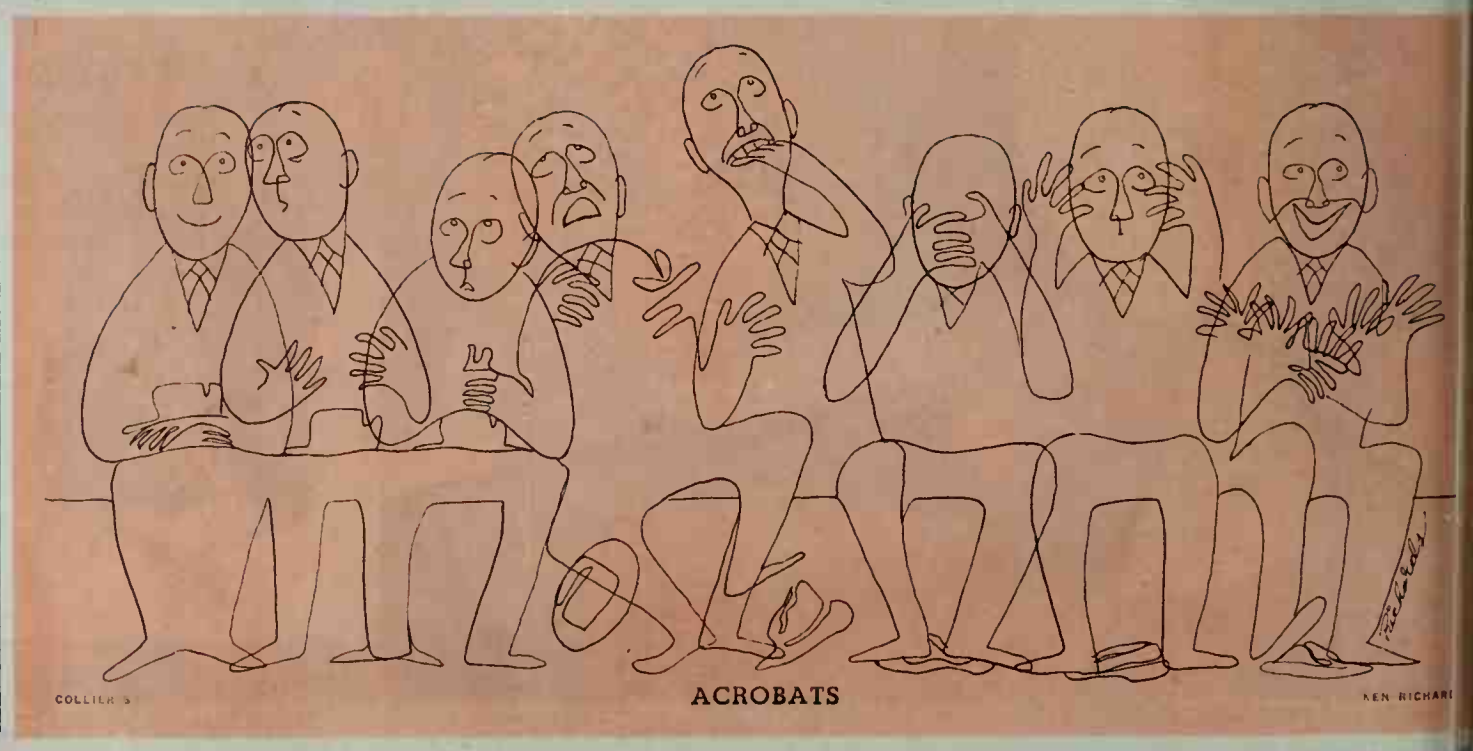
"All right, Molly."

Barbara thought as she turned tow the house once more that she too wo be glad to see Tim and Lineer. The came to her with a shock that it was Lineer she wanted to see. That she been waiting and watching for him th last two hours, some part of her m holding him even when she was bu with her guests.

She stood at the threshold of the b door, one raised arm against the d jamb, accepting this new knowledge her mind. At dawn this morning, w she had awakened, she had lain think of him, of the remoteness in the gray of his eyes and the meaning o On the ride this afternoon, when doubts had brought turbulence to mind, she had somehow been stea by the remembrance of his quiet stren

She admitted these things to he now, feeling the warm shock of t through her body. When presently continued into the house her face still quite pale.

Harry Keck came up the street the plaza. He walked slowly, straight, lifting his feet high. His coat pocket sagged from the weigh the flat bottle there. The butt of a h pistol was hooked above his waistb He stood before Barbara Edw



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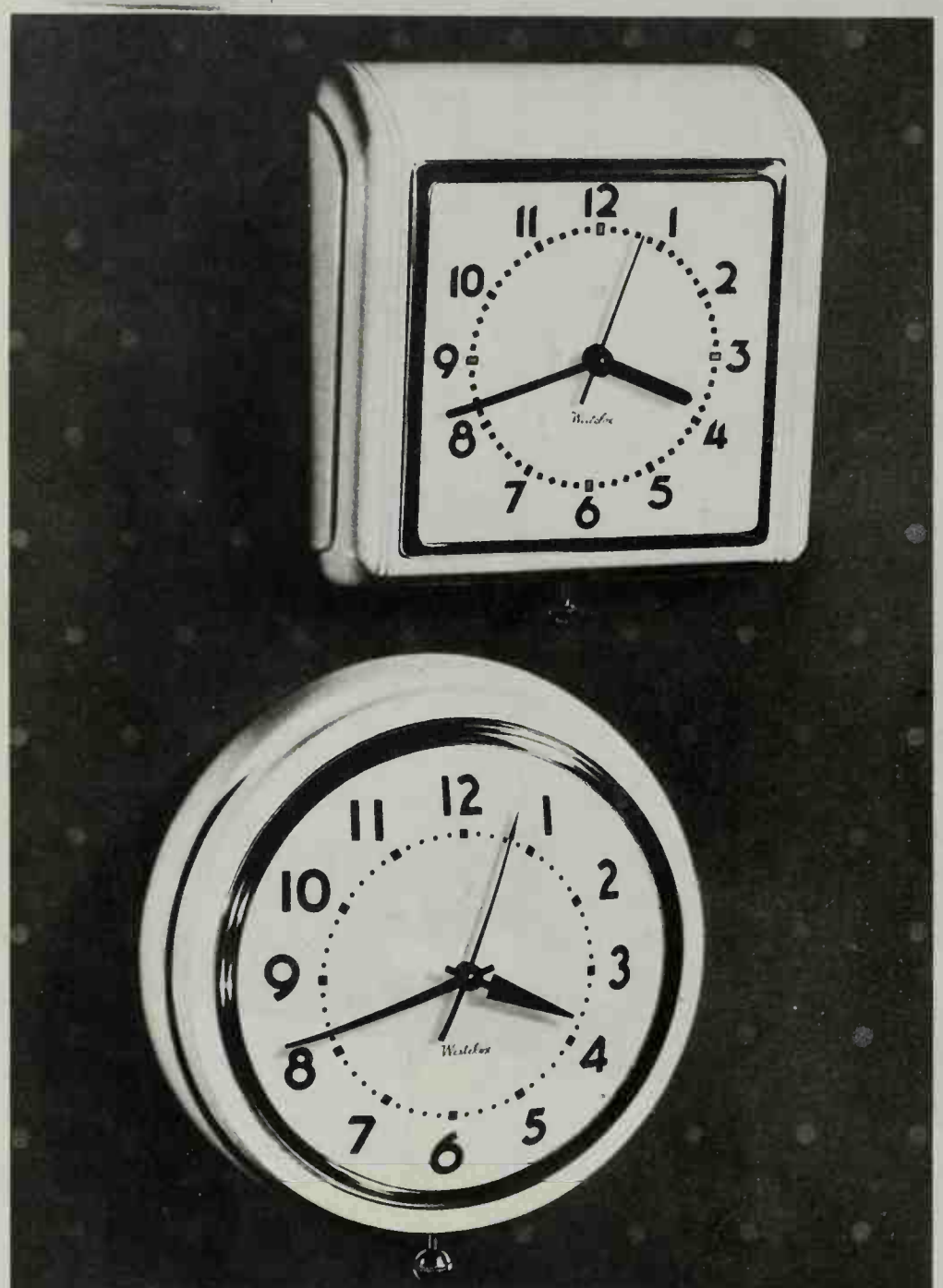

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house, listening as the violins chased merry sound across the night.

He retraced his steps and entered Jubal Nye's darkened house. Without striking a light he mounted to the second floor, turned to his left and found a bedroom that overlooked the garden next door. He sat on the side of the bed there in the dark room. Through the window and down, his vision extended over the low 'dobe wall separating the two houses and full into the garden.

He watched the musicians and townspeople indifferently. He saw Thomason talking idly with Wilse Ware. Then Molly came from the house with Ed Ware and he stiffened, following her figure. So long as she was in sight his eyes were on her, reaching out for her with a hot and maddened want.

When she was no longer visible he slumped on the bed, removing the bottle from his pocket.

PRESENTLY Barbara emerged from the house, walking directly to Thomason. She had to know now. Before Lineer came. She had to know the man she was engaged to marry. She had to know herself.

Thomason rose and reached for her hand. "It's about time," he smiled. Ware waved his cigar at them, saying, "Run along, you two. I'm comfortable."

Thomason guided her to the rear of the garden, beneath the cottonwoods and beyond the glow of the torches. He brought her to him with a swift and hungry swoop of his powerful arms. His lips were hard, demanding. Yet they told her for the first time the full measure of his dependence upon her, and she wondered that she had not seen.

She broke away and leaned against a tree, leaving her hand in his. Beyond the trees the night sky glowed. The desert itself seemed soft tonight, cooled from its first draught of summer rain. Yet its changeless lure remained, steady and insistent.

She asked carelessly, "Were the nights in Sonora ever as glorious as this?"

"I wasn't there long enough to notice."

He reached for her again. She slipped away, holding herself rigidly to her unhappy purpose.

"I was thinking today, Tracy, of your trouble there. And wishing that it had never happened."

He said in his easy way, "I told you there wasn't much trouble to it. Jim just had a situation there too big for him, and I had to go clean it up for the colonel."

"But it spoiled any chance that you and Jim might become good friends."

"That was his doing, not mine," said Thomason carelessly. "He didn't like it because I did in a day what he hadn't been able to do in six months, and he turned that black Irishman loose against me."

As he brought her to him in the darkness, searching impatiently for her lips, she knew at last with a gray and wrenching certainty that he was a weakling. This boy who had been in her house from her babyhood. This young man who had seemed so strong and clean when she was twelve, and whom she worshiped then with a child's ardor. This man now whom she was to marry. He was a weakling who was miserable without the voice of authority, and misused it when he had it. He was a weakling who fed on the praise and esteem of others, and would lie to himself and to the girl he loved to get it.

Yet she thought, as she gave him her lips, that there was no evil in him. And his need of her was all the greater now. For he was rushing toward a disaster of his own making in this valley, and she must be at his side when it engulfed him. He was her older brother before he was her sweetheart. She must not deny his claim.

She slipped from his grasp, murmuring, "We must return to our friend

He followed her reluctantly back i the garden, leaving her at her comm to join Jubal Nye, where he sat nodd in his polite way to the wife of alcalde.

As she entered the house she he Tim's laughing halloo and Molly's g cry, and she found she was hurry eagerly toward the living room.

Lineer took her hand, smiling dow her. "It's good to see you," he said.

She left her hand in his, feeling hard warmth of it, seeing in his di smile that he shared this keenly pleas awareness of their joined fingers. eyes moved as if for the first time o the deep burn of his cheeks, the w and relaxed mouth, the dark gray e with their baffling serenity, a serenity yond the reach of men. She saw quiet hand that held hers, wide thro the palm and somehow knowing, s gesting a strength ready to use but used.

As her eyes returned to his she that his thoughts were wholly on soberly searching her and himself. knew with a swift gladness that she been intimately in his mind as he through still nights upon the desert. felt then the full aching emptiness regret such as she had never known.

Perhaps she granted one bewilde moment of farewell to the new Barb who was born upon this desert and so soon. Perhaps she never knew the new Barbara was dead.

When she withdrew her hand wit cool little laugh, her green eyes v bright with a willful mockery. "You n a drink," she said. She took his a guiding him gaily through the house ward the garden.

HARRY KECK stood by the win in the dark room. The flat b held but one good drink now. He Molly disappear into the house, and bara and Thomason walk beyond torches to the darkness of the eot woods. He saw them return prese and watched Thomason find a seat side Jubal Nye.

He pulled the pistol from his w band. The flickering light of the tor gleamed on its blue barrel as he t idly with it. He raised it and sight at the bulky figure of Wilse Ware, t to steady it on the tip of the ciga Ware's mouth. He shifted it, holdi on Thomason for a moment, steadied it with a grin on Jubal Nye.

From the corner of his eye he obs Barbara and Lineer enter the garden swung the pistol quickly, his grin va ing and a wild anger flaring in his He held the front sight on the poi Lineer's shoulder as the two of t moved about the garden, stopping b at each table.

When they sat at a table on the side of the garden, Keek sat dow the bed, and setting his right elbo his right knee, steadied the gun both hands. He brought the gun d slowly until the tip of the front eentered on Lineer's chest. He put merest hint of pressure on the tri his eyes narrowed, his mouth open tongue moving back and forth acros teeth as though he found an actual in the pleasure of this moment and savor it fully. He lifted the gun then, laughing silently. He aimed it the same slowness again, this time fi the faint whiteness of Lineer's fore

Down there, Molly and Tim st into the garden. Keek's gaze swu stantly to Molly. He lowered the g his lap. His eyes moved briefly speculatively over the big figure of then returned with a hungry, insa tensity to the face of Molly.

He sat motionless as the mi passed, his lips working silently, his never wavering. Presently he saw walk with Molly to a table near the

ill. He saw Molly sit down alone and
m walk away, and his body jerked. He
ust the gun back into his waistband.
s searching fingers fumbled on the bed
hind them until they found the bottle.
: drained it, dropping it between his
s. He jumped up, steadied himself
d lunged through the dark house.
Molly sat facing the garden, smiling
ppily to herself. The violins were
swering the desert with their own song
sadness now, but it was a sadness that
uld not reach her. She heard a low
mp at the wall behind her. Then
rry Keck slipped into the seat beside
, his mouth open with soundless
ghter.
"I told you tonight," he said.
Molly stared at him in dismay. She
no fear. Tonight there was no fear
her. Then she thought of Tim, who
st be returning even now with the
g glass of lemonade she had asked

"You must go," she said quickly. "You
st get out of here at once!"
He laughed at her, leaning across the
le for her hand. She jerked it to her
. "I just came," he said. "And I'll
leave without the kiss I came for."
Molly stood up, looking quickly about
dim-lit garden. He had come so
etly, so silently that no one had seen.
was not yet in sight. She still felt
alarm. Thomason and Jubal Nye
not more than a half-dozen steps
y.
"Go quickly before you are seen," she
ed.
Keck jerked to his feet, almost up-
ng the table. His fingers found her
, gripping it with his drunken
ngth and pulling her toward him.
e grunted savagely, "Don't play with

ig Tim, emerging from the house,
d Molly's cry. He dropped the glass
is hand, never knowing it was there,
e leaped across the garden.
eck held Molly until Tim was almost
n him then tried to back away, his
t hand digging at his waistband. His
ers never found the gun butt. Tim's
beat upon his ears. Tim's great right
d wrapped about his shoulder. Tim's
hand closed upon his thigh. Keck
like some enraged wild animal as
lifted him up and up until his jerk-
body was straight above Tim's head.
flung Keck from him then with all
strength of his mighty wrath.
eck's hurtling body crashed upon the
, sliding off it as the table crumpled
rolling with a crazy aimlessness
across the grass. It came to rest with arms and legs outflung and was still.

Tim leaped after him. Molly grabbed at his hand. He stopped instantly at her touch, and her eyes held his until the rage went out of them.

"But Molly," he said, "he needs killing."

"No, Tim," said Molly. "Not for this."

It was Lineer, coming in swift strides across the garden, who saw Keck move.

LINEER changed the direction of his steps, heading for Keck as the man gathered his arms under him and pushed himself slowly up to a sitting position.

Keck looked about him with wild, glazed eyes. They settled on Tim, standing with his arms about Molly. Keck's arm stabbed again at his waistband.

Lineer reached him in one more long stride. Lineer's right boot swung forward, coldly deliberate, and sank into Keck's stomach. Keck doubled forward sickeningly, then toppled on his side.

Lineer bent down, found the gun and straightened. He saw Tracy Thomason coming up and tossed the gun to him. Then he bent over Keck again, grasped his arms and lifted him to his feet. He shook Keck, rocking him slowly until Keck's neck muscles stiffened and Keck's head came up, eyes open.

Lineer dropped his arms then, regarding the man until recognition and hatred came into Keck's eyes.

"You're through here, Keck," said Lineer. "Ride out of this country."

Keck said thickly, "You go to hell."

"I'll give you tonight," said Lineer in the same quiet voice. "Tomorrow word will go out to every man in this valley that you're outlawed."

Keck's eyes moved over the crowd. They paused momentarily at Thomason, seeing his odd little smile. They continued until they found Jubal Nye, settling there questioningly.

"You heard," said the lawyer coldly.

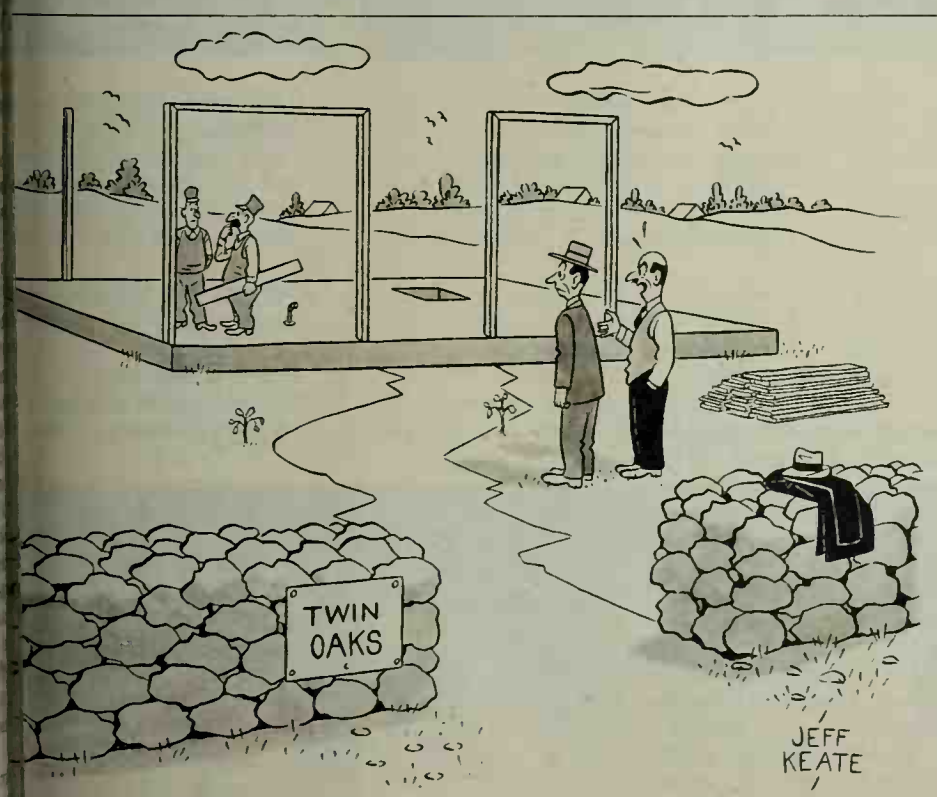
Keck returned his gaze to Lineer. "I started to kill you that first time at Tinker Well," he said. His eyes and voice held a flat, unemotional deadliness. "I changed my mind at the last second and let you live. Next time I won't."

"Ride out," said Lineer.

Jubal Nye came and stood at Lineer's side, watching as Keck climbed over the wall and vanished into the darkness.

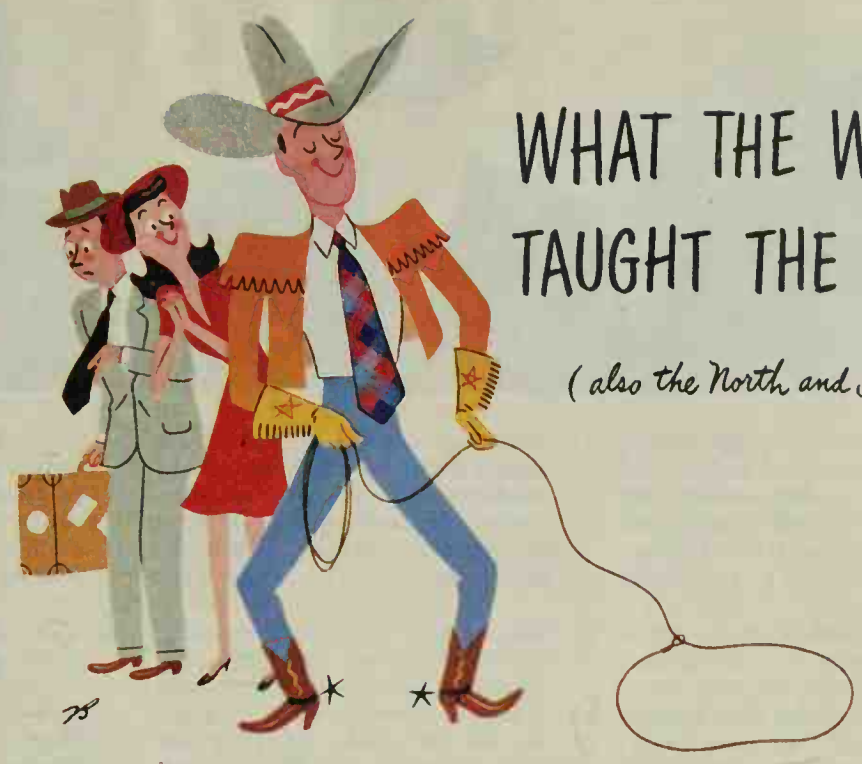
"A mistake, Jim," said Nye. "When that kind of man looks at you that way, kill him."

(To be continued next week)



"Well, at the rate I'm getting my house built those will be oak trees when it's finished!"

JEFF KEATE



WHAT THE WEST TAUGHT THE EAST!

(also the North and South)

Out in the Golden West, good new ideas come in flocks—like quail!

One of the *very* best is the *all-wool* Arrow Tie—some of which are shown below. These handsome ties, "Woodland Wools," feature big bold squares (something new) . . . striking stripes and colorful patterns . . . and some other honeys we have not encountered before.

These new Arrow Ties knot up mighty sweet, and will wear for years! At your Arrow dealers. $1.00.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark

ARROW

WOODLAND WOOLS

$1.00

For country and sportswear, with a brown tweed jacket, and gray flannel slacks: a rough felt in a greenish-red shade that blends with country colorings. This hat never has a "new look"

With an Oxford-gray business suit, a derby with full crown and medium-wide brim, as worn in metropolitan cities. The derby is a dressy type of hat which, well-proportioned, isn't hard to wear

College men like this typical university-style snapbrim hat, in rough-finish mixture, with raw edge. Fine for college and country wear, the hat has a very tweedy look that is new for fall

The tan Glen plaid suit, for informal town wear and a brown porkpie-shape felt hat. The hat is light in weight and has a raw-edge brim and narrow band. The outfit is also fine for travel

Ankle-high Chukka boots, popular with officers during the war, are practical for country wear and prevent pebbles from getting in at the sides. In brown calf; no toecap. Socks are green wool

Black calf half-brogues with punched toecaps are extremely dressy and look well with formal types of business suits. Hose are of gray lisle, carrying out color harmony with the gray suit

The college set also like heavy moccasin-type brogue shoes, in dark reddish leather, with rubber soles and rawhide laces. Worn with country and campus clothes. Tan or "natural" hose

Brown suède shoes are appropriate for town wear with a casual suit. Made with leather soles and punched toecap, they wear well, but should be kept brushed. Socks are of brown lisle

BOTH ENDS NEAT

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

Are your hat and shoes friends or foes to the rest of your attire? Follow these simple rules of dress to keep peace in the sartorial family

ANY man who meets a couple of ladies on the street is always gratified if he overhears one of them say, "There, my dear, goes a well-turned-out man!" It is amazing how few men manage to reach this pinnacle of sartorial perfection, yet it is actually a very easy thing to do; a man can be well-turned-out simply by observing a kind of continuity of character in his complete outfit.

Begin with the hat and the shoes. Some shoes are intended for town wear only, either dress or casual, and they are definitely out of place anywhere else. Likewise, there are shoes meant solely for the country. Don't confuse them.

Town and country shoes are cut on different lasts. A last is a block shaped like the human foot, over which shoe uppers are drawn and shaped. The soles of well-made town shoes do not protrude noticeably beyond the uppers, and the shoes contain a minimum of decoration, such as punching, foxing, broguing and other ornamental perforations.

Town shoes in general are distinguished by clean-cut lines and simple appearance. They are always in black or brown, and nothing else should be worn by city dwellers and businessmen who wear dark, conservative clothing. To wear with casual town clothing, such as Glen plaids, small checks, gray flannels, lightweight tweeds—the sort of thing a man wears on a not-too-important occasion—such shoes come

A double-breasted wo
nel business suit, in gr
it, a gray snapbrim hat
edge and unpinche
medium wide brim—a
looks well with tow

Black calf blucher sl
punchings, or perfor
the toecaps. The bl
named for General B
Battle of Waterloo f
had high insteps. Black

in quarter and half brogues, monk and blucher types.

Country shoes are sturdy, with extended soles thicker than the soles of town shoes; they are intended to be worn with sport jackets and slacks, leather and waterproof jackets, sweaters, etc. They are built to take wear, and come in many types—heavy brogues with tip ornamentation, rubber and crepe-soled models, ankle-high leather or suède Chukka styles, bluchers with punched toecaps, and monk soles with strap and buckle.

Shoes offer an excellent guide to the correct type of hat. With a citified shoe, a town hat is proper; with country shoes, a sport type of head covering. In any event, hats and shoes should be in harmony, and should take their cut from the suit. With dressy town clothing, hats should be on the formal side—the Homburg type, with a silk-bound or plain welt edge; the off-the-face hat, with turned-up brim; the snapbrim with raw edge, and the derby. With casual town clothing, one may don a regular snapbrim or a flattop porkpie hat. For the country, hats should be rough-mixture felts, Tyrolean shapes, solid tweed and patterned caps, or stitched water-repellent hats of poplin and cotton.

University undergraduates, who have decided notions about wearing apparel, appear to be partial this year to a khaki-color snapbrim number with a dark green band and a welt edge of a contrasting light color. The same shape is available in dark brown, gray and fawn color, and collegians wear it with all types of clothing.

With a brown business suit, wear brown or black shoes. But watch the hat. With brown shoes and brown suit, wear a brown, green or tan hat. With black shoes and brown suit, wear only a black hat. If you wear your blue suit, either black or brown shoes are okay. But with blue and black wear a gray, blue or black hat; with brown shoes and blue suit, wear a brown hat. With a gray suit and black shoes, use a gray, green, blue or black hat, but if you wear a gray suit and brown shoes don't cover your head with anything but a brown or green hat. With tan suits, such as gabardine, whipcord, covert and tropical worsted, only brown shoes are good, but the hat may be brown, green or tan. And with black suitings, dressiest of all, wear only black shoes and black hat.

Of course, with any of these outfits, socks should be in the same color as your suit or blend with your necktie.

By observing a few simple rules you'll lengthen the lives of both your hats and shoes. Before you wear a new pair of shoes, have them shined; it prevents rain and other spots from marring the leather.

Shoe trees for each pair of shoes you own are a good investment. Shoes take on the shape of the foot in warm or wet weather, and are apt to wind up with curled edges. They should be placed on trees as soon as they're removed from the foot.

Don't let rundown heels stay that way. They injure the shoes, spoil your appearance, and are bad for feet and posture. If you wear suède shoes, clean them with a rubber sponge or wire brush made for the purpose, and brush them after each wearing.

Before you put on your hat, brush it. Hats collect dust in closets and on shelves that eventually eats into the felt and destroys its vitality. Constant brushing greatly lengthens the life of any hat. If your hat gets wet, don't put it near steam heat; it will shrink and be too small.

Hatbands should be replaced the moment perspiration stains begin to show. If you own enough hats, wear a different one every day. Above all, don't let the hat-check girl place another hat on top of yours, because sweatbands will leave a ring upon hats they are resting upon. The look the girl gives you may be dirty, but your hat will stay clean. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN-GREENE

gle-breasted blue busi-t, striped, is a dress-up pe. With it, many men a dark, midnight-blue g, which is dressy and ll with the dinner jacket

Intended for casual town use, the gray cheviot-type suit is fine for commuting, travel by plane and everyday office wear. Most popular type of snapbrim is this brown, welt-edge model

Here is the newest type of snapbrim hat, of brown felt, with a tapered, unpinched crown and the narrow, raw-edge brim. This is a dressy snapbrim; looks fine with a brown worsted town suit

No. 1 university hat is the khaki-color felt with greenish band and light contrasting color welt edge. Shown here with a brier-green tweed-mixture suit, it is worn with all college clothing

t of all town shoes is the traight-tip shoe. With-ching or decoration of d, it is suited for wear ll town and business Socks are of blue lisle

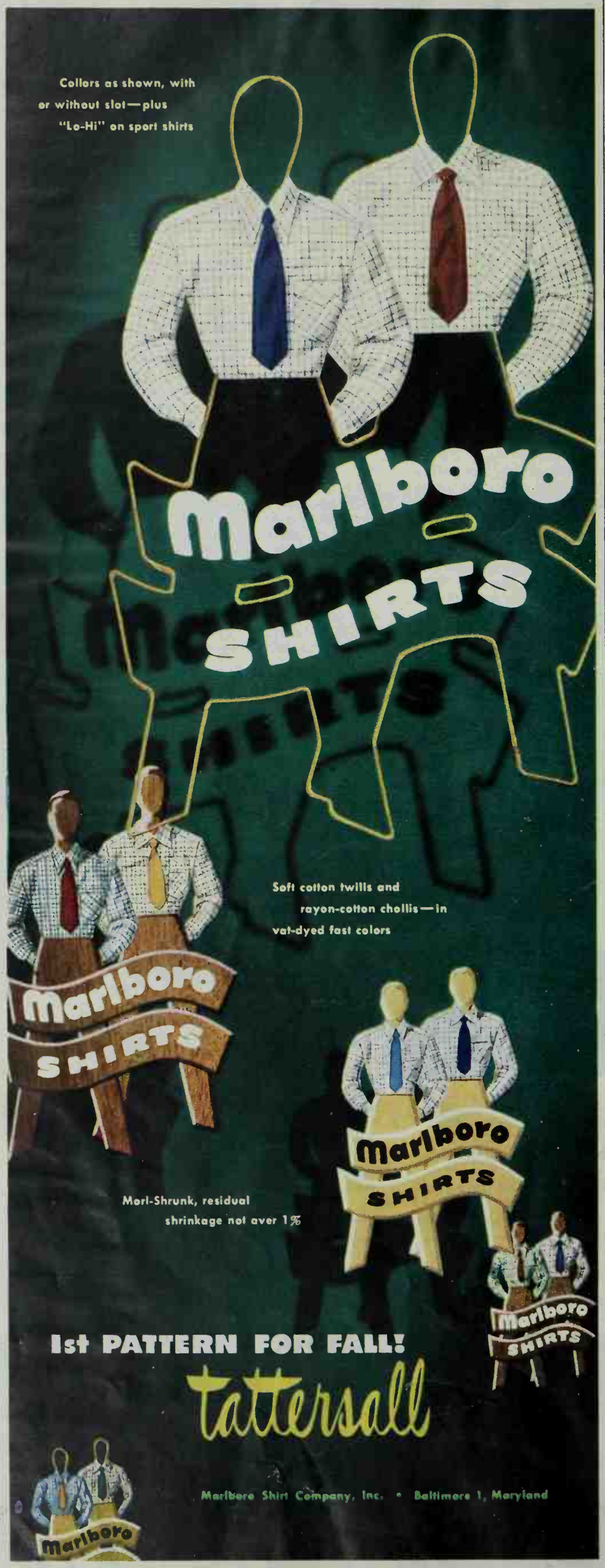
With the gray suit and brown hat, brown wing-tip full brogue shoes, not as heavy as regular country shoes. This outfit is also perfect for spectator wear at various outdoor fall events

Dressy town shoes in brown calf in quarter-brogue model, with plain counter and punched toecaps. Suit, shoes and hat are in color harmony and all are of a town nature. Brown lisle socks

Popular university shoe is the tan blucher, with heavy soles and no toecaps. This is also an excellent country shoe, rugged and long-wearing. The bright Argyle plaid socks are campus favorites

ple-breasted gray flan- is also intended for rn wear. The hat is a ture sport felt with nd and welt edge. Gray n look well together

rmal town dress, black es, which have a buckle ead of laces, carry out l note. The outfit is ct for spectator wear ling. Gray lisle socks



WALLFLOWER

Continued from page 22

occurred to me that Serena Whitford had been embarrassed by the milk and cookies; it just didn't occur to me that Serena had any feelings in particular. . . .

Those were exciting days for me—the parties at Elsie's house, with a dozen boys competing, the picnics, the country-club dances, the weekly attendance, en masse, at the local vaudeville theater. Serena Whitford usually came along, but it was not I who sat next to her at the theater, nor was it I who helped her gather wood and build a fire to roast the wieners—tasks at which Serena had won a rather easy reputation for proficiency.

Somehow I had acquired a reputation as a wit, and even today, in the sober-minded cashier of the First National Bank of Coburn, it sometimes crops out a bit. At Rotary they claim that George Saunders can turn a nice enough phrase in an informal speech, and I'm often called on for some of the old stories. It is fitting and proper that a banker show a certain amount of levity on occasion—the human touch—and I suppose it helps me now as it helped me then with Elsie.

AT ANY rate, they came to depend on me for the bon mot, and it was I who first named Serena the toady, although I'm sure she never knew it. It was an apt name. She did resemble a toad, and she was forever toadying Elsie. Not that anyone blamed her. Elsie was about her only chance for social life, and Serena hadn't begun to find substitutes yet in those days. She hadn't taken up art yet, or at least she never mentioned it.

My so-called wit focused attention on me at the parties we went to, and it was a distinction that undoubtedly did much to further my cause with Elsie. Still, it seemed almost overnight that those breathless days of puppy love began. I think I can say that they were the happiest days of my life, and I remember the almost stifled happiness, the poignant tiffs, the notes signed in colored ink, "Oceans of love and a kiss on every wave," or "Yours till Kewpies wear dresses." There was one occasion when Serena helped me out.

The week before Christmas, Elsie and I had a spat; Christmas Eve came, and we still were not speaking. Even after marriage she retained that tactic, and I would find it hard to tally up the silent days and nights in our home, there were so many. But that Christmas, Joe Minor, who always stood second best with Elsie, said, "That's a hell of a trick, George, having a fight so you won't have to give her a Christmas present." Joe always had a sharp tongue, and it hurt, because the truth was I had been having trouble getting along on my allowance and I *hadn't* bought a present.

It is certainly true that you could always trust Serena. She never mentioned it to Elsie, and it was the sort of thing Elsie would have loved to drag in the times she threw Joe Minor up to me. How many times I've heard her say, "If I'd had any sense I'd have married Joe Minor. I'd be the wife of a vice-president of the bank!" I know that Serena never told her, or I would have heard about it from Elsie. Anyhow, I happened to run into Serena that afternoon when I went downtown to buy a present and I told her my troubles. Serena said that she'd buy the present for me and she'd take it to Elsie's house and put it under the tree. I gave her all the money I had.

Christmas afternoon Elsie called me up and asked me to come over. Her sweet voice over the telephone made me tremble, and when I got to her house I found her sitting in front of the fire brushing her beautiful golden hair. She said, "George, it's perfect. I didn't think you had the taste." The brush she was using on her hair had come from a t set spread out on the couch beside and I guessed it was the present Sc had bought. I thought that she had very well with the money I gave The set had a slick, expensive look.

There was a party at Elsie's house night, and that was the time Serena her voice. The first time, I mean. lost it often enough after that, and i to be sort of a joke. We were all laug and talking, and a few of us were d ing to the phonograph, and Serena sitting in a corner, picking out rec and putting them on to play. S body—one of the girls, of course—gested that we play truth or consequc It was just an excuse to make some commit himself. The question the ways asked was, "Tell us who you is." The lovesick boys always told the smart ones took the conseque That time, just for a joke, Elsie Serena, "Who do you love, Serena' funny color came on her face an eyes had a stary look; we heard a s strangled whisper.

Elsie, who was holding the h heavy over her head, bent down an tened to her whisper and shouted, " na's swallowed an olive. She can't

Every sort of home remedy was out, and Elsie's father was called i for two days Serena couldn't talk. her voice was normal again. S times after that Serena lost her voic Elsie told me, a long time later, th could talk all the time. She preten lose her voice, Elsie said, in order tract attention.

The fact was that Serena's loss of was her last real bid for attention group. We were getting older, ar parties had become less frequent. was more single dating, and no was there a place for Serena on th seat. I saw her occasionally. Her n gave her her first bank account own name about the time I bec teller in the First National Ban Serena came around to my wind open her account. After that I s every week or so when she stop the bank for a deposit or withd Usually she came in about two o just following the lunch-hour bu and we had time for a brief talk.

She usually asked about Els cause she didn't see much of Els more, she said. She told me she busy to get about much; she was ing art. She was taking lessons, s from an old fellow who lived on th Side. His work was represented eral museums, Serena said.

"Drive by sometime and I'll sh my stuff," Serena said. "It's pret but I think I'm making progress."

"I will," I said. "I will, Serena."

Of course I didn't take the tro passed the word around that Sere on her way to being an artist, an member Elsie smiled and said, Serena." It was typical of Sere everyone was convinced she co possibly accomplish anything.

THE old group was breaking Minor and some of the othe off to the university, an adva passed up. I wanted to go to w get ahead and I said so. I had push in those days and I though smart to get a job and make tim Joe Minor was away. I had Els well dated up when Joe was back cations, and before he was gr from the university we were eng suppose I had asked her at leas dred times before that night she s said yes.

By that time Serena had gon Her face appeared one day at my

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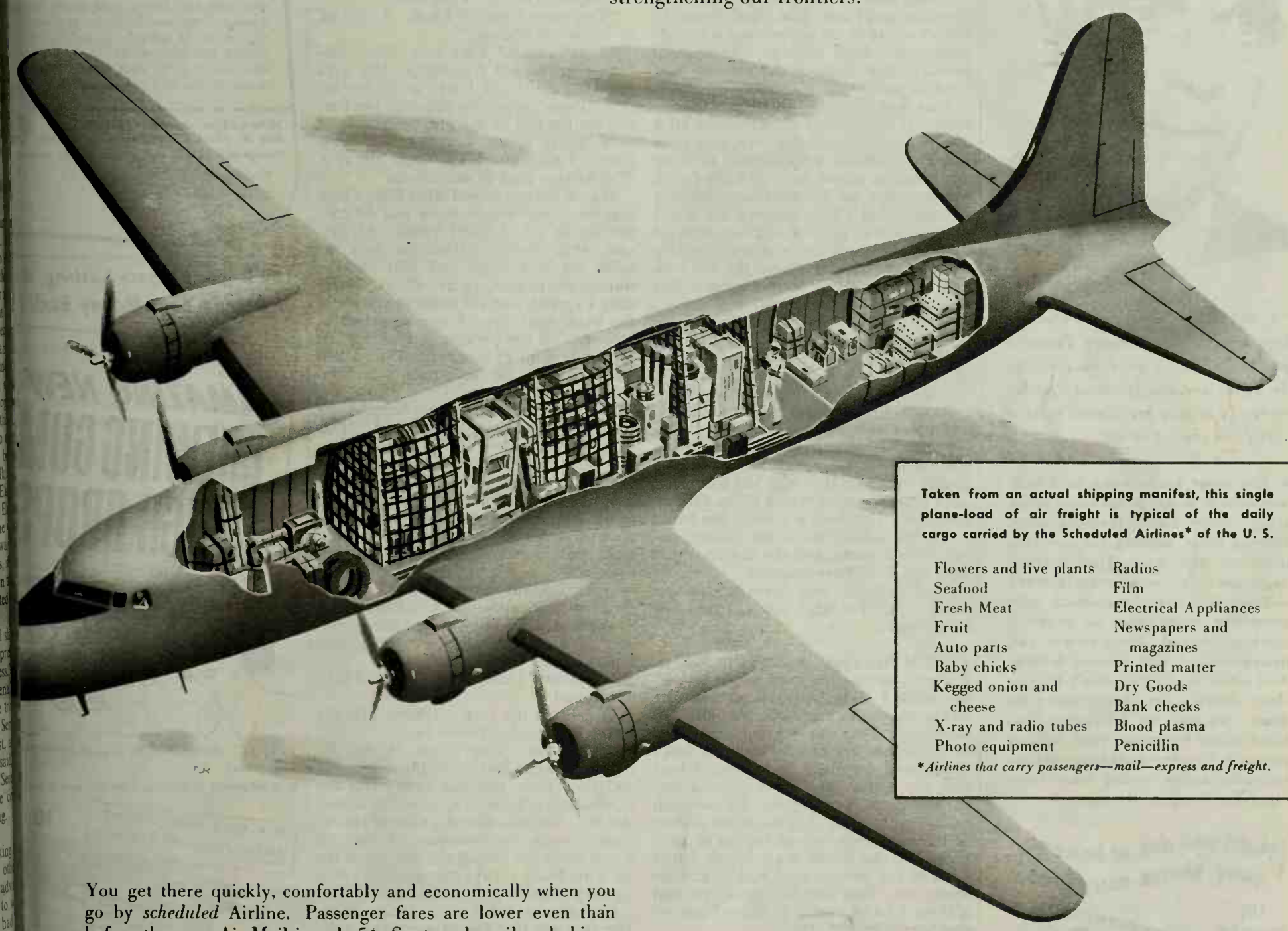

Taken from an actual shipping manifest, this single plane-load of air freight is typical of the daily cargo carried by the Scheduled Airlines* of the U. S.

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in the bank. Her brown eyes were shiny and she was a little short of breath. "George, I'm going to New York!"

"New York?" I said. "What do you know!"

"To study art," Serena said. "I'm leaving Saturday."

"Well, that's fine," I said. "Congratulations, Serena. I guess we'll be seeing your pictures in the magazines the first thing we know."

"I'm going to study fine art, George," Serena said, with a gentle sort of tone. She gave me a patient, friendly look. "You know, you never came around to look at my work."

"I know," I said. "I'm sorry about that. Serena, I wish I had the time."

"I know how it is," Serena said, and then she was gone before I had a chance to say I was just a dumb banker and didn't know a thing about art.

That night I told Elsie about Serena's trip to New York. Elsie stood still a minute, looking at me with her head on one side, and she was frowning. "I think it's a shame," she said. "The poor girl hasn't any talent, George. I've seen her stuff. Dinky little flowers in dinky little vases. They oughtn't to encourage her."

"I guess she'll get some fun out of it."

"Fun?" Elsie smiled wisely. "She's not after fun, George."

"What is she after, then?"

"Well, look at her, George. She's the dowdiest girl I ever saw. She's going to New York to study art because it sounds glamorous. Poor Serena. The truth is nobody cares whether she goes to New York or not."

That was the truth, all right. Nobody cared. If Serena was mentioned at all it was in a casual, offhand way, and Elsie was the only one who seemed to show any concern about her. A little frown would come on Elsie's face whenever anyone talked about Serena's art, and I suppose it was because she was worried by Serena's pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp that she went around to see the old man who had been giving Serena lessons. She gave me a report that night.

"Poor kid," Elsie said. "She just has a little facility, George. It's hardly even talent. He said the art schools are full of Serenas. It's just pathetic, isn't it?"

I had sort of liked the idea that maybe Serena would turn out a Class-A artist, and I was disappointed, but I wasn't so sorry for Serena as Elsie was. Serena had got out to see the world, at least, and a couple of years after she left Coburn I got a letter from her with a Paris, France, postmark. I showed it around the bank.

She still subscribed to the Coburn paper, Serena wrote, and she saw in it that Elsie and I had been married.

"I'm glad for you, George," Serena wrote, "and I'm glad you cut that Joe Minor out."

EVEN then I had an allergy to Joe Minor's name. Joe went to the university while I went to work, but when he was graduated he came into the bank and started off at the salary I had worked up to. Of course, Joe had connections, and I didn't. and a college degree didn't hurt him any, either. He began to get a step ahead of me, and I guess I never will catch up. The day they made me cashier of the bank they moved Joe up to vice-president, and in the same breath I told Elsie of my promotion I had to tell her about Joe. That was five years ago, and it skips a lot of years. In those years we saw Serena pretty often.

Serena came back from Paris and the first night she called up Elsie for a long talk, and she came around for dinner the next night. Serena had given up the frilly dresses she used to wear, that only showed up how homely she was, and had begun to wear tailored suits. She had cut her hair short and quit bothering to make it curl. I liked Serena that way. She had a good, hearty way of talking and she had a lot to say about the places she'd been and the people she'd met. She was in town for only a week, and then she was going to Mexico. Exciting things were happening in art in Mexico.

Elsie asked, with a little smile, "How is your art work coming along, Serena?"

"I'll send you a water color from Mexico," Serena said. "I'm not bad, Elsie, but I'll never be really good."

"Oh, don't be discouraged, Serena," Elsie said, and patted Serena's hand.

Serena sent us the water color from Mexico—a mass of red-tiled roofs and a church spire and purple hills, and I had it framed for the living room. Elsie didn't think it went well with the drapes, and after a while she took it down, but we always put it up again whenever we got word that Serena was coming back to Coburn. As it turned out, Serena passed through town pretty often, and after the death of her parents, when she sold her house in Coburn, Serena began visiting us. It got so we'd receive a telegram from Serena saying, "Arriving tomorrow night," and I'd meet the train.

I REMEMBER one evening when a telegram arrived and Elsie opened it and read it aloud, then stood turning it over and over in her hands. She looked at me and said, "George, I think it's carrying things pretty far, don't you?"

"Carrying what pretty far?"

"Imposing on us," Elsie said.

"You mean Serena?" I said. "Come off it. We're old friends."

"That's just it," Elsie said. "She's imposing on an old friendship. We were just kids then, and I was sorry for Serena. I don't intend to shoulder her burden for the rest of my life, George."

"I didn't know you felt that way, Elsie," I said, and I was upset about it. "I'm always glad to see Serena."

Maybe Serena sensed what Elsie's feelings were, and maybe there was no connection at all. I don't know. At any rate, when Serena arrived she took me aside the first night and told me she wanted me to manage her affairs. Naturally I agreed, and she came to see me at the bank next day. I was surprised at how well off her parents had left her. It was quite a bit of money, and she asked me to handle her investments and insisted that I take a fee.

"I don't want to make any demands on old friendships, George," she said. "This is a business matter."

I must say that it put a different light on Serena's visits for Elsie, and I didn't hear any more about Serena imposing on an old friendship. What I did hear plenty about was Joe Minor. Serena came and went, but Joe was there all the time, at my elbow.

When Joe was moved up to vice-president five years ago and I told Elsie about it, she just looked at me, and her breath sort of hissed through her teeth. She said, "I *knew* it!"

"Anyhow," I said, "I'm cashier. That's not so bad."

"I can see the look on Betty Minor's face," Elsie said. "Damn her!"

Betty Minor wasn't one of the old crowd. Joe had met her at the university, and they were married soon after his graduation, a week or so after Elsie married me. There had been a natural resentment among the members of the old group when Joe brought in a stranger for his wife, but I always thought Betty was a pretty friendly girl. I liked her.

I've always believed in facing facts. The fact was that Joe Minor was a vice-president, and I was cashier, and I accepted it. We worked along all right together, and I must say that I never heard Elsie and Betty exchange an angry word, either; but at home, after an evening with Joe and Betty, I usually heard plenty about Betty Minor and Joe and their two brats, as Elsie called their kids. A boy and a girl they have. They both call me Uncle George, and I must say I think they're pretty fine kids.

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rena usually brought them presents
ier visits, and it's only natural that
lled Elsie a little. If you're unlucky
igh not to have kids you'll know how
You have to cuss your luck a little
and then and you're bound to be a
bit envious of the fellows with big
lies. There was a time five years
when it looked like the draft might
ne, and Elsie was pretty upset. It
't fair, she said, for me to be called
nd for Joe Minor to stay at home,
because Joe had two kids and I
t. But I couldn't make the grade
ically and things went along.
e past five years were pretty tough
Elsie, with rationing and all that, and
omplained it wasn't fair. A girl past
couldn't just mark time, she said,
r no war. She couldn't just let those
slip away. So we had a lot of par-
and we went out almost every night
dn't have people in. I guess we both
retty tired.
were feeling the strain, the war and
Some nights we'd come home and
would throw herself down on the
nd start crying. If I tried to pat her
der she'd jerk it away and I'd go off
eave her alone.
ally it happened, just last week.
elected Joe Minor president of the
National Bank of Coburn, and they
e just where I was. Cashier. It
retty bad bringing that news home
Elsie, but at first she surprised
he listened to what I had to say, then
rned and walked out of the room.
idn't say a word. I called after her
d be made a vice-president as soon
re was an opening, but she didn't
nswer.
the next evening when I came
from the bank, I found her pack-
he didn't speak to me, and I stood
doorway a moment, looking at
en I said, "What's the idea?"
taking a little trip," she said,
t turning her head. I had never
er quite like that before.
you're taking a little trip," I said.
like that. Where to, might I ask?"
w York," Elsie said.
you're taking a little trip to New
' I said, and I was mad. "Now
nteresting."
turned around then and looked at
Her eyebrows were puckered and
s were pressed together so tightly
mple didn't show at all.
orge, let's get this over with," she
I'm not going to waste the rest of
. I'll be old before I know it. I'll
k here, the wife of the bank cash-
d that's all I'll ever be. I haven't
hundred miles from Coburn since
re married and now I'm going to take a trip to New York. Since you won't take me, I'm going alone. That's all there is to it."

"Don't you think maybe you ought to consult your husband?" I said.

"I'm telling you now," said Elsie.

"All right," I said, very slow and careful. "Take your trip to New York. But if you do, don't come back."

I walked out of the room and waited around downstairs, but she didn't come down. I got something to eat from the icebox and waited in the living room, but she didn't come down at all that night. I slept on the couch down there, and when I woke up in the morning she was gone. I looked around, but she hadn't even left a note.

It's not easy for a bank cashier to let it out that his wife has left him. I kept my mouth shut about it. Joe Minor passed by my desk and mentioned that Betty hadn't been able to raise Elsie on the telephone, so I had to tell him Elsie was out of town for a few days, but I didn't say where. I was pretty upset about it, and it was good news when I got the telegram from Serena that said: "Arriving tonight." It was sent from New York, so I knew which train to meet. I went down to the North Station and found the train was late because of that washout and I walked up and down in front of the train gate, waiting for Serena and wondering how much to tell her about Elsie. One thing I knew I could depend on: Serena would understand.

THE beam of the headlight passed across my face, and the train moved in slowly along the tracks. I went through the gate and walked along the platform watching the passengers get off, then I saw Serena already out of the car and walking toward me with that confident walk that had come on her in late years. We shook hands, and the good, hard grip of her fingers was a comfort to me.

The first thing I said was, "Serena, Elsie's not here."

"I know," Serena said. "I saw her in New York."

She walked on, following the porter with her bags, and I fell into step beside her. I couldn't think of anything to say until we were in the car, driving away from the station, then I said, "Serena, Elsie's not coming back."

"I told you I saw Elsie in New York," Serena said. She lighted two cigarettes and passed me one, and we didn't say anything else. When we reached the house I said, "You see how it is, Serena. There's just me in the house."

"I don't mind," Serena said. "If you don't." She grinned at me. "I guess if you were going to make a pass at me it

"Who else do you know that I've never even heard of?" JOHN RUGE

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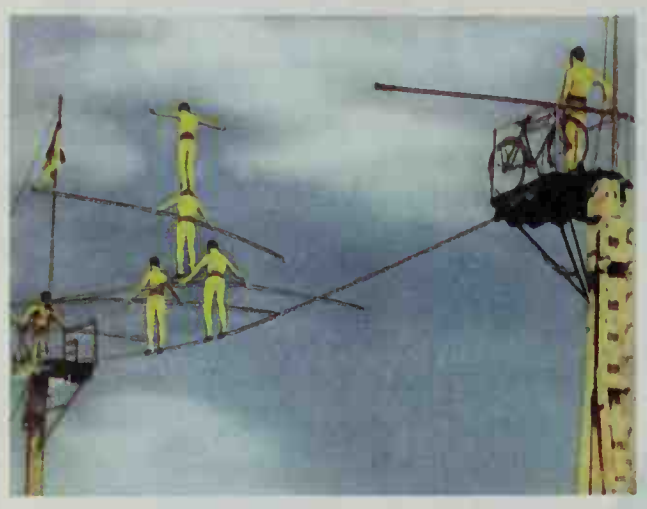

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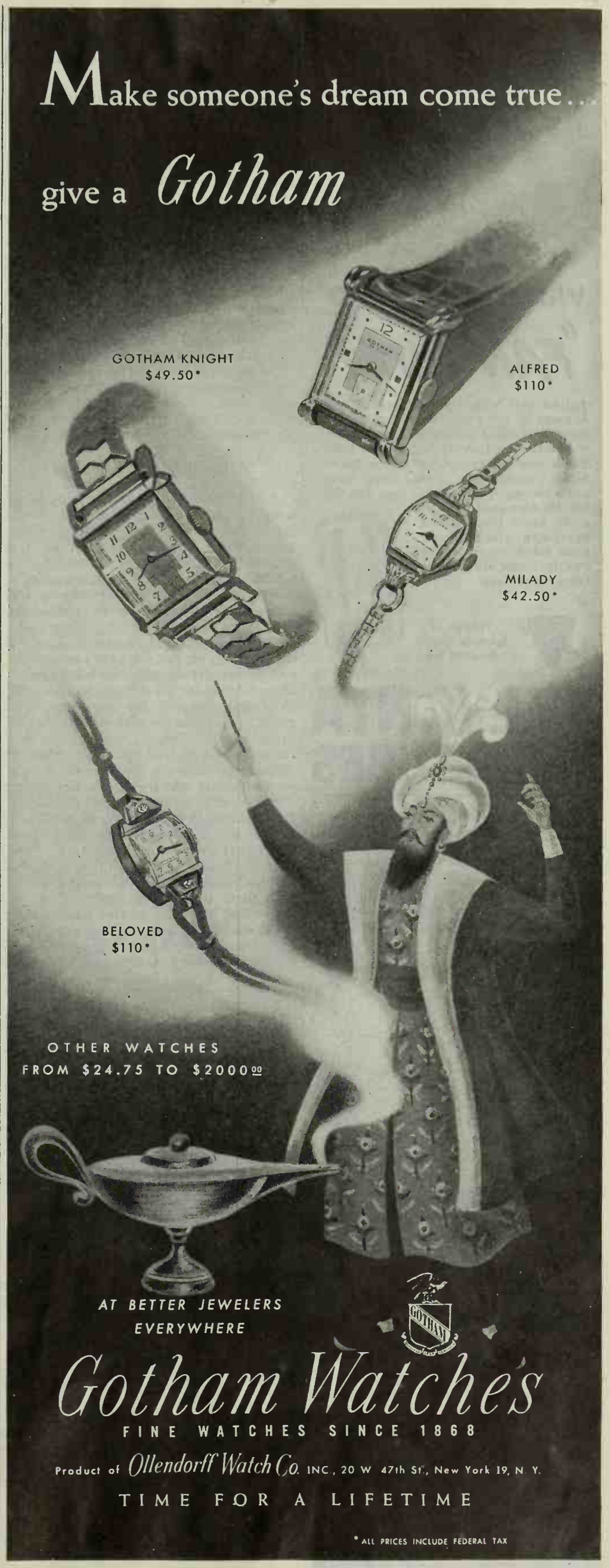

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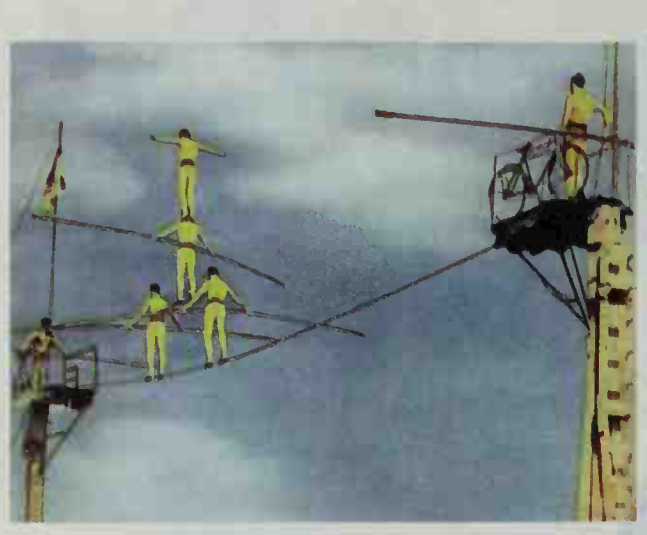

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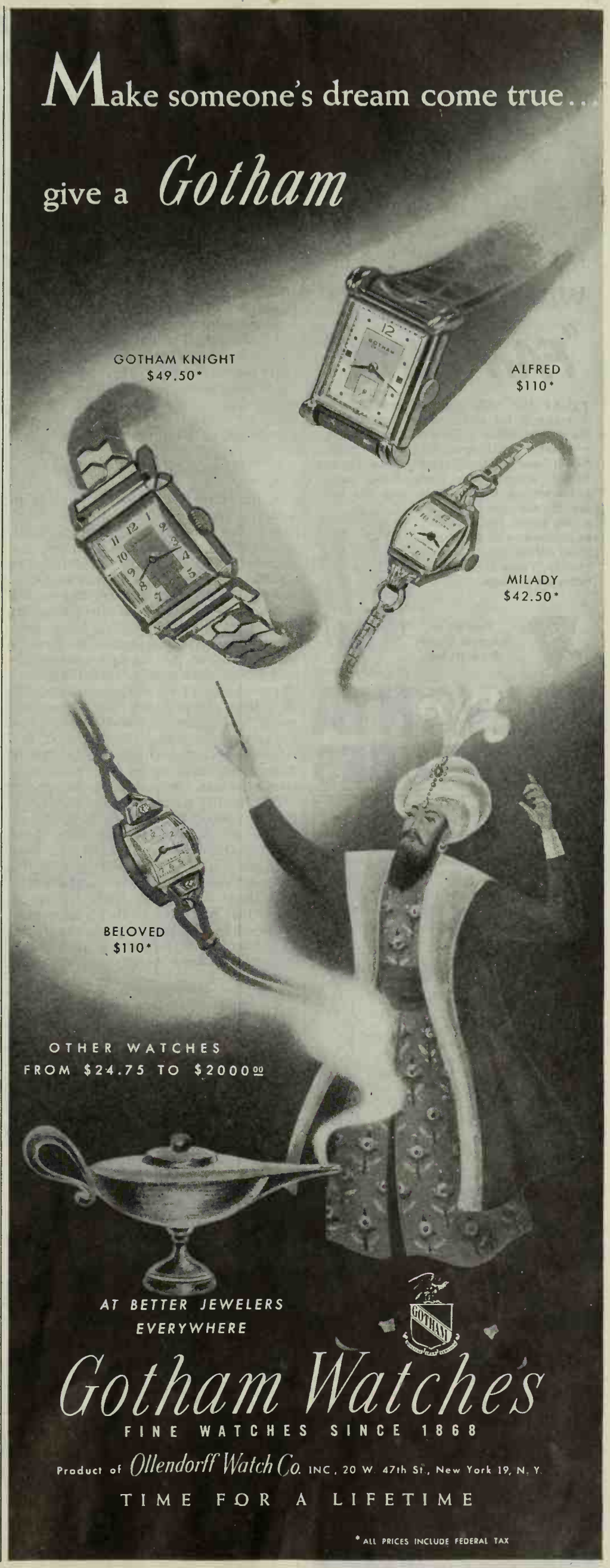

GHOSTS FOR SALE

Continued from page 17

last relations who stayed with the Willies left suddenly during the night by way of the rain spout and ran all the way to the station in their pajamas. So that evening you rather ostentatiously take a flashlight to bed with you as well as a .45 revolver.

You are awakened at midnight by a strangled scream close by your ear. For a second you lie awake, trying to locate the sound. Suddenly your bed is surrounded by luminous figures. Instantly you snatch up your gun and fire into the phantoms. They continue to hang over you, laughing mockingly. You switch on the flashlight. The ghosts vanish. Your door is locked. There are no sliding panels in the walls, and when you storm into the Willies' room, you find them both fast asleep and no evidence that they have been out of bed. This has almost completely solved the summer guest problem.

Midnight Horror Explained

Actually, the Willies had nothing to do with the ghosts except to press a switch before they retired. Promptly at midnight, an electrical timing device set off the scream (recorded on wire and installed in a table near your bed). After waiting a few seconds to allow you to wake up, the same timer switched on an ultraviolet bulb set in one of the ceiling lamp sockets. Ultraviolet light cannot be seen by the human eye, but the rays caused several ghosts, drawn with "invisible green" ultraviolet paint on the walls, suddenly to appear. In ordinary light, "invisible green" paint does not show. But when the ultraviolet "black" light hits it, this curious substance stands out like neon. After a few seconds, the ultraviolet bulb goes off again and the ghosts disappear.

For really serious house hauntings, Nelson dislikes crumbling old castles or rambling mansions. He prefers a house that hasn't even been built yet. He goes over the blueprints, consulting with the architect and contractor. Then he works with them during the construction. A house that has received this treatment is really a living nightmare. It is impossible to move anywhere in the place without meeting walking skeletons, vampires, drooling blood, or partly decomposed zombies.

Nelson keeps his secret devices for invoking spirits locked in a safe. When he sells one of his systems, only the purchaser is allowed to know the mystery and he must first sign a paper swearing not to reveal the secret. Nelson admits that certain of his spirits need mechanical devices to help them function. To guard the secret of these devices, Nelson has the separate parts made by three different mechanics living in different cities, none of whom knows what he is working on. Nelson assembles the parts himself. Some of these devices cost several hundred dollars each.

I asked Nelson if he believes that there are any real psychic phenomena. "I haven't a doubt of it," he told me instantly. "Every medium who comes into my shop always explains that she is buying my ghosts simply to help out her own genuine manifestations. Many people think that mediums are cynics who don't believe in the supernatural. I've never met a medium yet who didn't think that all the other mediums actually were calling up real spirits. Mediums are very sincere people.

"Also, I think real spirits are strongly attracted by my commercial ghosts," Nelson added. "My ghosts all have the same face, but they are being constantly recognized by sitters as some long-lost relation. I attended one seance where a sitter identified a ghost I'd sold the medium as her dead husband. This was particularly curious because the ghost strongly resembled a piece of luminous gauze. I told the sitter I couldn't see any human features at all. The sitter explained that I wasn't psychic."

Nelson says that mediums are really jovial people with a strong sense of humor. "They're always cracking jokes," he told me. "I know one medium who charges $25 for a reading. After he's collected the money, he tells the sitter, 'This entitles you to ask me two questions.'

" 'Isn't that a lot of money for only two questions?' the startled sitter demands.

" 'Yes, Madam, it is,' says the medium gravely. 'And now, what is your second question?' "

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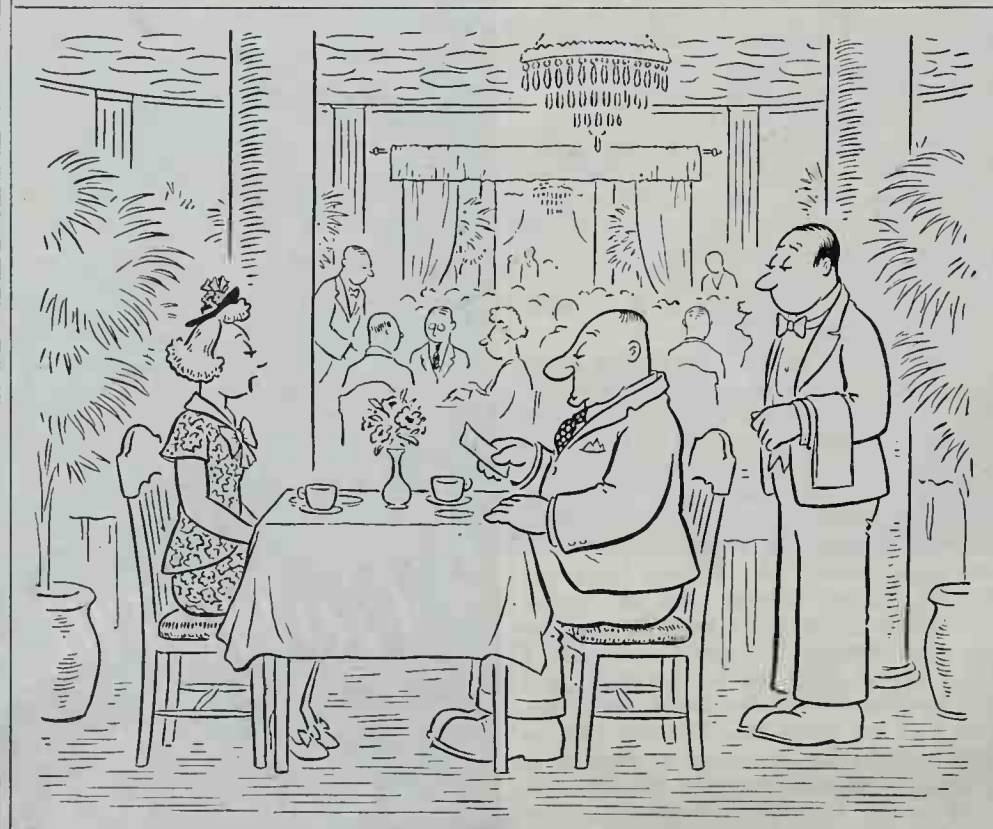

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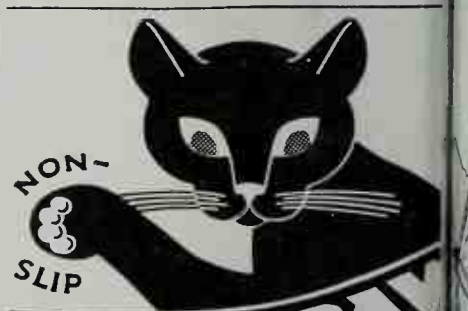

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ention called "spit balls," little capsules
ill of a highly concentrated, luminous
as. During the seance, the medium spits
ne on the floor. The capsule breaks,
id the luminous gas rises slowly, glow-
g in the dark like a ghost.

"If I could manufacture spit balls, I'd
ake a fortune," says Nelson regretfully.
But there is no luminous gas that's
hter than air. I'm still concentrating
the problem."

Nelson also furnishes supernatural ef-
cts for theaters, carnival "fun houses,"
d "ghost shows." Ghost shows are usu-
y run by motion picture houses show-
g a horror picture. During them, ghosts
pear on the stage and occasionally even
n the audience. "There are always a
v smart alecks in an audience who try
grab the ghosts, but I've worked out
eral little ways to discourage that,"
lson explains.

f an audience gets too aggressive, Nel-
n shouts through the loud-speaker that
is going to send a plague of worms to
wl over them. Instantly two assistants,
ered with black velvet in the darkened

OLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

er, run up the aisles. The assistants
stretched between them a long wire
dangling from the wire are rubber
ns, coated with vaseline, to make the
on more striking. In the pitch dark-
the writhing worms slither across
aces of the audience and produce a
realistic effect.

ow I have a more subtle method,"
n explains. "During one show, a
rical bobby soxer jumped on the
and tore the leg off one of my
ons. All my ghosts emit a horrible,
green glow and when the girl found
d the gleaming leg in her hands, she
anicky and flung it into the audi-
It landed in a lady's lap and she
y threw it a few seats farther back.
the shining, dismembered leg
d to be bouncing about the the-
while the audience screamed in ter-

hat gave me an idea. Rather than
valuable ghosts, I painted faces on
mber of balloons with luminous
The projectionist releases them
his booth on the audience after the
go out. People see these grisly faces
g toward them and naturally try
ck them away. The balloons spin,
faces are constantly appearing and
earing. If anybody tries to grab
the balloons usually burst, which
o the effect."

son's studio is designed so that
s can see the ghosts they are consid-
buying, under ideal conditions. Be-
his office, is a small but completely
equipped theater. Here producers can see the ghosts exactly as they will appear on the stage.

Nelson's advice to an ambitious young medium just starting out is to move either to Hollywood or Washington, D. C. Motion picture stars and Congressmen, he says, are the two most superstitious groups in the country. Occasionally, a medium will take unfair advantage of the trust Congress puts in her. A few months ago a group of Congressmen and their wives went to a medium and asked her to give them the winning number in the numbers game. The medium agreed and told them to put their money in a box so that she could bless it. After offering up prayers for the success of the venture, she handed them the box and told them to open it in a week. They would find a slip of paper lying on top of the money with the number written on it. When the committee opened the box, it was empty. The box had a false bottom and the medium had quietly removed the money while blessing it. "However, the Congressmen still had the box which was a very ingenious piece of apparatus," says Nelson cheerfully.

Nelson believes that motion picture stars are shrewder than Congressmen, but they also have more money. Even so, Nelson is frequently shocked by the ease with which the stars are deceived by cheap ghosts when, for a few more dollars, some of his creations would do a really good job on them.

The Case of the Talking Buddha

Nelson knows one medium who did very well on the Coast with a talking Buddha. The Buddha was a small, wooden image that sat with his hands folded. An incense bowl stood in front of the idol and if you wrote a question on a slip of paper and burned it in the bowl, a voice came from the Buddha answering your question. One star consulted the Buddha so much that she finally decided that she'd save money by buying him. The price was $23,000. The star took the Buddha home triumphantly. But apparently he was annoyed at the change of residence, for he never spoke again.

"That Buddha was a very poor affair compared to my talking teakettle," says Nelson proudly. "My teakettle will talk anywhere at any time." Nelson says the teakettle was originally the property of a West Virginia mountaineer who was found murdered, still clutching the kettle in his arms. When the police tried to release it, the voice of the dead man issued from the spout, naming his murderer. Nelson bought the kettle and worked out a deal with the ghost to keep haunting it. You can ask the kettle questions by writing them on a piece of paper and dropping them inside. The voice answers you. Nelson says the kettle is the most popular discovery in all his years of psychic investigation.

In spite of his profession, Bob Nelson believes that genuine psychic phenomena do occur. "My brother and I have frequently seen things happen that we couldn't explain," he admits. "But usually it's not spectacular or constant enough to make it commercially useful. But for every piece of apparatus I sell, I'll sell a dozen books written by serious students of the occult describing real seance procedure. I supply people all over the world with the perfumes, incenses and herbs necessary for incantations. They write back to say they get results. Of course, much of it may be due to their imaginations. But I don't see how all of it can be. Yes, I honestly believe there is some force we don't fully understand that can make itself felt. But even practicing mediums will admit that this force is uncertain and almost impossible to control. For steady results, I prefer my own methods."

THE END

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AMAZING THING! *By Cooper*

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EARLY PEACE WITH JAPAN

WE SECOND the motions of General MacArthur, Herbert Hoover and others that a peace treaty with Japan be concluded as soon as feasible, and that this document be designed to enable Japan to get back on its feet economically and to prevent it from again becoming a military menace.

Not that we have any great love for the Japanese. The memories of Bataan and various prison-camp atrocities are too fresh for that.

However, the official winding up of the war with Japan looks like the most desirable and practical thing, from almost all points of view, that could happen any time soon in that part of the world.

Civilian relief for the Japanese is costing U.S. taxpayers about $300,000,000 a year. That drain can't be materially reduced until Japan can start up its foreign trade again on a substantial scale; and the latter can't happen until Japan's position is established by a peace treaty so that it can negotiate loans and credits.

Equally important, it seems to us, is the fact that the Japanese people, knowing that the Americans virtually singlehanded defeated them and being admirers of success wherever found, are now almost unanimous in their admiration of said Americans. Or if they aren't, they have succeeded in fooling all observers beginning with MacArthur himself, a lifetime student of the Oriental mind.

With the Japanese in that mood, it can't hurt us to encourage their friendship while safeguarding ourselves. We can best do that at this time by speeding negotiations for a realistic, tough-minded and just treaty of peace with them, and by renewing our war-born resolves to keep our Pacific bases and outposts strong and alert for many years to come.

If Russia will join in a Japanese peace conference, fine; and there appear to be reasonable grounds for thinking Russia will do so. But with or without Russian co-operation, let's get busy on an all-out effort to liquidate the Japanese part of World War II as fairly and speedily as may be.

JUST KEEP ON PROBING

IT'S hard to imagine any more salubrious medicine for the good old American body politic than the recent and forthcoming Congressional investigations into wartime fraud, graft, corruption, shenanigans and high jinks. These things always have gone with wars—whisky, presents, vivacious gals, bribes open or disguised, etc., to oil the letting of the fat contracts to the proper persons.

Our latest war was the biggest one in world history, so the logical presumption is that the rooking of the taxpayers was on a larger scale than in any previous conflict. By the same token, the next war, if there is one, will be still bigger, and consequently the graft investigations after that one will make the present probes look puny by comparison—assuming the atom bombs leave anybody alive to investigate or be investigated.

Meanwhile, one big postwar duty of our elected

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

representatives at Washington is to dig up all th wartime dirt they can and expose it to public vie and to do it dramatically and sensationally so th it will come to the attention of large numbers people.

This last was noisily done in the set-to b tween Howard Hughes and Senator Owen Brewst (Rep., Me.) with Elliott Roosevelt as a star witne

Just let the facts fall where they may, and h whom they will. The main thing is to spread t facts on public record.

And as the facts unfold before the fascinated ey of all of us taxpayers, the main thing for us to ke in mind is that we paid, are paying and will pay f every bit of wartime waste, bribery, corruption a what not. This realization should be especia acute on federal income-tax days, which, as so 48,000,000 of us know, all too well, fall on the 1 of March, June, September and December. D boys and girls. Dig deep. You're paying for all t skulduggery and vaudeville. And you're going keep on paying, too. Keep smiling.

LOOKING FOR A WIFE

MOST of the lovelorn advice that we've e seen (and we've seen plenty of it) was dressed to the girls, whereas it has long seemed us that the boys are in far more urgent need of s advice. So we will introduce a novelty at this p by offering the hardest-headed and most constr tive tip we can think of to the great majority young men contemplating matrimony; to wit:

The thing to do is to look around for a dema ing, ambitious, energetic and good-natured yo woman, fall in love with her, and marry her promptly as you can.

She needn't be beautiful, though, of cou beauty helps. She needn't be wealthy, because above-mentioned qualities will almost guara that both you and she will be plenty well of due time.

If you are the typical rather indolent, happy- lucky, not too energetic male, this gal will fur you the inspiration to effort that you need. won't lead you into an easy life; but she will m spring you into an exciting and satisfying on you'll just stick along with her.

It was demanding, ambitious and generally g natured women who stimulated the pioneering this country from the Alleghenies to the Pacif and who today stimulate American men to k bringing home to the wife and family more more of what it takes. That is one of the big factors in our success as a nation to date.

So if you're the easygoing type, as most of us happen to be, just find yourself an up-and-co young woman and marry her pronto. Leave clingers and the droopers, the dumb beauties the spoiled darlings to the exceptional self-sta and go-getters who can push ahead under their steam exclusively.

Next question.

Collier's

OCTOBER 11, 1947 TEN CENTS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Why Henry Wallace opposed Russian recognition. "He is a kind of mystic," F. D. R. said.
—— from the

MORGENTHAU DIARIES

•

HERE IS AMERICA

What's on your neighbor's mind?
by THOMAS H. WOLF

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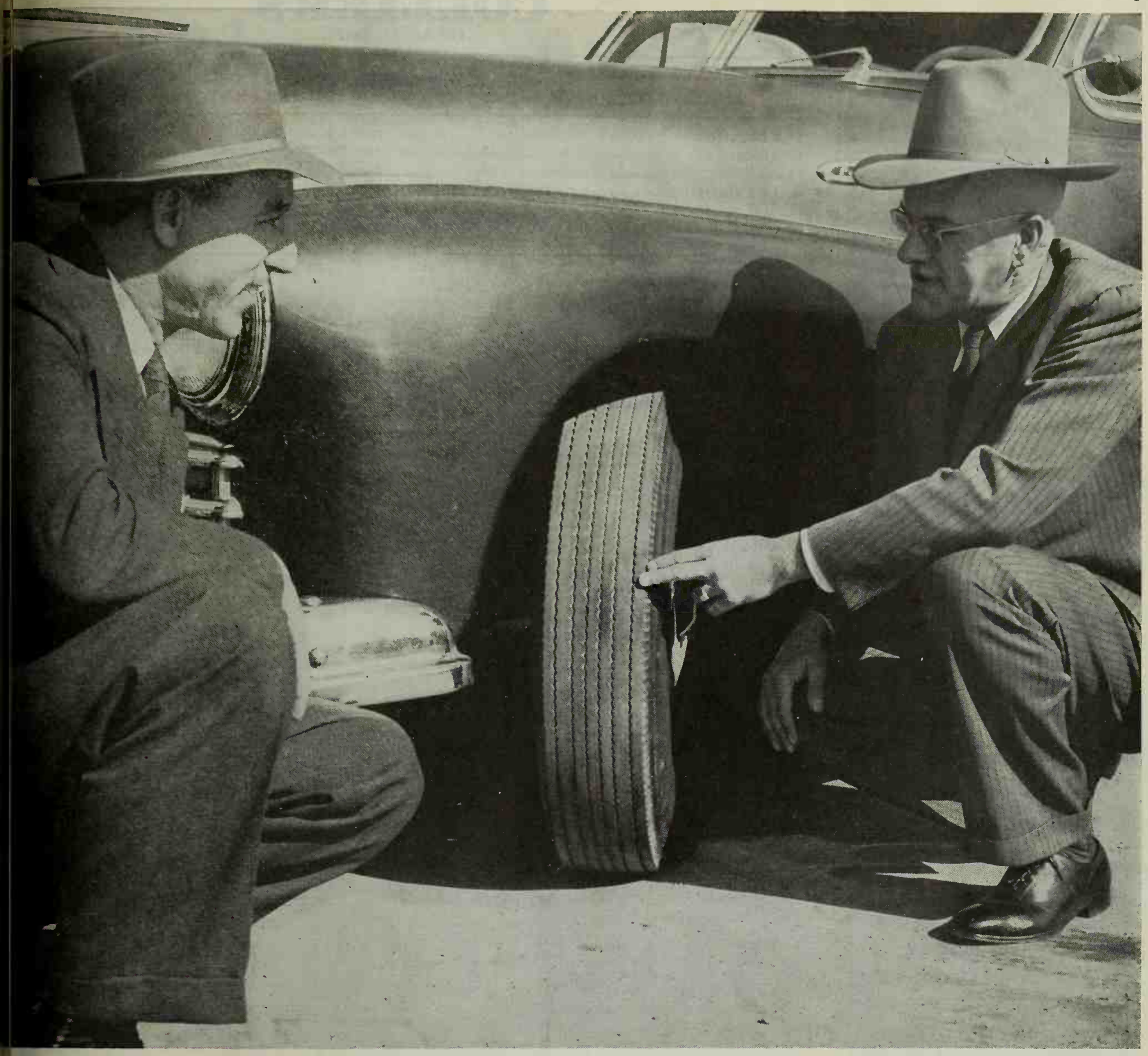

Now at less than prewar prices—the tire that outwears prewar tires

. popular sizes of B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns now cost less than before the war, and they ear prewar tires. Here's a letter from M. C. eron, Deputy U. S. Marshal, Pueblo, Colo- —typical of hundreds we have received from . Goodrich owners. The picture, with Mr. eron pointing to the tire, was taken at the this letter was written.

"On June 4, 1946, I put a complete set of B. F. odrich tires on my 1946 sedan in place of the which came with the car as original equip- . The speedometer at that time read 902 miles. ve over all kinds of roads at all kinds of ds. There are times when it is necessary for me to drive at very high speeds in order to cover the mileage.

"All four tires are still in service on this car and the speedometer now reads 43,956 miles. This means they have gone 43,054 miles and the original tread is still good on two of them, as the attached photo shows.

"This mileage is considerably more than I have ever experienced with any tire, even before the war. My work calls for dependable tires, and I must say that these new B. F. Goodrich tires have certainly filled the bill."

Some of the reasons why B. F. Goodrich tires give more mileage under severe conditions are: 1. Broader, flatter tread to distribute the wear over a wider area. 2. Tougher tire body made with stronger cords resists bruises, protects against blowouts.

Even at today's low prices your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a good allowance on your old tires if they are still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

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October 11, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAI

BIG-LEAGUE STUFF

DEAR SIR: Kyle Crichton's article "... Coast Demands Long Pants (Aug. 1... casts a very serious reflection on our ... tionally recognized baseball stadi... home of the Seattle Rainiers.

Mr. Crichton also might be interested ... other facts that make Seattle one of ... outstanding potential major-league ci... in the country: In 1939, Seattle top... every minor-league city in gate recei... In six years since 1938 Seattle outdr... every city in the Coast League. T... Seattle team played to more people in 1... than did the St. Louis Browns, the Bos... Red Sox and the Philadelphia Athletics ... their respective cities.

Seattle's baseball park is rated one of ... finest minor-league institutions in the co... try, from an architectural standpoint, ... Mr. Crichton refers to our park as one t... "will never be pointed out to visiting f... eigners as a public monument."

Mr. Crichton also refers to "Pac... Coast magnates who are now making f... tunes out of modest investments." T... Seattle baseball park was built prior to ... war by Mr. Emil Sick at a cost close t... half-million dollars . . . as a civic du... Investigation would show that Mr. S... has never drawn one single penny in ... way of remuneration.

B. N. HUTCHINSON, Seattle, Wa...

Mr. Hutchinson's letter is one of ma... we have received, pointing out Mr. Cri... ton's failure to recognize Seattle's f... baseball plant, which is definitely Lo... Pants.

DUD

GENTLEMEN: I spew forth an empha... "Phooey" re Fall Guise (Aug. 23d).

Not that we wouldn't like to dress in t... manner described by Fall Guise, but t... college Dapper Dan today is just about ... extinct as the dodo bird, due to the fa... that he is either married with a family ... support, or dependent solely on the six... five-dollar per month handout from t... government which will not even pay fi... ternity bills.

Yours for a pair of new slacks.

WILLIAM HENRY, Bethlehem, P...

. . . Please ask Henry Jackson to wr... something helping tailors do a better j... of arranging and constructing pockets ... inside of jackets—a few new and revol... tionary ideas along utilitarian lines mig... make men's clothes more exciting. They'... been drab and dull and dreary too lon...

J. M. RUSSAKOFF, New York, N. ...

(Continued on page 86)

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The bride wore white — and saw red!

The wedding was over . . . and now, just as the gay reception was ending, Bob made a confession to his bride: "Darling," he said sheepishly, "in all the excitement I forgot to get the new car insured."

"Oh, Bob, how could you?" she cried! We'll have to delay our honeymoon until you can get that done . . . *but* . . . I'd rather do that than have our lives ruined by an accident!"

"Say," said Bob, brightening, "Didn't we invite Ed Lukes, the State Farm agent, to our reception? Golly, maybe he can fix us up!" And, right on the spot, Agent Lukes did "fix them up" with complete coverage against accident loss.

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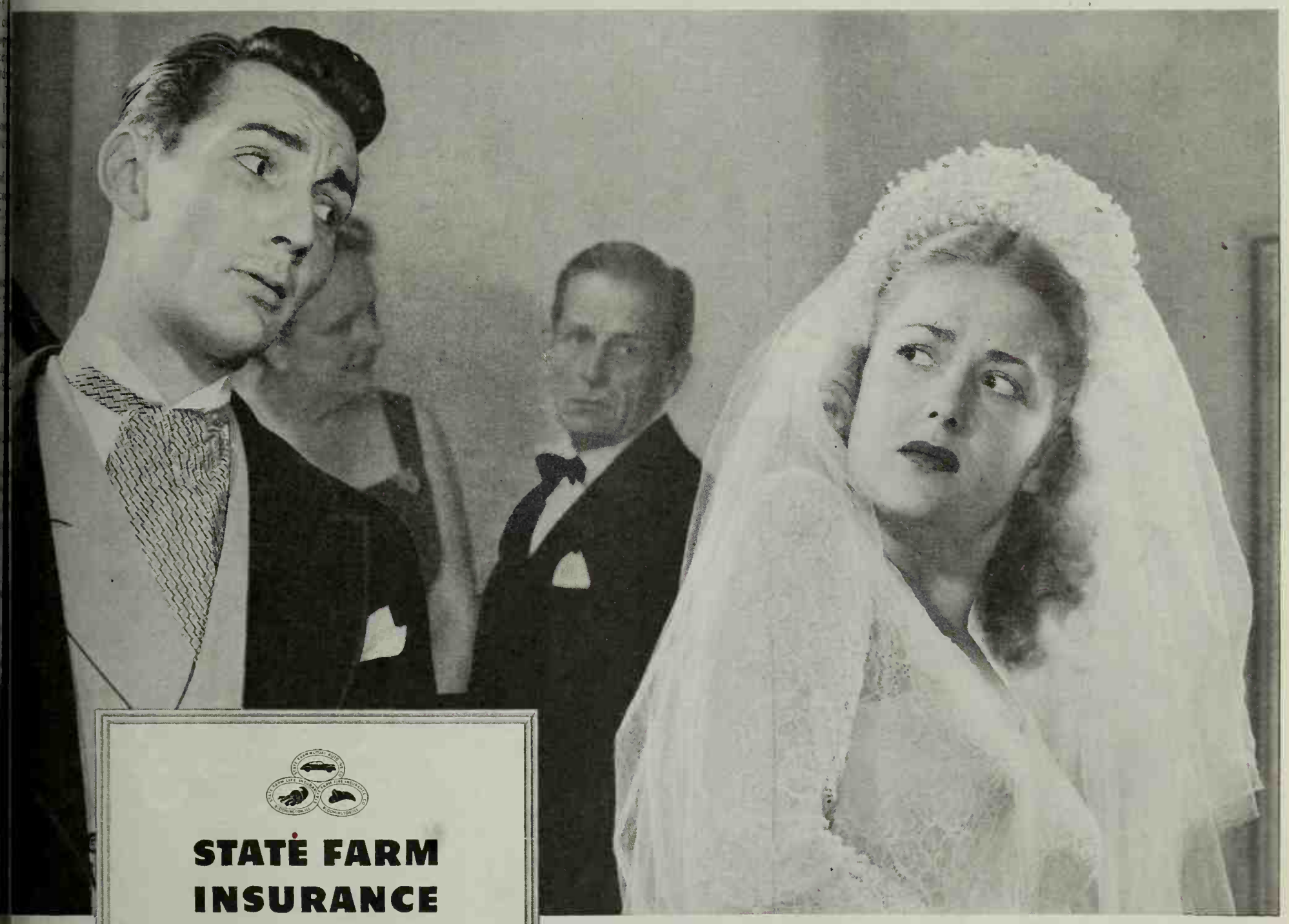

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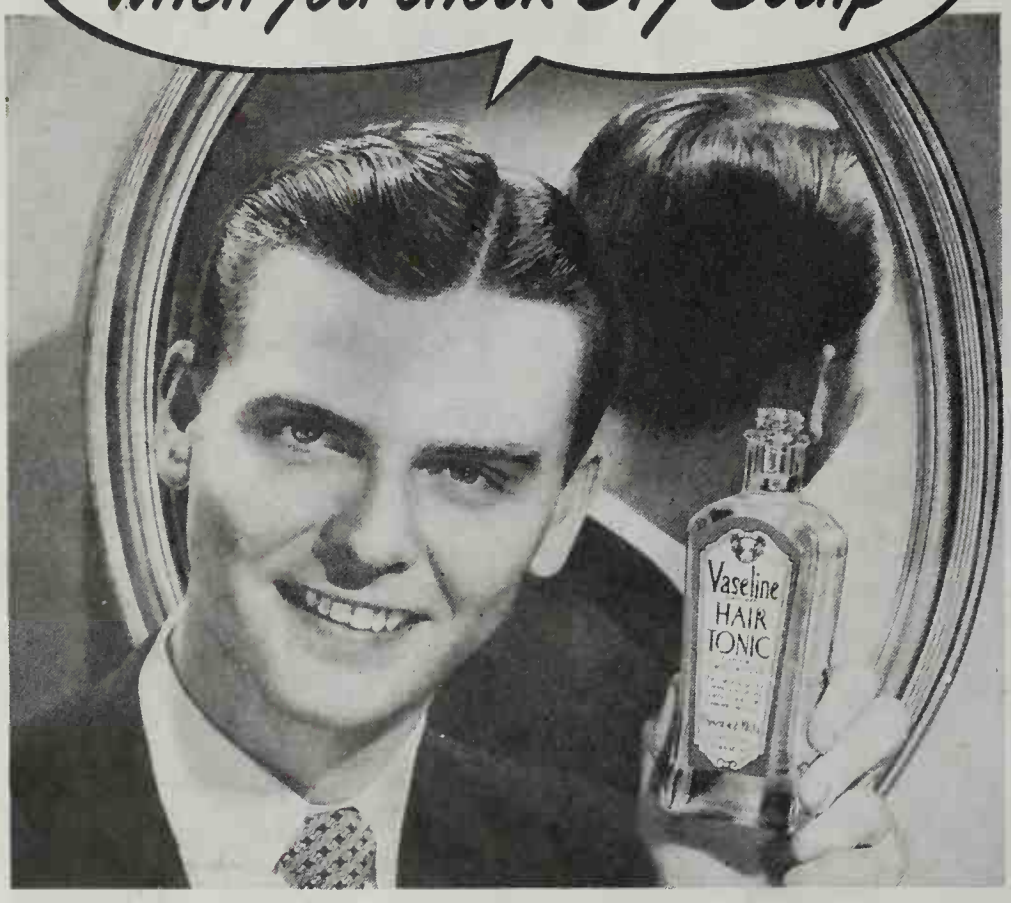
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **WORLD EVENTS** absorb him so much, yet he overlooks important *little* things. His hair's a sight! It's dull, unkempt and he's got loose dandruff, too . . . I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—it'll do him a world of good!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



SEE HOW MUCH better his hair looks now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic —just a few drops a day—does the trick. Why don't *you* try it? Keeps the hair well-groomed, *natural*-looking. Loose dandruff is checked. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is beneficial with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

GEORGE DE ZA

As King Faronk of Egypt is a Moslem, his young queen, Farida, is required to live in strict seclusion in their royal palace in Cairo. She is even forbidden to attend the banquets, receptions and theatrical entertainments given by her husband, although she may watch the activities from behind balcony screens which hide from her view.—*By Louise Arnold, Manhattan, Kans.*

England is still engaged in digging up unexploded bombs dropped during the war. The work is slow as some of them are buried as deep as 60 feet, while others are not found beneath the spot where they struck the ground, but deflected in one direction or another as much as ten yards.

Since 1918, the most unusual theatrical enterprise in New York City has been Papa Manteo's Marionettes, owned by one family whose seven members do everything—make the scenery and costumes, manipulate the nearly life-sized puppets, speak the lines and run the box office. Only one play is ever staged, a French historical drama, Orlando Furioso, because its complete presentation, in which 1,200 characters take part, requires a two-hour performance seven nights a week for 13 months.

One of a series of tests given to two chimpanzees a few years ago by a Southern psychologist was to determine their ability to distinguish between coins. In each of their adjoining cages, he installed a slot machine dispensing water and another food, which operated only when the proper coin was inserted. After the chimps had quickly learned which coin worked which machine, the professor deprived one animal of water and the other of food for a day and then handed the thirsty one food coins and the hungry one water coins. Instead of being frustrated by the situation, they immediately exchanged coins with each other through the bars of their cages.

In American intercollegiate football, the record for the longest field goal is the 65 yards kicked by J. T. Haxall, a Princeton forward, in 1882. —*By Douglas W. Shotwell, East Orange, N. J.*

Not long ago near Boulog France, a wealthy man with ma relatives ignored them all except o nephew, whom he would invite to h house and to whom he would occ sionally write a letter. Having copi of his uncle's handwriting, the neph murdered him and forged his wi without being suspected of eith crime. But the uncle's old hous keeper happened to learn about t will and disclosed it was a fake. N one knew that her employer cou not write and that she had penn his letters and papers for him for a most 50 years.

One of the greatest jobs of litho raphy in history was a series of plat executed by Louis Prang of Bosto between 1898 and 1906, for a book c the famous art collection of th Walters family of Baltimore. Mo than 2,000 stones were engraved f the 116 illustrations, some of whic are shown in as many as 50 color and the 500 copies of the book, printe and given gratis to the world's mo important libraries and museum cost $500,000. *By Charles F. Colli son, Tuckahoe, N. Y.*

England's oldest horse race, th cross-country Kiplings-cote Steepl chase, run annually in March, ha only one entry this year as the fiel were covered with snow, four fe deep in many places. Unable to ric under such conditions, the lone jocke led his horse most of the way over th four-mile course to win the prize o $22.

In 1816 in Paris, a physician, Ren Laënnec, was consulted by a youn and buxom female suffering from heart ailment. Being too modest to pu his ear against her bosom to listen t her heart, he tried a rolled-up piece o paper and found it conveyed the soun distinctly. This led to his famou invention—the stethoscope.

The per capita consumption of snu in the United States today is 56 time as large as it was 80 years ago.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact a cepted for this column. Contributions mu be accompanied by their source of informa tion. Address Keep Up With the World Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17) N. Y. This column is copyrighted and n items may be reproduced without permissio

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World's Most Wanted Car Heater

Heats Hot in 90 Seconds

For Quick-Comfort

We hop in the car to go to the store, and before you know it our South Wind fills the car with hot heat!

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"By gosh, I'm just out of the driveway heading for work and my South Wind is really blowing out hot heat! That's real 'drive-away' comfort!"

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"My Mommy never bundles me all up when we go shopping or to the movies. Our South Wind makes the car so warm so *quick!*"

Over 2,000,000 users say—South Wind is the buy! Creates its own heat so fast, folks call it "drive-away" comfort. No wait for engine warm-up. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out exhaust. Easy to install. Fits any car. Get *your* South Wind, today. Sold with or without defroster at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages, service stations, coast to coast.

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plus small installation charge

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

90-SECOND CAR HEATER

Only gasoline car heater proved by over two million users. Bears Underwriters' Laboratories safety seal.

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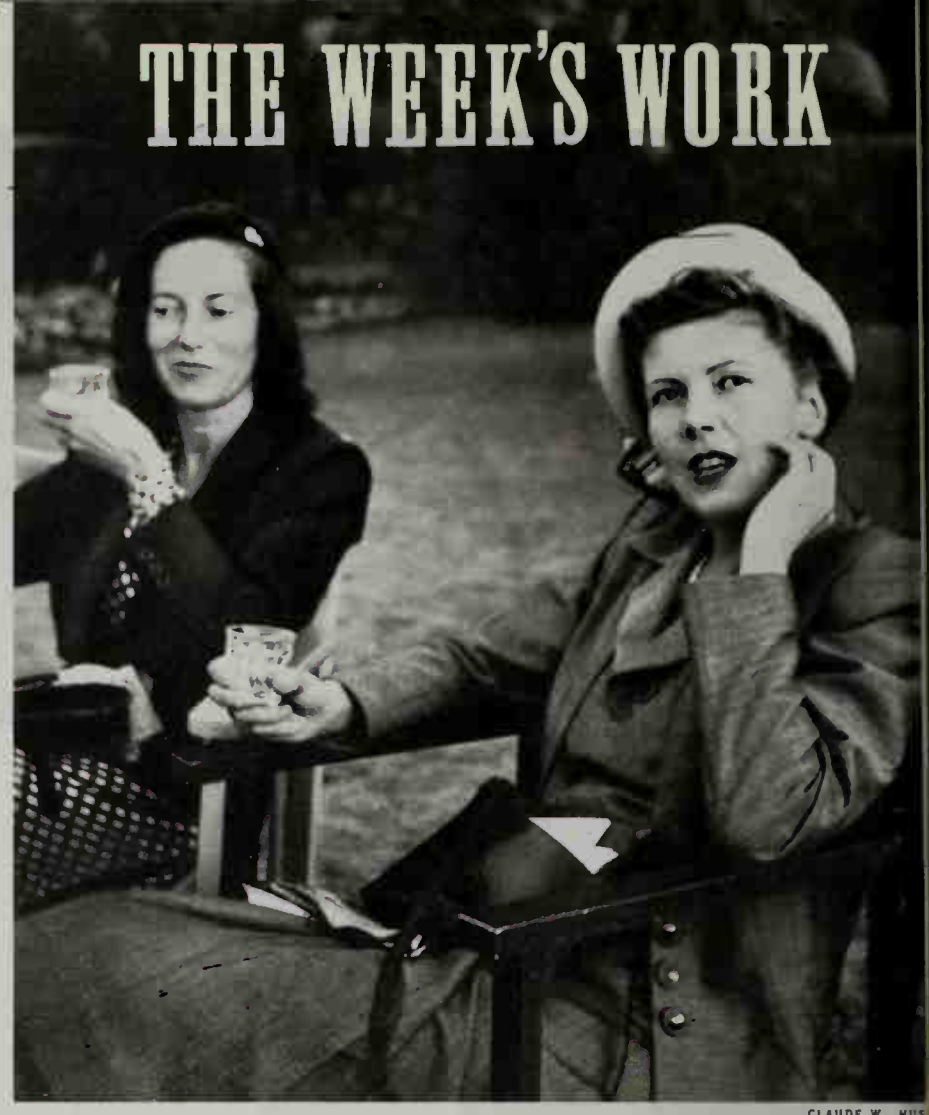
Here it is! New South Wind "Custombuilt"

A luxury heating and ventilating system proved in aircraft, now ready for cars and motor transports. Automatically distributes heat evenly throughout car. Provides complete change of warmed fresh air every 60 seconds like the most modern home heating plant. $39.50 plus installation. Ask your service dealer.

STEWART WARNER

THE WEEK'S WORK



CLAUDE W. HUS

Gwyn Barker, Collier's correspondent in the London office, takes her ease w photographer Huston's wife, Hilda, while sleuthing on The Baronial Blues, p.

JAMES DUGAN either suffers from a split, or side-splitting personality—we're not sure. We do know he's a card. Asked accidentally for a biographical note to be used with Little Mel, the Debs' Delight, p. 16, he provided us with the following vital statistics, which in no way jibe with the information this column used in connection with his hilarious snoring article (Bedlam in the Boudoir, Feb. 22d).

According to his latest, amended report, Dugan wasn't born in Altoona, Pennsylvania, at all, but was found floating a few years ago in the Gulf of Mexico on a raft made of wood unknown to this planet. Educated at Miss Finch's School for Girls in New York, during the war he served as major general with Yank, and won the Unit citation.

He was not present when the Russian and American armies met, didn't make any parachute jumps into occupied Europe as a secret agent, was the last correspondent to enter liberated Paris.

He knows no languages, including English, owes his writing success to the fact he's never been a lumberjack, movie actress or short-order cook. He got the idea for writing up Mel Tormé from seeing his picture in the window of a Chinese laundry in Toronto.

Dugan is a lover of the great indoors; keeps in touch with nature through the L. L. Bean catalogue; has a 42 waist and a 17 neck.

Clubs? The Eccentrics, London; The Entertaining Waiters, New York. A close student of the military aphorisms of Sun Tzu, and lifelong contributor to the Royal Lifeboat Institute, he is modest about his own writings and those of Bill Saroyan.

NOTES Made on a Greyhound's Back: In view of It Happened One Night, all during his bus junket for Here is America, beginning on p. 11, Thomas H. Wolf kept looking for Claudette Colbert. He met instead a couple in Casper, Wyoming, wh bus encounter led to the altar. Casper, too, he got his worst price of the trip: orange juice, toast a coffee, eaten in a small joint, came 50 cents. Eggs, he found, were cents per dozen in Missouri.

Wolf liked all his bus drivers one, thinks bus jehus the salt of road; discovered to his surprise th was air conditioning on some of busses. It was so eager to functi when he stepped from 75° in the to a satanic 105° outside, in the M dle West, he felt as if Joe Louis caressed him one.

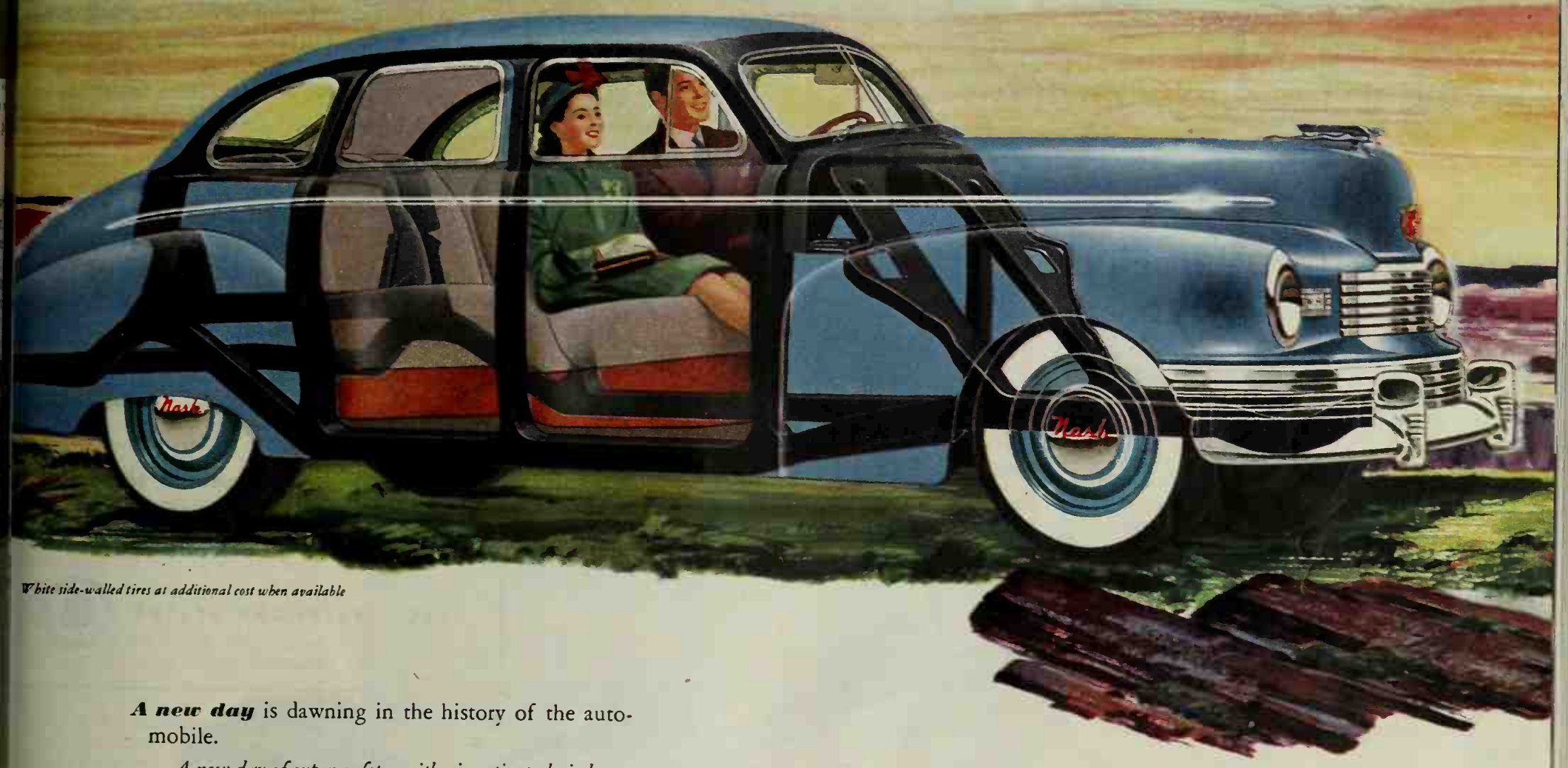
Most passengers thought Wolf salesman, and were most interviev ble. He found it best to use the S geant York tactic-with-the-Germa —pick 'em off from the rearmost f ward, so the others in the colur never knew what hit them. Thus, started at the back of each bus, a worked forward. Voted by Wolf M Interesting Single Individual He M an Amish farm hand who worked just half the prevailing wage of region. Reason: "Someone has got get the ball rolling to reduce price

This week's cover: Silver Threa Amongst. Jon Whitcomb notic Maggie Roach, daughter of H Roach, streak her hair with wh alongside a Palm Springs, Californ swim pool last winter. Object: D tinguished Glamor.

When Maggie playfully gave Wh comb white sideburns, and explain all the young are trying to have wh hair, and all the white-haired tryi to be blondes, he got the cover ide Pat Burrage, of Texas, spawni grounds of all beauty (says Wh comb), posed. She's blond! Whitcon made her brunet for accent purpos Hair may be whitened with a popul beauty preparation, or just pla white shoe polish, applied with toot brush, or cotton on a stick, washed in shower bath. And they say men a nuts. . . .

TED SHANE

A new day dawns



White side-walled tires at additional cost when available

A new day is dawning in the history of the automobile.

. . . A new day of super-safety, with gigantic steel girders replacing the usual body bolts.

. . . A new day of bigger, more comfortable cars, operating on phenomenally little gasoline.

. . . A new day in which cars won't rattle or squeak in body or frame . . .

This is what you see in the X-ray view of a Nash "600"—built with a SINGLE UNIT body and frame!

And the difference is something you can *see* and *feel* in a Nash "600" immediately.

You see it in amazing gasoline mileage — better than 25 miles a gallon, at average highway speed.

You see it *inside* a Nash . . . in far more head-room, leg-room, seat-room . . . wider doors . . . and accommodations for a Nash Convertible Double Bed.

You feel it in performance. A Nash "600" is so much livelier . . . quicker in traffic, easier to handle . . . and rides so smoothly with soft coil springs cushioning all four wheels.

You hear it in the hushed silence of a Nash.

Yes, engineers predict that this new-day construction will someday be offered in all cars. It's inevitable—the *right* way to build an automobile.

But—you have it *today* in a Nash "600." And the research, engineering and manufacturing skill that have gone into this new kind of car is the recognized top job in the automotive industry.

There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today, too. That's where you'll see the new 1948 Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.

You'll be Ahead with

Nash

Great Cars Since 1902

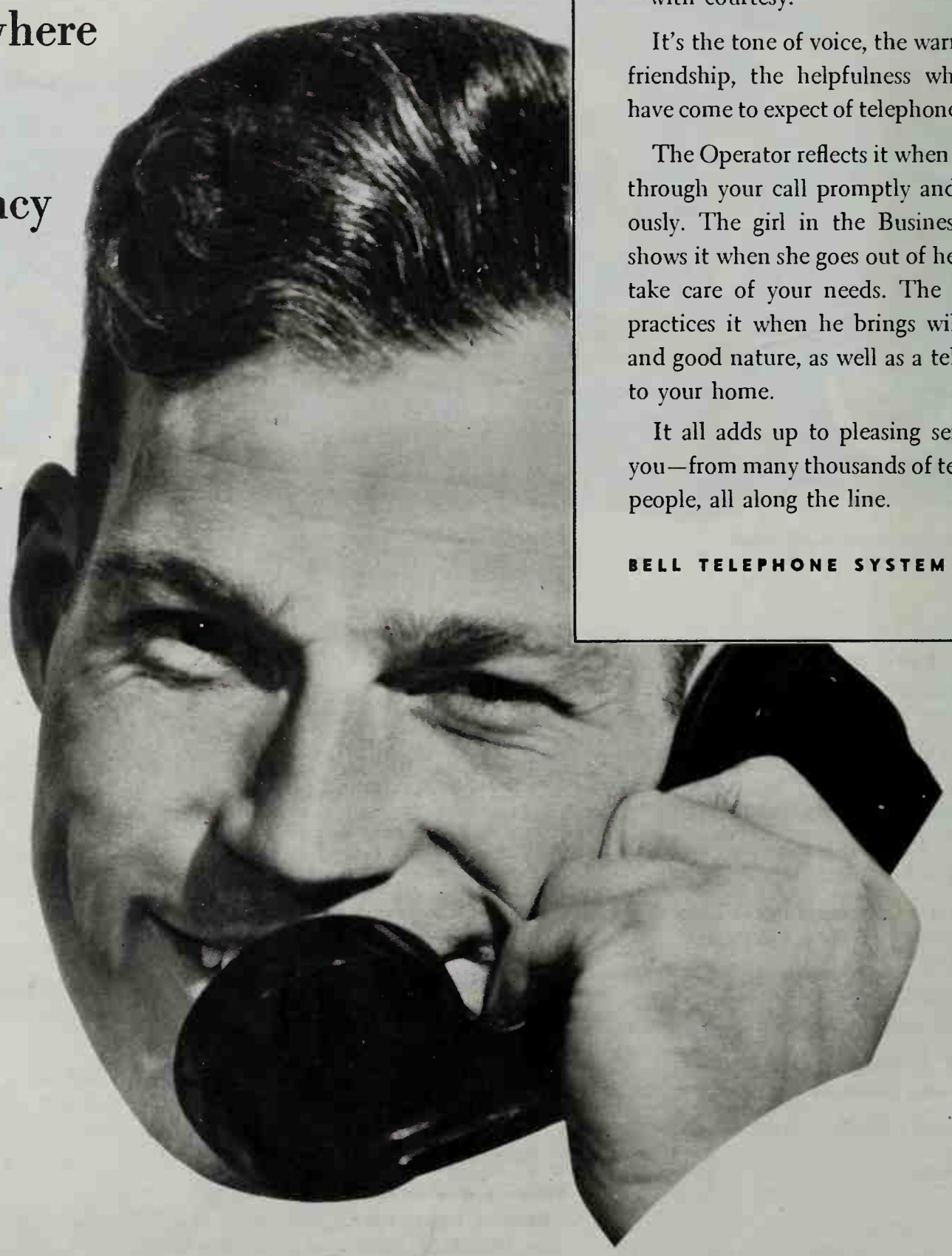
Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit

There are three Es in telephone

One is for Everybody

One is for Everywhere

One is for Efficiency



TELEPHONE SERVICE is for everybody, everywhere. And the thing that makes you like it and want to use it is efficiency —with courtesy.

It's the tone of voice, the warmth and friendship, the helpfulness which you have come to expect of telephone people.

The Operator reflects it when she puts through your call promptly and courteously. The girl in the Business Office shows it when she goes out of her way to take care of your needs. The Installer practices it when he brings willingness and good nature, as well as a telephone, to your home.

It all adds up to pleasing service for you—from many thousands of telephone people, all along the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HERE IS AMERICA

BY THOMAS H. WOLF

A reporter travels from coast to coast on a bus, talking to the people who take the rap in war and peace, prosperity and depression. Here are no pronouncements from big-shot authorities but the opinions of everyday Americans worried about prices, jobs and their Christian duty

I

YOU see a lot of America if you travel across it by bus. But, even more, you meet a t of Americans. I have just ended transcontinental bus trip, a trip undertaken purely to meet a lot of mericans—the kind of Americans ho travel by bus—and to ask them hat they were thinking about, talkg about, griping about, worrying out.

In the East, people talk prices and reign policy, housing and the Marall Plan, the Taft-Hartley Bill and e United Nations. But the Eastern aboard has traditionally been more terested in Europe than the rest of e country. The events of the late 30s disproved the once-popular adge that politics stop at the water's lge. I wondered, now that the war as over, whether the East was again it of step with the rest of the county. And mostly I wondered just what as on the top of the minds of the ain citizens who live and work beeen the Alleghenies and the Cases.

To find out, I simply boarded a bus ne Friday afternoon and headed est—through the coal and oil fields Pennsylvania; into the industrial nters of Ohio, and out into the Corn elt, through Indiana to St. Louis; en up into the rolling cornfields of wa, over the bluff country to maha; and out across the sandy flats to the wheat fields of Nebraska. hen across the ranges of Wyoming, om Cheyenne to Denver; through e irrigation land and wheat ranches Montana, over the Rockies into e mining country; across the tip of laho; and then on over the length of ashington to Seattle.

That's a lot of America. But the ople I rode with were more of merica: harvest hands and C.I.O. ganizers; butchers and ministers; enographers and farmers; housewives and house painters; students nd mill hands; waitresses and misonaries; drifters and loafers; veterns and stay-at-homes; teen-agers nd grandparents. They were white nd black; Methodist and Baptist; mish, Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, hurch of Jesus Christ, and African-Methodist.

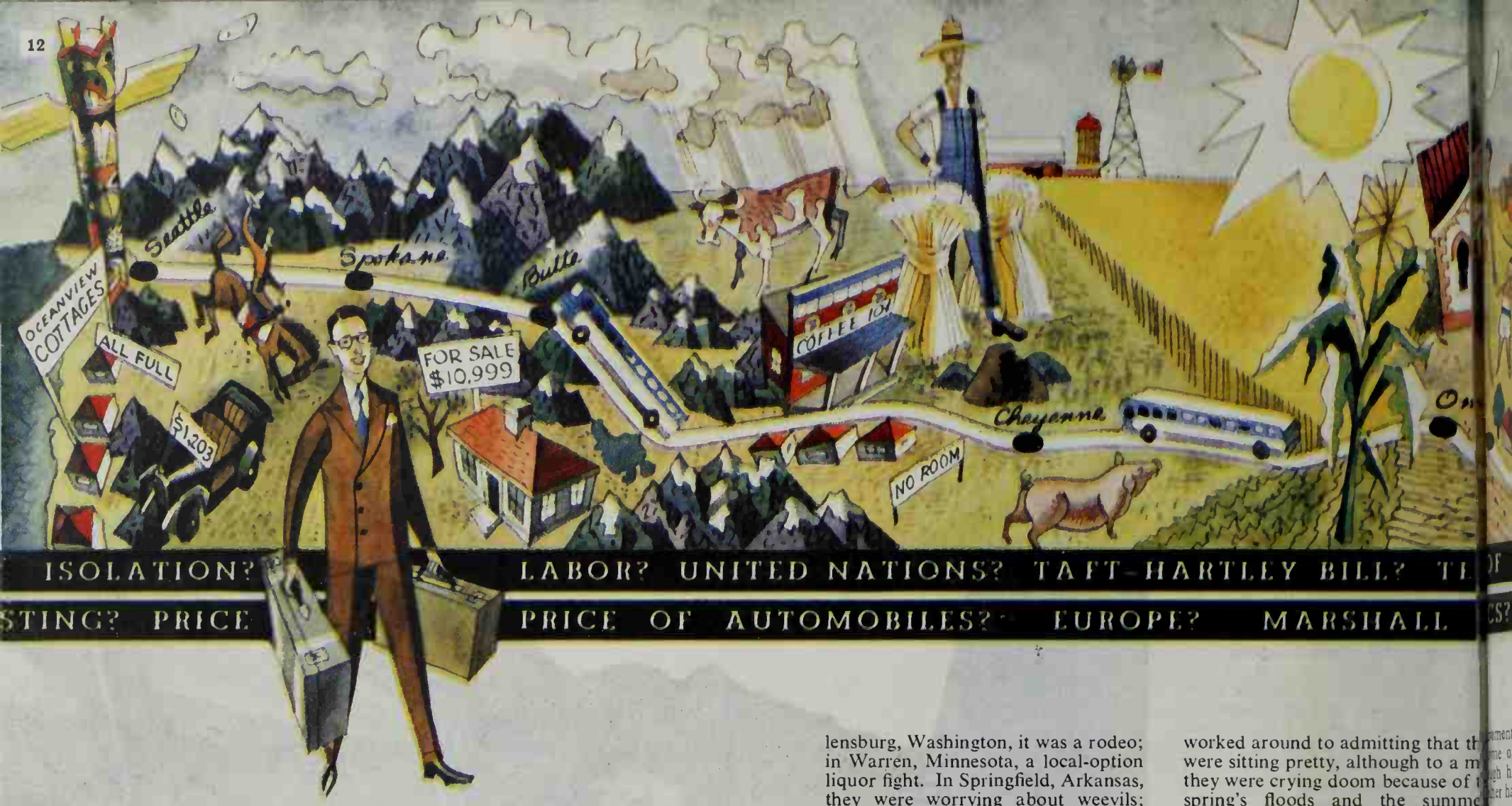
Most were starting or ending vacaons—many visiting friends or relaves. They came from well over half the 48 states.

I rode each bus until I had talked ith every one on it, usually between and 40 people. The big busses are owded these days—often running vo and three sections for each schedled run. As soon as I had sounded t everybody on one bus, I stopped er wherever I happened to be and aited for the next one. Almost every ght I stayed in hotels, for, comrtable as the busses were (the 10-n monsters ride smoothly and some e even air-conditioned), twelve to urteen hours of traveling is plenty r one day.

Each of my fellow passengers I ked one question: "What are peoe talking about and thinking about your community these days?" And hen answers did not contain the inrmation, I asked specifically about ices and housing, national politics nd foreign affairs, foreign loans, isotion and the United Nations. Less an 1 in 100 declined to answer, and

he author interviews passengers t a bus station. In nine days of ravel he got hundreds of answers

HOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
Y MARTIN HARRIS



most of these because they thought I was a salesman.

I found almost none of the great sectional differences which I had expected—with the possible exception that there's less war talk in the Mountain States than elsewhere; and that the Christian way of life plays a larger part in the thinking of the Middle West than it does east of Ohio or west of Iowa—not that it was absent in these areas. A knitting millworker from Hazleton, Pennsylvania, discussed world problems in terms of the information she had gathered from speakers whom the National Lutheran Council had sent to her church. But more often I ran into the expression of Christian thought farther west.

A middle-aged man from Urbana, Ohio, thought that "the churches are the biggest hope for the future of the world." The chief concern of an Ohio farmer was "the spiritual and moral values" of his family. A tool attendant from Bethlehem Steel in Youngstown believed that "unless the inhabitants of this world repent and awaken, we're headed for destruction." An Iowa student said that all would be well if "we become Christian in thought."

I found that the principles of Christianity played an especially large part in much of America's thinking about our relations with Europe—and especially about foreign aid. Sometimes this was directly evident, as in the case of the young Columbus veteran who said: "As a Christian nation we should share." But more often it was merely implicit, as in the comment of a Troy, Missouri, bus driver: "If Europe needs help, and we can help, then it looks like we should."

I am acutely aware that the opinions of several hundred bus passengers, gathered on a nine-day trip across our vast continent, do not in themselves constitute a wide cross section. But as I looked over my notes at the end of each day I was struck by the unanimity of interest and opinion which I encountered everywhere. When I finally reached Puget Sound, I had become convinced that my survey was far more representative than the size of the sample might indicate.

Everyone I talked with, starting in the Lincoln Tunnel just outside New York and ending at the Toll Plaza just outside Seattle, was first of all concerned with local problems. Everywhere this included the high cost of living and the shortage of housing. America's second concern was foreign affairs, primarily Russia. Few spoke of the national domestic scene —of politics, of labor, or of taxes. Nowhere, not even in the Middle West, did I sense among my fellow bus travelers the recurrence of the prewar isolationist spirit—though a painter from Richmond, Indiana, at first parried my question: "What do I think about the international situation? Are you referring to International Harvester?"

I was repeatedly surprised by the lack of consistency in the opinions of individuals. Those who thought that war was coming soonest were often the least worried. And many of the most ardent anti-isolationists were often the most vehement against loans to Europe.

Over and above all, I found people confused and dissatisfied—amazingly alert and aware, eager for a better and more stable world, yet anxious about their personal places in it; wanting to settle down after the upheaval of war, but seemingly unsure about how to go about it.

Here, then, is a cross section of American thought as I found it, traveling across the nation by bus in mid-August, 1947, on the eve of the second anniversary of the end of the greatest holocaust in history.

The first thoughts of Americans everywhere were of local events. In Ellensburg, Washington, it was a rodeo; in Warren, Minnesota, a local-option liquor fight. In Springfield, Arkansas, they were worrying about weevils; and in Troy, Missouri, about the prolonged lack of rain, which they pronounced and spelled "drouth." In Oakland, California, it was a three-month bus strike, which was making many citizens antilabor; and in Detroit, Michigan, it was the Taft-Hartley Bill, which was making many citizens antimanagement. And everywhere through the humid, scorching Middle West the conversation turned to the weather—the culmination of which inevitably came on a 100-degree day in Hannibal, Missouri, where I was subjected to the remark erroneously attributed to the community's most famous citizen, Mark Twain: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it."

Pride in the Old Home Town

In every community I found matters of local pride in the forefront of citizens' thoughts. Proud natives told me that King City, Missouri, is "the bluegrass center of the world"; that the corner of Wabash and Seventh in Terre Haute is "the crossroads of America"; that Butte, Montana, is "the richest hill on earth"; that Tacoma, Washington, has "the largest totem pole in the world."

By the time I reached Youngstown, Ohio, I realized that one interest was shared by all Americans of all communities. This was a deep concern over the "terrible cost of living" (as it was constantly called). This comes home to the average person first in the high cost of food. I was told that only the farmers are relatively unconcerned about this.

As an Iowa butcher, who had been visiting in the East, said: "When a farmer comes into my shop and finds steak at eighty cents or ninety cents a pound, he doesn't say anything. But when a laborer comes in, he stops, stutters, and decides to take hot dogs." And a young veteran, a reporter on a small Missouri daily, later confirmed this: "My wife and I have given up steak entirely. We've had to."

When I got to Missouri, I found that most of the farmers could be worked around to admitting that th were sitting pretty, although to a m they were crying doom because of t spring's floods and the summe drought. But even some of the far ers volunteered that they would gla welcome a drop in food prices if oth prices dropped in parity.

Again and again people told that they would rather work at p war wages and pay prewar pric This was particularly true after I g west of Missouri. A former G.I. fr Bozeman, Montana, said he was l ing worse today on the weekly $1 he makes as a chef than he did on t $25 a week he earned before the w

A trained nurse from Highla Park, California, agreed that her $ a night now buys less than her prew $5 used to. Nolan Lucas, who ear five and three-quarters cents a m for the 216 miles he drives on l three daily round-trip bus runs fr St. Joseph to Cameron, found at t end of June that the previous year h cost him and his wife $52.50 of th savings in addition to his entire s ary. (Weyand's Grill, in Hannib has a red-crayoned sign: Notic Until (sic) prices decline, all me sandwiches will be advanced 5¢ eac Bacon and eggs, 60¢.")

A saucy old lady from Deer Lodg Montana, whose husband earns $2 a month in a potato-seed factory, sa that "every cent goes to live on." (Butte, Montana, a tailor shop adve tised a "Dry cleaning special: $1.15 The normal price is $1.25.) And De ver Sackett, a husky young truc driver from Roundup, Montana, paying ten cents for coffee these da —"and you know what coffee mea to a truck driver."

As our bus climbed laboriously u to the 6,418-foot summit of the Co tinental Divide between Billings an Butte, the wife of a Provo, Utah, jan tor said that "the terrible cost o living" had forced many women, i cluding herself, to start workin again. "It takes both of us to kee us," she said. "And even then we hav nothing for savings."

Hardest hit by the inflation are, c course, those living on fixed income I sat in the stifling office of a bus st tion manager on a 100-degree Mi souri day and heard how his moth and father had lived in comfortabl

irement before the war with a cash come of only $500 a year. Now, ough his father is dead, and his other has only herself to support, it impossible for her to make ends et. He, like many others I met, d me that he thought today's prices re due to greed and chiseling.

"It's like my uncle used to say," he mmented. "They've changed the olden Rule. Now it's: Do others be-e they do you." (He was one man o practiced what he preached, as I covered during a brief stopover. hen I went into his restaurant as a s passenger, Cokes were ten cents. t when I returned for a second one, er the bus had pulled out, the price d dropped to a nickel.)

Next to the prices of food, the big-st gripe of most of my fellow pas-ngers was housing—its cost and arcity. Until I got to Butte, Mon-na, I hadn't hit one community ere housing was inexpensive and sy to find. The reason for Butte's tinction in this matter, I was told, is a labor riot a year ago, after ich many nonmining citizens left wn.

Elsewhere everyone said housing s just about impossible. Perhaps e most pathetic individual I met ywhere was a tired young house-fe who was heading back to her me in Pierre, South Dakota, be-use she could find absolutely no ace to live in Denver. But I heard ories almost as grim again and ain. A University of Montana stu-nt said that his friends are postpon-g their weddings because there are apartments to be had in Bozeman. A sportswriter on the Wyoming Ea-e is paying $85 a month for three rnished rooms in the basement of a ivate home in Cheyenne. In oungstown, Ohio, a youthful de-rtment-store clerk whose wife is pecting a baby this fall is living in trailer.

"The thing the average G.I. can't derstand," said Dan Spies, a re-orter on the Hannibal Courier-Post, d himself a veteran, "is how we uld perform such miracles of con-uction during the war; yet now we n't build any housing at all."

In several cities across the country found that desperate couples are of-ring up to $100 reward in newspaper Apartments Wanted ads. And as we rumbled across the Nebraska wheat fields late one night, I noticed that tourist cabins were so accustomed to being sold out these days that they had invested in neon signs to advertise "No vacancies."

The shortage of housing is not entirely a question of construction. As a Billings, Montana, minister explained, "The trend today is away from the farms, which makes the cities more crowded. And besides, most people seem to want better homes these days."

Wanting better homes does not mean a willingness to pay exorbitant prices. In Troy, Missouri (pop. 1,700), an electrician told me that he had worked on ten new houses during the year. "Not one has been sold," he said. "No one wants to pay $8,000 to $10,000 for homes that would have cost $3,000 to $5,000 before the war."

And I had already heard this same story six days before from the bus terminal manager back in Youngstown: "I wouldn't buy one of those boxes for anything—$9,500 and you have to go outside to turn around."

The major part of the griping about prices was directed at the cost of food and housing. But I also heard prices mentioned in connection with automobiles. Dozens of people I met told me that they wanted new cars but that they were unwilling to pay the necessary price.

Things had come to such a pass in Ohio, where state law is fairly lenient in such matters, that those who lost fenders or running boards in accidents were simply driving around without any at all.

Little Said About Clothing

Only once was the complaining about prices directed at the cost of clothing. A young Portland, Indiana, clerk who worked in a dry-goods store said: "Over the counter, people are wondering when prices are coming down. So do the people I work for. They are afraid of being caught with a lot of high-priced stock."

When I got to Columbus, where I spent my first night, I started looking back over my notes. One surprising thought predominated: Everyone I had so far talked to had said that prices had to come down. Yet no one had spoken about the possibility of a depression after prices broke.

So as I went farther west I began to look for comment on this score. I found that most people who seemed to be thinking about it at all did so in terms of the financial troubles of others. A number said that their fellow townsmen were cashing the last of their War Bonds. A Columbus cab driver said that he bowled regularly with a bank teller, who told him that a lot of old currency was starting to turn up. "Looks like people are digging pretty deep," he added. M. T. Hayes, a retired farmer of Perry, Missouri, said the same thing in a more homely fashion: "We've been flying so dad-blamed high that in a year or two we'll certainly have to crawl."

But for every person I met who agreed with this philosophy, I met another who agreed with the middle-aged seed salesman from St. Joseph. "Look at that," he said, pointing to two huge Diesel trucks thundering down the road ahead of us. "Here we are, three big babies driving on a two-lane highway. Look what could be done in the way of construction around here. Depression? There needn't be one for years if they'd do some of the things that need to be done."

All in all I found my fellow bus travelers worrying little about the depression which was being so widely advertised when I left New York. I did, however, hear considerable discussion about two problems which have come in the wake of the high cost of living. The first involved veterans. Inflation is robbing them of many of the benefits of the G.I. Bill. Our bus had hardly left Newark, New Jersey, on the first leg of the trip when I came across a young veteran who was now returning to his home in western Pennsylvania. He had been studying photography in Philadelphia, but had found that with current prices it was no longer possible to live on the $65 monthly allowance from the government.

Throughout my trip I constantly ran into veterans who were availing themselves of the educational privileges of the G.I. Bill. Only one person commented on it gratefully, and she was teaching school in North Manchester, Indiana, to make ends meet while her husband completed his studies. To keep the record straight, however, I must report that the majority of veteran-students I met did not comment one way or the other on the $65 a month. Of those who did, all but one said that it didn't go very far these days.

Neglected Children a Problem

The second by-product of inflation and the housing shortage which I found weighing on many minds was juvenile delinquency. Rising prices had forced many mothers to become wage earners, and crowded living conditions had made many homes anything but magnets for growing children. Still, Mrs. Ada Hannan, a clerk in a Bozeman, Montana, five-and-ten, spoke for many of her fellow passengers, when she said: "Money problems or not, it's just terrible the way married women with families let their children run the streets or be tended by a hired woman. No child wants to mind anyone but its mother."

It wasn't only women who raised this subject. Dr. W. E. Hickman, an Irwin, Pennsylvania, chiropractor, said that his community was stirred up about "juvenile delinquency, prices and housing"—in that order. And N. L. Shetler, an Amish farmer, father of 16 living children, said: "My worries are about the next generation. I have all I can do to worry about bringing up my family with the right values. And if everyone else worried only about that, we'd have a better America."

By the time I reached Cheyenne I felt that the over-all picture of current American thinking was beginning to become pretty clear: Local problems—the church bazaar, a miners' picnic, or the apple pack; and the impact of soaring prices on food, housing, cars, veterans, and on the welfare of the next generation—these were the things most on the minds of my bus-riding fellow citizens.

Beyond these things I found comparatively little interest in domestic affairs. This struck me as particularly noteworthy because it contrasted so strongly with the widespread concern

(Continued on page 92)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

SALT IN THE AIR

BY JOSEPHINA NIGGLI

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Life—or death—in the afternoon

JUANILLO, hat pulled low on his forehead, shoulders hunched forward to disguise his body, let the crowd surge around him.

"Don't let them recognize me," he prayed silently to his patron saint. "Not today. Not this particular day." From the bull ring eame the sound of music. The words slid easily into his mind:

"He takes up the sword
And walks to glory."

Once that had been his song. When he went into a restaurant, or passed a *mariachi* band on the street, it was played as a signal of the great Juanillo's presence. Even in Spain they had played it. But now Juanillo was only legend and his song was just another bull-ring tune.

But there might be some people here in this crowd who would recognize him. They would nudge their neighbors, who in turn would nudge others, and soon everyone would be looking at him. No, not at him—at his feet, his coward's feet, which had carried him away from his last two bulls and ruined him forever as a great sword.

Feet did that many times when the body had been too often torn by the curved horns. It was the nightmare of every fighter: the betrayal of the feet. There was no place in the arena for cowards. After that he had retired. Well, why not? He had money, he had known fame, and he was forty years old. Fatigue was in him, he told the newspapermen. It was time for him to retire. But even as he told it he could see the smile in their eyes, and the casual little glances they had flicked toward his feet.

Any man, he told himself defensively, has the right to retire. But it was no good. No matter what he told himself it was no good. The truth was always there. He had not retired; the ring had rejected him, exiled him for cowardice.

Juanillo took another step forward in the line toward the ticket box. To the right was another box with a much shorter line. That was for tickets in the royal elegance of shade. His own line was for the democratic sun. And too, the sun side was for those who really loved good fighting; for those who knew the worth of a bull as it came, black as death, from the tumbrel; for those who knew at a casual glance whether the *torero* was only a stuffed doll in pretty silks, or a good sword. Yes, the sun side was for those to whom bullfighting was a wine in the blood, those who could taste the salt in the air.

Juanillo lifted his ehin to look at the blue-bright sky, then hastily hid his faee. It was wicked luck that Sandoval was selling tickets for the sun side. Twenty-eight years ago this afternoon Sandoval had paid homage, had said royally, "For Juanillo today there is salt in the air." And then, at the last fight, this same Sandoval had looked at his feet and said tauntingly, "Salt."

Fortunately Sandoval hated the sun box. He much preferred to sell tiekets for the shade. The tinkle of silver in the till was his delight; on the sun side the coins were copper. He did not even look up as Juanillo pushed his money across the opening.

As quickly as possible, without seeming in haste, Juanillo made his way to the sun entrance. His body moved easily through the crowd, swerving just enough to escape a push. Years of swerving the body had prepared him for this. His mouth twisted ironically. What an end to ambition: years of dieting, of exercise, of facing the black bull in the arena —that at the end he might pass easily through a crowd.

The gatekeeper was new, so there was no danger of pitying recognition from him. Juanillo extended his ticket and walked quickly through the wide door. The smell of sun on closely packed bodies struck him with full force. For a moment he was young again.

There had truly been salt in the air then, and sun, and the gleam of blue silk on his body. Already famous as a *novillero,* a killer of small bulls, he was coming into the ring to meet the great black bull itself, and to take up the title of *matador,* the killer, in place of *novillero,* the novice.

But that was twenty-eight years ago, and today there was only sun and a facility for passing through crowds. But, thought Juanillo defensively, as he slid into a seat next to two young boys, a man has the right to relive his first triumph. If he paid for his seat and behaved himself, what difference did it make to anyone that he was seeing, not the Sultan of Saltillo, who was fighting today, but a slim eager shadow named Juanillo in a *torero* costume twenty-eight years out of date?

The musicians were playing another piece now, and the boy on Juanillo's left said harshly, "I wish they'd play Juanillo's song again. It is my luck."

His own name attracted the man. He turned his head slightly and glanced along his eyelids. He noticed automatically that the boy had a good body and, more important, that his hands were small with strong wrists.

The other boy said sharply, "You are too superstitious, Ratón."

"Leave me alone!" snapped the Ratón, his hands wiping off palm sweat against his ragged yellow shirt.

The mind of the boy stepped into the mind of the man. Realizing the Ratón's intentions, Juanillo half rose to call a policeman and put the boy in charge, but he sank baek again. How eould he tell the policeman, "This boy plans to leap into the ring; he is an extemporaneous one."? The Ratón had only to deny it, and put off his performance for another Sunday. Nothing could stop these roosters once they had the idea in their minds. They would go again and again to the ring until they got their chance, and onee they took it, what good did it do them? If they escaped without a wound, they were shut up in jail until some friends found enough money to bail them out.

Juanillo looked at the boy again, at the thick-nosed face, the slender body, the long fingers f ing and refolding the coat in his lap. There wa doubt of it, he had the true fighter's wrists. He wetting his lips, his eyes fixed on the president's l

The great man was already entering. He raising the white handkerchief. A trumpet's c notes sliced the air. The fighters marched in burst of music, the Sultan of Saltillo in the cer his walk showing the proper arrogance. The on either side of him were good fighters, but t lacked that final touch of pride that is prou than death.

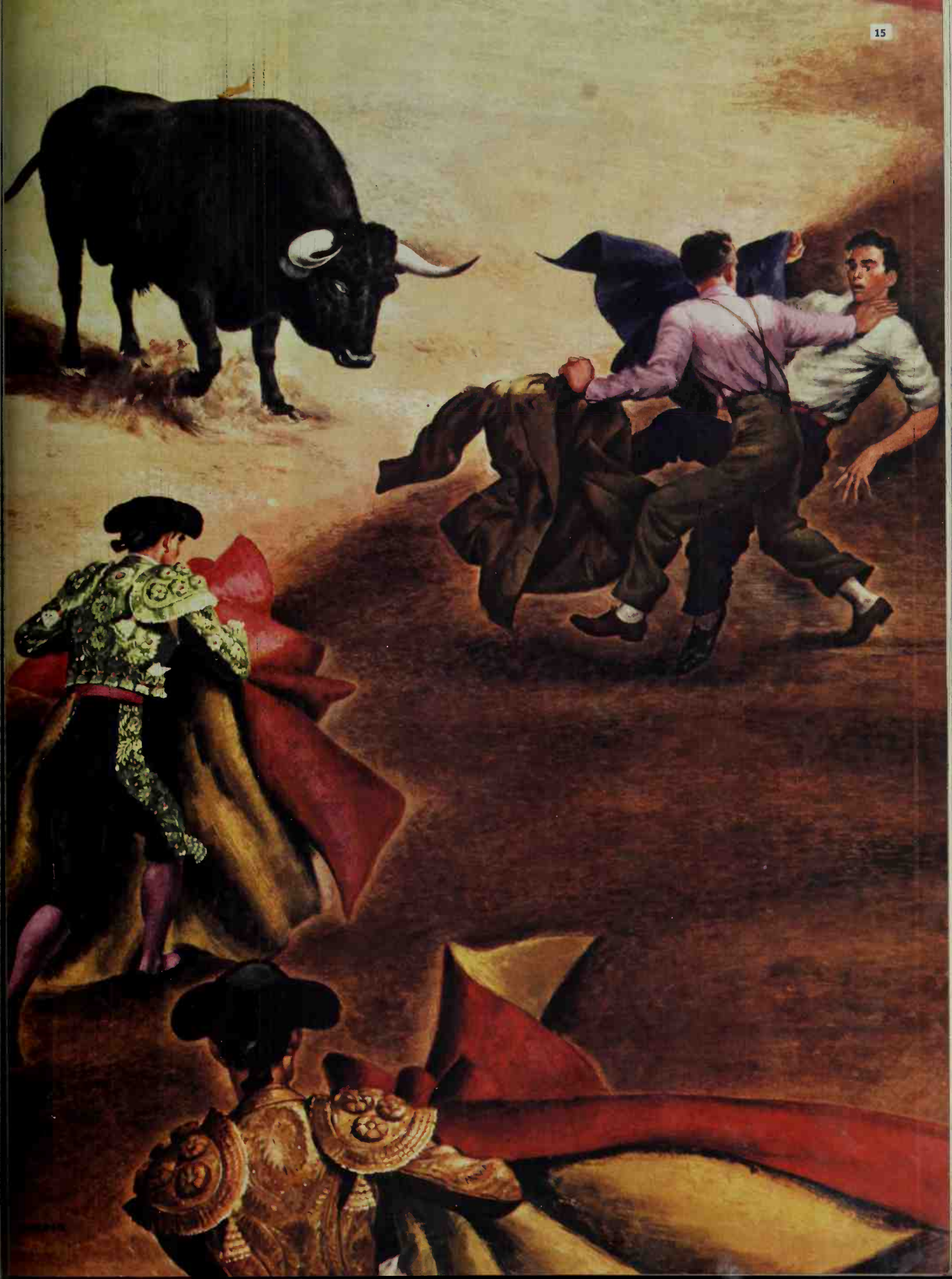
The parade reached the president's box. A the *toreros* gave the honorary salute, the sword's pics rode to their places. In a moment ring was cleared. All attention was fixed on other door. Slowly it began to open. Juan eould hear the Ratón's harsh breathing.

THE crowd gave a long-drawn "Aah." The was in the ring. He ran around, blinded by sun, and pawed at the sand. The horns were too far back on the skull. When the ring serv gave him the preliminary passes, he hooked stron to the right. A fair bull, thought Juanillo, very f He looked at the boy. The Ratón was shaking head. "Not for me," he muttered. "Not this o

Juanillo resented this boy's intrusion on his niversary celebration. The devil take him, thought crossly. The boy knows bulls. And w a good one comes out, this Ratón will jump into arena, and the devil with the bull. He'll ruin beast in three minutes. The Sultan will be v angry. Very angry indeed. And why not? good bull in an afternoon ruined by an extempo neous one. To the devil with these boys and th ambition! I could tell him a thing about ambiti

The first fighter came out. The capework fair. One good *verónica,* but nothing more. Juan snorted in exasperation. What had become of good days—the days of Goana and Joselito, Luis Freg? That was when a fight was really m nificent, and there was salt in the air. These n were all technique, with their constant talk schools: the Sevilla school, the Córdoba school, Ronda school. Who cared about schools? A gr fighter knew the truth of the arena: It was the b who was important, not the man. It was the b who demanded and the man who gave. It was bull who said, "This is my moment of truth, my n ment of magnifieent death." At the last, it was o the bull who should have pride. The fighter sho have a humility greater than pride, an awareness being more powerful than death, and, in the awa ness, he should be humble. *(Continued on page*

Unaware of what he was doing, Juanillo leaped i the ring, tearing off his coat as he ran. One a shot the Ratón off balance and out of harm's w



LITTLE MEL, THE DEBS' DELIGHT

1947
21
1926

BY JAMES DUGAN

It took Mel Tormé 17 long years to get where he is today, but the younger set is as happy about his baritone capers as if he were only twenty-one—which he is

MEL TORMÉ is a twenty-one-year- with taffy-colored hair and pendul Maurice Chevalier underlip, whose n strelsy makes great numbers of young people ladies get right down on the floor and dre Crooners come in seven-year cycles, like the it Bing Crosby came in 1933. Frank Sinatra arri in 1940. This looks like the Mel Tormé year.

Until recent months Melvin Howard Tor (rhymes with "more pay") has been the most scure famous boy in America. His idolators c sisted only of disk jockeys and those who listene disk jockeys. The larger public is now finding that the jocks had something there.

This fall Mel comes out as a movie star in Gc News. He has his own weekly radio progra Tormé Time. Two current films employ songs wrote for them. By Christmas everyone will h to listen to a song he wrote, The Christmas So which is a rival of Irving Berlin's White Christm

Tormé weighs less than Sinatra and is shor than Crosby, and younger than both. His vo cords are pleasantly defective, like all crooners sir Crosby. The pipes are misty, bosky and gau Fred Robbins, the New York disk jockey who l been Tormé's chief plugger, described the vo with romantic accuracy as the Velvet Fog.

The Tormé life drama begins early. At the a of four Tormé entered the profession by staying past bedtime to sing with the Coon-Sanders chestra in the Chicago Blackhawk. His maid number was a fox-trot sensation of the day, You Driving Me Crazy. When he was through, the mc sters at the best tables sent tributes of bubble gu to the dressing room.

At this time young Master Tormé's listeners a included a number of radio fans, who stayed at night tuning in the Coon-Sanders band WGN, Chicago, on their superheterodyne sets. L tle did they think that the child who came squeaki in on the old headsets would grow up to be M Tormé. Some in fact, were against having h grow up at all.

When he was six Tormé switched to acting. those days all daytime soap operas emanated fr Chicago. Little Mel indiscriminately worked for who sold soap. It was impossible to keep clean this country in the years 1932-39 without employi a soap plugged by Tormé.

When he was thirteen Tormé faced himself in h mirror and said gruffly, "You are a failure, Torn With all your worldly fame and chattels you ha been a dud with the dames."

Made Juke Box Hit at Thirteen

He was a freshman in the Hyde Park Hig School, and the demands of the acting professic had robbed him of normal congress with the ladie Tormé sat down and wrote a song which laid h tortured heart bare: Lament to Love. Harry Jame a fellow who was already shaving, liked this ele and recorded it. Lament to Love was a hit on t juke boxes for over a month, laurels enough f most thirteen-year-olds.

However, the composer was fashioned of stern fiber. He bade goodby to the Toddlin' Town ar took off with Chico Marx' orchestra as a vocalis arranger and drummer, and perjured himself th he had working papers. The lad was a good drun mer. He was teaching himself the arranger's craf As for his singing, he now says wryly, "How muc can you inflict on the people?"

The road tour took him to Los Angeles, where h sniffed the salubrious air and gave notice. He se for his family. His father is one of the last of th French lapidaries, a craftsman-jeweler. Torn Senior opened a shop in Los Angeles, and the r tired drummer finished high school.

He thrust his diploma into the studio doors, an was engaged in a modest role for the film Highe and Higher, which was the first screen appearanc of a sensational new crooner, Frank Sinatra. Torn carefully refrained from stealing the picture fro Frank.

He was equally considerate in his next film, i which he depicted a drummer in the least colossa movie biography of our time, Night and Day. A unfortunate older chap, Cary Grant, had to pla Cole Porter. Tormé escaped from the ruins unde cover of darkness and disguised himself as Glori Jean's leading man in a triumphant series of D pi tures, the Jeanie epics.

It was now 1943 and Tormé was not getting an

nger. He had worked his way up to being the
n Johnson of Poverty Row, when he prudently
ided that he had had the cinema. Music, his first
, called. He organized a quintet of part singers
named them the Mel Tones, after his favorite
year-old baritone. The Mel Tones were going
t when Tormé reached the statutory age of
teen, and a bigger booking came. A producer
ned Sam tapped him on the shoulder and said,
t on this khaki suit and come with me."
ormé, although a singer, drummer, arranger,
r and composer, had shortcomings which ill-
d him for a soldier. His stomach was on the
n. He was living on crackers and milk when the
ft board snatched him away. No matter how
y cold cuts the kindly mess sergeants fired into
, Tormé did not get better. The supply sergeant
all out of new stomachs. In order that he
uld not die on U.S. Army property they dis-
rged him after two months.
ainfully taking up the worn threads of his ca-
, Tormé tottered back into show business,
cker in one hand and milk in the other. He did
want pity, he wanted work. A Navy veteran
ned Artie Shaw asked him to sing on some rec-
s he was making. The first fruit of this collabo-
on did not shake the world, but a chance seed
into the hands of a West Coast disk jockey.
Other jocks grabbed up the Shaw-Tormé records
, before you could say Fred Robbins, Mel
mé was secretly famous. He dusted off the num-
he had sung at the age of four, You're Driving
Crazy. It is still his best-selling record.

Old Tunes With Novelty Rhythms

He rearranged, switched the beat and reading of
er mellow tunes of a youth before his, I'm Yours
Isn't This a Lovely Day (To be Caught in the
n)? Then the jockeys found that Tormé was a
poser as well. They set their needles in the
ges of a twilight dirge, Born to Be Blue, au-
red by Master Melvin.
The first recordings were technically poor, so that
artist sounded like a man with triple laryngitis,
ng to get someone to pull him out of a well. The
ks heard and pulled him out. Now Mel was on
feet and ready to run.
The Velvet Fog first revealed himself in the flesh
a Hollywood public house called the Bocage
ly this year. The sight was pleasing. The Bo-
e became the best beat of autograph hunters
cializing in female stars. Carmen Miranda came
r times a week, elbowing her way through Bev-
Tyler, Alice Faye, Marguerite Chapman, Ava
rdner, Diana Lynn, Gloria de Haven, Adele
ra and Cathy Downs. Shut-in ladies listened on
radio. One of them wrote Tormé, "I am expect-
a child and I am lonely. Your voice has helped
forget my loneliness. I don't think my husband
mind my saying this to you. When he comes
k from his business trip I will ask him to take me
near you in person."
ormé left the Bocage for the big time. He picked
toughest spot of all—the Copacabana in New
rk. The Copa is what Fred Allen calls "a rich
n's subway." It is a raucous grotto patronized
stuffed bison, who sit packed cheek-by-jowl,
king noises like the rush hour on the Interbor-
h Rapid Transit Company. They like their
gers shrill, blue and fifty years old. The only
ng things they can stand are roast squab and
n-age chorus girls.
ormé came into this clamorous catacomb with
en strikes against him, one for each of the daily
on reviewers in town. Like the regular custom-
, the café critics wanted to see Weber and Fields
l the high-kicking chorus of The Black Crook.
With seventeen years of trouping behind him,
rmé came out opening night, smiling and keep-
a sharp eye out for brickbats. The ringside elks
rted to groan and yell they wuz robbed. The
iters chose that moment for hurling trays full of
hes at one another. Shrill altercations were heard
ough the kitchen doors. Drifting down from
et level came the sound of taxis crashing head
, and as the artist opened his mouth to sing, an
rain seemed to be making a detour through the
sement.
"It was like pulling teeth to sing," said Tormé.
Naturally nobody heard him, except his agent,
mmy Rockwood, who, after years in night clubs,
good at lip reading. The reviews were bad.
Monte Proser, the keeper *(Continued on page 84)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY MYRON EHRENBERG

The young ladies who cherish Mr. Tormé's autograph are mostly of his own age, but his best songs date from a previous era. Nobody can explain this

Radio is an old familiar story to Mel. At the age of four he was broadcasting with the Coon-Sanders orchestra in Chicago. Later he acted in soap operas

THE SLOWPOKE

BY HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

For generations the Lintons had seen no cause to hurry—but when a roundabout guy meets a straightforward girl, tradition goes overboard

Tommy was streaking it through the middle of Main Street. Panic overtook the populace. "I don't know what it is, but it must be bad," someone yelled

IT WAS a limpid, soul-tugging June day, but little of the mellow sunlight reached the inward spirit of Thomas Carver Linton IV, a ing man with yellow hair and brown eyes who on a stone doorstep beneath a bridal-wreath h in full bloom. Tommy was puzzled and dessed.

He came of the East Baddow Lintons, and the orstep was of his ancestral home, a cottage with eaves, great central chimney and shingles turned atin by long exposure to weather, good and bad. looked out between the lichened trunks of two spruce trees, tall and ancient, which had been the bridal trees of his great-great-great-grandparents. A picket fence surrounded the dooryard, enclosing the trees, patches of myrtle and tansy, and many lilacs. All this was his. In fact, he owned to the next stone wall, beyond which, on a knoll, a summer visitor was basking in the sunshine.

The visitor, at this distance, seemed more summery than most, and she was certainly the most luscious thing in the conservative New England landscape. She was wearing a vestigial playsuit of California yellow, and her arms and legs were something between bronze and gold. Tommy eyed her and thought that, in a way, he would like to walk across the slanting hillside, climb the stone wall and speak to her.

The direct approach, however, still seemed to him, after consideration, as a little out of line. He had already tried two indirect ones, on different days, with the idea of having his meeting with Paula Cummerfield—he knew her name—appear properly casual. Once he had executed a diversion around the corncrib and tacked in from the north, and once he had gone the other way and tried to bear off from the beech grove, but each time he had arrived at the knoll too late. Paula had departed, in answer to a dinner bell somewhere in the middle distance or fleeing an advance wisp of fog from the sea.

Maybe there *is* something I can't cope with, Tommy thought, something bigger than I am. Maybe I am in the hands of a doom. These recent and trivial experiences added up with others to form part of an unseen whole, sinister in proportions. It seemed to him he was the prisoner of a great design.

East Baddow is a remote township in a region where there is no such thing as remoteness. Any part of rural New England is a center of civilization, or, more accurately, since all the best things and the best people are everywhere, it follows that there is no center of anything—not even Boston. Paula Cummerfield was from Boston, but Tommy did not know that yet.

HIS reflections were interrupted at this point by Redfield Plummer, chairman of the board of selectmen of East Baddow and likewise a real-estate agent. Redfield was sun-cured, more tanned than an old hide trunk, native and timeless. His trousers, draped from his shoulders by means of heavenly blue suspenders, stuck out a couple of inches around his middle, which was lean with the health of country living and ascetic ancestry.

"Tommy," said Redfield, "I want to ask a blunt question. Suit yourself about answering. Is it true your engagement with Mira Hadfield is busted off?"

"No secret about that," said Tommy. "I don't know what to make of it, but the engagement is certainly a thing of the past."

"Didn't she give you a reason?"

"In a way she did," said Tommy. "As an old friend I'd like you to read the letter." He took it out of his pocket.

Redfield studied the sheet of wrinkled note paper.

"Everybody else arrived home from the war in 1945 or 1946, but you would have to be the last man in. It was the same when we were kids and played hide-and-seek. It will always be the same. The appendix to your name says that you are 'fourth,' but this is quite an overestimate unless it means fourth from the end, in which case you are rated three places too high. I would feel differently, perhaps, but I know your old outfit was broken up and sent home eighteen months ago, and something tells me you have been missing boats, making side trips, and getting involved in long conversations. The thought is too much. I resign as your affianced."

"What do you make of it?" asked Tommy.

"I'd say you kept her waiting too long," said Redfield.

"I only missed her by eleven days, six hours and forty minutes," said Tommy. "Any girl should wait that long for a man."

"Mmmm," said Redfield, "is that true about missing boats and so on?"

"Well, in a way," said Tommy. "In a way I suppose it is, but—"

"Never mind," said Redfield. "Real reason I'm here is to ask about the sale of the property. Understand if you and Mira had made a match, you'd have sold and cleared out. Is that right?"

"Yes, it is," said Tommy. "Mira wanted to live in Boston. As things are now, I don't know what to think. Maybe I should sell, but it's quite a strain after so many generations, specially when I haven't made any plans."

"In case you do decide to sell, I've got a customer ready and waiting. He's up in the pasture now. City man." *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

III—HOW F.D.R. FOUGHT THE AXIS

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

The State Department opposed recognition of Russia . . . Henry Wallace was against it—he feared the religious effect on the voters . . . even the Russians were coy . . . but F.D.R. was insistent—said he, "Let's bring the whole Russian question into the front parlor instead of the kitchen"

THE year 1933 was one of incredible excitement in Washington. Roosevelt had wakened the nation from its dangerous despondency and rallied its energies in a war against depression. Most Americans were concerned, and rightly so, with their own troubles. At the same time, had one the wit to read the weather, storm clouds were gathering over Europe. While Roosevelt was celebrating his fifty-first birthday on January 30, 1933, Hitler was becoming chancellor of the Reich.

As Roosevelt and Hitler rose to power within a few days of each other, so, twelve years later, they died within a few days of each other. I have often mused about the strange contrast between these two remarkable careers—one dedicated to the advance of civilization, the other to its destruction.

In this article I want to cite some of Roosevelt's attempts to preserve civilization from the forces that attempted to destroy it. And I want to put in the record the Treasury's attempts at various crucial moments to supp his efforts in Europe and the F East.

My first brush with foreign poli came, oddly enough, when I was s with the Farm Credit Administrati Roosevelt had long opposed t United States policy of nonrecog tion of the Soviet Union. He felt th nonrecognition was a futile gestu against an established governme whether or not we approved of th government; and he felt, in additic that the continued isolation of Russ

Mr. Roosevelt, who considered Hjalmar Schacht (center) too slick and calculating, mimicked him privately, saying, "Ach, you must help my poor guntry

PRESS ASSOCIATION, I

© HARRIS & EWING

retary Woodring, when asked the Army's needs r Poland fell, replied, "Several million blankets"

ACME

Secretary Cordell Hull pressed Commissar Maxim Litvinov about the Comintern; the Russian said it had no governmental standing, adding, "We have no request to make of your organizations, so why ask about ours?"

ht destroy his hopes of preventing through the collective moral e of the nations of the world. He t have perceived that Russia ld be a natural ally in any conflict inst a resurgent Germany.

n any case, he turned to me early 933 to help conduct conversations king toward the recognition of sia. Why me rather than the State partment? Roosevelt's mode of op- ion here was interesting and char- ristic. It must never be forgotten a President is in some ways as h a prisoner of his administra- as he is a master. He is often ted in his action by the personnel must work through; and vested po- al and bureaucratic interests may ent him from reshuffling his per- nel at will.

he State Department in 1933, kly, was unsympathetic if not tile to the whole idea of opening tions with the Soviet Union. sevelt sensed their resistance; he even have felt them out. But because he was stymied in the lar channels, he would not give on an objective he considered im- tant.

think he chose me primarily be- se he could trust me absolutely. se were, of course, negotiations of utmost delicacy. Moreover, he tested me a good deal at Albany an eye, as he remarked at the e, to using me later in Washington. when he wanted something per- al and original to be done, he uld often turn to me to work out ways and means.

would prepare a plan and, as I to say to my Treasury staff, "tie it in pink ribbons, put it on a silver ter and send it over to the White use." If the President did not like hat ended it. If things went wrong, pt my mouth shut. I had no kept umnist and I never carried my ts to the press. This cut me out of stories and pleasant publicity, it meant that I often had to take the rap for things which were none of my doing. But I was happy to serve the President this way.

He knew I would never let him down. He knew also that I would tell him when I thought he was wrong. Mrs. Roosevelt once said to me, "Henry, there are only two people who stand up to Franklin: you and Louis Howe." She was wrong; there was a third person—Eleanor Roosevelt. But she was right in saying that I never sought to please the President by yessing him. He would have seen through me anyway if I had ever tried it.

We opened the Russian negotiations with great care. Through a couple of intermediaries I made contact with Amtorg, the Soviet trading company. It seemed a risky business. As I remarked to the President at lunch one day, if the deal worked out I would be a hero, but if it flopped I would have to leave Washington.

He turned to me and said in the most positive manner, "Well, of course, you know that I stand back of you in these negotiations, and if you have to leave Washington I will leave with you."

An Old Russian Custom

The unwillingness of individual Russians to assume authority was a source of difficulty; it still complicates our dealing with them. "If I could only, myself, talk to some one man representing the Russians," the President said to me on one occasion, "I could straighten out the whole question." But we made progress. By August 16th I was able to report to the President that the Soviet Union wanted to purchase $75,000,000 worth of raw materials. With the $50,000,000 worth of machine goods they were seeking through other channels, this would have made a dent on our depression-ridden economy.

Late in September, 1933, the President said, "What would you think of bringing this whole Russian question into our front parlor instead of back in the kitchen?"

"That is fine," I said, "if you want to do it, but that is up to you."

"Well, I have got a plan in mind," Roosevelt said. The plan was to write a letter to Russia suggesting negotiations leading to diplomatic relations.

The next day I lunched with Bill Bullitt, who was then handling Soviet affairs for the State Department and who hoped to be first ambassador to Moscow. Bullitt is a man of great charm; and a superb host. But he is violent in his loves and in his hates. In 1933 he was as furiously pro-Russian as he is furiously anti-Russian today. He saw in American aid the means by which the Soviet Union could break away from its dependence on Germany and could become a bulwark against the aggressive tendencies we all thought were developing in Japan.

The State Department, he told me, was antirecognition, but he had personally been for it a long time. Cordell Hull gave the impression that the religious issue was uppermost in his mind. Opposition came also, strangely enough, from Henry Wallace, who called on the President late in October in order to express his fears about the "religious effect" recognition would have on the country. That conversation left the President thoroughly puzzled. Wallace, he told me later the same day, "is a kind of mystic."

Bullitt began walking me to work in the mornings in order to pump me about the latest developments. At first this annoyed the President, on the ground that Bullitt was going over Hull's head "the way Moley used to." But, as affairs developed, he entrusted the negotiations more and more to Bullitt. This kind of thing was to happen more than once in my relations with Roosevelt. He would use me to break a deadlock, then gradually turned the problem back into regular channels after the initial hurdles had been surmounted. I helped, however, to bring Bullitt and the Soviet representative, Boris Skvirsky, together for the exchange of letters which led to Maxim Litvinov's visit to this country in November.

At one point in Bullitt's meeting with Skvirsky, the former remarked: "I have a piece of paper in my hand. It is unsigned. It can be made into an invitation for you to send representatives here to discuss diplomatic relations. We wish you to telegraph it by your most confidential code and learn if it is acceptable. . . . If not, will you give me your word of honor that there will never be any publicity about this proposed exchange of letters and that the whole matter will be kept secret?" Skvirsky gave his word.

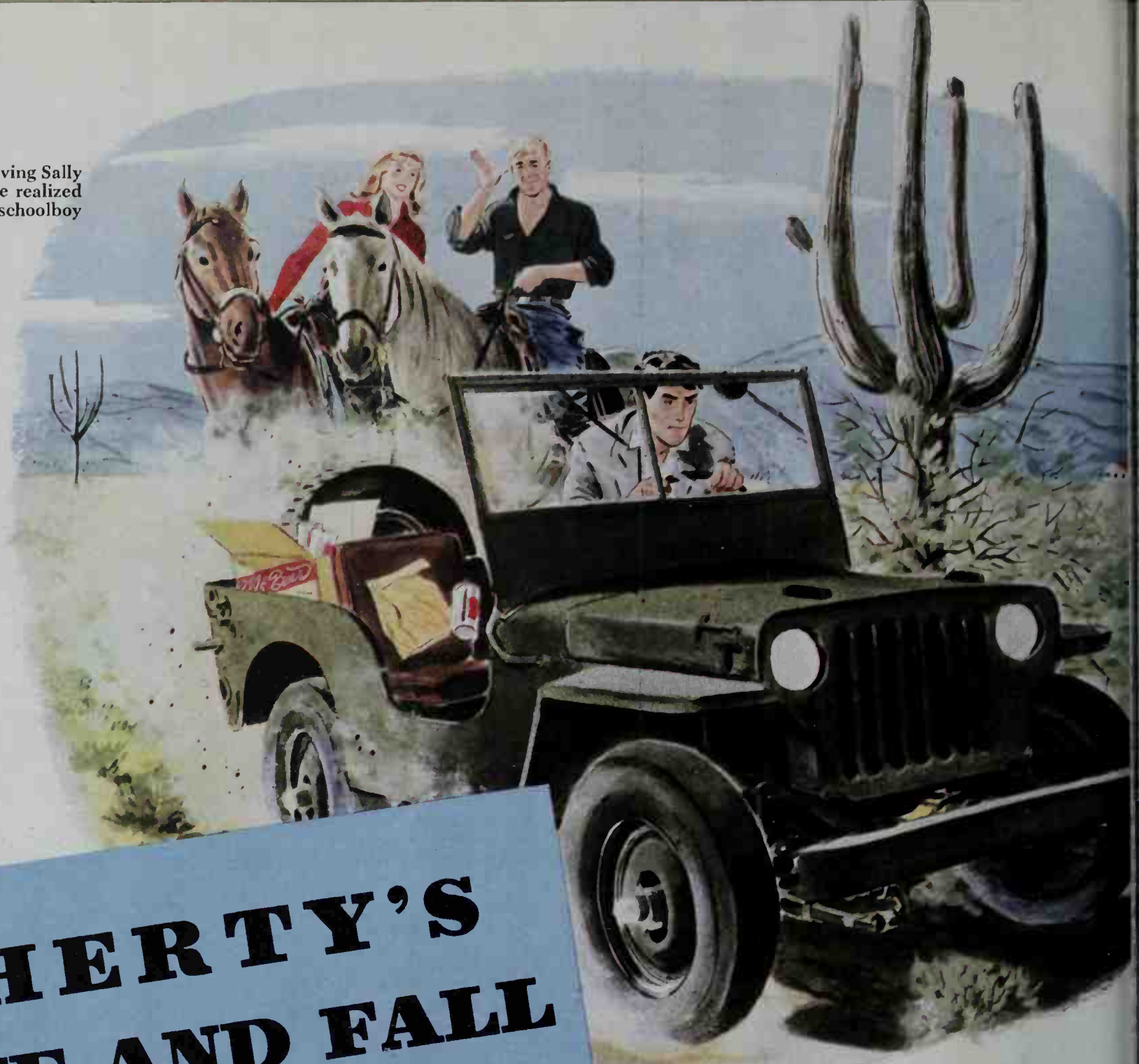
Two Impressions of Litvinov

And I took part in the early talks with Litvinov, who impressed me then as a warm, friendly man, sparkling in conversation, abundant in hospitality. (I will never forget the contrast between that vital figure and the tired and defeatist man, nervously smoking cigars, his clothes rumpled and covered with an accumulation of cigar ash, sitting in the Washington Embassy in the dark days after the Nazi invasion of Russia.)

In the talks Hull pressed Litvinov about the Comintern. Litvinov disclaimed responsibility, saying the Comintern had no government standing. "We have no request to make of any of your organizations in the United States," he said, "so why ask us about some of our organizations?"

Later the question of debts took up the bulk of the time. Litvinov at one time agreed to settle at around 100 or 125 million dollars but no final deal was ever made. The debt discussion became highly involved and dragged on and on. Litvinov got very tired of it all, and I don't think that Bullitt and some of the others were

(Continued on page 72)



Flaherty lunged ahead, leaving Sally and Les to follow him. He realized he was carrying on like a schoolboy

FLAHERTY'S DECLINE AND FALL

BY NORD RILEY

The anthropology professor had a pretty good grip on his emotions—but Sally Shannon managed to get a better one

MICHAEL FLAHERTY, associate professor of anthropology in a small college in Arizona, was a tall, loose-jointed man of thirty years. His black hair was shorn close and he had deep-set, very blue eyes. He was handsome; the females of his class in Anthropology 201 got quite a bang out of just looking at him.

Flaherty's flaw was that he didn't get any bang out of looking back; he didn't seem to notice them. This was unnatural, because one of the young ladies, Miss Sally Shannon, was as noticeable as anything in the state. At twenty-four years of age she weighed 118 pounds and each pound was impeccably proportioned. Her eyes were gray, about like a sagebrush leaf, and she had rust-colored hair. Of her three years in the armed forces as a Wac nothing much showed—except that now and then, when crowded, she bellowed.

Flaherty's indifference in the presence of a natural phenomenon that had shaken strong, nerveless warriors of two continents irked Sally a good deal, even when she realized that his joys came from his work. He was happiest handling somebody's bones; skulls gladdened him immoderately. Give Flaherty the cranial remains of a party who had been konked on the head with a stone ax 20,000 years ago and he'd turn his mind from concerns of the flesh to spend days calculating the deceased's cephalic index, measuring his zygomatic arches and nasal spine and taking a sharp look at his sutures.

It was on a sunny afternoon in April that Sally decided to crack Flaherty's aplomb or flunk trying. It was spring and it is possible that had something to do with it.

Flaherty was lecturing. "Here," he said as he detached a skull from a skeleton and held it up before the class, "we have an example of white stock, Nordic race. Observe that it is dolichocephalic—long-headed—that the chin is prominent, the jaw rather large. The frontal lobe is highly developed and the coronal suture intensely serrated. The face is long and rather narrow. This skull might well be that of a Swede, or perhaps a Scot."

"Girl Scot or boy Scot?" Sally asked.

Flaherty examined the skull. "Male."

"Why, bless you!" Sally said. "How do you figure?"

For what appeared to be the first time since the quarter began, Flaherty's blue eyes focused on Sally. "There are several sex differences manifest in a skull, which, taken together, generally make determination of the owner's sex possible." He turned the skull around. "For one thing, the inion—" The class bell rang, he returned the Scot to his desk.

Flaherty carried her a ways in silence, then Sally said, "Am I going to kick the bucket do you think?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

hat is all for today." He glanced at Sally. "If u'd care to remain, Miss—"
'Shannon. You betcha, Professor."
'—Miss Shannon, I will try to show you in de-l."
Three other young women in whom anthropol-y had taken an abrupt throbbing grip lingered). Sally faced them. "I cornered this boy myself," whispered ominously. "First one of you horns gets whaled with the Scot's femur. Take off!"
lly had been a lieutenant in the Wac and was a fessional bully.
When the girls had dispersed, Sally hoisted herself on Flaherty's desk and lolled there throwing her rves. Flaherty trotted a look over her that indi-ed there *was* man-blood in his tubes after all. cleared his throat and picked up the Scot's skull. n the male," he said, "this bump on the back of head, called the inion, is generally larger and re pronounced than on the female."
Sally felt the Scot's bump, then her own. To feel herty's bump she slipped both arms around his ck and went into the inion thing thoroughly. ou got quite a knob there, Professor," she said.
"Yes, thank you, Miss Shannon."
"Sally, Professor, huh?"
"Miss Shannon will do."
Sally shrugged her upper torso in a manner that ew Flaherty clean off his scholarly sled. She lped him back on, saying, "Any other differences tween mama and papa craniums?"
"Crania. Yes, these brow ridges, called the supra-bital ridges, are heavier in the male as a rule. An-her distinguishing fea—" Flaherty's voice trailed: lly was running her fingers through his eyebrows, cking her amazement.
"What won't they think of next?" she murmured. ere, honey, feel mine." She took his hand rmly in hers and pressed it to her forehead.
Sally's supraorbital ridges were faint, but Fla-rty looked for some time anyway. After a while ran his fingers down across her cheek and around her inion. Sally shivered. "Hey," she said softly, at's fine."
For a moment then they looked into each other's es without speaking.
"Professor," Sally said finally, "how'd you take being able to nosey around a whole pueblo by urself?"
"I'd like that very much."
"Good, because on the ranch next door to ours ere's a big old pueblo with nobody in it and you ght to be able to find all sorts of fine gruesome ings. Anyway you come out to our place Friday ght for dinner, and Saturday morning early I'll ke you over to the place and you can browse with e skeletons."
Flaherty said he'd be delighted to come.

THE ranch of Sally's father, Dennis Shannon, was vast and modern. The land looked bald, yet fed thousands of white-faced cattle; the ranch use was a low, sprawling, wide-eaved, tile-roofed ructure. Sally commuted the 20 miles between llege and the ranch in a retired Army jeep, which e herded in the maniacal manner to which it was customed. On the evening that she returned home om having stupefied Flaherty by an astute fon-ling of his cranial terrain, she caged her neurotic achine in a strong shed and entered her home rrying quite a head of steam. She kissed her other; her father, who sat reading, she kissed too.
"Pop," she said, "I've selected my mate."
Shannon, a humorous pink-faced man with heavy ay eyebrows, put down his newspaper. "If he's a wboy," he said, "I'll flatten you."
"My boy doesn't know an Aberdeen Angus from goat," Sally said. She turned to her mother. He's a fine looker, Mom, like Gregory Peck sort , if Gregory had his hair cut and ate more."
"His name is what?" Mrs. Shannon asked.
"Mike Flaherty."
"Obviously, a fine man," Shannon said, "unless ere has been mingling of races."
Sally studied her parents. "He is a professor, kids, ut I'm positive we can grow to love him any-ay."
"Does the poor thing know he is being measured r a wedding?" Mrs. Shannon asked.
Sally shook her head. "We may have to use force. e prefers bones to babes."
"My sainted aunt!" cried Mrs. Shannon. "A ortician!"
"Or a ghoul," said Shannon. "But I deduce that our odd daughter has picked a professor of anthropology."
"Now, hold on," Sally said. She gave her father a look. "What do you know about anthro?"
"I remember Pithecanthropus quite well," Shannon said. "Dutchman named Du Bois found him in Java in 1891, I think. Then there were Peking man, Piltdown man, Heidelberg man, Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon, first of the Homo sapiens. I left out—"
"That'll do, Pop, turn it off." Sally looked at her mother. "Holy smoke, what kind of a character did you marry?"
"Dennis is not without intellectual vigor," Mrs. Shannon said. "He headed his class in Anthropology and he's been beating his chest about it ever since."
"I invited Mike out here to dine with us Friday night," Sally said, "and I'll thank you two smartics not to make out your daughter as a case of arrested development." . . .
Mr. and Mrs. Shannon loved their startling child, and when Flaherty showed up on Friday night they strove to please him. Mrs. Shannon fed him such things as smoked wild turkey and cherry pie, and after dinner Shannon likkered him with Irish whisky. It surprised no one that Flaherty began to light up. With Shannon he started to argue amiably about who came first: Sinanthropus, a low-brow from China, or Pithecanthropus. Sally halted them.
"Now, stop it," she said. "Those two have been lying there decently for 500,000 years maybe, which is long enough, it seems to me, to stop gossip." She leered powerfully at Flaherty. "Have you the nerve to see the place with me in the moonlight?"
"For the sake of peace, Mike," Shannon said, "take the poor mooning critter out for a whirl. If she starts acting up, pound her about the parietal lobes with a post and come back in."
"You and your big mouth," Sally said affectionately.
"Dennis," Flaherty said, under the influence, "hear that back talk. Because of man's indulgent and kindly nature, Dennis, women have risen above their true level. Our ancestors made the first big mistake when they let the women come inside the cave to sleep."
Shannon beamed at Flaherty. "What a brilliant mind!"
"If you two comics will climb down off that liquor barrel," Sally said, "I'd like to take the professor out and let him ferment in the moonlight." She took his arm. "Come on, you coward."
"Watch her in the clutches, Mike," Shannon said. "Sportsmanship is a weakness confined to the male."
Together Mike and Sally strolled out through the yard to the edge of the desert.
"You have lovable progenitors," Flaherty said.
"Haven't I though? What does that scoundrel mean exposing all my plans? Doesn't he want his daughter to marry and grow her own little Homo sapienses?"
"He has a lovable daughter, too."
"There's no one I'd rather hear say that, Professor." She put her hand on his arm and they stopped, the benign light of the moon on her face. "Lovable enough to be kissed?"
Looking down at her, Flaherty had to hold his breath. "I'd like very much to kiss you, Sally, but I'm not going to. I can't afford it."
Sally bit her lip. Not looking at him, she asked, "What do you mean?"
"Some of the ancient peoples," Flaherty said, "had Cupid pegged about right: as a capricious little stinker. Being blindfolded he couldn't see whom he was shooting, but it didn't make any difference. When he winged anybody that person got shot full of an insanity called love."
"Holy Moses!" Sally said.
"Women admire love extravagantly and all their training is calculated at stirring it up, because it enables them to capture a mate whilst he's still out of his head. It is simply Nature's dodge for carrying on the species and it's all right because it works. But what I'm trying to say is that falling in love, at the expense of my reason, is not for me."
"Professor, don't you worry about that; you're nuttier than a fruitcake now."

FLAHERTY grinned at her. "Few things enrage women as much as having their weapons exposed, even when they know the weapons are invincible and the victim freed." He became scholarly again. "The important thing to me is that a man in love is a mental dead beat, no good for straight thinking. Right now, Sally, I don't want that sort of thing going on in my head. I've started an ethnological study of pre-Spanish Indian cultures in this region and—"
Sally's eyes widened. "You mean to stand there and tell me you actually accepted my invitation out here so you could study leftover Indians?"
For some moments Flaherty didn't reply. He was staring at the wondrously lovely thing the moonlight did to Sally's face. He'd never seen anything quite like the girl standing beside him. He appeared about to act in the normal way, but then he rallied. When he spoke it was like a man fighting off the pleasures of a wandering mind. "I thought," he said slowly, "you knew my interest was academic. The point is, Sally, I've resolved to keep a clear head for the next few weeks or months for my work. It can mean a professorship." He paused and looked at her as if he hadn't eaten for several days. He took a deep breath.
"To give you an example of what I mean: Last night while examining a Mongoloid's shovel-shaped incisor I kept seeing you instead. It wasted my time with the tooth. That sort of thing has got to stop. You were wearing a yellow sweater and smiling and—"
"Why, Professor honey," Sally said. She had to stand on her tiptoes and pull his head down by his night while examining a Mongoloid's shovel-shaped slouch once he got started. *(Continued on page 80)*

Sally introduced them. "Mike," she said, "this is Leslie Thurston. Michael Flaherty, Les"

THE BARONIAL BLUES

BY GWYN BARKER

Blenheim Palace stages a fete honoring Churchill, who was born here. The 18th-century mansion covers nearly three acres; is still the home of the Marlborough

The squires of England's stately homes can't afford their big estates any more. So they're selling them for taxes, turning them over to the Labor government or otherwise relinquishing their ancient rights. It means the end of a whole system of English rural life

HEWELL GRANGE in Worcestershire, one of the three former seats of the Earl of Plymouth, was one of the really great houses of England. It had 52 bedrooms and 5,500 acres of parked and landscaped grounds.

Its cost, although it was built 50 years ago in an era of low prices, was fantastic. Stone for the main buildings came by camel and horse-drawn tramway from the famous Runcorn quarries in Cheshire, while Europe and the British Isles were searched for treasures for the embellishment of the interior—painted tapestries from Vienna, alabaster from Derbyshire and lapis marble from Italy. The best that expert craftsmen in wood and plaster could accomplish was added, and the finest cabinetmakers in the world contributed their skill to the making of the furnishings.

To operate and care for all this magnificence at the height of its glory, and to minister to the comfort of the Earl of Plymouth and his guests, required an indoor domestic staff of at least 30, headed by the house steward and his assistant. The butler had three trained footmen to help him, and there was a groom of the chambers and a housekeeper with a score of maids and kitchen workers. In addition to all these, fifteen gardeners, a bevy of coachmen, chauffeurs and grooms, tennis and cricket professionals, and a special wood carver and carpenter lived and worked on the estate, while from 50 to 60 other men came in by the day to labor on the grounds.

At social functions hundreds of guests, brilliant in evening clothes and uniforms ablaze with decorations, assembled in the great hall, while important visitors were escorted to the grange by a torchlight procession of merry villagers. Frequently as many as 50 sat down to dinner.

After such a party the outdoor staff would be allowed to carry away a dozen or more pheasants with only a little of the breast cut away. There was unlimited beer for the staff, and long ago the Earl of Plymouth, always mindful of the comfort and pleasure of his domestics, issued an order that all beer which had stood for more than fifteen minutes must be poured down the drain.

Although Hewell Grange was one of the newest of the great houses, it was a typical establishment. And the fate which has befallen it is likewise typical, in the sense that the British have found a use for it which is a far cry from the purpose for which it was built. During the war the Earl of Plymouth turned the property over to the British army, and a year or so ago, faced with the problem of raising £647,000 to pay the death duties, or inheritance taxes, on his father's estate of £1,204,000 he sold the big house and 300 acres of land to the British government for £38,000.

It is extremely unlikely that Hewell Grange will ever again be used as a private dwelling, for the government has transformed it into a detention home for juvenile delinquents, called a "Borstal" from the Kentish village where the first such home was established. Today the great halls and rooms echo to the footsteps of 120 Borstal boys. These lads, whose ages range from sixteen to eighteen years, do all the house and outside work, and are gradually bringing the famous formal gardens, neglected during the war, back to something of their former splendor.

Many of the great English houses, unlike Hewell Grange, go back to the time of Queen Elizabeth and beyond, and have been occupied by the same families for hundreds of years. Originally they were built as centers of hospitality. Around them, to a very large extent, developed the culture and civilization of Britain. Although London is the world's largest city and England probably possesses the greatest proportion of urban dwellers of any European country, the English have remained rural-minded. The country house has always been the favorite home of the British aristocrat, and the one upon which he lavished most of his money and affection.

For centuries the life of the village

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE HUSTON

of the countryside revolved
nd the great house; both villager
yeoman depended for a liveli-
upon the rich man who owned
ouse in which he lived and the
he tilled. Every Englishman
his class and seldom made any
t to rise above it; in general he
satisfied to be what his father
been before him, while a woman
was "in service" naturally ex-
d her daughter to follow her
the lord's kitchen and pantries.
l readers of English novels know,
illage schools taught as a prime
of faith, "God bless the squire
keep us in our proper stations."
one supposes that England will
etain her culture and civilization,
he day of the great estate is rap-
vanishing. Within another gen-
n few if any of the huge and
monstrous mansions will be
tained as private homes, and the
m upon which English rural life
een based for centuries will be at
nd.

is the avowed intention of the
r government to liquidate the
and to break up the big estates,
aps eventually by outright na-
lization of the land. As Hugh
on, Chancellor of the Exchequer,
t in discussing his 1946 budget,
ch land has passed from private
ublic ownership, and it is the de-
d policy of the Labor party that
more should so pass, and that
principle of public ownership
ld be progressively applied."

me of the great houses have been
d because their owners, after
g the taxes, haven't enough
ey left to maintain them; others
use it is impossible to assemble a
staff of competent servants. Some have been acquired by various bureaus of the government and transformed into schools or other public institutions. Some have been sold piecemeal, the fine furnishings of the mansion scattered by auction and the land divided into small farms.

A few of the great houses and estates have been taken over by the National Trust, a nonprofit-making organization incorporated by Act of Parliament to promote the preservation of land and buildings of historic interest or natural beauty "for the benefit and access of the people." By giving his home and land to the National Trust the owner can become a tenant of the trust, occupying a part of the house, for any period chosen. He and his heirs can enjoy the advantages of living in a tax-free house.

If the owner decides to move out entirely, the trust will accept as tenants adult education schools, rest centers and other such public enterprises. In any event the trust tries to preserve the fabric of the house, its gardens and grounds, its rich interior decorations and valuable contents, for the benefit of the English people.

Unfortunately for the owners of the great houses, the National Trust cannot accept them unless they are accompanied by an endowment producing sufficient revenue to maintain them. Although the trust now administers some 800 properties of one sort or another, the list includes only about 20 great houses. But among them are some of England's most famous country homes. One is historic Knole, the home of Lord and Lady Sackville, which was built before the

(Continued on page 67)

What was once the Countess of Plymouth's boudoir at Hewell Grange is now a dormitory for half a dozen juvenile delinquents. The estate has become a detention home

Bath Academy of Art now occupies Corsham Court, ancient home of Lord Lady Methuen (below). On the grounds (right) students give outdoor shows

A RAG, A BONE, A HANK OF HAI

BY LEE RUSSELL

I WAS checking reports in my office late one summer afternoon when a hesitant voice spoke from the doorway.

"Signore?"

I looked up and groaned, "No, Giuseppe! He's not gone again!"

"*Si*, Signore," he insisted gently.

"Look, finding Manuel for you *one* time was *one* job for which you paid me—"

He made a little gesture. "I will pay you, Signore."

But I couldn't take more of this small grocer's money. Emmanuele was his orphaned godson, his roomer, and his daughter's fiancé.

I paced about the room. "Giuseppe, I don't want to hurt your feelings, or Rosa's—or anyone's, but it's obvious he doesn't love her. Why doesn't she just get someone else?"

"Signore! My Rosa loves him! There can be no one else!"

He was dangerously close to tears again. I patted him on the back until he had recovered.

"Signore, you're a smart man. You fix it so he stays home this time!"

He went on and on and my attention wandered until I remembered my date with Linda—fifteen minutes ago. I made some rushed and apologetic noises and bowed him out.

I caught Linda at the Fiftieth Street exit of the RCA Building. With some breathless talking I got myself out of it, and led her off to one of the sidewalk cafés on Fifty-first.

Linda was the sort of beautiful, self-possessed girl who never demands attention or tribute, but gets it anyway. I'm blessed with a face that encourages women to put themselves out for me, but I'll put myself out for her any time.

I ordered her sidecar and my Martini, lighted our cigarettes and relaxed, watching the people stroll by.

She turned on one of her smiles. "All right, what is it now?"

"I was wondering if I could get Manuel back permanently, in order to make Rosa happy, in order to make Giuseppe happy and, most of all, in order that I should no longer have to spend alternate week ends canvassing the neighborhood for him. It isn't even diverting. He displays an astonishing lack of originality. About every other payday, he simply goes out with the crew, gets drunk, goes home absent-mindedly with one of the boys, and stays there till I come for him."

"How do you know where to look?"

"I just call on the fellows he works with. I always find him sitting apathetically on the edge of a bed. I suggest going home and we go."

"What's he like?"

"Medium height, graceful build, dark wavy hair falling over his forehead, attractive boyish face, and disgracefully long, luxurious, curly eyelashes.

She laughed. "He sounds heavenly! And Rosa?"

I looked at her in surprise. "The usual sort, I suppose."

"You mean you've never seen her?"

"Well, I suppose Giuseppe doesn't consider it proper for a man's womenfolk to mix with his business acquaintances.

"The point is," I went on, "that, now, for an additional fee, of course, he wants me to fix it so Manuel will *stay* home. And, in my hurry to meet you—I am not sure—but I have a sneaking suspicion that I agreed!"

"Oh, no, Bill!" She tossed back her hair and laughed. "Well," she said, "why don't you do it?"

"Linda," I said patiently, "when will I be able to make it clear to you exactly what things do and do not lie within the province of my work?"

"Province be hanged! You always want to shirk all the interesting parts! Anyone can go get Manuel, but—" She leaned forward dramatically. *"Who* can make him stay?"

At this point I signaled a waiter and ordered dinner. I remembered other adventures on which she had embarked me and *their* embarrassing results. But she continued talking about it until I said, wouldn't have the remotest idea of how to go ab such a project even if I cared to let you talk into it."

So she told me how.

However, her plan boiled down to very little fort on my part. I was to give Rosa a brief lect on Charm, Personality, and How to Hold a M. Between courses, Linda outlined this very nicely over my address book.

On my way to work the next morning I stopp in the store. Giuseppe was delighted and agre to send Rosa right up.

She came in the way her father always did, lently sliding through the partly opened door a drawing my attention with a hushed, "Signore?"

I escorted her to my clients' chair with a gr show of efficient formality and launched imme ately into my lecture. She was frowsy, I had admit. Untidy wisps of shiny black hair kept esca ing through the mesh of the net on her head, and s kept absently poking them back with one fing And her face—well, there was nothing exac wrong with it, but the more I looked at it, the mo I could sympathize with Manuel's point of vie

I conscientiously finished my assigned task. I h the smug satisfaction of following my instructio to the letter in the full knowledge that I was not g ting the predicted result. I cut short her thanks a hurried her out the door.

I told Linda about it over coffee in the corn delicatessen. "Well," I said joyfully, "that's tha

She looked at me calmly. "I'm going to ask Ro to stay with me for two weeks. There's nothi wrong with her that can't be fixed."

I was appalled. I gave her a series of argumer and then washed my hands of the whole thing. Su cess or failure, it was no longer my problem.

However happy Giuseppe, Rosa, Manuel a Linda may have been about this arrangement, I w completely miserable! Every time I called, th were busy—exercising, hairdressing, shopping, doing fifty other things. I couldn't even take the to dinner because of the Diet.

FINALLY, Friday, two weeks later, I was giv permission to escort Rosa home. I called Linda's apartment prepared to be distantly pol until she had made up for her neglect. But wh the door was opened, I gaped like a schoolboy.

I have always regarded this eternal feminine ta of diet and the latest hair-do with suspicious scor This attitude was, until now, justified by the di parity between the amount of talk and the amou of visible result.

"Of course, this is more than dieting and ne clothes," Linda explained and proceeded to poi out reshaped eyebrows, thinned hair, and oth technical points well over my head.

I was only conscious of a slim, glowing girl in dusty yellow dress. And of silky black hair pull back from a smooth forehead and falling in so sheaths on either side of her face. The girl w lovely!

Linda mixed me a drink.

Rosa had Linda's gestures and mannerisms dow pat. She bent her head to my lighter in the sam way and fluffed out the back of her hair when sh laughed. Linda winked at me and went for her ha

We took her home and went out to find Manue He didn't say a word about our letting him sta away for two weeks.

Giuseppe came to the door alone. We felt a litt cheated at not being allowed to witness the reunio under the changed circumstances, but we we happy in our halos. . . .

The next morning I was whistling through m mail when I sensed, rather than heard, the doo open.

"Signore?" Giuseppe began.

"No!" I exclaimed. "Not again!"

"No, Signore," he said sadly. "This time it Rosa."

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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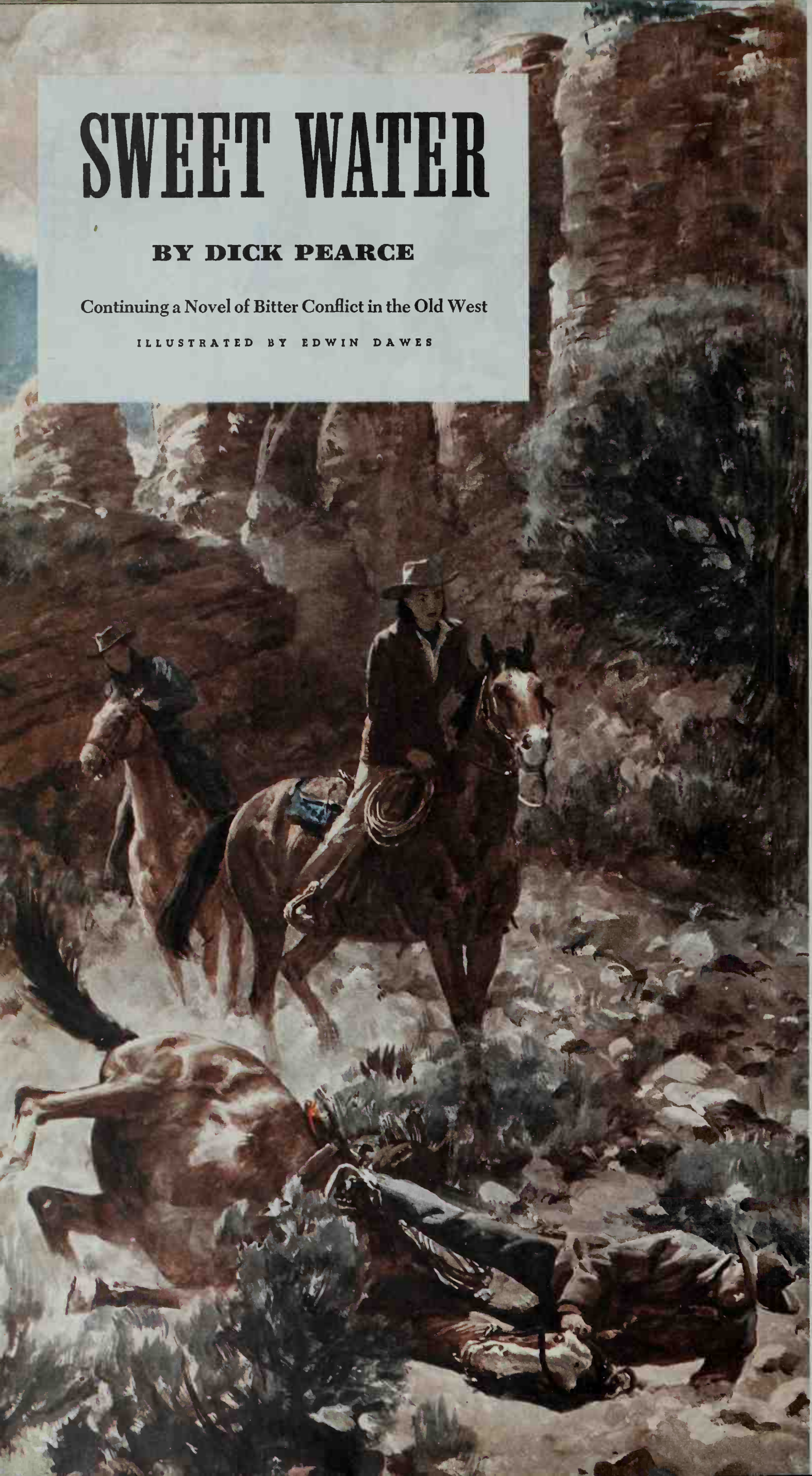

SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

Continuing a Novel of Bitter Conflict in the Old West

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

THE STORY takes place in the American S west at the time of the rapid expansion great network of railroads across the nent.

Arriving in his home territory of New ico, engineer JIM LINEER is puzzled to that the railroad which he recommend built through the dry Tularosa Valley which railroad magnate H. H. EDWARD tentatively commissioned him to build, be bossed instead by Edwards' rashly confident adopted son, TRACY THOM Lineer soon learns that Thomason is en to Edwards' bold and lovely daughter, BARA, who has taken a house in the to Tularosa with her young companion, M RIORDAN. Molly has fallen in love Lineer's side-kick, big TIM MCCARTHY.

Lineer agrees to build the railroad Thomason's orders. Thomason has arra an uneasy truce between the two feuding barons of the valley, lean old JUBAL NY blustering WILSON WARE. His next pro is water to build and run the railroad. Th son has proceeded on the theory that can be obtained by drilling wells in the of the desert. Lineer disagrees; he is vinced that sweet water must be br down from the mountains.

Doubt as to the impulsive Thomason ness to command men and make decisio gins to gnaw Barbara, but she remains to him. At a housewarming party she Molly give, Jubal Nye's tough little fore HARRY KECK, appears out of the desert, d and desirous. Keck makes a play for M Riordan, but Tim McCarthy throws hi the ground. Lineer disarms the intruder, whom he has had trouble before, and o him out of the country.

As he leaves, Keck swears vengeanc Lineer.

IV

THEY planted the new rails curve northeast out of El P hugging the line where the gentle swell of the Franklins dipped t desert. Eight hundred men. Six hun teams. And one stout old work en brought across Texas on the T. & P. second week they found their rhythm men will when they are well comman The eleventh day they laid a mile of between sunup and sundown. That ning Lineer and Tim McCarthy and Georgie Price shared a quiet bottle, Tim announced that his dark-skir gangs at the shovels would do.

They circled respectfully around brown clump of Fort Bliss, advancing der the amused eyes of men from the who were long and lean and wind-bu and had the deep blue of Ireland in t eyes. Men who looked with admiratio the great figure of Timothy McCar They were men, too, who would have t say to the devil himself. They went stra for Tim.

"Ye're building a railroad into the g nowheres, and ye'll find no cargo the they gibed. "Where's the soft spot ir that keeps ye out of the cavalry?"

Tim grinned at them, and though t was respect in his eyes there was non his voice.

"It was yer fathers who threw the Un Pacific across the mountains and the erts with the brawn of their arms," he s "And I've heard it was only the weak sons of yer fathers that fled to the cava And," continued Tim, "I'll have ye k the man Lineer there can build a railr into the mouth of hell itself and freight for the takin'."

They left Fort Bliss behind, racing ea across the high corner of the Hu

The bullet intended for Lineer's foreh thudded between the eyes of his horse the animal fell, Lineer flung himself

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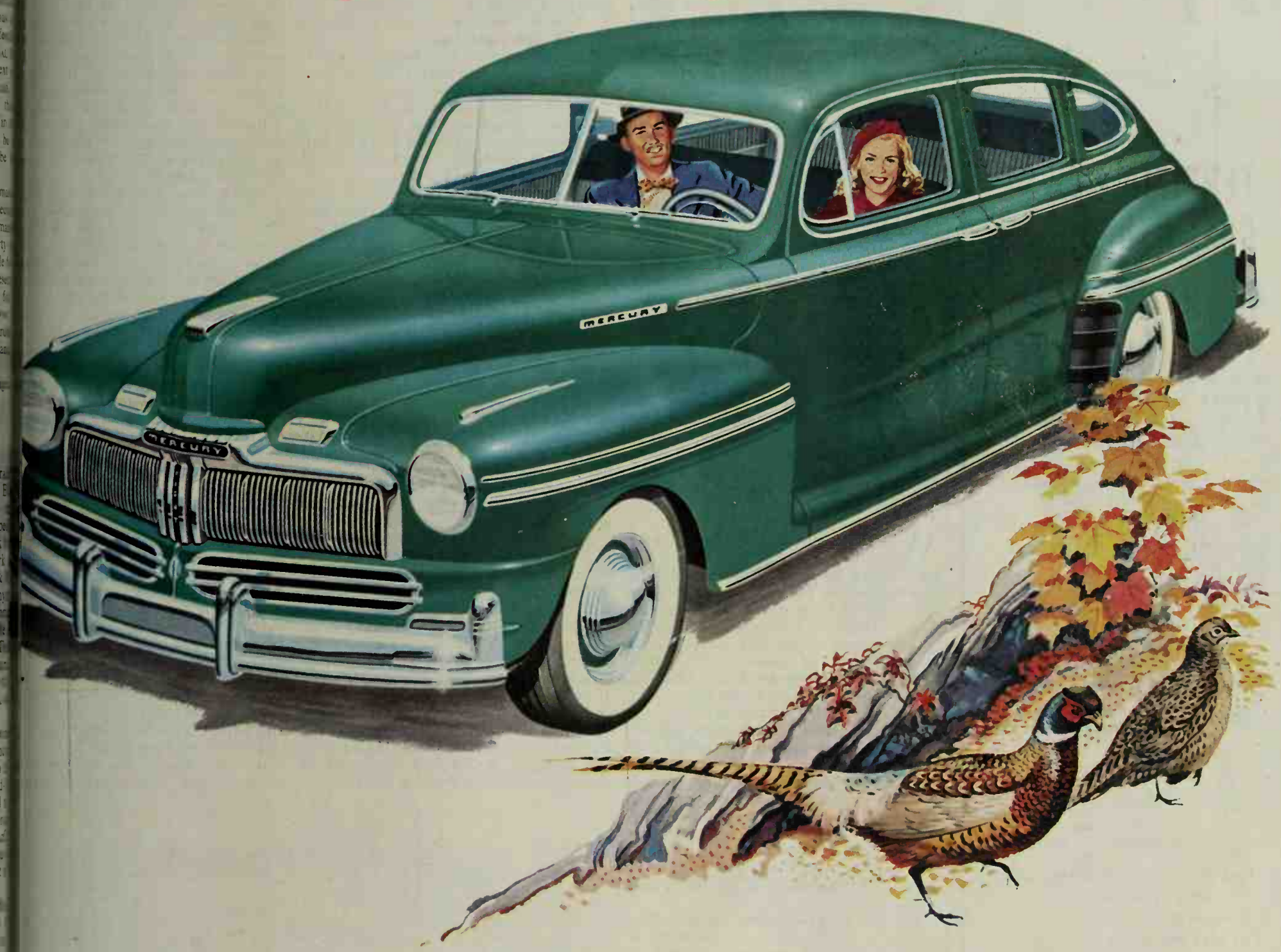

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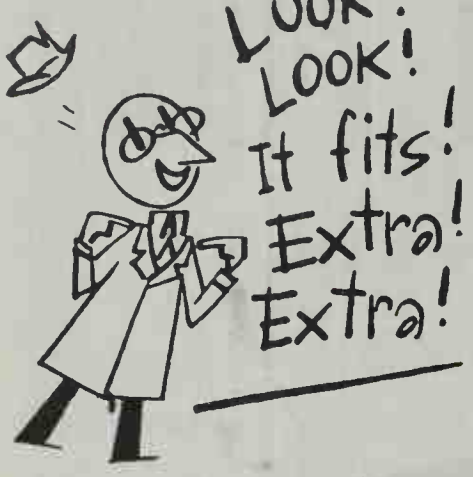


don herold says:

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

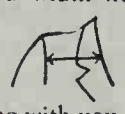
TERRIFIC NEWS! COATS THAT FIT!

Maybe you're prettier than I am. Or luckier. But I—honestly—have never had an overcoat or topcoat that sat completely right on my shoulders and around my neck, and that hung right on my skeleton.

So, when a coat company comes out with the simple slogan, "They fit," it's either a lie or it's such sensational news that we men ought to stampede the stores to look into it.

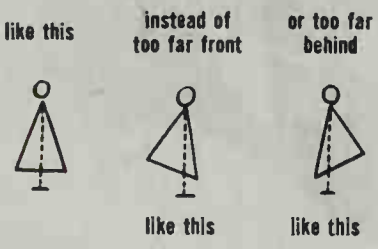
Well, I looked at the coats this slogan describes and I find that the slogan fits the coats.

For example, these coats have extra width here:



which allows your lapel to stay flat.

And Mt. Rock coats hang with you in the middle



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basin. Now the jagged pipes of the Organs towered on their left. The Huecos were golden humps afire at dawn in the east, and the desert stretched northward to the very limit of their eyes and beyond.

They pounded across the flatland, the southwest wind at their backs, eyes pinched to an aching squint against the harsh tan earth that caught the full glare of the sun and threw it searingly at every eyeball. But it was not bad. There was water at sundown to wash the stinging sand from a man's throat and a man's eyes and once a week to scrub caked dirt from his body if he wished.

They drove in a week across two invisible lines in the desert. The first was the indefinable mark where the Hueco drainage ended and the Tularosa Valley began. The second put Texas behind them.

Lineer called a brief halt there for the ceremony that Tracy Thomason had ordered. Hacks and carriages came up from El Paso and down from Tularosa and White Oaks. But when they were all gathered, three people were missing. Tim's eyes scoured the wagon road to the north, waiting hungrily for Molly. Lineer watched impatiently, and told himself as he had a hundred times before that he must thrust the face of Barbara Edwards from his restless dreams.

In the end a messenger arrived from Thomason saying an emergency held them in Tularosa. The first rail was laid into the Territory of New Mexico without them. Jubal Nye made a quiet speech, envisioning a flow of peaceful people into the Tularosa Valley. But it was Wilse Ware who carried the day.

"Tell them over in Arizona," he thundered, "to mine copper enough for an empire now! Tell them the town of White Oaks and this railroad will bring coal for their furnaces. White Oaks is ready! The coal is ready! It's up to Arizona now!"

WHEN Ware had finished, Lineer nodded to the boy atop the rail car. He clucked his horse forward. Willing hands grasped the hot rail and more hands seized it as it slid from the car. They carried it triumphantly forward across the new ties, laid it down and backed away as spikers and bolters stepped importantly to their tasks.

And Big Tim, who could set a spike with a one-handed tap and drive it home with one swing of his shoulders, did not even smile as the visitors worried the first spike awkwardly into the wood. His questioning eyes were turned northward.

Three days later the emergency was explained. A small caravan came out of the north. A coach leading, and two wagons piled high behind it. Molly climbed first from the coach and ran to Tim. Thomason followed, then Barbara.

Barbara gave Lineer her hand, smiling strangely. He stared at her, shocked at what he found in her face. It was as though the end of summer had brought, too, a sudden end of the young strength of her. Her eyes were shadowed, her color was gone. She gazed up at him gaily, saucily almost. Yet deep in her eyes there was despair and bewilderment.

"Goodby, Jim," she said lightly.

"Goodby?"

"Yes. Molly and I are going to El Paso to rest a bit, then back to New York. I'll wait in New York until Tracy is finished here."

Thomason, too, was changed. His eyes stayed on Barbara, dull with doubt and resentment. It was as though the knowledge that Barbara would no longer be at his side in this valley had drained him of his easy assurance and vitality.

Lineer said to him, "How is the Jarilla well?"

"Around four hundred feet," said Thomason listlessly. "Granite has slowed him down."

"Any signs?"

"A little alkie water. Not much."

Lineer stared northward. Seven miles ahead lay the state-line well. The big well, the good well—and the last well. Beyond it stretched fifty waterless miles. He waited silently. Thomason shot one sullen glance at him, then turned away.

Molly came running to Barbara's arms, Tim striding with thunderstruck face behind her.

"I can't go, Miss Barbara," sobbed Molly. "I can't go!"

She pulled away from Barbara, looking with tearful eyes from this girl who was her inseparable companion to this man for whom she was born.

"I'll wait for him in El Paso," she cried. "I'll wash dishes. I'll—I'll make beds in a hotel. I'll do anything!"

"Ye'll wash no dishes and ye'll make no beds," growled Tim.

"Of course not," said Barbara gently. "If you must stay, Molly, then you must stay and I'll find a place for you."

Lineer grinned across at Tim. "If I were you and you were me," he said, "I'd tell you and your railroad to go to hell for a week, and I'd take the girl to El Paso and marry her."

Tim squinted at the far horizon. "Now it's for such thinking as that," he said softly, "that ye remain the boss and I but a thickheaded foreman."

He reached for Molly, laughing down at her and saying, "Molly, will ye marry me in El Paso tomorrow?"

"I will, Tim," said Molly.

Georgie Price came and stood before Tim. He was a stubby bantam of a man with a blob of flattened nose pushed to the left side of his face. A young-old face, alive with eyes that danced and strutted and gleamed.

"Run along, Timothy," he jeered. "Maybe without you bellowing around here we can get some rails laid."

Lineer felt a queer, sharp pang as he watched the two men shake hands and grin at each other uncertainly.

"Georgie," he called, "you're going to El Paso, too. Take up the option on every water wagon we have listed. Get them started here the shortest and fastest way. And if Tim will let you, you might take out the time to stand up with him."

In a week to the day Tim rode up, shouted at Lineer in passing and roared down happily upon his gangs. That day at sundown the rails reached the big well, and men and horses reveled in its water. That night Tim waited until the lantern was out in the tent he shared with Lineer and Georgie. Lying on his stomach he peered out through the tent flap into the night, where the first hint of a coolness had come to the desert.

"Miss Barbara has not gone," he "And if ye ask me, which ye have could be made to stay."

After a long silence Lineer's came out of the darkness: "Yo a sharp eye, Tim. You should k woman has a way of telling you she is not satisfied with the man sh

"Ah," said Tim. "Now that I w be knowin' about. But I'll say reg she no longer loves the man Tho And Molly would break my head knew I whispered of it."

Lineer swung suddenly to the his cot. But there he remained. should know. Yet there had be invitation in Barbara's eyes a wee no warm light such as had stirr blood there in her parlor the night housewarming. And she still was to marry Tracy Thomason. Som had happened between Barbar Thomason. Perhaps some deci their long clash of wills so climac it had shaken them both. But th tention to marry had not changed. ing had changed except that Barb leaving the desert.

And he, too, must have been m that night of the housewarming. gladness he thought he saw in Ba eyes had vanished so quickly. S become suddenly merry and flippa almost abrupt, and her smile at had been cool and impersonal.

He sank back on the cot, trying to force her from his thoughts.

ALONG time later Tim said, Thomason now. The man braggart's brain and a thief's hea the day will come when he will be to steal a man's life."

The next day Tim laid his mile And the next day and the next. fourth day Lineer's eye spanned t between Tim's gangs and the cl dust to the north where the gradin toiled.

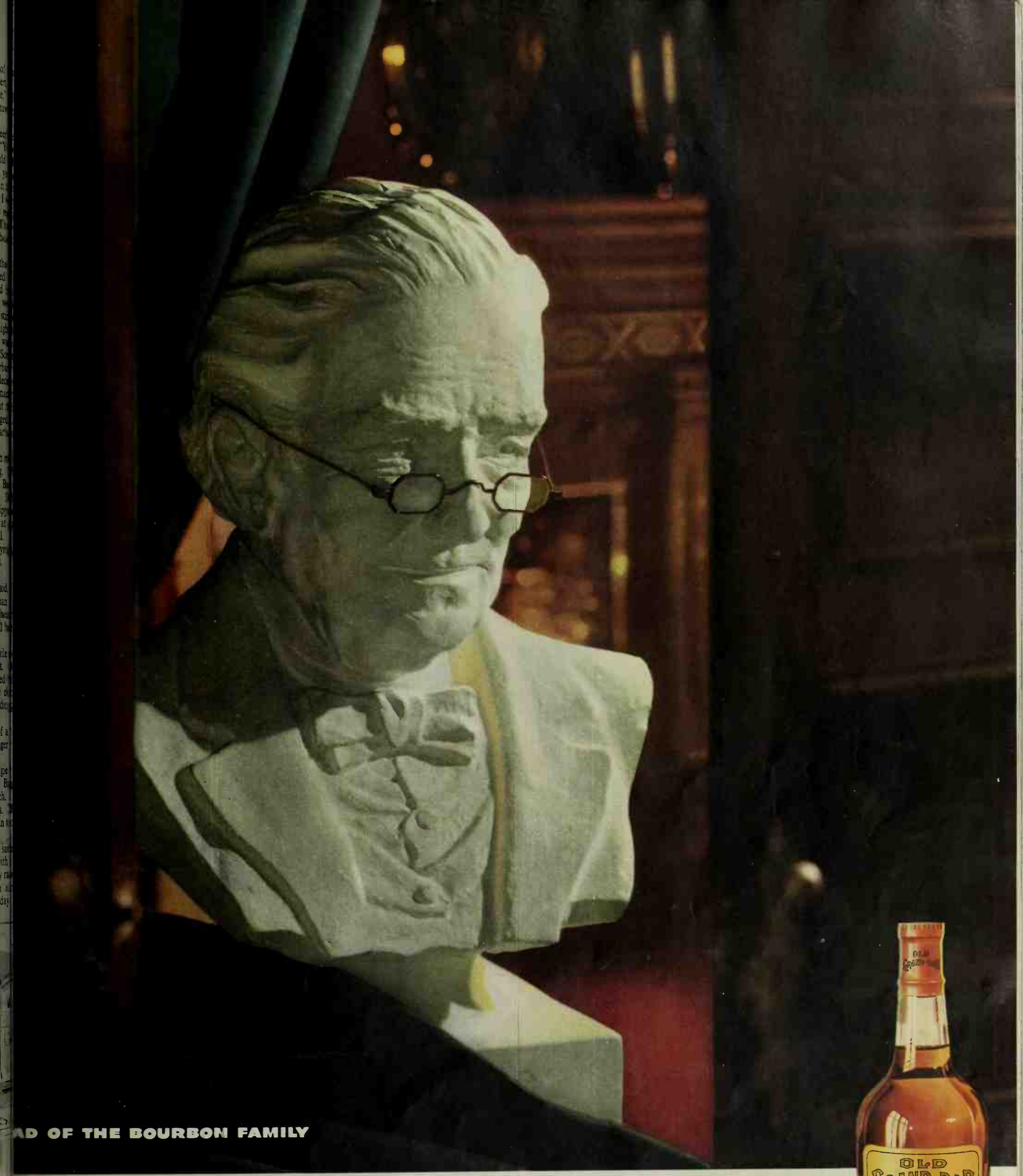
"You've gained a quarter of a he said to Tim. "Their longer haul is slowing them down."

Then the first three of Georgie extra water wagons arrived. Bi tanks behind a three-team hitch. gave all three to the graders. following afternoon they began t away from Tim.

"They'll not do that to me," sai and he spoke coaxing words with eye to the sweating men. They ra across the desert, Tim's men a graders. But on the seventh day

"This de luxe model has more extras—steering wheel, four tires, windshield, two headlights. It's worth the extra money"

COLLIER'S HERB WILL



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of the well Tim missed his mile of rail by two hundred yards. The graders fell short too but that was no comfort to Tim. The next day his sledges were flying before the sun topped the far Guadalupes. When it sank beyond the Organs he was three hundred yards short. His gangs sank exhausted where they stood. They did not move until the last water wagon creaked in through the twilight.

"Take it easy, Tim," said Lineer. "We'll piek it up when more water wagons get here."

On the tenth day a caravan appeared out of the south. It was a coach with two wagons piled high behind it. Again Molly jumped first from the coach and ran to the man who was now her husband. Thomason stepped jauntily down, then lifted Barbara out.

She laughed coolly up at Lineer, as though she were amused by the question she saw in his face. The pain was gone from her eyes, if indeed it had ever been there. Lineer thought confusedly that he did not know this girl at all.

"You see?" she said. "I can be as flighty as any woman."

"Then you are back to stay?"

She nodded as Thomason broke in, "She got a little overtired and lonely. A couple of weeks in El Paso fixed her up."

She slanted her gaze up at Thomason with a short, unmusical laugh. "Thank you, Tracy," she said.

Thomason searched her face with a quick glance, seeking something and not finding it. She smiled at him warmly. He put his right arm about her waist, giving her a quick, hard squeeze, then turned to Lineer with all his old enthusiasm, his exultant drive.

"I saw Hellwig at El Paso," he said. "He's shut down the Jarilla well for a few days. Scraping his boiler."

"I know," said Lineer. "He passed us here."

"He's down to soft porphyry again now. Things will go faster. I told him to take it to eight hundred feet if neeessary."

Lineer nodded indifferently. Thomason laughed. He raised his left arm and rested it casually on Lineer's shoulder, his eyes amused and challenging. He watched Lineer's face harden, then dropped the arm with the same casual gesture.

"It looks like you're in for a dry pull across the Jarilla streteh," he said. "But Hellwig will find good water by the time you reach Tularosa."

"As I recall it," said Lineer thoughtfully, "you had two engineers from the home office supporting you on wells. Blake and somebody, wasn

Thomason's good humor van "Blake and Summers," he sn "Why?"

"No reason." Lineer shrugge know Blake by reputation. A gooc I've always been a little surprise he had so much confidence in well

"Why shouldn't he?" said Thor quickly. "The water's there, I tell

Lineer glanced at Barbara, obs her indifferenee to this convers That was not like her. His glanee r baek to Thomason, surprising gleam in the depths of his pale Lineer tightened from pure animal for that gleam held triumph and pation and a eold, eold deadlines

Then Thomason smiled. "I sa other friend of yours in El Paso.

"Yes?"

"Harry Keek. Said he was bou California."

"Why, Tracy," said Barbara. didn't tell me you saw him."

Tim swung Molly into the laughing at her tears. "Now, Mo won't be long," he said. "I'll be track straight to yere door now, an makes a differenee."

Thomason put his hand beneath bara's elbow. She shook it off w sudden, impatient gesture and st into the coach. Thomason foll The coach moved off.

"All right, Tim," said Lineer. " spit on your hands. From now waste nothing that is wet."

ON THE twelfth day four more wagons arrived. Lineer gave Tim and sent three ahead to the gr A horse whose belly is emptied of will not eat. And a dangerous lea was coming into the flanks of the that strained at the plows and the and the fresnos and the big six-wheeler scrapers.

"Ye'll waste no water in was Tim told his gangs. Lineer set a on the water barrel, and as Tim r up and down the line his own inf eyes watched the guard. His beard thick and black. Georgie said tha for the red dust in it, it would bloomed into silken curls. As parehed sundown followed a Lineer straddled the new rails, his searching back to the point where h stood that dawn, and he shook his and said that tomorrow Tim would his mile. But he knew no man coul

On the twentieth day two more

"No, thanks, madam. You go in the other room and sit down—dinner will be ready in a jiffy"

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wagons hove out of the south. But they were not big, gleaming steel tanks. They were leaking wooden barrels lashed to high-sided wagons. Georgie Price said no more were to be found in all the Southwest for love or money. And every sunset the haul to water stretched farther. Every morning men's eyes grew duller, men's muscles grew stringier, men's bodies grew filthier, men's tempers grew shorter.

Lineer quit counting the days then. The high pipes of the Organs receded on the left and there came the morning when he found the faint blue line of the Sacramentos to the northeast and the squat humps of the Jarillas almost dead ahead. But he remembered that day for something else. For a man named Pettit, a thick-bellied man with a small, pursed mouth, dirty teeth and a gun on his hip.

Pettit came into the desert from the south with four loaded wagons. A fifth followed, and Georgie Price saw with calculating eyes that it was a water wagon. The man set up a tent, served notice he was filing a townsite plat, and drove a stake that announced to the camp the birth of Pettit City.

Then he set up a bigger tent. He pulled the tarps from his wagons and rolled twenty barrels of whisky out of the wagons and into the tent. That night the railroad camps were deserted.

The next day men raised bloodshot eyes to the heavens and reviled the sun with hot, Spanish curses. They cursed the pain in their heads and the burning ache in their throats. They lay down beside the tracks and threw back into Tim's teeth the raging curses that he flung at them. They watched with piteous eyes the water wagon that plodded with agonizing slowness out of the south. They ran screaming after it when it passed them by and moved on toward the grader camp.

When their water wagon did come, it was an old one with six leaking barrels in its bed. Georgie Price jumped into it with a pistol in his hand. He shouted out of his own dry throat, "You'll form six lines."

AT SUNDOWN Lineer stood beside the last rail laid and looked back. Four hundred yards of new track they had put down that day. Four hundred yards from sunrise to sunset. He called to Georgie and they walked down the track to Pettit City.

They found Pettit in his big tent, seated on a whisky barrel. He stood up, peering at them through avaricious eyes. He hitched his gun belt around.

"You're folding," said Lineer.

"It's a free country," said Pettit.

"Not for your kind," said Lineer. "Head south tonight."

"Look out!" shouted Georgie.

But Lineer had seen the flare of decision in Pettit's eyes. The man's hand was still six inches from his gun when Lineer hit him. He staggered backward, stumbling over the whisky barrel as he went down. Lineer leaped after him, grabbed his shirt, hauled him to his feet and drove a coldly furious fist into those rotting teeth. The next blow found his temple. He lay still as Lineer unstrapped his gun belt and jerked it off.

"All right, Georgie," said Lineer. Georgie went to work on the barrels. His eyes were sad as he watched the red earth suck down the red liquor.

Then Georgie stood grinning over Pettit. "We're taking your water wagon as damages," he said. "Do I hear any complaints?"

They crawled on toward the Jarillas, fighting the pain in eyes that had not known the soothing touch of water for a month, fighting fatigue that reached into their very bone marrow, fighting a sun that would not surrender to the demands of autumn. And night after night Lineer lay in his dirty blankets dreaming fitfully of cool streams in the Sacramentos and seeing the green eyes of Barbara Edwards and cursing the peace that was fled from him.

There came a night when six men slipped out of the camp and plodded southward. Southward toward El Paso and the flowing Rio Grande and the delights of dimlit Juarez cribs so long denied them.

But a whisper of it reached Lineer. Lineer on a horse overtook them. He reined across their path with a rifle in his lap, and he said softly down to them, "You came to the desert to build a railroad and you'll leave when it's built."

And now the fatigue bit deeper than ever into the bodies of Lineer and Tim and Georgie. For they split each night among them and patrolled the camp with pistols in their waistbands. If one man ever slipped successfully from the camp, a hundred would try it in a week.

It was Tim, slogging through the night with a weariness that bent even his great frame, who came to wake Lineer and saw the crouched figure slipping toward the tent from the west. Even as Tim yelled the man fired. The bullet whistled by Tim's cheek, but Tim charged blindly.

The skulker sped for the safety of the mesquite dunes with Tim stumbling

COLLIER'S "Another box, Joe" CHARLES PEA

in pursuit. Lineer and Georgie ran from the tent, calling to Tim. The three of them stood together in the night, listening to hoofbeats that grew fainter.

"So Keck went to California," said Tim. "And I'm a Chinaman."

At noon the next day Lineer paused to watch Wilse Ware's coal freighters crawl southward past the camp. He saw the round figure of Jess Folsom hunched down in the seat of the lead wagon.

His weary mind grasped at something. He said to Tim, "Maybe I've lost track of time, and maybe those wagons don't come south as often as they once did."

"Now, Jim, lad," said Tim. "It's enough to dream of water ye haven't got. Leave the coal to others."

The Jarillas rose higher and higher, harsh red lumps that could have been rounded gravestones. And then one day the water wagons of the graders no longer plodded past Tim's gangs. The graders had reached the dry hole of the Jarilla well. Now it was closer for their water wagons to travel north, to find water in Dog Cañon and on Alamo ranch and at tiny La Luz Creek where it fell from the Sacramentos.

Four days later, end of rail came abreast of Hellwig's drilling rig. Lineer ordered a day's halt. Men sank their scrawny, filthy bodies into the brackish water of Tinker Well and sighed and began to live again. Before t
sucked dry for the day every n
bush within a hundred yards of
somed with clean shirts and blan

The cook scrubbed his skille
sand, washed them with water, s
with sand and washed them one

Hellwig rubbed his beefy che
said to Lineer, "Six hundred fe
the only water I found had
epsom salts in it to eat a hole
belly. Thomason is crazy."

THE next dawn Tim stalked
his gangs. "Ye'll lay a mile
today or I'll feed yere black h
the black birds above," he said
grinned at him and laid a mile
A mile closer to water. A mile c
Tularosa. A mile closer to Tol
ton's saloon, to a tree and a hous
woman in it.

And Lineer, watching the sun
southward over the Organs,
through the deep fatigue of his m
something the sky was telling him
it came to him. Winter was at ha

Wilse Ware emerged from th
with the expert from Pennsylvani
name was Gittings. He wore
bowler hat and a heavy overco

lighted a cigar as big as Ware
shivered, for the wind whistling t
this high gulch had a knife edg

"I'll give it to you quick," h
"The coal is there but you'll neve
it. The diking will get worse and
better."

Ware threw away his fresh ci
though it had offended him. His
eyes glared at Gittings. "You're w

Gittings shrugged as he followed
into the buggy. "For a thousand-
fee I'd be an optimist if I could," h
"But I've never seen worse diking."

The buggy rolled up the main
of White Oaks—Wilse Ware's
Oaks, where every man smiled and
respectfully to the thick man wi
black beard and the black eyes a
thick cigar. They entered Wilse
office with its windows that look
and down the street.

Ware pulled a roll of bills fro
pocket. He counted off ten hu
and handed them silently to Gittin
roll still in his hand.

He asked gruffly, "Which wa
going back?"

"I don't know," said Gi
"Thought I might drop down and
a look at El Paso before I cut east a

Ware slowly thumbed off ten
bills. He thrust them out, h
Gittings' eyes with his own. "Her

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A right smart lad is our little friend Paul!
He won't take *one* when he can have *all*
Of those tempting, luscious, fresh fruit flavors,
In one pack of these swell Life Savers!
Orange! Lemon! And Lime! All fresh as May.
Wild Cherry and Pineapple. Try 'em today!

Only 5¢

ner thousand. Keep your mouth shut." Gittings took them with a grin. "I'd ep my mouth shut anyway," he said. you want to unload on somebody, t's no business of mine."

Ware raised a black-furred fist and uck without a word. Gittings crum- d. He lay on the floor, staring up in wilderment.

"I'll unload on nobody," growled are. "Nobody! D'you hear?"

Gittings got to his feet, backing toward e door. Ware stopped him.

"You're not going south. You're going r the Oscuros to San Antonio, and a n of mine will be with you. And u're taking the first train north from ere."

"Sure," said Gittings.

Ware's voice was cold and deliberate: hen I pay a man my money for his nce, and he takes it, he's made a bar- n with me. Then, if he lets himself rget, I'll feel no pity for him when I to Pennsylvania after him."

When Gittings was gone, Ware strode vily up and down the room. He uld not keep this secret much longer. ice in the last month the wagons had ited, and he had loaded them only by strength of his own fury. Wresting ry last lump of coal from the narrow, ding seams and the pockets. Driving miners till they were ready to drop, ying their silence with double wages. It was his duty to tell the railroad. The ls were this side of Tularosa now, ing for White Oaks. Racing for the l of White Oaks. As an honorable n he must tell the railroad the truth. t the fools would not understand. ey would not see that the trouble in mines was only temporary. They uld call in more experts. Men like ttings. And none of them would believe that when he fought his way through the porphyry of the dikes and the faults he would find the main coal seam again, wide and black and inexhaustible.

He paused in his pacing at the window. The people in the busy street nodded and smiled at him as they passed. His town. A good town. Created by his own energy out of tents and lean-tos. A growing town. A town destined to be a city when New Mexico became a state. A city that would be his monument. But if the rails went around it, White Oaks would wither and die as quickly as a cut rose. In a year it would be a ghost town.

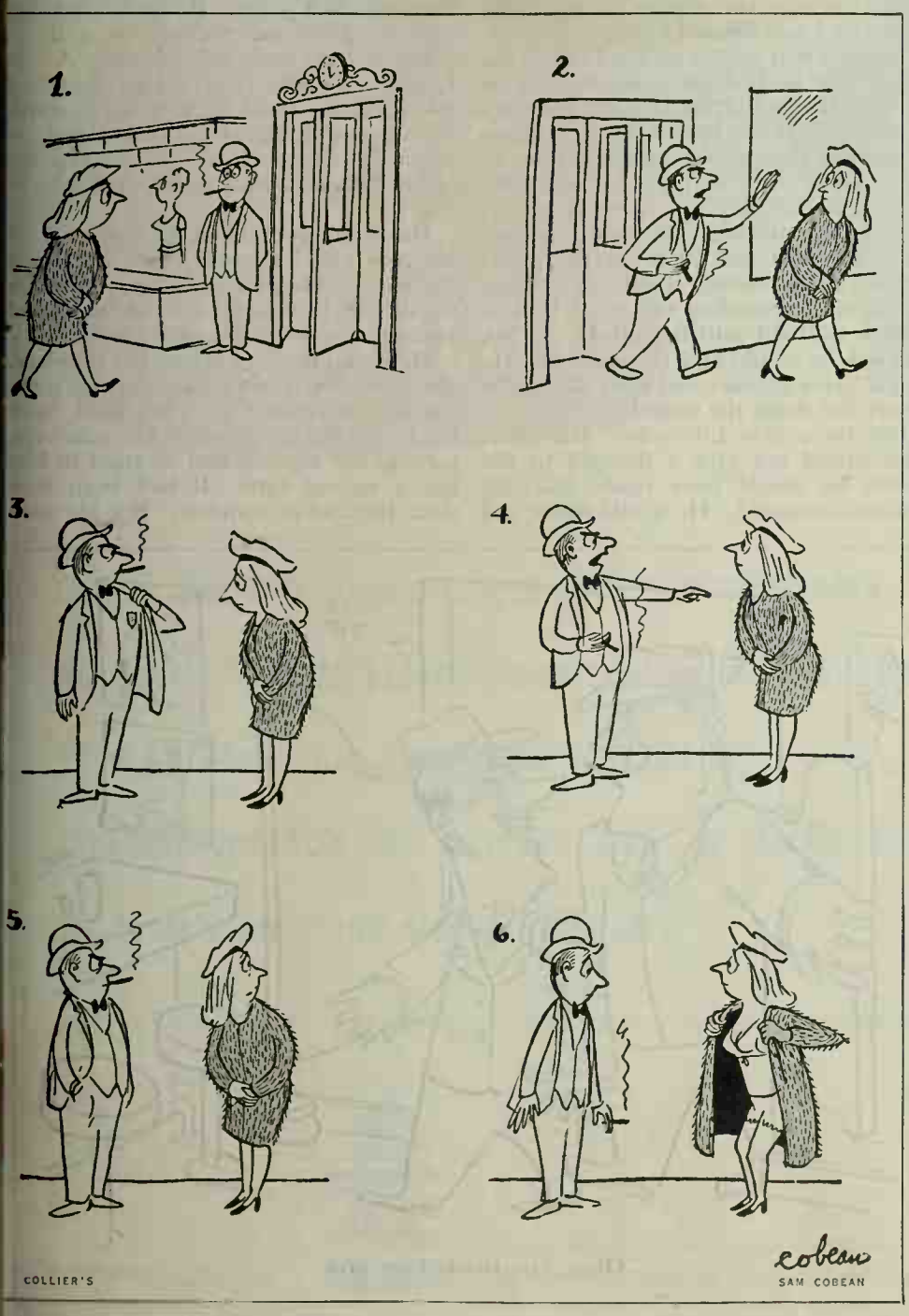
He turned about and resumed his pacing, his beard sunk on his chest.

HELLWIG put on his hard hat, walked to the counter rail and stood there looking back. Thomason sat at his desk, gazing at the blank wall before him, his sloping shoulders hunched.

"I'm sorry," said Hellwig. "The water just wasn't there."

Thomason turned his head slowly. The dull anger in his eyes flickered brighter. "All right, you fool," he snapped. "You're paid off. Now get out!"

He sat hunched thus, watching Hellwig move off into the crowded plaza. Tularosa dozed no longer in its remote valley. New people thronged its streets, hurrying with the brisk purposefulness of Middle Westerners. Brown-faced farmers and wives with their white mull sunbonnets and children at their skirts. The hopeful and the dispossessed and the adventurous, called by the lure of cheap land in the Sacramento foothills. Incomparable orchard land, said the railroad advertisements. Land for apples and cherries and peaches and apricots. Blue grama grass on the slopes for the



Are you trying to tell me All tissues aren't KLEENEX?

Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've *always* told you Kleenex* and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex *box* is different. It *serves up* tissues — saves time and trouble. I'm tired of fumbling for ordinary tissues! I want *Kleenex* — there's no other like it!

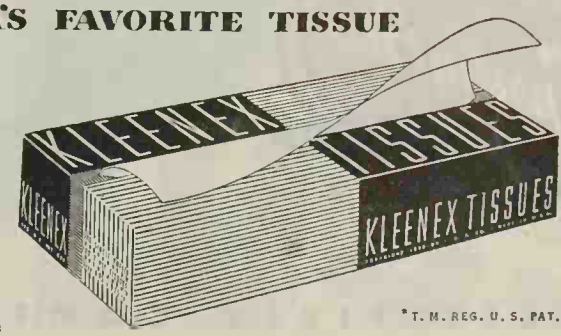
PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I have found the softness of Kleenex quite unique. Most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffling condition which accompanies the common cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!

Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in *my* book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently!* But do you remember to ask for *Kleenex*? You only mumble "tissues." As if my *skin* wouldn't know the difference!

Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Ixnay! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your *eyes* tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned...*There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



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IRRESISTIBLE COMFORT

little rancher. Timber and building stone and pottery clay and irrigation water. And a railroad to market. End of rail was already ten miles past Tularosa. The telegraph was following. Bright twin rails, stretching south now to the Rio Grande, would make this valley a garden in the wasteland. So men said, and the hope in their hearts was high.

Thomason brought his gaze back to his desk. He reached to a bottom drawer, withdrew a portfolio and removed from it a single document of several sheets. It bore the signatures of Thomas E. Blake and J. H. Summers, the Great Western engineers who had spent a month with him last spring surveying the valley.

He thumbed through it until his eyes found the concluding paragraph. He knew well what it said. But he read it again, his face bleak and drawn.

"The Lineer flume proposal," it said, "is clearly feasible and practical. In view of the failure of water exploration on the floor of this basin in the past, the Lineer plan probably must be adopted in the end. However, in view of the high cost of such a plan, we feel further water exploration first would be justified. We recommend deep wells be drilled at the points we have indicated. We cannot stress too strongly, however, that no rail construction be started until such deep well drilling has been completed and the results evaluated."

THOMASON folded the report into a square. He sat again facing the plaza, his lips loose and shapeless, his long, restless fingers creasing the paper again and again. The Jarilla well was dead. His gamble was lost. His gamble that was to prove to Colonel Edwards—yes, and to Jim Lineer and to all men who questioned him with their hostile stares—that he was the master of men and events he knew himself to be.

Now he had built a railroad across the desert and he had no water to feed its boilers. He could telegraph east for extra water cars. Three, four, a dozen if necessary. But that would raise questions in New York. And that would take time. He had to start his trains across the desert now. If he did not, the fools running up and down out there in the street would begin asking questions. They would start spreading the word he had built a railroad into the nowhere. No, by God, he would give them trains. He would drive engines and men across the desert and damn the water!

But there was Edwards. The great man would not give a thought to the profits he would have made had this gamble succeeded. He would shout and storm that Thomason had built a beautiful piece of junk, good for nothing but to eat money until a flume brought water to the desert. He would have no word to say about the bad luck that can hit any man big enough to take a chance. There would be in his eyes that queer, thoughtful gleam Thomason first saw when he returned from Sonora. And Edwards would say things that would make a man's soul writhe.

Thomason stared down again at the paper in his hand. There was a copy of it in New York, stuck away in some bound file in a Great Western warehouse. No one would think of digging it out. Someday soon he could find an excuse for a trip to New York and remove the copy. It would be his word against the engineers' then.

He rose abruptly and stepped to the stove glowing red in the corner. He stooped for the poker, lifted the lid and dropped the document into the fire. He watched the flames as they ate into it and danced upward. The flames heightened the flaky lightness of his eyes, catching a small gleam there as a new thought came to him. He turned it over slowly in his mind. And as the plausibility of it came to him, the gleam in eyes became a flame, too, leaping higher and higher.

It was Lineer, not he, who insisted on going ahead with construction without waiting for the Jarilla well. After the first well came in so satisfyingly, Lineer had become the too-confident convert. Of course! And Thomason acted quite properly in trusting the judgment of his engineer in charge.

Who was there to say this was not so? Who would have the opportunity to deny it? Barbara first. He could win her silence—if she were his wife. If he handled it with his old skill, she would never even know. Nor Molly. Then there was McCarthy. He could send that damned Irishman packing in a hurry if Lineer were no longer around. As for Lineer . . . the elusive idea that had tantalized his mind these many months, the scheme that had fascinated and repelled him through all the dark hours of his hate, now became altogether inviting.

He swung away from the stove, found his coat and hat, and strode out upon the plaza. He pushed his way through the throng, turning up toward the second big house beside the *'cequia madre*.

He found Barbara before her fireplace. She gave him a smile that did not quite succeed in erasing the discontent from her face. She accepted his kiss passively, turning her cheek when he tried to kiss her a second time. It had been thus since the end of summer. But his need

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of her was so great that he had dared not speak of it again.

Warming his back at the fireplace, he smiled down at her tenderly.

"The rails will reach White Oaks soon," he said. "Don't you think, sweetheart, we have carried out our promise?"

"You mean, Tracy, we should marry now?"

"Yes," he said eagerly. "Next week. Tomorrow. Today!"

She turned her eyes away from him, gazing soberly into the fire. "No, Tracy. I want to wait until—oh, at least a little while longer."

"But why?" he burst out. "Last spring you were the one who was so anxious to get married. Now—" he stopped. It would be a mistake to push her, make her resentful. He had plenty of time. Colonel Edwards still was tied to his desk in New York. "All right, sweetheart," he continued. "But think about it, will you? It's—it's just that I love you and need you so darned much."

WHEN he had gone Barbara walked upstairs to her room. She stood at her dresser with a letter from her father in her hand. He might arrive any day—certainly within the month. Why had she not told Tracy? Why did she resist the thought of marriage so blindly now?

She had lived through her hour of weakness and of rebellion, and she had won. She had fled from Tularosa with the intention never to return. She would find forgetfulness in New York. But in El Paso her courage had returned. It had come back in her blackest hour, when her heart was wrenched between her own despair and gladness at the ecstatic happiness of Molly with Tim. She had found in time the strength to aeknowledge anew her duty to Tracy and, in some unexplained way, to her father. Her father had been much in her thoughts during these unhappy months. For the first time she had looked back through the years at the relationship between him and Tracy, and seen the strangeness in it. Tracy was right. He had never been a son in the Edwards home. Yet her father had denied him nothing, had been almost meticulously determined to withhold from him no slightest opportunity. It was almost as though her father owed some duty to Tracy. The strong blood of her father was in her, holding her as rigidly now to her own duty.

Once her father had told her that those who acknowledged duty with their whole hearts found peace of mind. Why, then, had it not come to her? Why did her thoughts remain always upon the desert? The desert and the one man whom it could not master, who lived with it and loved it on terms of his own? She dropped to her bed with her face in the pillow, remembering that Jim Lineer had found rest for his body once upon this bed.

Thomason strode directly from Barbara's house to the half-finished depot beside the tracks. There he waited impatiently until the work engine started north with rails and ties, then boarded the cab. The short winter day was dying when he arrived at end of rail and found Lineer.

He stood before Lineer, smiling affably, seeing with his hating envy that neither the trial of the desert nor the lash of winter wind had made more than a passing mark upon this man.

He asked, "Can Price and McCarthy handle construction on in to White Oaks?"

"They can. Why?"

"The Jarilla well is dead," said Thomason. "I paid off Hellwig today." He waited then, searching for the triumph he expected to see in Lineer's eyes and not finding it. He continued, "So I was wrong, Jim, and I want you to know I am man enough to admit it."

Lineer said shortly, "And do you expect me to find pleasure in that now, Tracy?"

"Don't you?" challenged Thomason.

Lineer smiled unexpectedly. "All right, Tracy. Then I'll be man enough to admit I do." The smile vanished as quickly as it came. When he continued his voice was almost harsh, "But I wanted this railroad badly enough to work under you to get it. Now we've laid a hundred and ten miles of rails that aren't worth a damn until we find water. Should I find pleasure in that?"

"That's why I came," said Thomason placatingly. "I want you to get up into the Sacramentos and start work on your flume."

"On one condition. No interference from you."

The old wild temper flared for the briefest of moments in Thomason. But he mastered it with a power of will he never had before—a will shaped now to one fixed and inflexible purpose. He smiled. "No interference, Jim."

The early darkness closed down. He did not want to spend the night here. But it was too late to return to Tularosa. A cot was set up for him in the tent Lineer still shared with Tim and Georgie Price. He sat through their after-supper hour of idleness with them, feeling their con-

COLLIER'S "Oh, Mr. Thrombly, what will you think of next!" OTTO SOGLOW

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t his presence, hating Lineer for
and respect of these two men
neer held so effortlessly.
dtime he saw Lineer pull a pistol
neath his pillow examine it care-
ven return it to its place. Then
moved a rifle from its boot on the
e and stacked it beside his cot.
ason asked with a chuckle, "Are
ostile territory?"
blue eyes bored steadily into
Tim said, "The man Keck found
not to his liking. If ever he
California."
ason rode the work train back at
He went straight from the depot
n's stable and claimed a horse.
e southward out of Tularosa,
g the Sacramentos on his left for
ks. It was late afternoon when
ed up a canyon that split the
ent, stopping now and again to
e terrain as though he were seek-
ace he knew by description only.
presently the canyon widened
own mountain meadow he spied,
r edge, a rough cabin under the
He approached cautiously, his
calling out from time to time.
was fifty yards from the cabin
Harry Keck's voice reached out
"Cut out the shouting."
closed the door behind him and
gainst it, watching Thomason out
dull eyes. The once handsome
n was bearded and dirty, his hair
and uncombed mat.
ason returned the stare coldly.
ght I told you to stay in El Paso
ent word."
did," said Keck. He grinned.
didn't. So what?"
tried to shoot Lineer."
's face contorted. "And I would
t for that damned big Irishman."
idn't want him dead then,"
Thomason. "I wasn't even sure
d you to kill him."
s sure. And I'm taking no orders
ou, Thomason."

"You'll take orders or get out of the country!"

Keck walked up to him and stood laughing up silently, the brightness of his wild and frenzied temper in his eyes. He said contemptuously, "You're all wind and no rain, Thomason. You're a yellow loudmouth who has to have somebody do your thinking for you. And I'm going to kill Lineer for both of us."

Thomason stood stock still and utterly alone, tasting with a bitterness that burned through his chest and deep into his brain the knowledge that he could not impose his will upon even this dirty, half-maddened creature. When he would have struck out with blind rage then, the scornful voice of Keck stopped him: "You haven't even got a good reason to want him dead, Thomason. He tried to walk over me the first time he ever saw me, and no man can do that and live. But you would have him killed just because he's a better man than you."

"He's coming to the mountains in a few days," said Thomason in a tired, lifeless tone. "He'll make camp. And he won't have the Irishman with him."

LINEER swung out of his tent at the surprised call of one of his men and gazed in astonishment down the mountain trail. Barbara and Molly were riding up to his lonely little camp. He advanced to meet them, feeling the swift pounding of his blood at the sight of Barbara. She waved a mittened hand at him. As he came to the side of her horse he saw the glow in her cheeks, put there by the cold wind and the vigorous ride up the steep Sacramento slopes. And he saw reckless laughter in her eyes.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed. "Molly! What the devil are you doing up here?"

"Just visiting," said Barbara gaily.

"We didn't intend to come this far," said Molly. She looked back down the trail uncertainly, relief in her face. "But Miss Barbara got a notion."

Lineer said soberly, "You should not

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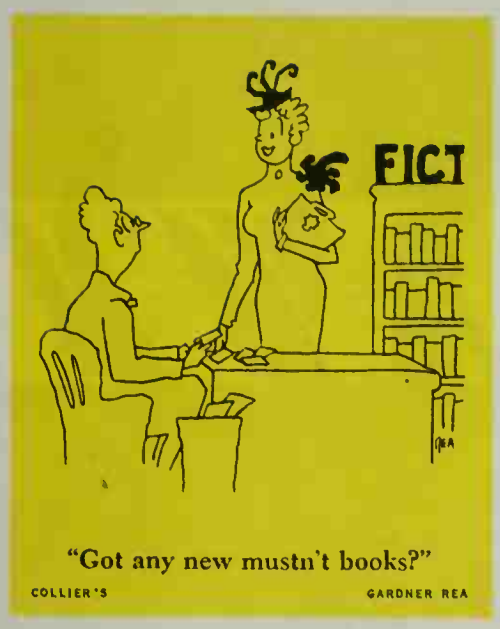
ese mountains. And you should
e come here."
d who," asked Barbara with bright
y, "would dare touch the intended
f the railroad president?"
er regarded her with a puzzled
"It is not safe," he said. "And
t wise."
ink you mean it is not proper,"
arbara, laughing at him. "But
, I'm in the company of a married
." She smiled across at Molly,
k at Lineer. "Molly is even acting
chaperon. She thinks we were
d up here."
er gave Molly his full attention.
manded sharply, "Did you see
?"
," said Molly slowly, gazing back
he trail. "Nor heard it. But—it
ere."
urned back up to Barbara, trying
rstand this headstrong mood that
to possess her. This was the
a whom he had first known. The
a who had vanished, only to flash
unexpected times. He could not
that desperation lay behind the
brightness of her eyes. And fail-
nderstand her, he felt the slow rise
ntment against her.
asked curtly, "Does Tracy know
e here?"
hesitated. "No," she said.
looked about the camp, chose a
uth with the look of competence
him, and called the man over.
ant you to ride to Tularosa," he
"Find Tracy Thomason. Tell him
dwards and Mrs. McCarthy are
camp and will remain tonight.
m I will bring them down tomor-

y here?" exclaimed Barbara. "But
't do that!"
er looked at the overcast sky. "In
ours it will be dark. That trail is
ous even for a good rider at night.
storm may build up. I'll start
with you at dawn."
ara regarded him thoughtfully for
ent. Then she acquiesced with a
e little smile.

LED them after supper to his tent,
hting the lantern for them and
g to the flap.
e cold up here is penetrating at
" he said. "You had better sleep
r clothes." He smiled at Molly,
, "I'll be in the next tent."
n't you stay a while, Jim?" asked
ra. She sat on his cot. Her smile
all, still defiant but somehow un-
As he gazed down at her he per-
then that turmoil held her.
y did you come?"
shadow of unhappiness moved
her lips and was gone. They
d again into a steadily mocking
"Molly told you. We didn't
to come so far."
e tent flap buttons on the inside,"
d. "Pile some of my gear against
ood night."
swung out to his tent and to bed,
g himself for his too little knowl-
of women that denied him under-
ng of her. She had come to him.
here was no invitation in her eyes
her voice. She had shown him
ter that was brightly brittle, and a



"Got any new mustn't books?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

tempestuousness that hid pain. But, though she had brought herself to him, her whole manner said that nothing was permitted between them.

Molly was right. She did not love Tracy Thomason. Yet she was bound to him. Lineer's mind went back, as it had so often before, to that warm May night when he sat in the darkness of the Oscuros with Colonel Edwards. He thought of the sadness and the hard determination of the older man when Edwards said he was trying to be completely fair to three people: to Barbara, to Tracy and to himself. And he remembered the sudden agitation of that strong man when he told Edwards it would not be easy to take orders from Thomason. All this had been, in the beginning, a mystery that affected him only because it impinged upon the railroad of his dreams. Now it was an enigma striking bitterly at his heart. He turned again and again in his blankets, seeking ease for his body and not finding it, listening to the whip and sigh of wind around the tent. The night had grown still and sharply cold when decision came to him. Tomorrow, when their horses reached the last abrupt shelf above the desert, he would do what he should have done long ago. If he found in her lips the merest breath of an answer, he would tear aside the mystery if he had to wreck the railroad to do it.

At daylight he led the way downward, his eyes searching the sky. Barbara rode behind him. She seemed subdued, bowed in her saddle against the icy breath of dawn. Molly came last.

Lineer guided them into a steep-sided canyon, hurrying a little as time passed. The heavy, broken clouds overhead were milling uncertainly. The wind had grown gusty. If the clouds overhead turned southwestward and closed their ranks, weather was coming.

It was Molly who saw the slight movement a hundred yards down the canyon and halfway up its steep slope to the right. Molly, commanding a view over Lineer's head and sweeping the trail with her nervous, intuitive gaze, saw the downward sway of a juniper branch that no wind could have caused.

"Jim!" she cried.

Lineer pulled his horse up with an instinctive jerk. The rifle bullet intended for his forehead thudded between the eyes of his horse. The animal, half rearing, crashed down as Lineer flung himself off. He landed on his hip and shoulder on the broken limestone. The breath went out of him. He felt the sharp, gouging pain of rock in his left side.

His body rolled with the slope. Blinding pain struck at the back of his head as he fell with one last drop to the gravel wash below the trail and lay stunned. He opened his eyes to see Barbara's horse rearing on the trail above him and Barbara trying to force the animal forward. He tried to call out to her but his lungs were empty and would not suck in air. He raised a hand, trying to wave her back. She saw him, her eyes wide and frightened and yet angrily determined.

He found breath and shouted, "Back!" Her horse came down on its forefeet. "Get back!" he shouted again. He saw her whirl the animal. Almost instantly she disappeared from his sight but he could hear the horse's hoofs pounding up the trail.

Now he gave his attention to himself and to the man down the trail. He put a hand at the back of his head. It came away warm with blood. His side throbbed. But an exploring hand found no new pain there. His jacket, sweater and heavy underwear had saved him from broken ribs. He felt for his revolver and knew a moment of cold dread when his fingers did not find it. He raised his head slightly, looking on the ground about him. The pistol lay at his feet. He pivoted his body on his hips until his hand closed about it.

The dead horse lay on its left side six feet above and a little forward of him. His rifle was there, in its boot on the horse's upturned side. He needed the rifle.

LYING against the edge of the wash, he tried to figure where Keck was hidden. For he knew the rifleman was Harry Keck. Keck had followed Barbara and Molly up the trail yesterday. Or had watched them pass up the trail from some place of hiding. Keck had tried again, and he would not give up now.

Lineer had not seen the smoke of the shot. He did not even know which side of the canyon it came from. But the chances were that Keck no longer was in that spot now. Keck would be seeking higher ground. Almost certainly Keck was on ground overlooking the horse, and was hunting for a still higher vantage point from which he could spot Lineer crouched in the wash.

No, Lineer decided reluctantly, he could not chance exposure to reach his rifle. And he had to get out of the wash, to search out higher ground himself. He had to stay hidden on the defensive, his pistol against the rifle, until Barbara and Molly arrived back at the camp and sent help. How long had they been on the trail this morning? Three hours? Four? It would be a long, cold siege.

He put his fingers again to the tender lump at the back of his head. Blood matted his hair. But the bleeding had stopped. He could feel the deep, irregular gash cut by some rock edge.

Facing down canyon, he began to work his way on all fours back up the wash. Once it widened and its abrupt little banks smoothed away on both sides.

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esitated there a moment, searching uch as he could see of the lips of the on below him. Then he rose, bent e hips, and raced across. A bullet ed into the wash behind him. He d the sharp report. He dived to the y of the narrowing wash and hed through the screen of dead es quickly. But the black smoke was dissipated. Keck had lost a But now Keck knew where he and he still did not know where crouched.

ow the canyon twisted sharply left- above him, and he knew what he d do. He remained in the wash until curving canyon wall shielded him the rifle below. Then he scrambled making his way upward through the tone outcropping to the first line nipers. From here he had a clear for two hundred yards up the trail had traveled. To his astonishment aw the horses of the two women ling at the point where the canyon ed again, and Molly with them. ara was not in sight.

e dropped down out of the protec- of the junipers and waved his arms tly. Presently Molly saw him and d back. Then she pointed to his oward the lip of the canyon.

e jumped back into the junipers, con- ing this. Molly must mean that Bar- was there, somewhere to his left above him. But she could be trying arn him that Keck was there.

LIMBING carefully upward, keep- ng always to the shelter of the trees, ngled in the direction Molly had ted. The junipers gave way to firs did not offer him so much protec- Slipping through them he made out notionless figure of Barbara. She lay ll length at the edge of dwarfed shin staring westward through the trees. e twisted up to her side with a warn- whisper, seeing her sudden jerk of n and then her gasp of relief. She ted silently in the direction she had staring.

There somewhere," she whispered.

e studied the terrain before him, g a small grunt of satisfaction. Keck on the same side of the canyon lip, tly below him now. To the right ground climbed rapidly to the crest long ridge. Some pine grew there but it was mostly bare gray rock and shin oak. No ground for a man to move over in an encirclement. He dare not approach Keck against that rifle. But Keck could not advance against him unseen.

"Who is it?" asked Barbara.

"Keck."

She stared ahead silently. He knew she was thinking of that night in her garden, the night of her housewarming.

He asked, "Why didn't you ride back to camp?"

"I couldn't," she said simply. "We started. And then—I knew you had a gun but I thought you might be lying down there hurt."

He turned on his side and worried out his watch. It told him the hour was a quarter past twelve. The women could make it safely back to camp, but his men could not reach here before the early dark. He lay still, conscious suddenly that some new element had come into the day. Presently it came to him. The fitful wind had died. He looked worriedly at the sky. The dull gray clouds were milling no longer. They were gathering and racing westward. He could not risk sending the women away alone against the portent of that sky.

"Go back to Molly," he said. "Bring her and the horses down the canyon here. Get as close to me as you can and still stay on the canyon floor. Then you and Molly get out of this wind."

He slipped back with her, taking up a new position to the left where he commanded a view both above and below the curve of the canyon. From here he could see the horses below, the canyon lip on both sides and the upward sweep of the ridge. He began to feel the cold as he settled into immobility. Then the wind came up again, strong and sharp.

After what seemed hours he fumbled out his watch again. It was only three o'clock. His feet were lifeless stumps. His side ached and a dull throb was back in his head. He had not seen Keck since this ambush began. Perhaps Keck was miles away by now. But he thought of the man, of his wild and deadly eyes, and knew Keck would not give up this easily.

For a time he nursed the idea of an ambush of his own. Keck's horse must be down the canyon somewhere. He could slip to the other side of the canyon, drop down until he found the horse and wait there in short pistol range. But that would expose the women. Keck had no way of knowing the women had remained. Yet if he did circle forward and find them, he would not hesitate to use them against Lineer.

The one other possible course was to return to camp. And Lineer set himself stubbornly against that. He had Keck tied down to the same extent that Keck had him. And he had the advantage of knowing roughly where Keck was hidden. He would settle this for all time if he could.

The first thickening of the short winter twilight was settling among the trees when he saw movement to his right front, up the slope of the ridge. He waited, not sure, until it came again. Keck was there, not two hundred yards away, running in short bursts across the gray rock.

Lineer slipped back until the canyon lip shielded him from Keck's view, then rose to run to his right. His numbed left foot gave way under him. He sprawled, his shoulder coming down hard against a gnarled tree root. He pushed himself up and ran on, covering fifty yards before he lifted himself carefully to the top of the canyon ledge.

He had judged his distance well. Keck was moving around a wide clump of shin oak toward this point, dropping every ten yards, then rising slowly to peer through the swiftly dropping grayness. He was fifty yards away, and Lineer was working the fingers of his right hand almost frantically to force the numbness out of them.

Then Keck veered sharply to his own right, coming in on a course that would bring him to the canyon wall twenty yards to Lineer's left. It was too late for Lineer to shift position. He raised his pistol and fired as Keck rose up for the last dash to the shelter of the firs.

LINEER saw Keck whirl and go down, and knew that his shot had struck home. But Keck was up instantly, flinging one wild shot in the direction of Lineer as he raced back for the rocks. Lineer sent three swift shots at him, damning his numb fingers, then lost Keck in the merging gray of twilight and rocks.

Lineer stood a minute more, debating pursuit and deciding against it. He made his way slowly down the canyon side, dropping into almost complete darkness on the canyon floor. Down here the wind raged shrieking through the defile, biting through his clothes and stinging his eyes until tears came. He found the horses humped against the wind in a cleft but could not find the women. He called, raising his voice to a shout against the wind before he heard Barbara's answer.

The two women huddled beneath a shelf in a wind-sculptured depression that was almost a cave. He thought of them lying here all through the long afternoon, waiting and not knowing. And then he thought that Tim should be very proud of Molly.

Barbara spoke questioningly. "I think I hit him," he answered.

He left them, returning in a few minutes with their saddle blankets and an armful of small pine branches. Barbara took them silently, understanding his purpose.

Now there was one more thing he must do. He walked boldly down the canyon, relying on the blackness of the night to hide him and the roar of the wind to kill his footfalls. He almost stumbled over the cold body of his horse. He worked with stiff fingers at the saddle girth, loosening it until he could pull out the blanket. Taking rifle and saddlebags, he returned to the shelter.

He divided cold beef and biscuits from his saddlebags with the women. When they had finished he spread one blanket over the pine needles and told them to lie close together. He spread the other two blankets over them, tucking them as best

"Now, Henry, why can't you learn to carve like that?"

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Here's the Victrola 67V1, outstandingly popular RCA Victor console. Its dramatic success is no mystery, for it combines, at a modest price, the things *most* people want *most* in a radio-phonograph! Check for yourself, below.

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This exclusive RCA Victor 3-Way Acoustical System recently made radio history in thrilling, public tests of tonal fidelity—the "Golden Throat" Demonstration. Read a technical explanation of it, see actual photographs of the tests in a booklet, free, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

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"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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WHATEVER IS MOST IMPORTANT TO *YO* —tone, styling, dependability of performance, luxur features like the tiny red light that reminds whe your set is on, the extra-long, double socket, plug-i cord—you'll find them all here! Victrola 67V1 play on AC. Enjoy it with pride! At a moderate price, i means new musical enjoyment for years to come

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ld. Then he sat himself just out
wind, the pistol in his lap, the
ide him, his chin on his chest, his
nside his jacket. . . .
s later the wind's high shriek died
Out of the solitude big, soft snow-
egan to fall.
ara called softly, "Jim."
."
ll go away now, won't he? I mean,
e of the snow."
haps."
was silent for a minute. Then she
Jim, there is a time when the or-
rules between men and women
vnright wicked."
id not answer, for his tired mind
understand what she was trying
him.
ou don't come under these blan-
she said, "then I shall come out
with you."
hought about that, comprehend-
ally that she meant only one thing,
e was saying sensibly they should
he warmth of their bodies against
ter night.
lipped beneath the blankets as she
way for him, turning his back to
that he faced the opening of the
He dragged the rifle to him and
l the pistol against his stomach.
eard her draw in her breath as his
hes came against her. Much later
estion of warmth began to flow
h him. It began at his neck and
down his body until he felt the
firmness of her thighs against him.
ened, almost unbelieving, as her
ng became regular with sleep.

HE first lifting of light he slipped
om the blankets and climbed the
wall. The sky was clear, the whole
white. Tall firs, burdened with
towered protectively over slim
ked aspens. When full light came
found no movement in the full
of his gaze, he slid back to the
l floor.
l the women mounted he led the
n foot higher up the canyon until
nd a gulch emptying in at his left.
ned up this, following it until it
it him out on the ridge. Beyond
ge he found another canyon. He
into this, satisfied now that all
was past.
Barbara's insistence he rode some-
and either Barbara or Molly walked. It was when they were down to the last shelf above the valley floor, and Barbara dismounted to offer her horse to him once more, that he turned up to Molly. "Molly, would you ride on alone for five minutes?"

Barbara swung to him, startled. He met her gaze, a small grave smile on his lips. She saw the remoteness go out of his eyes, saw the quick swell of turbulence there and the rough purpose that danced on the edge of violence.

"Molly!" she cried. "Don't go!"

Lineer said up to Molly, "The wife of Tim McCarthy will understand."

Molly hesitated, staring at Lineer. Suddenly she hurried her horse down the trail.

Lineer stood before Barbara, his mouth soberly shaped now by a deep longing.

"No, Jim," she said. She raised her hands to his chest, though he had not touched her. But when she would have pushed she found the strength was gone from her arms. "No, Jim," she repeated.

He brought her to him, sweeping her against him, fighting his own roughness, fighting the ache and the power in his body that he might not hurt her. She pressed her cheek hard to his chest, seeking escape from him in the sanctuary of his own breast. But his hands found her chin, forcing her face up inexorably. His mouth came down hard upon hers. His lips found the unresponsiveness of despair there. Then warmth and firmness. Then all the sweetness and all the passion that he had ever dreamed of.

He held her away from him, suddenly and desperately needing to find in her face the confirmation of her lips. She opened her eyes, showing him one glorious moment of wonder and unrestrained gladness. Then the fear and the pain returned to them.

He pulled her body against his own once more, more slowly now yet still not quite gentle. His strong fingers caressed her head and her back and her shoulders, telling her of his need and his want, yet telling her too of the fierce protectiveness that was in him and the strength he had to shield her from all fears and all sorrow. As the first sobs shook her, his hands became altogether gentle.

A long time later she raised her head and stepped away from him. "Shall we go now?"

(To be concluded next week)

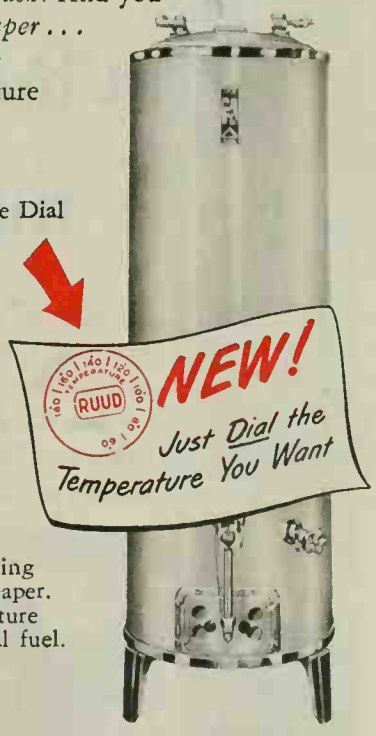
"No help from the audience, please!" I. KLEIN

HOW CLEVER KAY CURED WASHDAY GRAY

THE HOTTER THE WATER...

...THE WHITER THE WASH

To make your wash *whiter* you need water that's *hotter.*
Take the word of impartial laundering experts. They proved that *the Hotter the Water the Whiter the Wash.* And you get *hotter water . . . faster . . . cleaner . . . cheaper . . .* from a Ruud, the Gas water heater with the Monel* tank and the new Ruud Temperature Dial Control.



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2. Get it Faster! No skimping on hot water! No waiting or watching! *Gas* heats *quickly* . . . gives you *speedy* replacement of the water you use!

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4. Get it Cheaper! From bathing baby to washing dishes, Ruud-Gas-Monel gives you hot water cheaper. You get Ruud Thrift-design and the new Temperature Dial Control. You heat with *Gas,* the economical fuel. And your solid Monel tank stands hotter temperatures, lasts longer, costs less per year.

Remember, the new automatic washing machines are designed to give you the full benefits of *hotter* water. Make sure your new water heater will deliver hotter water by getting Ruud-Gas-Monel.

Hot Tip: In a national survey 99 out of 100 of our customers say they would recommend Ruud-Gas-Monel. Built for all types of gas, including LP-gas. See your Dealer, Plumber or Gas Company. Write for helpful literature.

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THE GREAT ALL NEW *Pacemaker*

Soon, your *Pacemaker* ticket will mean more than ever in low-cost luxury. For this famous New York Central coach streamliner will have an exciting transformation.

Yes, the *Pacemaker* will be gleamingly, luxuriously new from end to end. And as always, it will be yours from end to end at New York Central's regular low coach fares.

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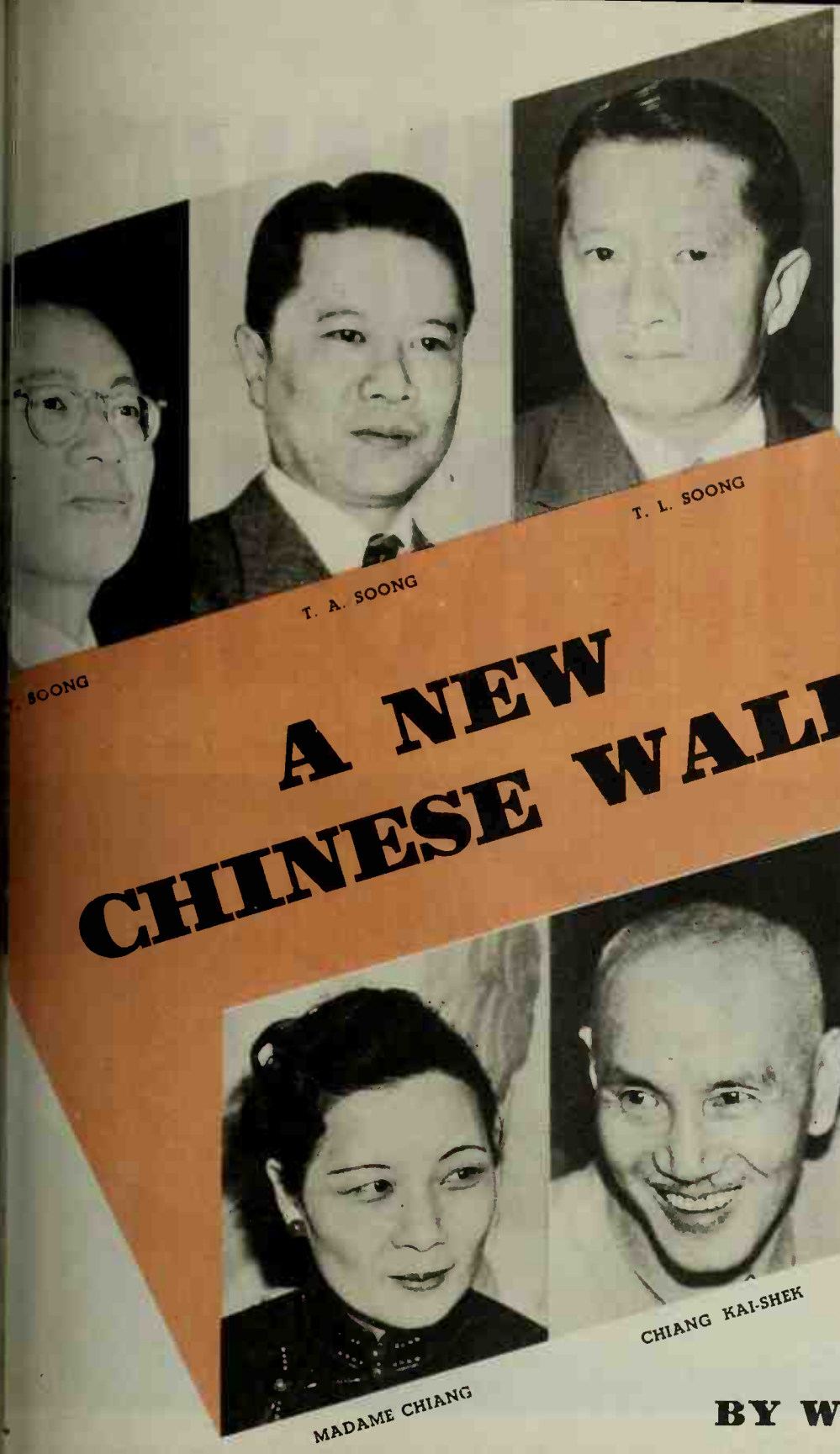
NEW YORK CENTRAL
The Scenic Water Level Route



A NEW CHINESE WALL

American businessmen returning to help rebuild China must surmount a great wall of erratic restrictions, discriminations and dishonest competition that has stacked the cards against them, in favor of the fabulous Holy Family

BY WALTER GORDON

THE Chinese have an ancient saying to cover almost any situation that might arise, and an American businessman operating in China is likely to know a lot of them. It wasn't surprising, therefore, when an American businessman in Shanghai tried to explain his compatriots' business troubles since the war ended, as follows:

"The Chinese say that their departed ancestors' spirits live by inhaling the aroma from the fine, rich dishes they prepare for themselves. Apparently the present Chinese government thinks foreign business in China can survive on the same fare. The government agencies and the relatives of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek are eating heartily. I'm not even getting a healthy smell of the steam. Nor are many other foreign businessmen. Unless there's a change, I'll soon go home."

This American, who was prosperous before the war, is fairly typical. When Americans and other foreign businessmen went back to China after the defeat of Japan they knew that things were going to be different. They knew what the war had done to their own investments and China's economy generally. They knew that heroic measures were indicated, including strong American aid. They knew that the so-called extraterritoriality agreements, which had long given Americans and other foreigners a privileged status in China, were abolished.

They were, for the most part, willing to accept and foster these changes—or what they had conceived the changes to be. They were also familiar with Chinese traditions of family and personal loyalty and knew that a leader in order not to risk losing his power would be expected to take care of his family and friends first. This is tradition, as old as the "squeeze" or "rake-off" that everyone from houseboy to general expects. Unhappily, the foreigners' conception of the new era fell short of reality by about the same distance the Japs fell short of San Francisco.

At first Americans failed completely to realize the formidable nature of government regulation, favoritism, bureaucracy, blundering and antiforeignism that they now face in trying to do business with China. That realization came slowly—in fact, it seemed to begin with the Great Christmas Present Disaster which blighted the 1946 holiday season for American children in China.

Late in 1946, the Nanking government had imposed a schedule of Revised Temporary Foreign Trade Regulations. Something of the sort was to be expected in line with the drive to rehabilitate China's economy, especially to strengthen the foreign-exchange position. Americans generally had no quarrel with the principle involved in these reforms. But the children, most of whom had just arrived in China, got it in the neck like any innocent bystander.

Notices were received by American families that Christmas packages from fond grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts and cousins had arrived at Shanghai's main post office. Parents who went to claim them, however, were told that Chinese officials were going to send them back to the United States because they contained dolls, games, candy, chewing gum or toy soldiers.

The new foreign-trade regulations plainly stated that importation of toys and candy was forbidden in order to protect China's foreign-exchange position. Of course, it was true that these were gifts and therefore had no effect on the foreign-exchange position. But there was the rule. Protests and appeals were made in vain. An effort to save at least a few packages of chewing gum failed. The gifts were sent back to America.

There was an inclination on the part of most Americans to shrug it off. It was a small thing, after all, probably due to some bureaucratic bungling or confusion. But, in truth, that was just the beginning.

A Catholic sister arrived at Shanghai

"It's PIONEER Sir".

Stretchway IN SUEDE FOR FALL

Smart, comfortable, healthful, Stretchway now comes to you in handsome suede leather, toned to blend perfectly with your suitings. The jewelry-crafted, matching leather trimmed buckle is solid bronze . . . At most better stores.

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Why be confused by all the shaving claims when you can try a Schick Electric Shaver for 10 days—see for yourself that it's the slickest, handiest, easiest shaving instrument ever—and get every penny of your money back if you're not satisfied!

10-DAY TRIAL BUY—Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with tv close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give you double shaving action on every strok Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at $18.00. Buy one—try for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave you ever found, *return it and get your money back in fu* Or—trial-buy the famous Schick Colonel for only $15.00.

We can shout to the heavens that this Schick Super won't nick, burn, pull or scrape.

We can label it in big type as the slickest, quickest, most convenient shaving instrument yet produced.

We can even point out that you can *keep your shirt on*—and still get a fast, clean, close shave with the Schick Super.

All that's true—*but what does it prove?*

Only your own face can tell you which is the best way to shave—for you.

So we say this: Buy this Schick Super on our word—backed by 17 years of experience—that it's the finest shaving instrument to be had.

Test it for 10 days—check its speed, its closeness, its ease of handling, its two-way shaving action, its freedom from muss, fuss, nicks, pull and other shaving bothers.

Then—if you don't agree that Schick Super tops any other way of shaving—take it back where you got it and your money w refunded!

A fair deal? We think it's the only way to spending a lot of money on shaving me that may or may not be satisfactory.

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SCHICK *Electric* SHAVE
and SHAVEREST

ıg with her $1,500 worth of food, sed in the United States with con- ons from sympathetic Americans tended for the relief of Chinese n in a back-country mission. Chi- ustoms officials insisted that an license must be obtained. The Board decreed that the license not be granted. Aid of an Ameri- nker was enlisted. He argued that he food had been paid for in the l States with funds contributed by cans, none of China's jealously d foreign exchange was involved. lea met with an adamant "No no washee" attitude on the part customs officials, who continued and the import license which the Board steadfastly refused to ap-

n there was the American who, in 45, made a trip back to the United to buy household goods. He re- to China to find that every item ordered—including bathroom fix- and a refrigerator—were denied as "luxuries."

ere Prayer Books Are Needed

American clergyman reached Chi- ores accompanied by $200 worth yer books intended for a village They, too, had been paid for in ited States with American funds, ina's Import Board refused to per- e prayer books to be "imported." prompted the Shanghai Evening d Mercury to say:

is one, by golly, stumps us. If any- s a real necessity here it's prayer If any country, anywhere, ever n need of prayer it's China today."

incidents cited might seem merely irritations, but the businessman ad listened to glowing wartime ts of the job to be done in rebuild- hina found his operations ham- by the same regulations which d Christmas toys and relief food. , he learned that the regulations brought his activities to a stand- d not apply to the in-laws of Gen- imo Chiang Kai-shek, who were up scores of new corporations, a rapidly expanding system of perated business.

discovered that the tax laws ap- to his business were not the same se applying to his Chinese competi- And then there emerged the rations with "Holy Family" con- ns. These are firms that exploit their nship with the Generalissimo to ex- om American manufacturers valu- agencies whose reputations and ess had been built up by Americans. a result, the American in China to- nds himself in an exceedingly un- comfortable and contradictory position. On the one hand, he is encouraged by his government to continue and, if possible, to expand his activities as part of the American program of assistance to China. This is in keeping with Washington's announced desire for reduction of trade barriers and China's need for machine tools and other heavy equipment to help revive an almost vanished productive capacity.

On the other hand he is faced with an impenetrable wall of restrictions, contradictions, confusion and discriminations, which have developed since China's new foreign-trade regulations went into effect last November 17th. Consequently, American interests which had expected to play an important role in the rebuilding of China are dying on the vine.

Meanwhile, a system of political favoritism, special privilege and family pull is enabling the in-laws of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to gain control of certain major lines of private enterprise and is fostering the growth of state control. Many Americans now are convinced there is a calculated program on the part of certain of China's political leaders, if not of the government itself, to crowd long-established American and other foreign firms out of China.

The American attempting to do business in China finds among his foremost competitors:

Fu Chung Corporation, headed by T. L. Soong, a brother of former Premier T. V. Soong and of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and by H. H. Kung, Madame Chiang's brother-in-law and also a former premier.

Nan Yang Tobacco Company, headed by T. V. Soong.

China Development Finance Corporation, headed by T. A. Soong, another of Madame Chiang's brothers.

Goldmont Corporation, owned by the brothers and sisters of Madame T. V. Soong.

China U. S. Rubber Company, owned by T. V. and T. A. Soong.

Yangtze Development Company, operated by David Kung, nephew of Madame Chiang and son of H. H. Kung.

The impressive list of such "Holy Family" concerns extends to pharmaceuticals, chemicals, construction equipment and numerous other enterprises, and includes relatives three and four times removed. Chinese gagsters insist that a new corporation was formed for David Kung's son before the child was a week old. American businessmen suspect it's true.

Every suggestion that these "Holy Family" concerns employ political pressures and family connections to gain business advantages, or evade regulations, has been met with sanctimonious

"If you'd just look at her you wouldn't notice she's off key"

LLIER'S KIRK

Quick Starts

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WILLARD BATTERIES—Automobile • Truck and Bus • Rodio
Motorcycle • Tractor • Aircroft • Marine • Diesel • Stotionory
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Dependability • Performance • Long Life

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. • CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO
A subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

denials. However, the Far East American Council of Commerce and Industry and the National Foreign Trade Council, in a joint report, informed the State Department that preferential treatment was accorded "Holy Family" firms in the allocation of import quotas.

"It is significant," the report submitted to Washington said, "in allocating quotas, the board has often seen fit to disregard the years 1935-1937 as a previously designated representative period and has adopted the year 1946 as a base instead. Obviously, to adopt prewar years as representative would have resulted in the exclusion of such organizations as the Fu Chung Corporation, Goldmont Corporation and the Yangtze Development Company from participation in quota allocations."

This charge never has been denied by the Chinese officials concerned.

Diplomatic Passports Misused

T. L. Soong and Stanley Shen, top executives of Fu Chung Corporation, this summer used Chinese diplomatic passports to travel in the United States on private business. Well-established Chinese businessmen of excellent reputation, however, find it extremely difficult if not impossible to obtain passports, on any terms, to permit them to re-establish prewar contacts with American manufacturers.

"Holy Family" firms have capitalized on difficulties which established American dealers encounter in obtaining Chinese import licenses and foreign exchange, to convince American manufacturers that "Holy Family" connections are indispensable if business is to be done in China. With millions of dollars of orders held up for nearly a year by inability of American representatives to obtain credits and licenses, this argument carries much weight. And "Holy Family" firms have advanced millions of dollars for future orders as evidence of confidence in their ability to obtain license and exchange denied to American firms.

Under such pressures, Westinghouse International transferred its China distributor agency from William Hunt & Company, to T. L. Soong's Fu Chung Corporation. Willys Motors took its valuable China jeep agency from Mark Moody to the same "Holy Family" concern, while Anaconda Copper yielded to similar tactics. With these agencies have gone good will built up over the years and, in many instances, contracts on which the former American distributor had done extensive engineering and other spadework during the war period.

When the victims of this po squeeze play ventured a protest Board of Temporary Regulation o ports issued a "denial" in which was ied this revealing paragraph:

"The board, while *not* unaware certain persons are resorting to unc methods in attempting to influenc transfer of agencies to themselves, w to disassociate itself in the most emp manner from such practices."

In addition to the "Holy Fa firms, the American seeking to st comeback in China is confronted competition from China's lusty growing assortment of state-cont enterprises. Topped by such comm giants as Universal Trading Corpor (with spacious offices in New Y Rockefeller Center) and Central Tr China, these concerns are doing a t ing business as self-proclaimed pur ing agencies for private concern China. None has to comply with li ing, foreign-exchange or quota req ments which are pushing legiti American importers to the wall.

Creation of these official purch agencies was agreed to by Washingt a wartime expediency whose acti should be terminated at the end o war to make way for the developme private enterprise. Despite Washing postwar requests and repeated pro by China, these agencies not only not terminated their activities but ally have enlarged and entrenched t Universal Trading Corporation ha corporated under New York State with every appearance of continuin operations indefinitely. The Ce Trust of China in March, this year, cularized numerous American manu turers with a letter which said:

"Please be advised that we are the thorized purchasing agent for gov ment offices *and commercial firms.*"

In calling attention to this matte Washington, the Far East Amer Council and National Foreign T Council pointed out that "most of firms solicited already are represente China by duly appointed agents or tributors."

Private business, whether America Chinese, is unable to compete with t official purchasing agencies. They o ate on a one per cent commission purchases for government agencies two and one half per cent base bu commission for private accounts support no selling, service or ma nance personnel in China.

The story of the extent and natur the activities of these agencies is tol scores of ships' manifests.

COLLIER'S "We can let you have a million dollars, but you'll have to repay it faster than two dollars a week" BOB GALLIVAN

UR FORM IN FABRIC
Tailored like a jacket... conforms to the contours of your body...standards of fit and comfort you have never experienced before in shirts.
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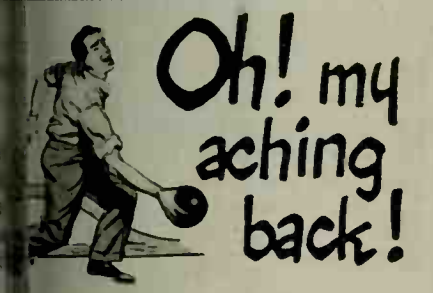


AH! my Absorbine Jr.
For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!
● It's no joke when stiff back muscles shout with pain after unusual activity. Get busy! There's a time-proved way to ease that soreness *fast*. Just rub on Absorbine Jr.!
Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub those muscles with Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment.
Help tired muscles relax and become supple ... quick! Ask your druggist today for a $1.25 bottle of Absorbine Jr. —famous formula of rare herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Virtually every freighter arriving in Chinese ports from the United States carries cargo shipped by these concerns. Included are large quantities of goods supposedly rigidly banned as luxuries; thousands of tons of capital and other goods for which American private firms have been unable to obtain import licenses or foreign exchange.

Motorcars are a case in point. Importation of all automobiles by American dealers is limited, almost to the vanishing point. Yet the percentage of new cars on Shanghai's streets is far greater than in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles.

The American firm representing Cadillac in China has been unable to obtain import permits because the price exceeds the $1,200 limitation set by the import restrictions. Yet a recent shipment by Central Trust of China included 23 Cadillacs.

The story is repeated with almost every ship arrival.

The seriousness of the situation was pointed up in one report to the State Department, which warned that "these monopolies, leaving no incentive whatever for further investments, have resulted in the desire of the majority of American firms to postpone all projects and cut to the bone their present investments, with a possible view to pulling out of China by the end of this year."

American importers endorse the premise that China should conserve foreign exchange for the purchase of capital goods to prop up the country's tottering economy.

They insist, however, that the validity and sincerity of the program becomes subject to serious doubt when items banned to American firms flow into China through official purchasing agencies and quasi-government concerns.

Rules Hinder Reconstruction

With rare exceptions, including a moderate relaxation of restrictions late in July, no American firm has been licensed to import more than a few thousand dollars of cargo for which letters of credit had not been established before the new restrictions went into effect last November. In the log jam of thousands of applications for which American importers have been unable to obtain approval are millions of dollars' worth of major reconstruction and capital goods which are supposed to receive priority.

Much of such goods has been on order for as long as two years and some has been in the process of manufacture in the United States for a year or more. Some has been completed and is accumulating expensive warehouse and dockage charges in American and Chinese ports. Substantial payments have been made on such contracts by independent Chinese and American firms.

Included in this category are hundreds of thousands of spindles needed to revive China's once-busy cotton-spinning mills, wool-weaving mills, structural steel and fabrications, mining equipment, hoisting machinery and deep-well pumps which would start China's coal mines producing again, steam power plants, aviation equipment for construction and modernization of China's airways, railway equipment and rolling stock, machinery for processing tung, sesame, rape and other vegetable oils which are among China's few currently exportable products.

If the American importer attempts to cancel and look to other markets, to protect himself, he is subject to cancellation costs and possible lawsuits by his Chinese buyer. In the latter case he is almost sure to lose because some competitor through exerting one of a number of "influences," including possible payment of squeeze, may have obtained a permit for a small amount of similar goods: If he does not cancel he may get neither import per-

"I've got that light-as-Astaire feeling"

SHE: But darling, our dance lessons don't start until tomorrow. What's come over you?

HE: It's not what's come over me. It's what's come *off* me!

SHE: Sounds like a strip tease.

HE: That's just what this new suit feels like. Notice anything different about it?

SHE: It's awfully good looking . . . but . . .

HE: Not *but*, baby. It's awfully good looking *and* it's revolutionary!

SHE: Revolutionary? How?

HE: Well . . . it's fine worsted; weighs just as much as an ordinary suit; but on my back, it feels almost weightless.

SHE: . . . And the name of this marvel?

HE: Plateau*—made by Timely Clothes.

SHE: If it makes you feel like dancing over chairs, darling, I want you to get six of them!

TIMELY CLOTHES
PLATEAU
the suit with the weightless feel
fabric by
Pacific Mills

Plateau is a fine, silky-textured worsted of regular weight. But thanks to Prelaxing, a new weaving method by Pacific Mills, the weight of the yarn is so evenly distributed that it feels almost weightless . . . is wonderfully comfortable most of the year. Plateau also has Balanced Tailoring that makes all Timely Clothes look better . . . longer. In blues, browns, tans, spruce. For your dealer, write Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, N. Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU'RE IN THE BEST DRESSED CIRCLE WITH

City Club

Shoes

Costly hand operations cost you no more

Best Dressed Circle style and quality — quality highlighted by 48 costly, time-taking, hand operations! Richly made, yet moderately priced. Be confident, comfortable, correct . . . in City Club Shoes. Also same fine quality in City Club Juniors for Boys. Ask your shoe dealer ar write us.

Also CLASTON SHOES at Lower Prices

City Club

DISTINCTIVE SHOES FOR MEN

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY,
WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS, ST. LOUIS 3, MO

mit nor exchange and lose a very substantial amount.

In the matter of taxes, too, the American is at a serious disadvantage. His business is taxable under Article VI of China's tax laws, at the flat rate of 30 per cent of all net profits above seven million Chinese dollars (about $150 at present exchange rates), regardless of the ratio of profits to capital. Chinese firms, however, are taxable at a rate ranging from 4 to 30 per cent of net profits, graduated on the ratio of profits to capital.

In both his business and personal life, the American in China, shorn of the former protection of extraterritoriality, has learned that he must gauge his activities by the knowledge that he will be discriminated against by Chinese authorities and courts. The evidence is abundant.

On last March 3d, armed and uniformed officers of the Shanghai-Woosung garrison, led by Colonel Tsang Ya-ming, swarmed into the offices of the American-owned Abis Company. They were soldiers, not police. They carried no search warrant nor warrant of arrest. They nevertheless searched the premises, seized bank notes in the amount of $350,000 together with other property and arrested the manager, Frederick Mysberg, a Dutch national.

Chinese Justice at Work

Mysberg was jailed and charged with violation of emergency economic decrees intended to prevent dealings in foreign currency. The decrees had not, at that time, been passed by China's legislative Yuan, nor was any evidence produced to prove they had been violated. Mysberg was tried, convicted and sentenced to a year in prison. After he had begun serving his prison term, the law under which he was tried and convicted was approved.

Throughout the trial Colonel Tsang, in military uniform, participated in the prosecution, although no provision is contained in Chinese law authorizing him to act in such capacity.

In a number of cases in which Americans have been brought before Chinese courts, public prosecutors have belabored Chinese witnesses as "unpatriotic" for testifying in behalf of "foreigners." In one case the Chinese prosecutor referred to the defendant as "a dog." In none of these instance Chinese judge lift a hand to cur prejudicial actions.

Commenting on the behavior na's courts, the American-owned Weekly Review, in which the lat Powell first raised the plea for an extraterritoriality, said:

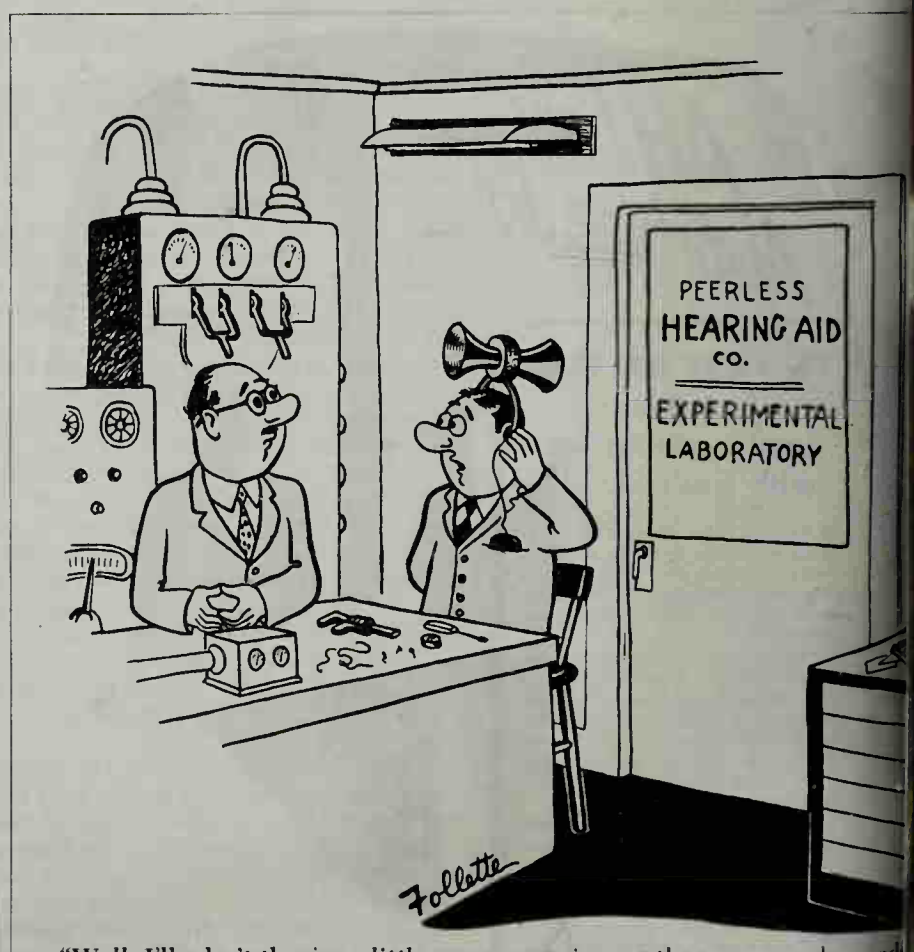
"The Chinese government ha pletely ignored the provisions treaty by which extraterritoriali relinquished and has behaved in irresponsible manner toward for resident in the country. . . . Tim time, foreigners have been jaile out sufficient cause; convicted i that were a mockery."

Even in minor matters, the sar tern of discrimination can be trac

Bruce Smith, president of the Sl American Chamber of Commer head of a Shanghai automobil agency, was taken from his office lice. He was brought before a procurator and severely and le questioned. He was denied the legal counsel or the use of his inte His offense: He had failed to o new automobile from the Unitec for a Chinese official.

If such examples—frequently r —are not enough to convince the can in China that he is on precar gal footing, he can look at the cur record. Only one among all fo who have faced Chinese court "extrality" was renounced ha acquitted!

Underlying this record of ab a ground swell of anti-Amer among Chinese of almost every le political stripe. It has come fr ability to understand the object America's vacillating China polic bitter Communist anger at the American arms, training and tran support of the Nationalist forces eralissimo Chiang Kai-shek wh United States was acting as medi China's civil war. It has sprun the militant opposition of reacti within the Kuomintang's one-par It has been engendered by fru hopes and requests for even greate cial and other aid. It has been f by the paradox of a China, whose prewar export was cheap labor



"Well, I'll admit they're a little more conspicuous than our regular mod but I thought we could get around that by painting them flesh-col

COLLIER'S LEW FOL

Molded Saddle Leather

There's a smart "outdoorsy" look about this fine, flexible saddle-leather . . . skillfully molded into rugged masculine contours, to create these masterpieces of Hickok originality and style. The Buckles are Hickok "originals" too. Belts, $2. Wallet, $7.50.

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Quality Style Leadership

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NEW REYNOLDS "BOMBSHELL" PENS

GET THE WHOLE CREW... ONLY $1.79 FOR ALL THREE PENS

at stores everywhere.

No luxury tax.

Covered by U. S. Patents Nos. 2,192,479, 2,249,163, D - 143,508 and D - 145-586-7 Other Patents applied for. Copr Reynolds Pen Co 1947.

The three pens come in special gift box!

They write in red, blue, green ink—the same kind of pens that Milton Reynolds used to log his record globe-girdling Bombshell flight! They're real round-the-world value and quality—heir to all the know-how of the more than 17 million Reynolds pens that have been made and sold as high as $12.50. And these are the finest of all!

They write on paper, wood, cloth—even under water! A triple-thrill to own, a triple-thrill to give for *everyone's* writing needs! students, doctors, nurses, salesmen, clerks, teachers, farmers, stenographers, mailmen, etc.

They write and write and write without refilling! No ink or refills to mess with . . . no cap to fuss with or lose. They're *always* ready to write! Make 6 to 8 clear carbons . . . roll ink on dry. No need for blotters. Get *your* new Reynolds Bombshell "Crew" . . . give the Reynolds Bombshell "Crew" . . . soon!

Also... **NEW REYNOLDS 2-WAY "BOMBSHELL"** *...Writes in 2 Colors!*

BILL ODOM MODEL

ONLY 98¢

NO LUXURY TAX

Ready-to-write blue-black ink at one end . . . brilliant red at the other. Two ball points! A versatile pen-sation for every two-color writing job . . . with all the famous Reynolds quality features. Now at your local store.

Luminous Cap—Write in the Dark!

All these pens are covered by the regular Reynolds Service Agreement, your guarantee of satisfaction and writing pleasure.

If your dealer cannot supply, order direct. Include 10c extra for mailing

REYNOLDS PEN CO.
World's Pioneer and Largest Maker of Ball Point Pens
1550 North Fremont Street, Chicago, Illinois

form of goods, now unable to produce a single item which cannot be imported from the States and sold at a price below that asked for the native product. It has been fanned by an intense nationalism promoted by American efforts to "make face" for China as a "big power," and by the belief in the minds of many Chinese that China won the war in the Pacific.

American business returned to China after the war with its eyes open. It knew it faced heavy rehabilitation expense. It was prepared to accept new laws, rules, regulations. It looked forward to gradual improvement and eventual opportunities and incentives for long-range investments. It was not prepared for the exorbitant costs of operation resulting from inflation and China's currency manipulation. It was not prepared for government-fostered discrimination, unequal taxation, competition from a "Holy Family" politico-business empire or from expanding state enterprises.

American interests in China believe their difficulties have an integral relation to the United States' policy of seeking to reduce trade barriers and promote private enterprise. Further, they point out, China's present commercial direction is diametrically at outs with the general commercial policy objectives of the "Suggested Charter for an International Trade Organization of the United Nations."

The present China situation is admittedly discouraging. It need not be hopeless. Concrete proposals have been made which, if supported by Washington, would in large measure overcome a majority of the existing obstacles to development of normal trade and the growth of healthy private enterprise—both Chinese and American.

It has been recommended to the State Department that the United States implement its previously announced policy with regard to termination of the activities of China's official purchasing agencies by again requesting China to bring their operations to a close immediately. [This may have had some bearing on the announcement on August 7th that China Supplies Commission would terminate its activities.] American interests also want China reminded of her obligations under the Sino-American Treaty of Friendship and Commerce. They believe that further American aid, financial or otherwise, should be withheld until China puts an end to unequal treatment of American interests in matters of taxation; favoritism in the granting of import licenses, quotas and foreign exchange; discrimination against Americans by China's law-enforcement cies and courts.

It has been suggested that the States examine China's preser controls to determine to what ext are justified by her known and tial foreign-exchange resources. financial aid was extended to Gr ain, the United States governmen has felt justified in calling for a sensive accounting of Britain's of payments position. No such ing has been required of Chin extension of loans and grants of

Issues That Should Be Set

Recommendation also has be that the United States governm prompt clarification of the Chir ernment's position with regard ticipation of private enterpris industrial development of Chi specific attention to these quest

a.) What fields of industry wil to direct investment of America in China?

b.) What fields will be prese government monopolies?

c.) In what fields and in w does the government intend to joint operation with private and what assurance will be g government enterprises will not preferential treatment?

d.) What fields of industry, a government monopolies, will to foreign corporations?

It also has been urged that th ment ascertain what assurance given American companies co ing establishing factories in C that new laws, executive order will not be promulgated that wo it impossible for such compan business at a reasonable profit such companies will be permit mit profits to the United State tain foreign exchange to pay and services purchased abroad their operation in China; (c) will not be subjected to irre mands and exactions by local a that would prevent their opera sound basis.

Only when firm understand been reached on these basic m Americans safely enter into o present commercial activities And China's position on th should be known before new are taken as to what extent what lines, if at all, a future p economic assistance to Chin justified.

THE END

"The only time I have the last word with my wife is when I apolo

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMI

Better breakfasts with Swift's Brookfield

...e your family this breakfast brimming ...h energy and they'll start the day with ...! Just a tantalizing whiff of sizzling ...sage wakes up appetites in a hurry— ...ecially when it's SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD. ...here's a sausage seasoned to bring out ... pure pork goodness. Not too spicy. ...t too mild. It's "just-right" due to a ...fect seasoning blend.

...his hearty morning meal offers a ...lth of *nutritious* eating. For in the ...ler lean of Swift's selected pork cuts ... extra B vitamins and energizing pro-...s of high quality. No wonder it's ...erica's favorite sausage!

...ow with meat more plentiful your fam-...again can enjoy better breakfasts with ...FT'S BROOKFIELD Sausage. Whether ... want it in links or in bulk, look for it ...our dealer's in the familiar package ...h the red plaid ends!

...E'S A HEARTY BREAKFAST . . . Pan-fry ...t's Brookfield Sausage according to direc-...s on package. Serve with soft-cooked eggs, ...ted English muffins, jelly. And refreshing, ...thful orange juice would be a fine starter.

Listen to ARCHIE ANDREWS on NBC
SATURDAYS, 10:30 A. M. NEW YORK TIME

One Pound Net Weight
Swift's Brookfield Pure Pork Sausage
For Goodness Sake Keep Cold
Small LINKS

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

The sausage with the just-right Seasoning!

Also try these

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *tender* FRANKS

Plump, juicy, tender franks made from selected cuts of beef and pork. Sealed in the new cellophane wrapper to assure their freshness and protect their goodness. They're high in protein.

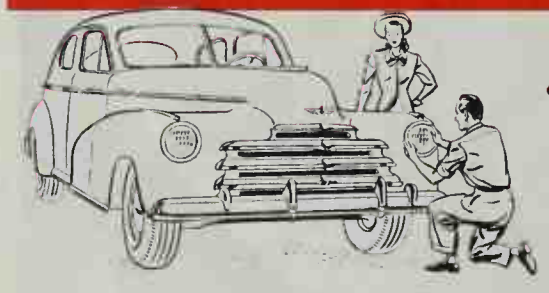
Swift's Premium *Table-Ready* Meats

like tasty BRAUNSCHWEIGER are just the thing for hot-weather suppers, snacks, lunches and picnics.

G-E Sealed Beam headlamps

DO NOT GROW DIM!

1. FILAMENTS HELD IN VISE-LIKE GRIP.
2. MIRROR-LIKE, BUILT-IN REFLECTOR.
3. ONE-PIECE CONSTRUCTION. DUST AND MOISTURE CANNOT GET IN.
4. RUGGED, HARD-GLASS PRECISION LENS.



..and now you get 12% MORE LIGHT ON THE ROAD!

More useful light than ever before . . . more light *on the road* . . . that's what you get with the new General Electric Sealed Beam Headlamps . . . 12% more light for driving and 16% more for passing.

THE WHOLE THING IS A BULB

And the G-E Sealed Beam Headlamp *does not grow dim.* Road and laboratory tests prove that the average G-E Sealed Beam Headlamp retains 99% of original light output, right up to the end of lamp life. Why? Because the whole thing is a single, rugged, hard-glass bulb. No dirt or moisture can get in; the reflector won't tarnish.

REPLACE WITH G-E

How long since you had your headlamps checked? Why not do it next time you leave your car for service? And be sure to replace burned-out headlamps with G-E Sealed Beam Lamps.

Whatever lamps you need for your car, it pays to insist on . . .

G-E fog lamps are back again! Same "all-glass" construction as G-E Sealed Beam Headlamps.

G-E Spot lamp. Clear, penetrating beam you'll find useful on dozens of occasions. "All-glass" construction.

Instrument indicator bulb. One of many bright, long-lasting G-E miniature automotive bulbs.

FOR EVERY SOCKET . . . FOR EVERY CAR

G-E LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE SLOWPOKE

Continued from page 19

"I'll let you know," said Tommy.

Thinking of Mira somehow made Tommy stubborn and angry, and when he felt like this, he felt all the more strongly that it would be nice to walk over and talk to Paula Cummerfield. He rose from the doorstep and started for the corncrib in the opposite direction from the knoll where Paula was. . . .

Redfield returned to his customer in the pasture.

"If that's him," said the city man ungrammatically, "why don't we go down and have a chat?"

"That's he all right," said Redfield, "but can't you see he's busy?"

"No. What's he doing?"

"He's after that summer girl."

"Then why's he going the wrong way?"

"It seems like the right way to him."

The city man peered curiously at Redfield, who gave no sign. "Let's get back to the property then," he said. "What's the hitch?"

"There's no hitch, Mr. Lounsbury. No hitch at all."

"I'm glad to hear that. I assume, then, we can have the papers drawn up at once. I've already had the title searched. Suppose we meet at the courthouse on Saturday and close the deal?"

"I don't know about Saturday."

Mr. Lounsbury then skipped to Monday and ran through the remaining days of the week.

"Around the thirtieth is the earliest," said Redfield.

"Why on earth must we delay from the second to the thirtieth?"

"Few matters to straighten out."

"But you said there wasn't any hitch, remember? I asked you the direct question and you said in so many words that there was no hitch."

"Do you want the property or don't you?" inquired Redfield.

"You know damn' well I want it. My nerves are like short-wave reception on the radio combined with sunspots and aurora borealis. They scream at me, they go swoosh, and they wail off and whisper under their breath. I've got to find some real peace somewhere. Very well, the thirtieth."

Redfield pushed back his all-s cloth cap, and the two men starte the car which had been left by the side. They paused long enough to back and watch Tommy Linton's d coming to a climax; he failed to net Cummerfield by a good three mi Paula had sauntered over a rim o

"That young man doesn't cover g fast enough," observed Mr. Loun

"I noticed that too," said Re

The meadow grass was almost high. An oriole sang from the wild ries in the hedgerow. Mr. Loun forgot to be irritated. Twenty m later he dropped Redfield at the Fellows building on Main Street.

THIS was the location of the off Dr. Albertus T. Hunter, for fo years general practitioner of East dow and environs. Presently Re and the doctor were matching s glances.

"Just been out to Tommy Li homestead place," Redfield rema

"Nice out there on a day like said the doctor. "Did you go f ride?"

"Not specially. Took a feller ou wants to buy the property. H trouble with his nerves, he says. they bring him in Cairo, Johann and Guam when he'd ruther hav stations or maybe no program at a desires quiet."

"H'm. Can you get a good pric

Redfield changed expression s evidently deciding to be candid. he spoke, a stranger would have t candor was natural to him, but th tor was not a stranger.

"He wants the place real bad pay $15,000."

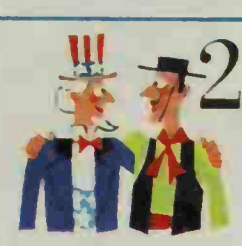
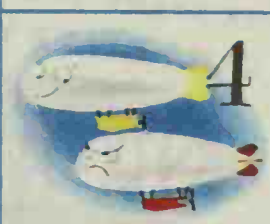
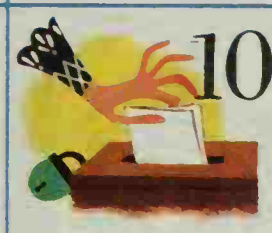
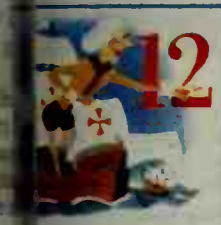
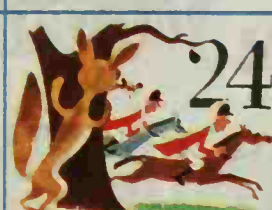
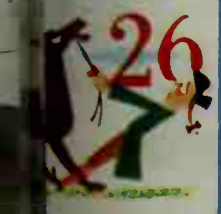
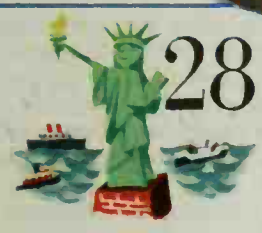
The doctor whistled.

"It's a fair price all in all," sai field defensively. "Shouldn't wo he could turn the place over m time for half that."

"I'm sort of surprised Tomm

COLLIER'S "This seat taken?" LARRIE

KINSEY'S OCTOBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 Special Delivery est'd., 1885. Sign here, please!	 2 First Pan American Conference, 1889. Amigos!	3 Miles "Speak for me, John" Standish dies, 1656.	 4 First dirigible-balloon race, 1909. What speed!
5 ...dds new pleasure ...d Fashioneds!	6 Balloon attempt to cross ocean fails, 1873.	La... 1903	...Fire, ...cow!		 10 California adopted women's suffrage, 1911.	11 Theo. Roosevelt first president to fly, 1910.
 12 ...bus discovers ...in..uh..er..uh...	13 White House cornerstone laid, way back in 1792!	1... A Kinsey ... Don't m...	...6 ...n raids ...ry, 1859.		17 Burgoyne surrenders, 1777 Going, going, goyne!	18 U. S. takes formal title to Alaska, 1867.
19 ...n wedding, 1874. ...! Ah publicity!	20 Only 56 shopping days till Dec. 25!	2... Incandescen... invented by Edi...	...3 ...outs Rommel ...amein, 1942.		 24 Fox-hunting season opens. Yoicks!	25 Geo. Washington Bridge in N.Y.C. opens, 1931.
 26 ...e imported into ...785, Hee-haw!	27 1st N.Y. subway starts packing 'em in, 1904.	 28 Statue of Liberty unveiled, 1886.	29 Bottom falls out of Stock Market, 1929. Oops!	30 Adams, 2nd Pres., born 1735. After you, George!	31 An old-fashioned spirit has a happy Hallow'een!	

...7 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

The best Old-Fashioneds are, you'll find The mellow, made-with-Kinsey kind!

...p October is the ideal month to make ...umbus and discover just how wonder-...rt-warming Kinsey Old Fashioneds can ...s how:

½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . add enough water to cover sugar and muddle well . . . 2 oz. of mild Kinsey Whiskey. Stir well. Add ice cube, lemon rind, slice of orange, lemon and a cherry.

...mart people have already discovered ...rbly smooth, flavor-full Kinsey makes ... taste better. Try it for yourself and see!

KINSEY

SINCE 1892

the unhurried whiskey — for unhurried moments

GOLD LABEL Rich, Full-Bodied

SILVER LABEL Light, Mellow

BLENDED WHISKIES: *Gold Label—86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Dist. Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

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MAGNIFICENT
FULL COLOR PICTURES
OR SPARKLING BLACK-AND-WHITE
CAN NOW BE YOURS WITH . . .
The
SPARTUS "35"
Only
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Tax Paid
CUSTOM-BUILT Eveready
CARRYING CASE $3.50
With the Spartus "35" you enjoy smooth, candid shooting at the lowest cost. This remarkable cartridge-loading camera gives you 35mm shots in gorgeous color or sharp, clear black-and-white.
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Also Available
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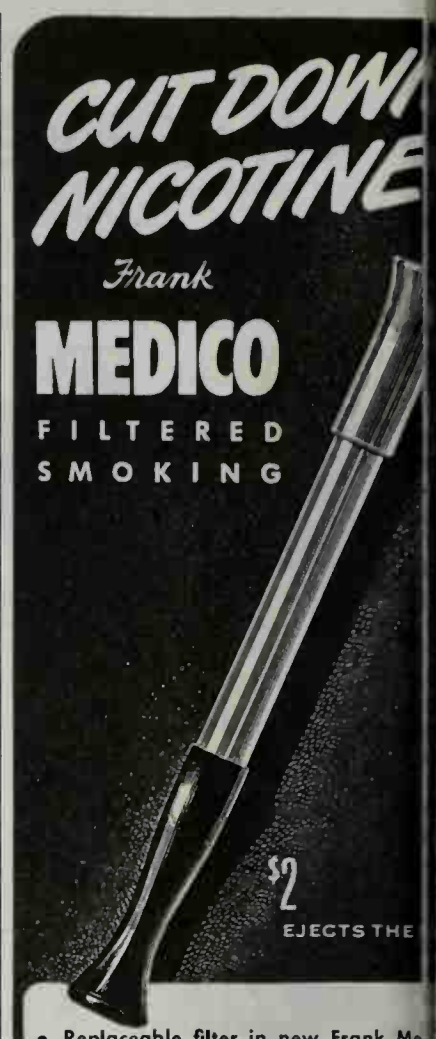
A twin lens reflex camera. You see the picture before you take it.
Only $9.98
Tax Paid
The SPENCER CO. 711 W. LAKE ST. CHICAGO 6, ILL.



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RUTLAND
PATCHING
PLASTER
Anyone can repair walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes smooth, firm patch that does not crack or fall out. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.

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The Choice of Music Lovers
Webster-Chicago Record Changers handle records quickly, smoothly — give years of dependable service.
Selected for their outstanding performance by such radio greats as:
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Gilfillan • Hoffman • Howard • Magnavox
Packard-Bell • Sentinel
Stromberg-Carlson • Wells-Gardner
WEBSTER-CHICAGO
5610 BLOOMINGDALE AVE., CHICAGO 39

sell. Sorry, too, I don't mind saying. It'll be a pity for him to clear out."

"Well, he hasn't exactly made up his mind. It's a matter I've got to attend to."

"Where's the hitch?"

"There's no—all right, that's why I'm here. You know how slow Tommy is. Chances are he never will make up his mind, barring outside help. Too bad how people are talking about him, last man home from the war and all that. Even starting up old stories about how Tommy's father set out for Sunday-evening church and arrived just in time for Wednesday-night prayer meeting."

"That was his grandfather. I recall him well."

"I don't care if it was his aunt," said Redfield. "I realize Tommy is slow like his folks, and I want to know if you can't prescribe some vitamins to tune him up."

DOCTOR HUNTER rose, walked across to the window and looked out at practically all there was of the East Baddow business center. One glance to the left, one to the right: His eyes took in the boys in front of Whippey's drugstore, the delivery truck waiting at the curb by the meat market, the post office slumbering between mail times, a few other basking stores and nothing else. The survey seemed to reassure and satisfy him, as if he had verified something eternal and cherished.

"Redfield," said he, "I feel sorry for you and your five-per-cent commission on $15,000, but what you ask of medical science is too much."

"Don't make snap judgments, Doctor," urged Redfield anxiously. "Folks are even saying Tommy lost the war and went back to look for it. That boy has to be hastened for his own good."

"The quality of moderation in Tommy Linton is nothing he or you or I can help," the doctor went on. "It is deeply fixed in his genes. Do you know what genes are?"

"Kind of hooked up with genealogy?"

"Kind of, but on the dry side. The science is genetics, and it has to do with the characteristics which are inherited. Did you ever know an East Baddow Linton who wasn't slower than water running uphill in January? Or a Plummer who wasn't sharp? Of course there are mutations, but when they occur in East Baddow there is usually a migration of the mutated individual, leaving the original strain unaffected."

"I'd built a lot of hopes on vitamins," said Redfield. "Never tried 'em myself, but I read the ads."

"In New England villages," Dr. Hunter continued, "things run in families more than elsewhere, and families run true to form. I'm the third Hunter to treat patients in this office, and your father was chairman of the selectmen for a full generation before you. It's all in the genes. Now if Tommy Linton and a girl with, say—"

"A girl?"

"Yes, say with genes carrying certain necessary dominant traits, such as—"

"I bet I know the very one."

"Hold on," said the doctor, "this is going to take more than one generation."

"I've only got until the end of the month."

"Then I don't think you'll make your commission," said Dr. Hunter.

"You don't, hey?" returned Redfield noncommittally, and went briskly down the stairs, eyes alight, humming something which seemed like Genes with the Light Brown Hair. . . .

The next morning was sunny and, being ready for an encounter with Paula Cummerfield, Redfield set a course midway between the knoll and her summer home, in order to head her off if necessary. Then he closed in, thereby succeeding the first time with an enterprise which Tommy Linton had not brought off in a present total of eleven tries.

At close range Paula was less spec-

No time for tear

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Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUC

r but not less gratifying than at a
nce She was sitting on a broad
er which the glacier, eons ago, had
ently brought for this purpose.
eld passed over the bronze-gold
and legs and the playsuit—which
othing much in the way of an in-
tion—concentrating his attention
a slender, earnest face. Paula
d in his direction, but her hazel
emained serious.
orning," he said, then half aloud,
look kind of agile and volcanic."
la's smile altered a little but the
ntense expression remained in and
her eyes. She said, "If that's a
iment, I'll try to find one in re-
Oh, yes, your suspenders match
yes."
on account of the genes," said
ld. "The genes run as big as turkey
round East Baddow; but what I
to see you about, Miss Cummer-
as the way you sit out here like a
and Geodetic Survey marker in
undress. Being a selectman, maybe
place to speak to you."
nebody objects?" Paula asked, her
straightening.
ll, the young fellow next door is
easy embarrassed."
must be a lout."
tually he's a fine-looking young
unmarried, owns property, is all
up with good prospects, and you
almost say he holds $15,000 cash,
e per cent, in his hand this very
."
lon't think I understand," said
severely.
's just a mite slow about things,"
edfield.
body should be as slow as that. It
asonable."

conversation turned upon itself a
ple of times, then stopped. Red-
as satisfied with the seed he had
, but as he was turning away he
ula put on her glasses and pick
ok. The book seemed to have a
mething like The Inwardness of
a and it was by three men named
, Cabot and Lowell.
use me," Redfield said, "but I
ou were from New York."
" said Paula coldly, "Boston."
y mackerel, I believe I've made
ke."
eld did not enlarge on this re-
and Paula watched him with a
ed frown as he departed. . . .
the view of East Baddow, a pin
n the universe, all things went
ly until two o'clock in the after-
noon. That was when Tommy Linton emerged from a thicket of bayberry bushes and confronted Paula Cummerfield at last.

"It took you long enough to get here," Paula observed. "I've been watching you skirmish around the countryside."

"Is that so?" remarked Tommy awkwardly. "I hope I'm not intruding."

"Not at all," said Paula crisply. "Since you're here, we might as well begin at the beginning. I believe in fundamentals, don't you?"

"Sure," said Tommy.

"Then suppose we start with the causative factors of Puritanism. Sit down, will you?"

Tommy sat on the rock beside her. The rock was warm.

"At the outset," she went on, "the Puritans were in revolt, don't forget that. They were against the excesses of the period, but not against simple, natural things. . . ."

Tommy found it easy to listen, though at times his attention wandered. Paula ran through a century or two, dwelling mainly on the migration of Puritanism to America and its course in this country. By the time she had reached the question of abbreviated summer dress for the young woman of today, Tommy was agreeing eagerly.

"You see," Paula concluded, "it's quite easy to get around these prejudices if you start at the beginning and follow through. Now let me ask you this: Does it occur to you that there is any impropriety in a girl choosing a perfectly sensible summer costume which permits freedom of her arms and legs and also favors a healthful tan?"

"Why, no, not at all," said Tommy. "I think it's nice."

"You do?"

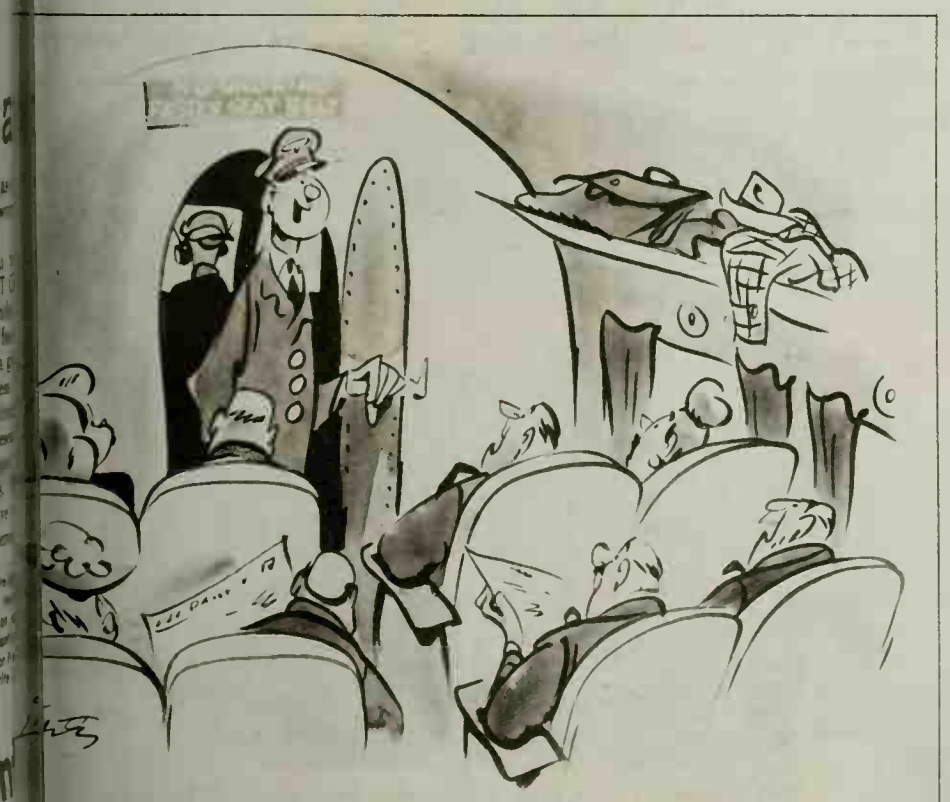
"Yes," said Tommy, "and I'm glad you've asked me about a personal problem, because I've been worried about one myself. I need to discuss it with somebody, and I like the way you go at things. You make everything friendly. Do you mind if I start at the beginning?"

"Why, no," said Paula. Tommy did, and after he had talked for ten minutes or so, she managed to interject a question: "Are you telling me the story of your life?"

"I guess I am, in a way," said Tommy. "Is it all right?"

"Go ahead," said Paula.

There were various digressions, however, in which she took part, and it turned out they not only went into Tommy's life but the life of New England. The session was adjourned at supper-



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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

time, resumed after breakfast, and by the middle of the second afternoon following had reached the subject, in Tommy's biography, of Mira Hatfield.

"So she didn't wait for you," Paula said.

"No, she didn't, and I can't make up my mind whether I'm glad or sorry. Oh, I was hurt at first. I guess I was angry too, then ashamed. But when I began to work out of the hurt feelings I didn't feel so sore about it. I was relieved."

"Didn't you really care for Mira?"

"Yes, I must have, before the war. Maybe I still would if she'd come around and act as she used to, but I never did like the idea of selling the old place and moving away. It didn't seem right, somehow."

"You're confused," said Paula.

"I'm afraid there's something bigger than I am. I can't see why things keep coming out as they do, or why sometimes they don't come out at all for me."

"You must try to think clearly. Work with definitions. Begin a sentence 'What I want is—' and then go right on and finish it, directly and honestly."

"I'd have to think it over for a while," said Tommy.

"No. Do it now."

"It would be better, maybe, if tomorrow—"

"Now!" said Paula firmly.

"What I want is—" Tommy began, and suddenly his face lighted up— "not to sell the old place."

He grinned. He felt better.

"Good," said Paula. "Now again."

"What I want is—to get married."

"Go right on," said Paula. "To whom?"

"To you," said Tommy.

PAULA was in no position to say anything, and by the time she had again become a free agent she seemed to have lost the thread of the conversation. Tommy had kissed her in a slow, temperate yet fiercely kindled manner. His arms had seemed to hold her permanently.

"You're wonderful," he said.

"Well, Tommy, I do like you."

He interrupted her again.

She came up for air and said, "But there's so much to be sure about. There's still Mira. Suppose you should see her again and she should act as she used to."

Tommy tried to dispose of Mira in a few words but was not wholly successful. When they parted under the stars, she was still what Paula referred to as an unknown potential and possibly a moral impediment. . . .

Early next morning Tommy was alone in his yard sizing up prospective improvements when Mr. Lounsbury called.

"Linton," he said, "I've been looking forward to this. I'm glad I found yo home. The name is Lounsbury."

"Oh, I've heard about you in to said Tommy. "You can get Buenos A without any set at all, let alone an aer

"What an absurd story," said Lounsbury. "I can't imagine how i started. There's nothing like gossip small town, is there? I can't imagine such things start."

"You mean you can't get short w on your nervous system?"

"We just won't discuss it," said Lounsbury. "I came here for pers and business reasons. Linton, I've thinking for a long time of buying a ful place in this neighborhood, and you come right down to it, there need for agents, is there? I mean principals get together, and in your you save the commission on $15 which is a mighty nice piece of mo

"Did you say $15,000?"

"That, of course, is my top figur your property."

"You must be Redfield Plumm customer."

"But if you and I do business, we need Plummer, do we?"

"Anyway, I'm not selling," Tommy.

"Now, now, of course you'll Think it over."

"I did," said Tommy. "I had Say, can you get Mexico City?"

"No, I can't get Mexico City more than you can! What's that g do with it?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I was just ested. When you hear a story around, there's generally somethi it."

"Damn it, Linton, you confuse I'm not interested in radio, do you u stand? I hate radio. I'll find Plum I want to know what he means by s ing me along. No hitch, he said. what comes of trusting a smart Ya Well, he can't get out of it. I'll hol to it."

This was the moment when arrived on the knoll, stood on tipto the boulder and held both arms waving. Tommy went to join her, t the shortest possible route. Her ki as cool as the morning breeze fro east.

"Who was your caller?" she inq

"New York man named Loun He says he wants to buy the place. Redfield Plummer's his agent, th isn't, then he is. I guess he doesn't his own mind."

"I wonder if we know ours,' Paula thoughtfully. "After all, yo in love with Mira."

"I'm not now. I'm in love with

"That is not so certain," said Pa

COLLIER'S "Well, boys, I won't be seeing you any more. The juke boxes are reviving a number I recorded in 1928"

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wonder what decisions you would have come to, and when, if I hadn't pressed you."

This was the beginning of a long and fairly indeterminate discussion. Mr. Lounsbury, meantime, was tracking down Redfield Plummer whom he found at last in conversation with Dr. Hunter.

"How are you coming about Tommy Linton?" the doctor was asking as Mr. Lounsbury clattered onto the veranda.

"Can't say yet," said Redfield. "It turned out the girl's from Boston."

"What significance do you attach to that?"

"I'm afraid she won't let him sell the place. They're liable just to settle."

"I don't know," said Dr. Hunter. "Do you think it's likely? She's young, pretty, and used to city ways."

"A girl from New York or Chicago would have pulled Tommy out of here all right, and it wouldn't have taken a generation, but Boston is different. Remember the saying about the Greeks in the old schoolbooks, Doctor? 'Wherever were Hellenes, there was Hellas.' It's the same with Boston folks. It's a state of mind they have, superior to geography."

Mr. Lounsbury arrived, puffing, in time to hear Dr. Hunter's next remark. "Maybe it would have been better to patch things up between Tommy and Mira Hadfield."

Later, after Mr. Lounsbury had finished his expressions of complaint and reproof, he asked Redfield what Dr. Hunter had meant by this. In a general way, Redfield told him.

"So that's how the land lies," said Mr. Lounsbury. "I'm glad to hear about this Mira affair."

"Common knowledge," said Redfield.

"Do you want your commission or don't you?" inquired Lounsbury.

"I most always want my commission."

"Then I shall expect some co-operation for a change. If you had been frank in the first place, this deal might have been closed before this.". . .

The next morning but one, when Tommy Linton went out to his woodpile, a female form was established on a near-by section of stone wall. This seemed a favorable circumstance, along with the sunshine and blue sky.

"Darling," said Tommy, "you're early."

"Am I?" said a familiar voice.

"Mira!"

"Who else?"

She wasn't so tall as Paula, and wouldn't add up to the same things, but she was looking well in blue slacks.

"How on earth did you get here?"

"Mr. Lounsbury drove me out."

"You shouldn't have come."

"Of course I should. What's prid a case like this? I was wrong, Tomm admit it. I'll marry you as soon as collect your $15,000, and we'll g Boston just as we always planned."

"Hold on," said Tommy. "Th have happened."

"Of course they have," said M "Whoever would have dreamed could get such a price for the old pla

Mira had come close to Tommy, he thought he penetrated her design before he had decided what to do a it, she was putting her arms aroun neck. He felt the universe closin He wondered how you went abou pulsing a too ardent female who formerly been your illusion of rom

WHILE he was still wonde Paula Cummerfield arrived a usual outpost. Tommy saw her a Mira's brown curls. He struggled fo cision. He struggled for action. pushed Mira away, not impetuously earnestly, so that she sat down firm the grass with an anatomical thump

"Paula!" Tommy yelled.

Paula did not look back. He los behind the grassy fringe of the knol climbed the wall. He made haste by the time he reached the bo she was nowhere in sight. He s the boulder alone, considering.

In a way, he was back where h started. He could not see how h been at fault, yet such things di happen to most people. They hap peculiarly to him.

He concluded that he had bett to find Paula, but at her house the she was out for the entire morning the afternoon they said she could r disturbed. In the evening they sa had gone to bed. The following mo she had left him a note.

"So you see," she had written, ' will always be Mira. It is just as I fe

Tommy sat on his doorstep h the paper in his fingers when he someone approach. He feared the but it was not Mira. It was R Plummer.

"All right," Tommy said. "I'll s place. I don't want to live her longer."

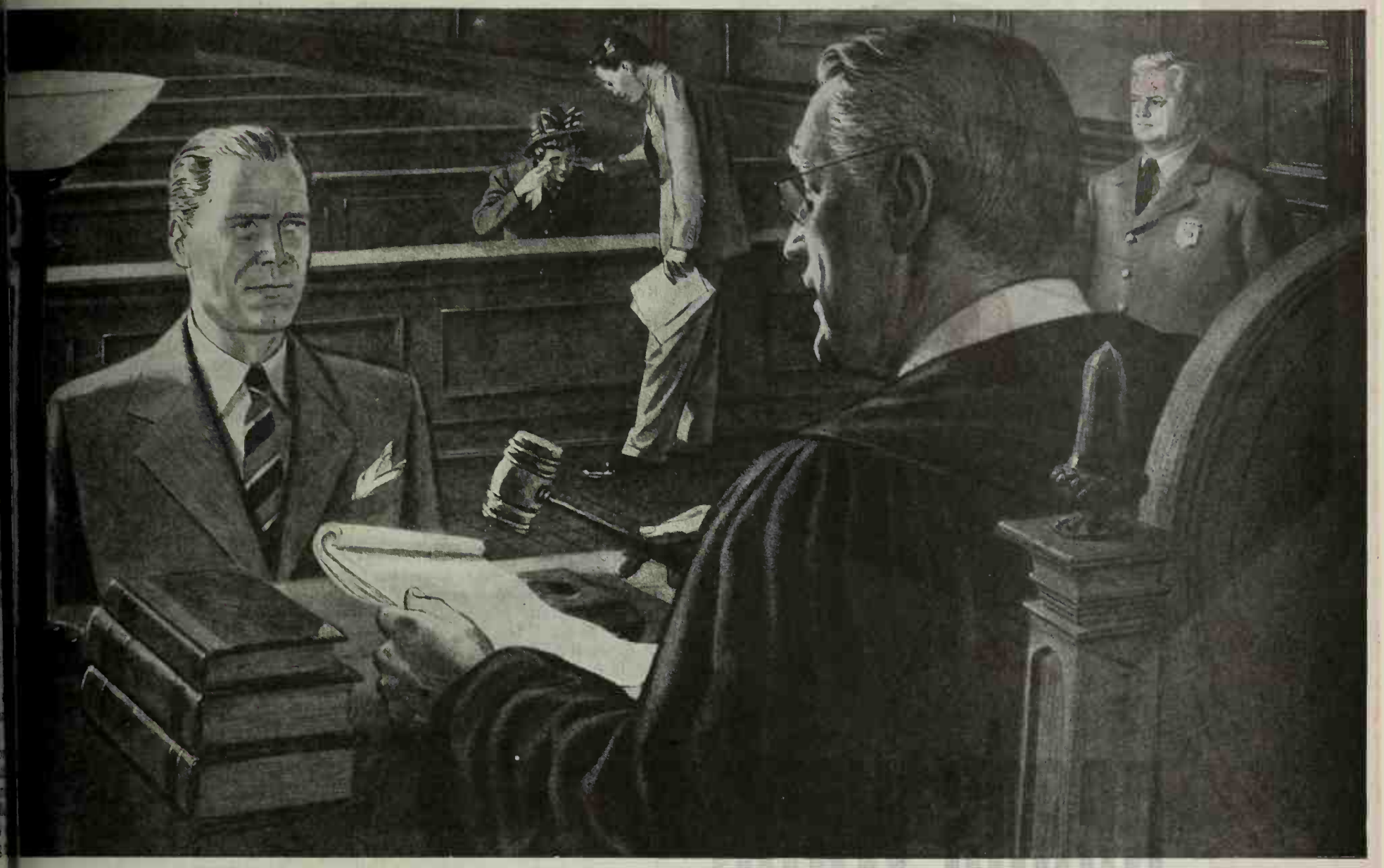
"That's up to you," said Redfiel I'm not Mr. Lounsbury's agen more. I must remember to tell hin time I see him. What I came he was something different."

Tommy looked puzzled.

"It's thirty-six after nine right

"Look, if our sound effects can't imitate one, have him taken out of the s

COLLIER'S CHARLES P



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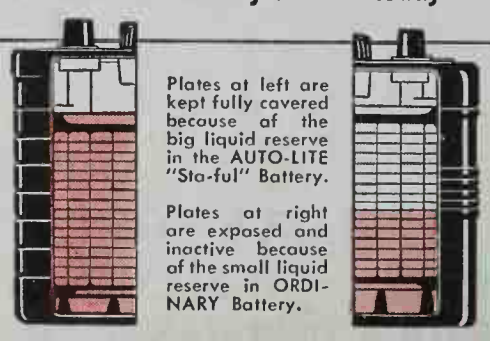


Plates at left are kept fully covered because of the big liquid reserve in the AUTO-LITE "Sta-ful" Battery.

Plates at right are exposed and inactive because of the small liquid reserve in ORDINARY Battery.

Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation.

the morning train leaves the depot at ten fifteen, according to the timetable. Paula Cummerfield is likely to be on it. Unless."

"Unless what?"

"Unless you can get to the depot first, which is unlikely."

"Gosh!" said Tommy.

"Think you can make it?"

"I've got to."

"If you don't, I s'pose I might as well collect my commission before resigning. This is asking a lot of your genes."

Tommy mounted his bicycle. He was off.

"Don't stop to answer any questions," Redfield yelled after him.

On the East Baddow road Mrs. Harper stood on her back stoop and called, "Tommy Linton, where you going so fast?"

Tommy slowed involuntarily, started to answer, then remembered. He put on more speed. Mrs. Harper wiped her hands on her apron and ran for the telephone. At the Four Corners the road gang was sorting out tools.

"Hey, Tommy," yelled Linc Setters, the foreman.

AGAIN Tommy faltered, almost fell off his wheel, and renewed his grind. He didn't see the road gang leap into the truck and come piling after. He rode faster, faster. He took the short cut through Baker's pines where the truck ran into a ditch. He rode his bicycle as if it were capable of superterrestrial flight, but a newly cut tree rose ahead. The front wheel crumpled and he was catapulted into a heap of brush. He was just about to face the situation in a logical, deliberative way when he heard a sound resembling the whistle of a locomotive. He began to run.

He entered Main Street loping. People began to yell. There was so much noise that Dr. Hunter peered out the window of his office in the Odd Fellows building. The doctor had never seen such a sight in East Baddow before. Tommy Linton was streaking it through the middle of the street, and panic had overtaken the populace.

"I don't know what it is, but it must be bad," yelled Amos Whippey.

The soda clerk had joined the drugstore boys and they became a flying wedge. The meat-market truck started up so suddenly that it shed the morning's orders out over the tailboard. Dr. Hun felt his hair trying to rise and bristle, s he descended the stairs without, so as he could remember, even touch East Baddow, having seen Tommy l ton on the gallop, waited not for wh ever dreadful event was causing prodigy of nature.

Tommy looked up at the town cl The hands indicated ten-thirteen. would have been his nature to slow d and consider this, but motion had ta possession of his will, his muscles and co-ordination. The birds overhead w winging at the double to keep up.

He turned the last corner. No t was in sight. The depot platform deserted except for Paula Cummer sitting on a trunk. As he hurtled thro the last interval and braked himsel a halt by her side, he saw that her were puzzled and earnest. She looke her wrist watch.

"Ten fifteen," she said. "Tommy, would have made it anyway!"

Tommy did not understand. ignoring the throng of East Baddow habitants who continued to assen with emotions of apprehension and citement in their faces, Paula explai

"Redfield Plummer told us the t time by the winter schedule," she "On the summer schedule the doesn't leave until eleven-ten. W I saw you coming down the stret finally understood what he was up He thought you'd never make it by fifteen and he was allowing you much extra. But, Tommy, you d need it."

Mr. Lounsbury was in the crowd, ing to shake off a cluster of small bo

"We only want to listen for the waves," said the oldest one.

"Get out!" exclaimed Mr. Louns severely. He added, "Everyone ar here is crazy, even the children. Wh Plummer? I want Plummer. H swindler."

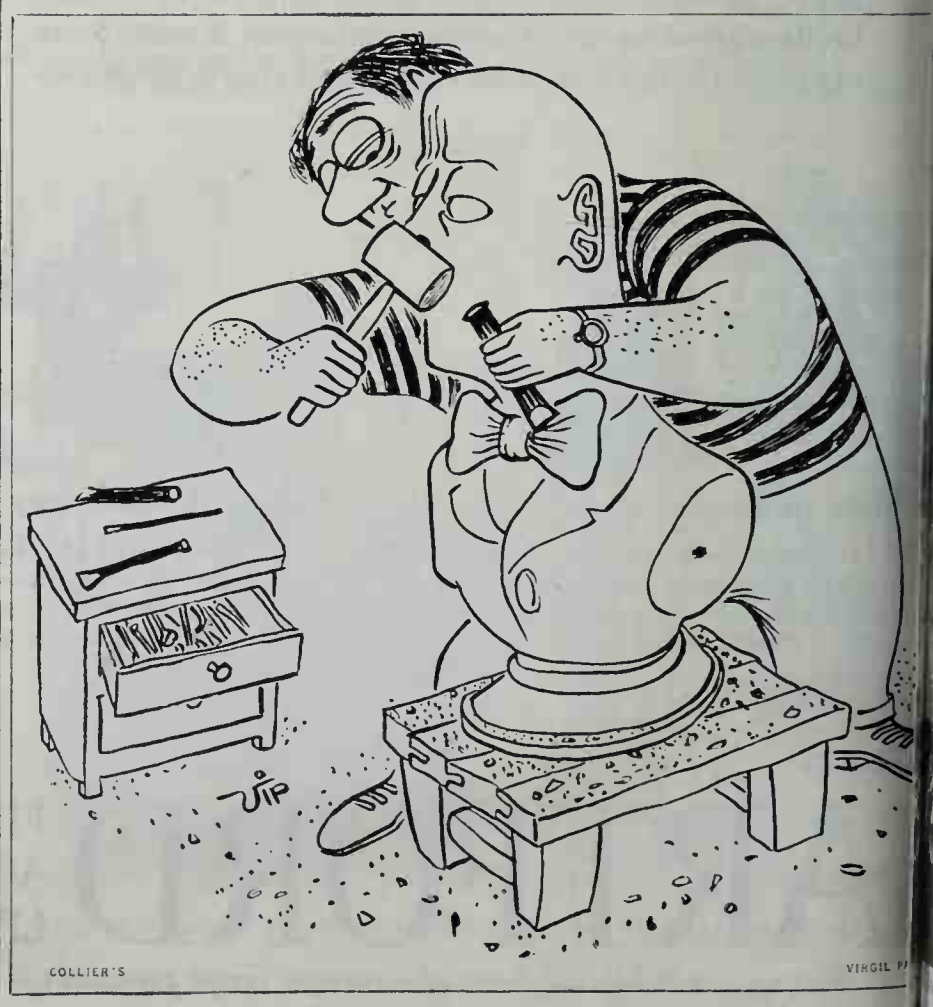
"Now, now," said Dr. Hunter, " field may connive a little, but he swindles. He's sort of like—"

"Why, he's sort of like the genie i Arabian Nights," said Paula.

Just about then, Tommy regaine power of speech. He said, "You need to trouble about Mira."

But Paula had known this since fourteen and a half.

THE END



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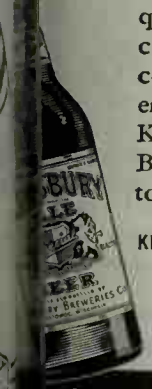

ingsbury
ARISTOCRAT OF Beer

THE BARONIAL BLUES

Continued from page 25

reign of Queen Elizabeth. Under Knole's seven acres of roofs there are said to be as many entrances as months in the year, as many courts as days in the week, as many staircases as weeks in the year, and as many rooms as days in the year.

Another treasure of the National Trust is Blickling Hall, the famous Jacobean house formerly owned by the late Lord Lothian. Still another is Montacute in Somerset, which has been described as "one of the most beautiful and magnificent homes in the world." Lord and Lady Astor have given their famous estate, Cliveden, together with its fabulous Thames-side gardens, to the nation, although they continue to make their home in the big house. The National Trust has also acquired Charlecote Park, on the River Avon, where the Lucy family has lived since 1189. Miss Fairfax-Lucy still lives in one wing of the great house.

Decline of the Landed Gentry

England's Labor government receives most of the blame, or credit, for the fate that is rapidly overtaking the country's landed aristocracy. Actually the government's policies, if carried out, will simply complete a process of disintegration that began some 80 years ago. By the beginning of the 18th century, England had become the most successful farming country in the world, with one quarter of the population looking to the land for a living. It was the golden age of British agriculture but it didn't last.

"The greatest single event of the 1870s," wrote G. M. Trevelyan in his Social History of England, ". . . was the sudden collapse of English agriculture. The cause was the development of the American prairies as grain lands within reach of the English market. The new agricultural machinery enabled the farmers of the Middle West to skim the cream off virgin soils of unlimited expanses; the new railway system carried the produce to the ports, the new steamers bore it across the Atlantic. The overthrow of the British landed aristocracy by the far-distant democracy of American farmers was one outcome of this change of economic circumstances."

Since the early 1880s, except when two World Wars threatened the country with famine, England's policy has been to keep farming on the verge of bankruptcy, in order to obtain cheap food and keep industrial wages down, so that England's importing industries would have an advantage in international competition. Even today landowners are trying to operate under the handicap of rents that give a smaller return on capital than any other investment—not more than 2½ per cent at best, and seldom that much. While agricultural wages have increased 150 per cent, and material costs more than 100 per cent since 1939, the average rent for agricultural land is still 28 shillings per acre. This is approximately the same as in 1914, and considerably lower than it was in 1870.

Even more crippling is the effect of taxation and death duties. Under the rates in effect in 1925, seven years after the first World War, an estate of £2,500,000 was reduced on its owner's death to £1,500,000. Today, with the death duties increased to 75 per cent, in line with the government's policy of liquidating the rich, property vanishes much faster. The heir to an estate worth £2,500,000 in 1946 would receive only £625,000, and although the rates are reduced after the government has taken the first healthy bite, in less than 100 years the estate would be worth not more than £50,000.

Only last year the Marquess of Bath

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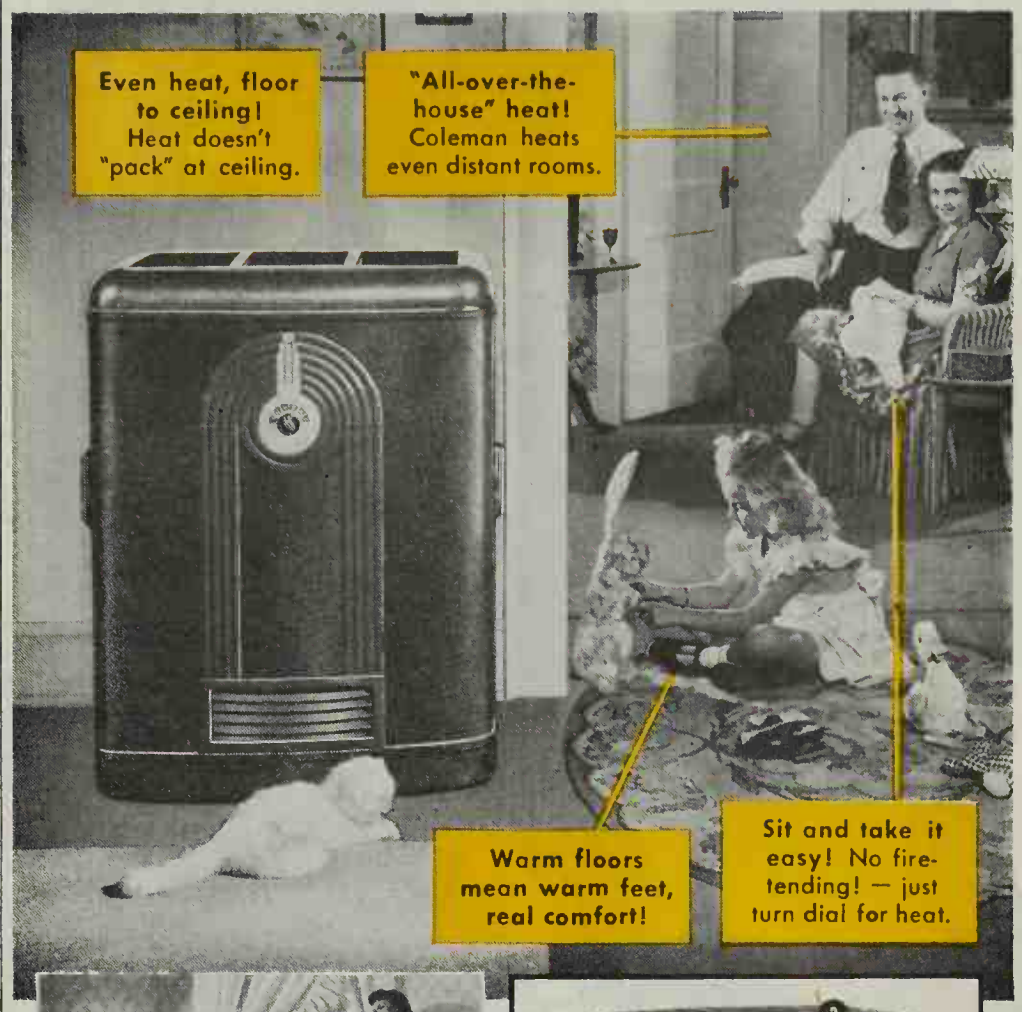
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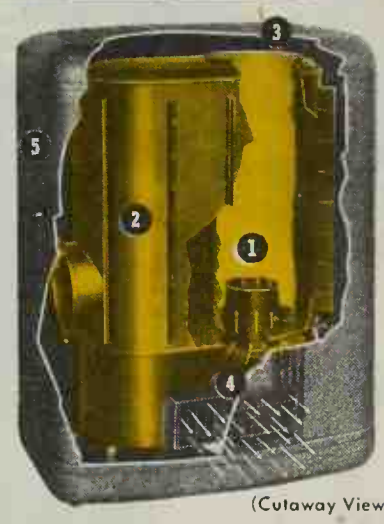

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had to pay almost £1,000,000 on succeeding to his father's estate, and wrote to his tenants that in order to raise the money he would have to sell some of his land. His complaint received very little sympathy. The government organ, the Daily Herald, remarked that "Plain men will not shed very bitter tears for Lord Bath's troubles. No doubt the possessions which he will retain for the upkeep of himself and his family will constitute a nest egg which most people would not sneeze at."

It seems clear that the next few years, assuming that the Labor party remains in power, will see a great many of England's finest homes become national property. Under the wartime coalition government, the principle of compulsory acquisition of land needed for national planning was established.

But the new Town and Country Planning Act goes much further than anything contemplated when Winston Churchill was Prime Minister. In conjunction with the Agricultural Act it places the large landowner at the mercy of the state. Under the latter law acreage may be acquired compulsorily by the government if, in the opinion of the Minister of Agriculture, it is being managed inefficiently.

To take an extreme case, a landowner may lose his property if he ignores a governmental order to erect new cow barns. In such a case, his heir cannot succeed to the property, nor can it be sold; it will be taken over by the state at the current market price. The Planning Act nationalizes an owner's development rights in his land.

Hereafter the government will receive the benefit of increases in value where land is developed and used for building, quarrying, etc. This act also provides that the Minister of Works shall have power to acquire buildings of special architectural and historic interest, together with the adjacent land, when such structures are not being properly maintained.

Act Gives Wide Power to State

It is this last provision that many owners of big estates believe is the joker in the act. They point out that it could be so interpreted as to give the state the right to take over almost every great house in England, since with the shortage of labor and materials, not to speak of high taxes, it is impossible to maintain one of the big mansions in a proper manner. As an example they mention Burghley, the great Elizabethan home of the Exeters, which took 31 years to build and for 150 years has been one of the show places of England. Today Burghley is closed to the public.

"We have been obliged," the Marchioness of Exeter explained, "to put a notice in the local papers that we deeply regret that we cannot show this house until such time, if ever, as staff is available to enable us to take proper care of the historic contents and to show them to the public."

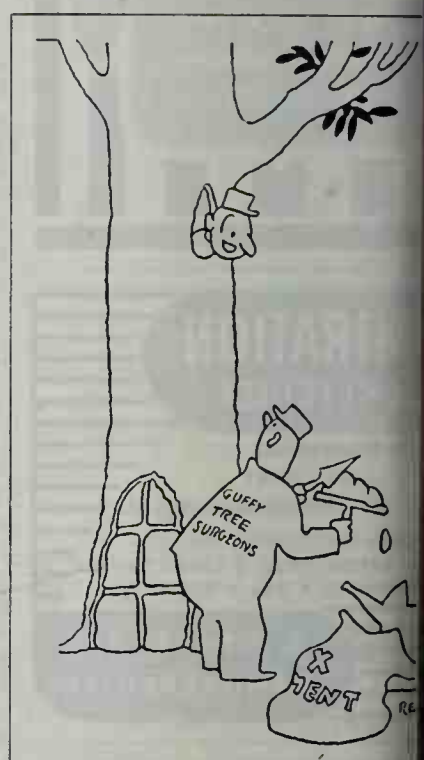
In the early days of the war a school for mentally deficient children was established at Hickleton Hall, an 18th-century great house owned by Lord Halifax, former ambassador to the United States. After Dunkerque the property was taken over by the British army. Lord Halifax hoped to make his home there again when the war ended, but high taxes and staff shortages compelled him to vacate the hall. Most of the furniture and other contents were sold at auction early in 1947.

Lord and Lady Halifax now live at Garrowby, forty miles from Hickleton Hall and once their shooting lodge, which is their principal residence. "But so that we can keep our feet on our home soil," said Lord Halifax, "we have found somewhere to perch in Hickleton village"—a four-room stone cottage formerly occupied by the postmistress.

In common with the owners of m other great houses, Lord Halifax found a new use for his property—h given it to an Anglican sisterhood girls' school. In Aberdeenshire owner of Craigston Castle, Majo quhart, has converted this 17th-ce house into a community center fo neighborhood.

Polesden Lacy, in Surrey, which left to the National Trust by Mrs. ald Greville with its priceless pic books and furniture, is being used somewhat similar purpose. It was that the present King and Queen of land, then the Duke and Duche York, spent the first part of their h moon.

Wootton House, the historic ho John Evelyn, the famous British d and still owned by a John Evelyn, become a National Fire Service Co Hurstmonceux Castle, dating fror period of Henry VI, is the new ho the Royal Observatory. At histor vaston Castle, near Derby, the f seat of the Earl of Harrington, 250 y women are studying to become tea A similar group is busy at Alnwick



"Do we do this one next?"
COLLIER'S GARDNER

tle, owned by the Duke of Northu land, while the duke still lives in on of the great building.

Himley Hall, the ancestral home Earl of Dudley, with 200 acres of g and parkland, has been bought Ben Smith for the West Midland sional Coal Board, which has al quired five other country ma

A 15th-century mansion whic built for Richard III, Bragroves H has been handed over to the Bowe seum Trust, which will open it as folk museum. The War Office is Eaton Hall in Cheshire, the seat Duke of Westminster, as a cadet tr center, while the duke makes his in a small wing of the building. trying to sell the private 15-inch r line which used to carry suppl Eaton Hall from the nearest railw tion, three miles away.

The Corporation of Wigan, in L shire, has bought Haigh Hall—h locally as the house of a hundre dows—from the Earl of Crawfor Balcarres, but so far hasn't decide to do with it. Meanwhile the earl ing in a small flat over the estate It has been reported that he pl build a small house, but he denies

"It is quite impossible," he sa get a license to build a house. moment I am trying to get a lice buy a bath."

THE END

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BURIED TREASURES

BY HARVEY H. KEELER

FEW years ago a laborer working on a street excavation in Manchester, Virginia, picked up pebble. He was intrigued by its l sparkle, and showed it to some s. Investigation proved that it was rat diamond! Not a perfect stone, e, but good enough to be cut to 11 nd marketed at a price that made orer's head swim.

est Virginia a group of young men itching horseshoes. One of the s noticed that the shoe kicked up th and dislodged a clear, attrac- ne. He picked it up and put it in ket.

at do you think you have there," ne of the other players, "a dia- "

idn't think so, of course, but after wed it to several mineralogists, he its true worth. It was, indeed, a d; and it is now on display at the ational Museum in Washington,

ungster in Alabama went to the for water and picked up a dia- hat finally found its way to the Tiffany Collection in New York's n of Natural History.

e spectacular finds make good of course, but don't let them panic o taking to the hills with pick and Diamonds *are* found in America, ; but not in very great quantities. strikes as the Kimberley Mines Africa or the productive sources il have been discovered in the States.

al deposits are believed responsi- the occasional diamonds found in at Lakes region. A well digger onsin brought to the surface a fine d weighing 15 carats. And there en stories of Wisconsin farmers ing raw diamonds in their plow . Indiana, Illinois, Montana and n have also produced isolated nany of considerable value. There en some valuable finds at the east- of the Sierra Nevada Mountains ornia and Oregon.

ms in New York's Substrata

varieties of the world's best gem nd minerals have been taken from ons for buildings, subways, nd wire viaducts in New York ew of the city's seven million at the rock bed under those tall ers has been a virtual storehouse ials producing topaz, zircon, gar- weighing nine and two-thirds was found beneath Thirty-fifth near Macy's), amethyst, beryl, ine, dolomite, fluorite, chryso- galena, hornblende, malachite, ne and agate.

f this surprises you, you may be shocked to learn that the highly l sapphire is also a native of cer- ts of the U.S. Emeralds and e to be found here, too. Besides , there are literally hundreds of e formations which may be fash- to jewels. These include tur- obsidian, onyx, sardonyx and he infamous "fool's gold").

me interested in gem stones and while I was in the Army. I found utside my barracks door—jewels ks! Some of the boys called me hound" and began to suspect me d sort of psychoneurosis. But I re, for I developed a hobby I can ywhere in the world.

egan when I was window shop- the little Oregon city near our ost. I was looking for some Christmas presents for some small fry in my family, and I wanted something typical of the section of the world where I was stationed.

Finally I was attracted by a colorful display of stones in a store window. Some of the stones were evidently shown just as they were found, others were cut and polished on one side, and many more were set in gold and silver as rings, brooches, pendants and eardrops. I went in the store and spoke to the proprietor: "What sort of stones are those?"

"They're moss agates," he replied, "and there are lots of them on the grounds at your camp. Every day you probably walk over many that would make good cuts."

I was astounded. "If I bring some in, will you work them for me?" I asked.

He agreed, and that is how I became a rock hound.

The first batch of stones I brought in to him proved almost worthless. Only about half were real agates; the others were something else. And none of the agates could be worked. They were either too cracked, or the patterns were too close to the surface to take polishing.

The second day's batch was the same, but with a little advice from the proprietor, I succeeded in hitting the jackpot the next day. I had enough agates for more than a dozen separate pieces.

Every night for two weeks I haunted

An ex-G.I. tells how he found jewels in the rocks in his own back yard. An amateur gem-hunter, he now has a hobby with all the thrills of the chase

the shop to see how my agates would turn out under the workmanship of the proprietor. The process fascinated me. He cut the stones with a steel saw impregnated with diamond dust, ground them to shape on a carborundum wheel and later smoothed the surface with a whirling sandpaper disk.

The final polishing was done with a felt disk and tin oxide solution. This brought out a high sheen.

I took the finished stones back to camp, showed them to the boys. They'd been looking at me with questioning glances as I hauled rocks into the barracks and put them in my foot locker. Now they were amazed at the ring sets, pendants and eardrops which I showed them.

In the meantime I had been delving into books. I learned that my home state, Connecticut, produces a great variety of rocks and minerals, including some of the most popular gem stones. I could scarcely wait to get back home and explore my own rocky 120-acre farm.

While I was still in Oregon I took a trip to the Applegate River and panned my first "color" of gold. The term "color" is used advisedly. After a large pan of dirt is washed in the river water, you may, if you're lucky, have just enough gold left in the pan to show color. It's no way to get rich quick. Experts who have worked it for years are lucky to average two or three dollars working from dawn to dusk every day.

But the experience had confirmed me in my new hobby, and the lure of rocks and minerals continued. I took excursions up dry creek beds for varicolored jaspers and common opals. The local Red Cross helped us set up our own lapidary shop at the base, and we started working on a camp collection. A friend who ran a gift shop back home had seen the stones I sent the kids, and asked to try some on the market. They went over with a bang.

Finally I was sent back East for discharge. On the way home I kept remembering the deep red crystals my brother had found in the stone fences on our farm when we were kids. He had called them garnets. I began to wonder if there really was gem material in Connecticut.

When I got home, it was my family's turn to wonder what the Army had done to me. For I was working far harder on the farm than I ever had before—lugging rocks all over the place, chiseling away at them, and sweating with fervor. I did find garnets, and also two kinds of crystals—black and yellow—that I couldn't identify.

Exploring the Old Homestead

My friends became interested, and we set off on an exploring party. Armed with chisels, hammers, gloves (rocks are often sharp) and a flashlight to explore the dark crevasses, we went to the place where I had found the black formations. They turned out to be tourmaline crystals, which are often worked into jewelry. The rocks with the yellow crystals produced two aquamarine beryls and a golden beryl. We also found more garnets. Not all of these stones were in good condition, but several were clear enough to be polished and set in jewelry. I had found gems in my own back yard!

In almost every section of the country, rock and mineral finds of real interest await the explorer. Some of them may have little or no real value, but occasionally a real sparkler turns up.

Sapphires, for instance, are native to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Montana and California. Stones of the beryl group are found in widely scattered sections of the U.S. These include the emerald, the aquamarine, the golden beryl and a rare pink variety known as morganite. One bluish-green prism weighing 2,900 pounds and measuring four feet in length was found at Grafton, N. H., Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, South Dakota, Maine and New Hampshire are also beryl territories.

Topaz has been found in Utah, Colorado, California, Missouri, North Carolina, Connecticut and New York. And zircons, which have had an amazing growth in popularity recently, have been found in New York, New Jersey, Florida and North Carolina.

Amethysts are fairly common in many sections of the United States. Some of the finest American amethysts come from Maine.

Most large cities and many small towns have mineral clubs which hold regular meetings and field trips. Much can be learned of rocks and minerals through these organizations, and with experienced leaders the best territories for unusual finds may be explored.

In 1940, for instance, a group of people in and around Los Angeles formed the Los Angeles Lapidary Society. At present there are nearly 200 members. To retain membership they must attend at least one monthly meeting, go on at least one field trip and exhibit five of their own cut stones each year.

There may not be a fortune in rock hunting, but there's the thrill of the chase and the excitement of an occasional real discovery. For gems, like gold, are where you find them. ★★★

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Alka-Seltzer

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 21

much interested in the financial aspects. By this time the President had turned the whole negotiations over to the State Department. They were concluded November 16th with recognition of the Soviet Union.

This recognition was one of Roosevelt's first attempts to create a community of good neighbors as the best security against the depredations of the neighborhood roughnecks. His interest in naval affairs and his experience during the first war made it natural for him to think in terms of global strategy. People do not yet realize how early he saw the dangers presented to the world by the smash-and-grab attitudes of such nations as Germany, Japan and Italy.

He backed Henry Stimson's attempt to unite world opinion against the Japanese violation of Manchuria; he even took advantage of the PWA appropriation to lay down the first large warships the United States had had since the Washington disarmament conference. By strengthening Russia, he was able in a single move to bring pressure on the outer flanks of both Japan and Germany.

Three Who Came to Washington

In May, 1933, Ramsay MacDonald, Edouard Herriot and Hjalmar Schacht visited Washington to discuss world economic affairs.

Roosevelt had an immediate and sharp antipathy to Schacht. The German operator was a bit too slick and calculating for the President's taste. I can recall him mimicking Schacht one day, putting his hands to his head as I entered the room and grunting, "Ach, you must help my poor guntry!"

He was not fooled by Hitler either. From the start he was convinced of the probability of the revival of German aggression. These fears, as he told me in May, 1933, were responsible for the disarmament appeal he was to address to the world on May 16th, the day before Hitler spoke to the Reichstag.

I asked him a difficult question. "What is the likelihood of war with Germany?"

"A very strong possibility."

"Will the U.S. have to go in and defend its treaty rights?"

"We won't have to send any abroad anyway."

He told me a few days after the a "I think I have averted a war. word through the German amba to Hitler that I was going to s message and that if his message (Reichstag) was the same charac Von Papen's (inflammatory spec Münster a few days before) I not blame France if she went to This same spirit on the part of Eur statesmen might have prevented t astrous Western surrender to Ge years later at Munich.

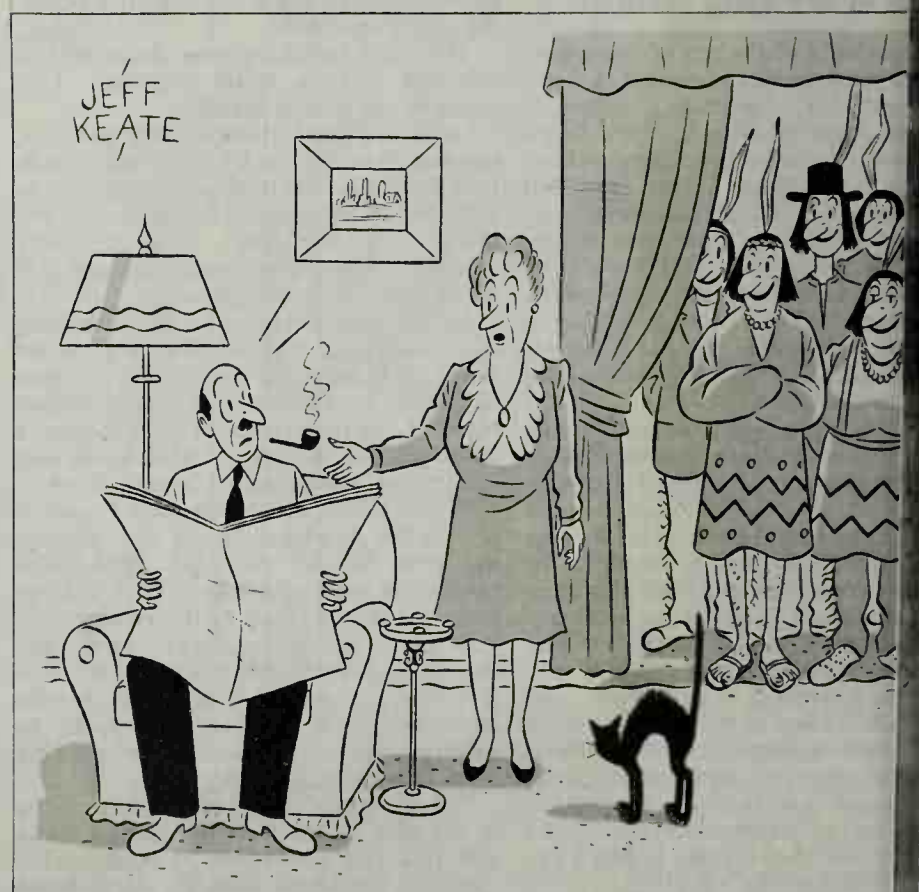
But the country in 1933 was pre nantly isolationist. Some of the n whom the President depended m working out his program for do recovery were economic natio Moreover, many of the intern economic plans would have h domestic recovery.

Roosevelt felt he had to make c sions to the prevalent isolationis ion, and some of the concessions, l neutrality legislation of 1936, v think, mistaken.

It is to the credit of the State D ment that it sought through this to keep foreign affairs in the foreg I want to say this now, for I sha critical things to say later about it agement of foreign affairs. The the Cabinet, even including me were to become deeply alive to th menace, like Harold Ickes and Wallace, were too much imme domestic questions in 1933.

For instance, a controversy a one time over sale of one million b cotton to China, which would dis a considerable part of the cotton being held by the government a expense at a time when cotton were at an all-time low. It wou strengthen China against Japan.

The State Department's Far expert, however, contended that offend Japan. I argued that t would raise prices and might incr value of our stocks as much million dollars. Wallace simply the foreign-policy implications him it was a battle of mind a science over whether the A



"Remember Arizona last July, Ed? They say they're anxious to know how the color movies turned out"

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farmer stood to gain more if cotton were sold to the Chinese or plowed into the field in line with his program of paying farmers to withdraw land from cultivation. He had an unofficial opinion from the Justice Department that it would be illegal to sell cotton held by the government against loans to farm co-operatives.

"If you hold it is illegal, why argue about it?" I asked. This brought a strange reply and a shift in his argument.

"Well," Wallace said, "if you do sell I do not want it announced for at least thirty days, so that the price of cotton will stay down and I can go out and conclude my arrangements to lease land from cotton growers and withdraw it from cultivation, because if the price of cotton goes up now it will make it much more difficult for me to lease the land."

"I wonder if you realize what you are doing," I replied. "You would be withholding information from the farmers and if, in a month or two, they learn that you knew all the time that this Chinese deal had been concluded, they would feel that you had misled them."

"I do not care what they think as long as I can lease their land," Wallace remarked.

I said I was not going to let the President be put in such a position.

"All right," Wallace remarked to Jesse Jones, "make any kind of deal you want but when you get ready to release the publicity let me know."

Later, Chairman "Cotton Ed" Smith of the Senate Agriculture Committee, telephoned me to say that Wallace had convinced him that the co-operatives' cotton should be sold. The change of heart on Wallace's part shocked me and prompted me to make note in my diary as to my feeling regarding his attitude.

Such arguments as this one with Wallace merely demonstrated the difficulty of concentrating on foreign problems at a time when emergencies at home absorbed most of our time and efforts.

Police Methods Doomed to Fail

The State Department was not, I think, appeasement-minded in its basic viewpoint, though it had appeasement-minded officials. But its approach was timorous, conventional and correct. It was dominated by what I used to call the "foreign-office mentality"—the notion that you got things done in foreign policy by being a gracious host at diplomatic banquets. It refused to recognize the obvious fact that Japanese militarism and European Fascism had released new and ugly forces in the world—forces that could not be dealt with by polite methods.

The disarmament-conference obsession was typical. The world-disarmament club was probably the most exclusive club on the earth, with the possible exception of the International Bank at Basel. It used to meet regularly, pass resolution after resolution praying for world peace through disarmament, and then adjourn.

The American member of the club was a pleasant and unimpeachable gentleman named Norman Davis. He was one of the ablest diplomats of this school, and his failure shows how badly the school as a whole missed out on what was going on in front of their noses. A great war machine was being built up in the center of Europe. Everyone knew it—but no one ever said: Stop it, nip it in the bud. Instead, smiling and urbane, they made concession after concession and passed resolution after resolution.

Not all the State Department was like this. In my judgment, Hull counted too heavily on disarmament conferences and reciprocal trade agreements. Both goals were laudable, but neither attacked the problems that led up to the second World War. Herbert Feis, as Economic Adviser, led the program for stockpiling strategic materials. Sumner Welles, par-

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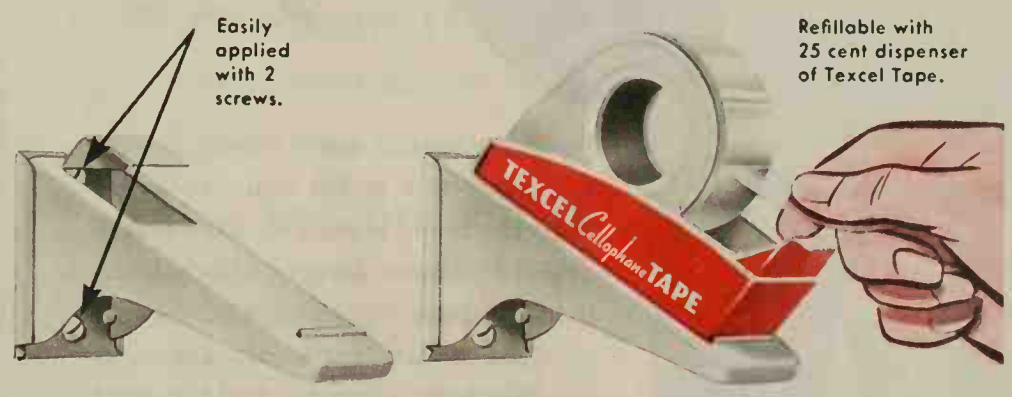

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ticularly in his later years, made valuable contributions. But men like Davis set the tone. Cordell Hull felt comfortable with Davis, who was a fellow Tennessean, and used to rely a good deal on him. I greatly respect Cordell Hull's fine moral and human qualities. But it would be foolish to deny that differences arose between us on many concrete issues.

His moral force sometimes verged on mere testiness; and, while disliking Fascism, he did not always see that its threat to peace had to be met by vigorous action on our part. The State Department was beating its wings ineffectually against a rising storm.

At the same time, the War Department was even less alert to its responsibilities in guarding national security. George Dern, Roosevelt's first Secretary of War, died in 1936. He was succeeded by Harry H. Woodring of Kansas. Far from appreciating the menace of Hitlerism, Woodring denied its existence and favored a policy of isolationism.

Even after war had broken out in Europe, when the President asked him one day in a Cabinet meeting whether the War Department needed anything, Woodring replied, "Several million blankets."

Louis Johnson, the powerful and dynamic Undersecretary, seemed to loathe his boss. The conflict between the two further paralyzed a Department already enfeebled by Woodring's utter failure to provide leadership.

With the State Department wedded to the methods of old-fashioned diplomacy, with the War Department demoralized by dissension, Roosevelt was forced to turn a good deal to the Treasury to implement his antiaggressor program.

The attitude of the Treasury was: Stop the aggressors in their tracks through every possible use of American economic and financial power. As I look back, I feel that none of us was doing much more than yapping at the heels of a world striding inexorably toward war. I still think, though, that the Treasury approach was a good deal more realistic than the State's.

The Treasury, I should add, did nothing in the foreign field (or in any other) without the full knowledge and approval of the President. His own present grew steadily more sharp and on I still have the sheet of White stationery on which I scrawled, fol a conversation with him on De 13, 1934: "If the Nazi inhuman should be extended to England b her back is to the wall, he the Pr believed the U.S. would, of cours and help England."

This difference in approach b Treasury and State produced in tent tensions which sometimes flar open conflict. One example w struggle over countervailing du 1936. It seemed to me that G would begin its program of wor quest by economic aggression, a we should be vigilant in check first signs of such aggression. Un direction of Dr. Schacht, the G were weaving a web of bilateral ments through which they could their will on other nations.

Checkmating Unfair Subsid

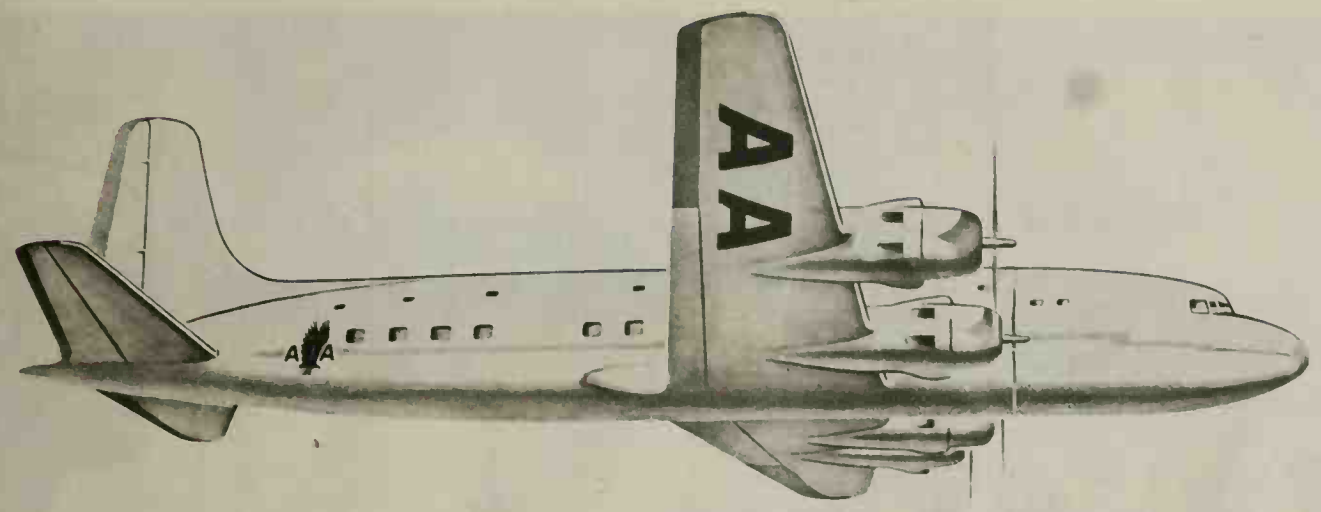
In particular, Schacht had de a system of export bounties. By of "scrip" marks—marks purc from the government at a spec but convertible at face value—(exporters received unfair subsi their competition for the A market.

The Treasury's brilliant genera sel, Herman Oliphant, pointed November, 1935, that the Smoot- Act required the Secretary of the ury to impose "countervailing" d imports to balance these artifici sidies.

There is no point in reporting i the tedious controversy that fo The State Department bitterly fo application of countervailing Hull and his advisers interpre German action not as part of certed plan of economic warfare some kind of internal financial ment. They threw the book at th ury in their effort to stop this —all on the ground that it "offend" Hitler. It was a perfect of the constitutional timidity of t Department—which, like any for fice, sought primarily to keep thin

"My references are in excellent order. Indicted for embezzlement three times—acquitted each time"

COLLIER'S MEL



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This is First Sergeant Thomas J. Donohue's last formation. Tomorrow, after two wars and thirty years' service, he'll be retiring from the United States Army.

What with the band and the passing troops, you'd think Tom Donohue would have his mind on the honor of a parade review. But he's got a lot of remembering to do.

Tom and the Army have come a long way since that warm September morning, back in 1917, when they first met.

Green? In the first two weeks, Tom Donohue hunted enough sky-hooks and left-handed monkey-wrenches to fit out a whole regiment. But he had ambition and an Irish grin.

Not long after that, Tom went into the Argonne and came out with a Distinguished Service Cross . . . then home, to train recruits into the kind of soldiers it took to win.

Things were settled pretty well for a while . . . until the people forgot their Army. There were pay cuts . . . few technical schools . . . wooden howitzers. But there was romance (he married Grace). And the chance to travel to distant places . . . soft, balmy evenings in Manila . . . poi and outriggers at Waikiki.

Then World War II. Soldiers were back in style . . . bright young fellows came in wanting to know. And there was the damp, quiet night when he got his men out of the jam . . . and into one himself. Sole American representative in a meet nine Japs. "For gallantry . . . the Silver S

Home again. Three fine kids. One at We And now, for Tom, retirement.

Well, a lot of things have changed. It's Army now . . . volunteer all the way w men coming in to fill the vacancies . . . fin . . . the best equipment. But other things changed. Comradeship, for instance . . years of the best any man ever had. Ye sense of having served well and faithfully job that came along.

Well done, Sergeant. At ease!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSIO

a/ cost—and of its persistent blind-
o the real aims of Germany.
President sided with the Treasury
s so often happened, was unwilling
errule Hull directly. Taking note
disagreement in Cabinet meeting,
erred the matter to the Attorney
al for an interpretation of the law.
e of great pressure from the State
tment, Homer Cummings finally
d us up.
June 4, 1936, the Treasury slapped
duties. The State Department was
nded by the action. Dr. Schacht
en told Merle Cochran, a Treasury
entative overseas, that he had "re-
nformation" that the duties would
ely not be imposed. Contrary to
rs of the State Department and the
of the German press, the Treas-
licy worked.
August the German ambassador
d us that these would be stopped in
nerican trade.
as the first check to Germany's
of economic conquest. If the
Department had been more pre-
on this and other occasions to de-
merica's interests and less inclined
ry about offending the dictators,
ght have checked Germany and
other ways short of war.
State Department was not alone in
itude. In the midst of the Italian
n of Ethiopia, Jesse Jones, then
f the lending agencies, proposed
e U.S. grant Italy a short-term
for the purchase of cotton. The
ry killed that idea.

War Crisis of 1936 Averted

I would rather stress the positive
the Treasury program at a time
he President told me he thought
nces of war in Europe in 1936
e in three. Our biggest effort to
p the democracies in this period
tripartite agreement of 1936 by
e stabilized the ratios between the
llar, the British pound and the
franc. This agreement helped
through currency crises in 1936,
'38, thus strengthened inter-
l security—temporarily. In 1936,
W. Bingham, then our am-
r to Britain, said he thought the
e agreement had averted war in

apparent cause of the generally shaky financial situation was the great proportion of the national budget every European nation was devoting to rearmament.

Early in 1937 the Treasury prepared figures which showed that the fifteen countries studied were spending 20 per cent of their revenues on arms. I brought this memorandum to the White House for one of our Monday lunches.

The President asked me, "How is the foreign situation? How do you feel about it?"

"I feel extremely blue," I said, "and feel that the world is just drifting rapidly toward war. We patch up the French situation every so often, but with the constant increased percentage of their budget going for war purposes we really cannot help them. The European countries are gradually going bankrupt through preparing for war. You are the only person who can stop it."

The President said, "I feel like throwing either a cup and saucer at you or the coffeepot."

I said, "Or throw both. But why?" I should have remembered that he had a phobia about being told that he was the "only person" who could do anything.

"Well," the President said, "I had Hull and Norman Davis for lunch and Davis said, 'The only person who can save the situation is Roosevelt,' and then I said to Davis, 'How?' and Davis said, 'By sending a secret envoy to Europe.'"

Roosevelt sniffed, "Another Colonel House." He went on: "Hull's philosophy is that through his trade treaties he would increase world trade and take up the slack of unemployment as the individual countries gradually disarmed."

I said I agreed with Hull in the long run, but that we might have a war on our hands long before the trade policies would have full effect. At that time, I was attracted to the notion of a really serious attempt at world disarmament. With the President's backing, I sent messages to Neville Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in Britain, urging the exchange of suggestions over how to arrest the arms race.

One message produced no results. The President suggested another. "Let's put a burr under Chamberlain's tail," he said. But Chamberlain replied that the peaceable people of Europe wanted England to arm more, not less. This was a sensible

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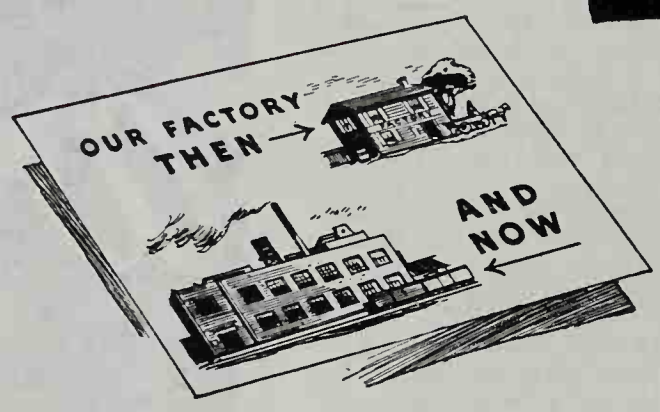
How many times did you "vote" today?

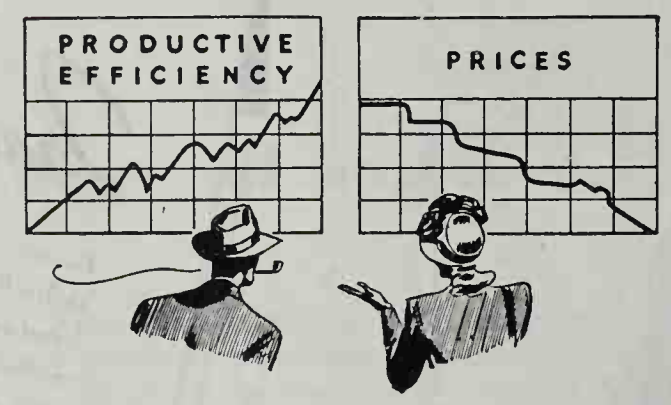
1. Election day comes only once a year. Yet you "vote" many times *every* day. For, each time you buy a bar of soap or a loaf of bread or a necktie—or anything at all—you cast a "vote" in favor of some product or service over a *competing* product or service.

2. To win your votes, America's manufacturers are kept constantly on the jump to give you better and better goods at lower and lower prices. That's what businessmen call "competition"—and it's the best system ever devised to boost the well-known "standard of living."

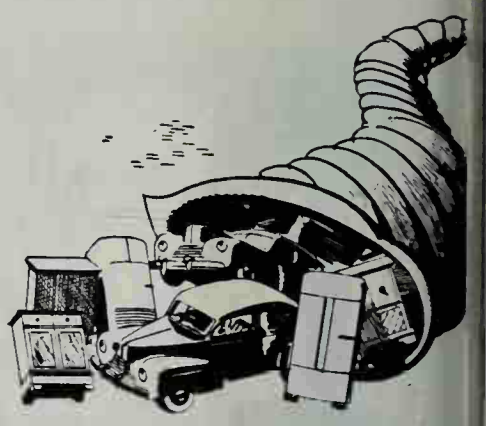
3. What happens when any manufacturer tries to skimp on the quality of his products—or boosts his prices too high? You know the answer! You simply "vote" for some *other* manufacturer's products. That's how competition forces the profiteer back into line—*or out of business.*



4. So you see, in the long run it's really *you*—not the manufacturer or the retailer—who sets the size of prices and profits. And the firms that do the best job of competing for your "votes" are the ones that *stay* in business—and *grow!*



5. When a firm grows—thanks to your "votes"—it produces and sells *more goods.* This means it can get along with a smaller profit *per unit*—and sell at still lower prices. This in turn attracts still *more* customers. That's how competition works constantly to boost production and reduce prices.



6. And even part of the profit you "v
well-managed firms finds its way back to
the form of better living. For the reasonable
of industry pay for research and expan
develop new products, better products, m
—and greater security for everyone.

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*Most Americans say they think 10 to 15 c
out of each dollar of sales would be a fair p
for business to make. As a matter of fact,
dustry averages less than half that much!*

If only Chamberlain had shown me spirit a year later.

October, 1937, the President de- his memorable speech in Chicago the quarantine of aggressors. This is first great effort to awaken the ican people to the increasing of the situation abroad.

in regard to execution of his s, the conflict between the State tment and the Treasury continued. important part of this conflict re- around the infamous Silver Pur- Act, which was of importance in affairs because it involved our to bolster Mexico, China and as a phase of the Administration's to curb Fascism. The act, re- the Treasury to buy silver at a rice in order to raise the world was forced through by a bloc of al-minded Western senators. Even as 1939, Roosevelt was forced to repeal of the Arms Embargo Act eing to a more favorable price for ic silver, because Senator Key n of Nevada, told him, "We have votes—and what are you going to ut it?"

Western bloc thought only of s which would go to their states, Silver Act played a role in foreign ns because it could strengthen scist nations which had silver to Mexico had a democratic govern- struggling for survival, with its ource of revenue coming from sil- old the U.S. Treasury.

e elements in the State Depart- however, would not have been dis- ted at the Mexican government's al collapse, hoping for a new that would be more generous in ensing Americans for expropri- il lands. The State Department stered a British-American boycott ican oil. This provided a splendid unity for the Germans, who Mexican oil and also saw a to promote enmity between and the Anglo-Americans. Our silver purchases from Mexico were our best weapon against this Nazi maneuver.

With Roosevelt's support, I tried to persuade Hull and some of his subordinates that the Cardenas regime in Mexico was no more radical than that of Thomas Jefferson. I apparently failed to impress him, because he later reiterated a contrary view and asked me: "Could you drop the price of silver about a cent? We are having a lot of trouble in Mexico and you know the President and Daniels (Josephus Daniels, our ambassador to Mexico) have given the Mexicans the impression they can flaunt everything in our face. I have to deal with those Communists down there. Couldn't you drop the price of silver?"

"I don't think so," I replied.

A Silver Policy to Help China

Our silver policy also was important in efforts to help China's shattered economy and in the President's desire to stiffen her against Japan. In 1934, the need for a meeting with representatives of Chiang Kai-shek's government to work out a financial plan to aid China became obvious, but the State Department hung back and seemed unable to straighten out all the diplomatic complexities involved.

Then, one Sunday night in February, 1935, Bullitt went unexpectedly to the White House and told the President that the Chinese minister, Dr. Sze, had shown him a confidential cable which Sze felt he could not take to the State Department, because he wanted to be sure the information reached Roosevelt. The cable said Japan had offered to assist China and to join her in opposing American efforts to hold up the price of silver (possibly by dumping large amounts of silver to depress the market) in return for Japanese economic control of all of China north of the Yellow River.

To the President, this meant confirmation of his belief that our policy of buying silver at a fixed price was "somehow . . . hurting Japan," presumably by delaying a collapse in China. He later repeated to Hull that it should be made clear to China that our Treasury would be glad to discuss Chinese monetary difficulties but Hull was not receptive. Much later—in 1936—Hull was still saying that Japan resented any American or British interest in Chinese finances, and that he preferred to do nothing, to offend no one, for the time being.

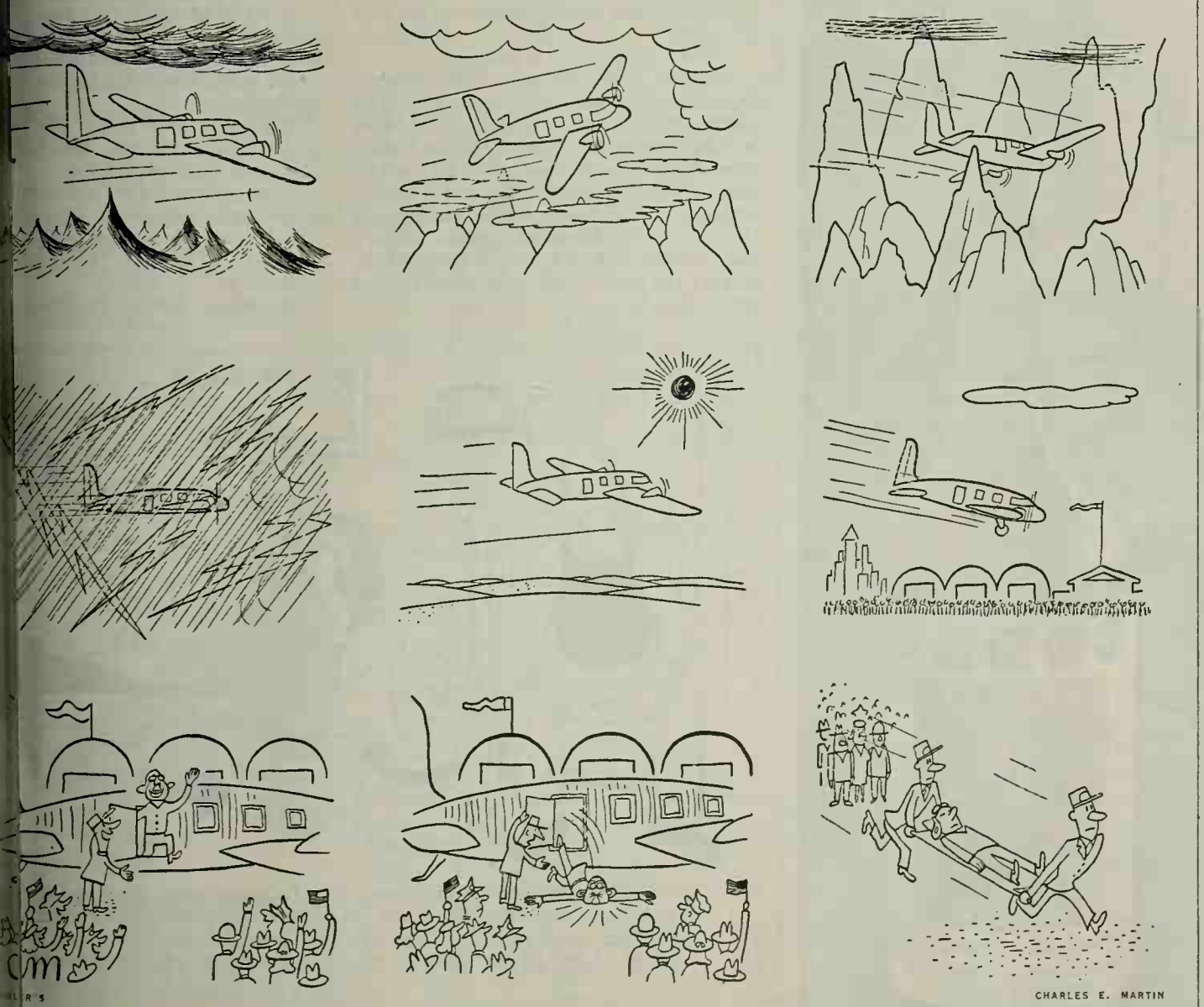
Another conflict with the State Department arose over Spain. On January 27, 1938, Fernando de los Rios, ambassador of the Spanish Republic, which badly needed money for arms, called on me to inquire whether the Treasury would under the Silver Purchase Act buy from his government silver stored in a fortress near Barcelona.

"The answer is yes," I said. As soon as his government delivered the silver in New York, we would be ready to buy it.

But De los Rios was actually never able to use the money to buy arms for the Spanish Republican soldiers. His $15,000,000 remained in a safe-deposit box in the Riggs National Bank across Pennsylvania Avenue from the Treasury while German and Italian planes bombed helpless Spanish cities. I hoped the President would overrule Hull, but he didn't.

I think his main motive was less a fear of alienating organized pro-Franco groups in the country than a desire not to force the hand of his Secretary of State. He felt that he could not afford, for the sake of a single issue, to weaken Hull before Congress, where his popularity often won the Administration a narrow victory on major fights.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau discloses how President Roosevelt pushed airplane production for the Allies over the bitter objections of General Arnold and Secretary Woodring; how he planned to continue Lend-Lease after the war and how Churchill asked Roosevelt if he should get up on his "hind legs and beg like Fala?"



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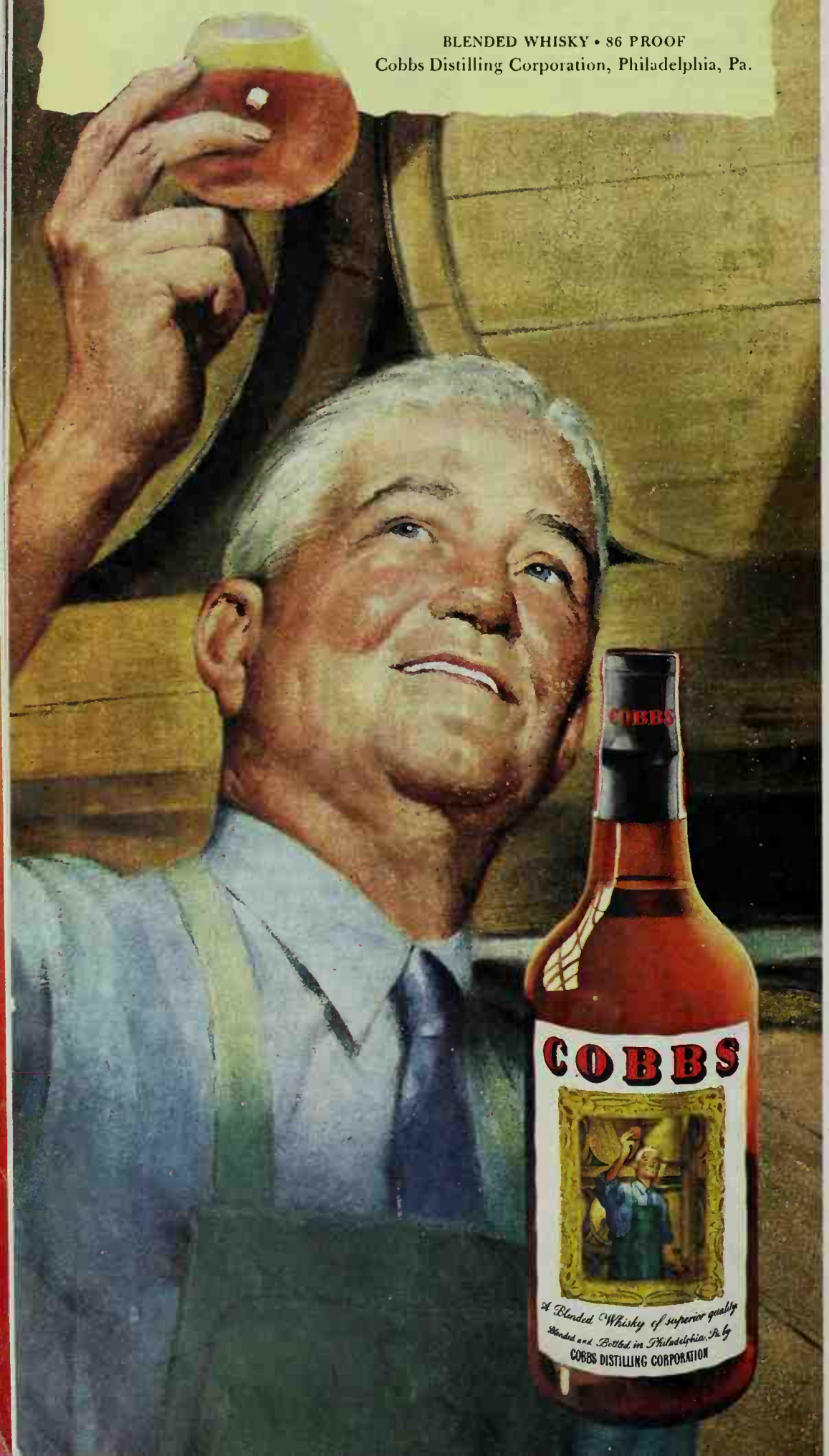


FLAHERTY'S DECLINE AND FALL

Continued from page 23

She took him back to the house then. He acted dazed. When he had gone to his room, Sally entered her parents' bedroom and gently awakened her mother.

"Mom," she said, "wake up. We got a tactical problem, us females. I need a winner's advice."

Mrs. Shannon sat up in bed. "I've been waiting," she said. "I thought that boy looked wary." She got out of bed, donned her robe and slippers. "Don't wake your father. He'll listen and think he has to make funny remarks."

Shannon, without even turning over in bed, said, "It's going to be a terrible thing to see, but I hope you two corral that fellow. I like him."

Sally walked over to the bed, stooped and kissed her old man's bald head.

In Sally's room Mrs. Shannon sat on the bed and watched her daughter comb her hair and cream her face. "What's the matter, Sally? Another girl?"

"I love that man, Mom, but he's not having any. It's not competition. The big stiff says he can't afford it."

"I asked your father about that; he's a regent on the college board you know. He said Flaherty gets $3,000 a year. That's enough to start on. Why, when we—"

"It isn't money he can't afford."

"What then?"

"He says he can't afford going insane for the next few months. Claims a man in love has lost his marbles. He says he isn't going to fall in love until he gets done writing about some Indians—dead ones at that." Sally put down her brush and faced her mother. "Judas priest, Mom, what can you do with a mulehead like that? His mind's made up."

"Piffle!" said Mrs. Shannon. "His mind's got nothing to do with it. Men generally talk like that before surrendering. Your father said he wouldn't marry me until he had $1,500 saved up."

"How much did he have?"

"I gave him two hundred, so he had two fifty."

"What did you do to him?"

"I made him love me a little more." Mrs. Shannon, smiling to herself, traced out the pattern on the bedspread. "Mike is right about a man's being off his trolley when he's in love. But what he doesn't seem to realize is that he can't decide when, where and with whom he is going to fall in love, and make it stick. Nature decides that. Once a man starts falling in love it's usually all over except for a lot of talk."

For the next half hour Flahert ture was under new managemer the time Mrs. Shannon crawled into bed he had become the targ plan as old as Homo sapiens. Mrs non, smiling with memories of campaign, looked at the gently s target of 25 years ago, who slept her. She raised on one elbow and him softly on the cheek.

EARLY the next morning Sal Flaherty piled into the jeep and 10 miles over a desert road to the of C. K. Thurston, upon whose la the pueblo.

"Here's where we borrow hor the ride into the pueblo," Sally sa better warn you, I got a young f here who likes me whether I am a gone insane or not. I'll be bac few minutes. Try to be mannerly t rival, Professor."

She returned with a broad-shou flat-bellied, young man of ninet twenty. His hair was fair and cu eyes were brown. He wore hip denims and his open shirt revealed tanned the color of fried bacon. " Sally said, "this is Leslie Thursto chael Flaherty, Les."

The men shook hands. "Sally t you're all hopped up about t pueblo on the place," Leslie said.

"Very much. Mostly Hopis t here, I suppose?"

"Could be. Indians, dead or ju never much interested me." He arm around Sally and hugge "Some of my neighbors do thoug

"Yes," Flaherty said, looking "Is the pueblo far?"

"About an hour's ride from her are you on a horse, Professor? Co pretty rugged out there."

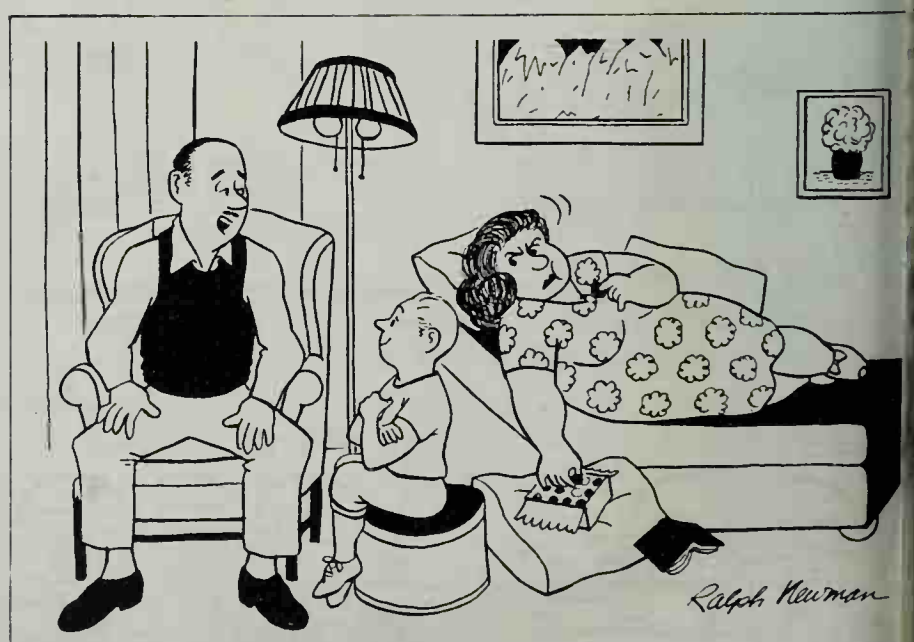
Flaherty admitted he owned a s neither he nor horses thought m

"I have a charming idea," Sal "Les, you and I will ride and old waist here can drive the jeep as far sible. We'll lead an extra horse to ride when the country gets to for the jeep."

"Sugar, that'll be swell. I've bee ing for you to ask me." He put down and nuzzled Sally's.

Flaherty wondered just what the younger generation was con "Mr. Thurston's undoubtedly g things to do," he said. "Like may ing the pigs."

"No hogs. Nope, Professor,



"First, I'll tell you about the bees, son. To begin with, their social sy tem is amazingly like our own. There is the queen bee, a fat fema who sits around eating all day, while the poor drones, or working bee have to slave all the time just to keep her fed and comfortable-

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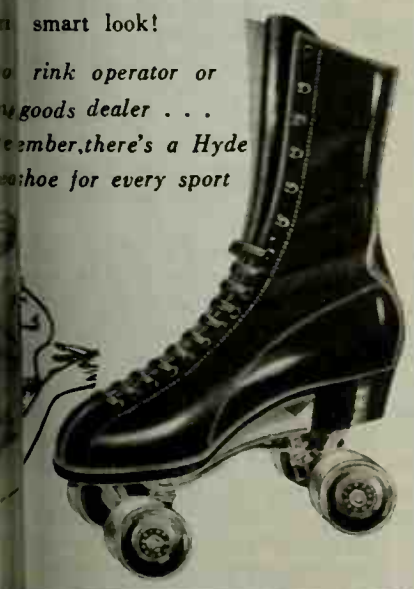

YDE ATHLETIC SHOE CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

mire to help you out, and Sugar here is going to need young blood around."

They packed the jeep with food and beer, and they saddled three horses. They headed out across the flat desert for a range of low, red-gray mountains. From the outset Flaherty had trouble holding the jeep down to the horses' pace. After a quarter mile, Leslie, big and easy in the saddle, said, "No use you hanging back on our account, Professor." He pointed. "See that mountain there that looks like a pin-up girl lying down? You wait for us at the base of it. Roger?"

Flaherty looked pleadingly at Sally, but she said, "Go on, Professor. Les is an old hand at taking care of me."

Flaherty tightened his jaw, shifted his depraved vehicle into four-wheel drive and lunged at the pin-up. He realized he was carrying on like a schoolboy inflamed with spring and that it was childish to hope Leslie would be thrown and his skull spattered on a rock. He was jealous, an emotion so low even Gila monsters had it, and it humiliated him. He felt Homo sapiens ought to have outgrown jealousy. Gradually, the drive soothed him; by the time he had reached the mountain's base he was smiling at the hornswoggling his mind had been taking from his blood stream. He began to peer at himself with a clear, objective eye. He saw that his mind was being poisoned by nature—in the form of a succulent female. Pleased at having caught himself in time, he opened a can of beer and loafed in the shade of the jeep. After a while, he threw the can at a lizard and looked out across the desert for Sally and Leslie. They rode close together; once, when he saw them blend together he stiffened up like a coiled spring. When they arrived he said, "You took your time."

"Adonis and me had a lot of fat to chew," Sally said.

"We'll have to leave the jeep here," Leslie said. "Think you can stay on a horse for a half hour, Professor?"

"Of course, sonny," Flaherty said. He walked to his horse, an elderly sorrel.

"Left side, Professor," Leslie said. "Always mount from the left side."

"Maybe you'd better help the old gentleman on," Sally said.

A LITTLE grim, Flaherty got into the saddle alone. Sally smiled at him, but said nothing. Leslie transferred the food and beer to saddlebags and they started up through a canyon. It was angular, eroded, harsh country. They rode for a half hour before Leslie pointed. "There's your pueblo, Professor."

Flaherty made out the flat simple lines of the buildings. They were gray-brown and had the look of being stacked. Like most pueblos of the Hopis, it perched on a high, dry mesa, notably uncomfortable and accessible only on foot. The Hopis selected their building sites with an idea to making it tiresome for their enemies, but they made their friends just as tired. Flaherty dismounted carefully.

"You okay, old man?" Leslie asked.

"Bub," Flaherty said, his bustle bruised and his temper close to the surface, "though I turned thirty last August I retain my original fangs, hair and eardrums. I still have calluses on my umbilicus from crawling over Okinawa on my stomach, not an exercise for the senile. From your upstart generation I demand respect, not assistance."

"Hey," Sally said, "listen to Gramps flex his muscles."

Flaherty took pleasure from being able to scale the mountain to the pueblo without getting winded. Sally began wheezing a hundred yards from the top and Flaherty was proud to see Leslie arrive and throw himself on the ground.

"Pooped by that little rise, children?" Flaherty asked.

Sally came over to him. "Let your chest down, Gramps," she advised, "you'll give yourself a strain." For a moment she looked so warmly into his eyes

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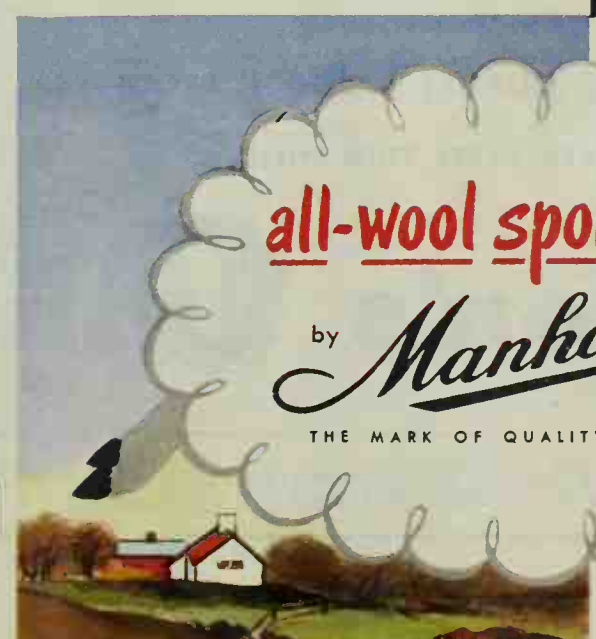

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that he had a tremor. Her face was flushed; she was suddenly so lovely to Flaherty that he had a low, plainly insane yen to kiss her. She conquered the feeling for him when she turned to Leslie. "Les," she said, "agitate your muscles and open me a can of suds. We can be comfortable while our elderly Superman scrounges for bones."

"You'd better come along with me," Flaherty said quickly. "I may need help, especially if the ladders are gone."

"If you get stuck, Gramps," Sally said, "holler. Otherwise leave me and this young fella to our youthful devices."

Flaherty reined in his routed reason, assured himself he didn't give a hoot in hell whether she came with him or not. He left them in the shade swigging beer.

THE pueblo was long abandoned. He probed the first-floor rooms where the Hopis had stored water and maize and found nothing; the place had been looted by earlier curious people. He climbed to the second story and in one room found a few fragments of pottery. He fastened his scientific eye upon them and found himself speculating whether Sally and that outsized cretin, Leslie, were as close as they seemed. He wondered what they were doing, now that he was gone—necking, probably. He had a sudden anguished picture of Leslie's handsome blond head bending down to kiss Sally as she clung to his massive chest. Sally's scream couldn't have come at a better time. Flaherty started as if stabbed. He bolted from the room, shinned down a pole and sprinted.

He came upon a sight. Leslie stood with his feet wide apart and with a stick walloped an outraged, adult rattlesnake. Back from him a few feet stood Sally, staring at two small holes in her hand. Flaherty ran to her.

"You've been bitten!" he cried. "Good God, Sally!"

She looked at him as if she didn't know what had happened. Shock, Flaherty told himself. "Does it hurt, baby?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Here," Flaherty said, "give me your arm quick." He whipped out his handkerchief. "I never saw a snake bite, but we were briefed on it for Okie. Got to use a tourniquet." He wrapped his handkerchief about her arm above the elbow, inserted a stick between the cloth and her skin and twisted it tight. He grabbed her hand then and examined the two small holes. "Honey," he said, "I've got to hurt you just a little for your own good."

"Yes, Mike," Sally said.

Flaherty took out his jackknife, sterilized the blade with a match flame and with obvious agony to himself enlarged the holes a trifle. "I had to do it, baby," he told her miserably. "We've got to bleed the poison out."

While Sally sat down and bled the best she could, Leslie came over. He had ruined the snake. "Got just the thing for you, Sugar," he said. "Been saving it for snake bite" He took a small flask from his shirt pocket. "Nothing like bourbon for a rattler chewing."

"You give that girl whisky," said Flaherty, beginning to roar, "and I'll clout out those baby teeth of yours!" He calmed himself. "Don't you know, you addled child, that whisky increases the heart action, makes the blood circulate faster—just what we want to prevent?"

Sally bled and proudly watched Flaherty.

"We've got to get you home before you start to swell," Flaherty told her. He turned on Leslie. "I don't suppose you have any potassium permanganate?"

"I doubt it," Leslie said. "What is it?"

"Destroys the poison. Without it we've got to move fast. We'll carry her."

"Clean down this mountain?" Leslie asked. "Why can't she walk—big, strong tomato like her?"

"Thurston!" bellowed Flaherty with all the inhumanity of a platoo hustling his brood. "We car

"Yes, sir, Professor."

Flaherty knelt and picked "I can't let you walk," he said it would increase your heart a

"Yes, Mike," Sally said. Sh her face in under his ear. "Wh up, honey," she asked weakly, do I get?"

"Try not to think about it, said.

He carried her a ways in sil she said, "Am I going to kick t do you think, Mike?"

"Of course not, baby."

"I might," Sally said. "V neighbor from snake bite, so She hugged him tightly. "I gu tell you now, Mike, just in ca you very much, even if you for me."

"Don't say that," Flaherty

"It's true, isn't it? I knov about my loving you so hard said you can't afford going ins

Flaherty halted, panting. down at the face of the snake his arms. Then he kissed h kind of hungry fury that cer a bad thing for Sally's hea "Baby," he panted, "no matt said or what happens you can always that I love you too." a little nuts all right.

She smiled bravely and ma joke. "Even if I swell up big Greenstreet?"

In relays Mike and Leslie lu down from the pueblo. Ther her on a horse and rode to the packed her as comfortably as the little car, and while Leslie three horses back, Mike headed for Shannon's ranch.

WHEN they drove up to Shannon was watering "Sally's been bitten by a rattl erty yelled. "Call a doctor wh her in!"

Shannon ran to the jeep.

"Hi, Pop," Sally said. "I'm

Her father scrutinized h moment before turning to "You call the doc, Mike, I'll ta

When Mike had gone, S "Mike says I am going to sw maybe bust."

"I ought to bust you one on Shannon said. "What're you

"Mike saved me. He made and he carried me and he hammer out Leslie's teeth. Pop, I think I have cornered in-law."

Shannon snorted. "You ha bitten by a rattler, that's fo more than likely Mike will kil self. So what goes on anywa

Sally grinned happily. "squeal? Promise?"

"I'm stuck with you, child, father."

"Okay, then. I knew the loved me, but he wouldn't ac I needled him all day flirting wi

"Leslie! That lame brain's cousin!"

"Mike doesn't know it and I Les he can use my jeep for a w string along and make passes

Shannon shuddered. "Go

"I guess it was sort of und but when Les and I found a n rattler lounging up near the decided to test out Mike. I he thought he was going to los straighten up and fly right. S tured my hand with a cactus r screamed and Les beat up the sure enough, Mike loves me."

For a few moments Shann at his enterprising daughter wonder. He took a deep breat on," he said, "I'll carry you in. got to protect his young."

THE END

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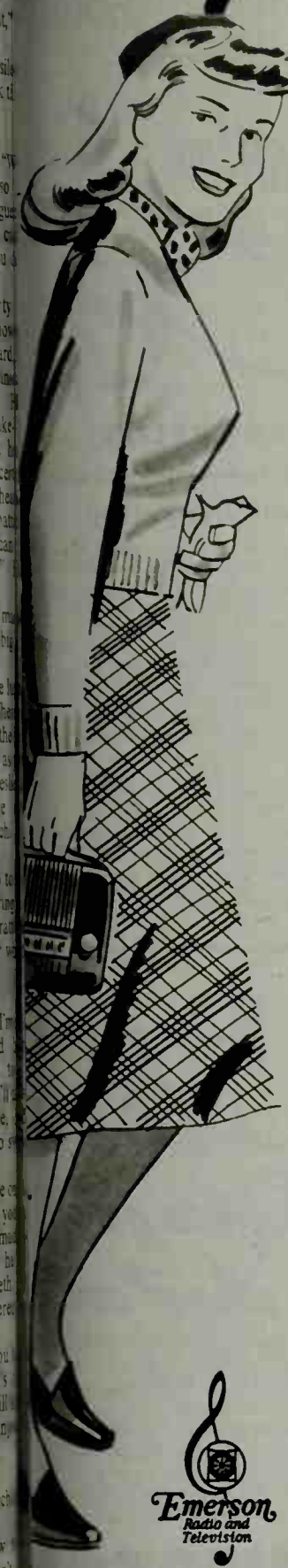

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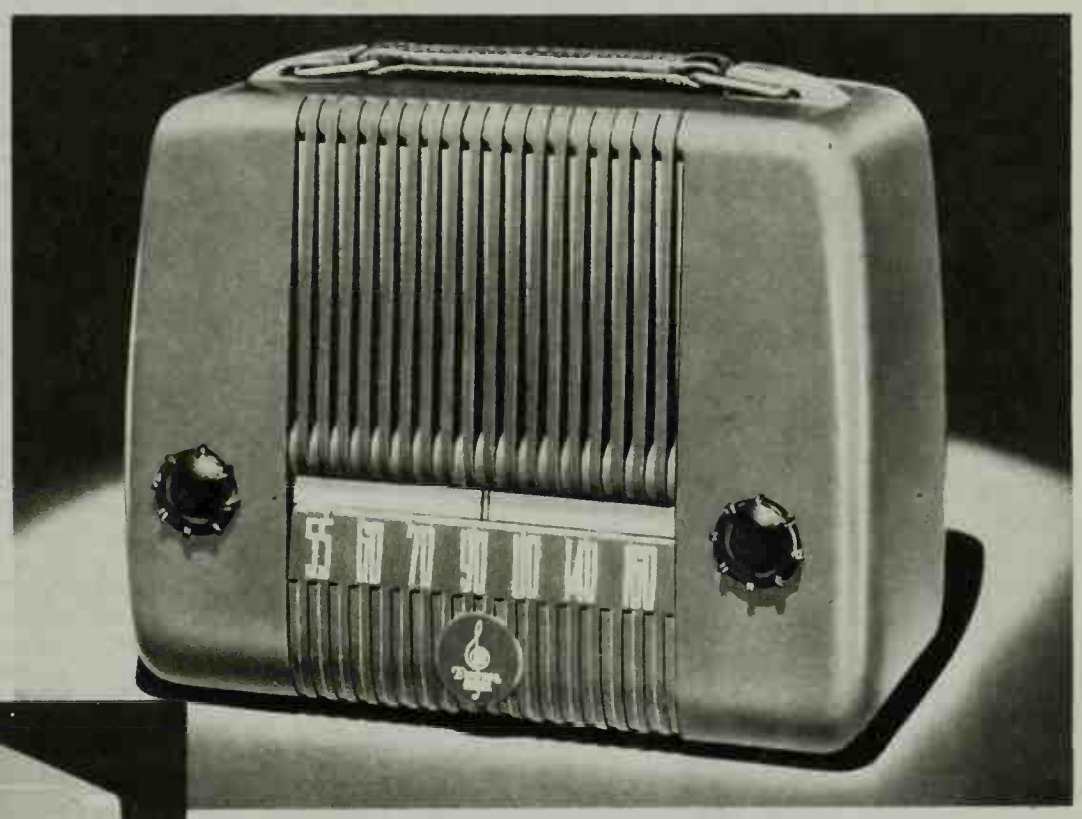

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TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE *Vermouths*

FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

LITTLE MEL, THE DEBS' DELIGHT

Continued from page 17

of this deafening cave, did not despair, although his oldest customers sneered, "When are you gonna get a crew haircut, Monte?"

Then one fateful evening the bison had lowered themselves into the cellar, fired up their cigars and were demonstrating against the singer, when, suddenly, as in a Greek myth, clouds of shining young people flowed into the subterranean salt lick. They infiltrated the lines of the bison and took up positions on the floor. It was learned later that the proper stance to listen to Tormé is to recline on the boards, cup one's chin in one's hand and close one's eyes. The flabbergasted bison fell silent. Nothing was heard except the throbbing of their veins. When one of them attempted to utter something, a tender young thing would look up from the floor and shush him.

The disk jockeys had ridden to the rescue. They had told Mel's radio audience that he was playing the Copa.

Enter the Bobbysox Brigade

That night Tormé was audible. He had introduced into the wickedest night club in the sinful city a glowing infant charm known as the Coke trade. Before that everybody drank whisky at $1.25 each application. Tormé's followers drank Coke at a dollar a jug. Monte Proser is not crazy. It does not take a king of finance to figure out that you make more money on soda pop. Also less gore needs to be wiped off the foyer.

The Coke trade did not permanently redeem the Copacabana. When Tormé closed his phenomenal engagement, Abbott and Costello came in and broke the spell. A wise Broadway press agent explained the outraged feelings of the regular crowd. "They resent the kid singing songs from before he was born. They want to hear the old schmalz rendered by the old schmalzenheimers. They want to settle down with a loud singer who takes them back to their yout', before the first time they went to the pen."

Tormé was grateful for the daring rescue by the disk jockeys. The kid made some special eighteen-inch records for the jocks, with five Tormé numbers on each side. He threw a giant beanfeast for them.

At that time there were 62 persons in Manhattan who earned their bread by playing records on the radio, and 474 of them attended the party.

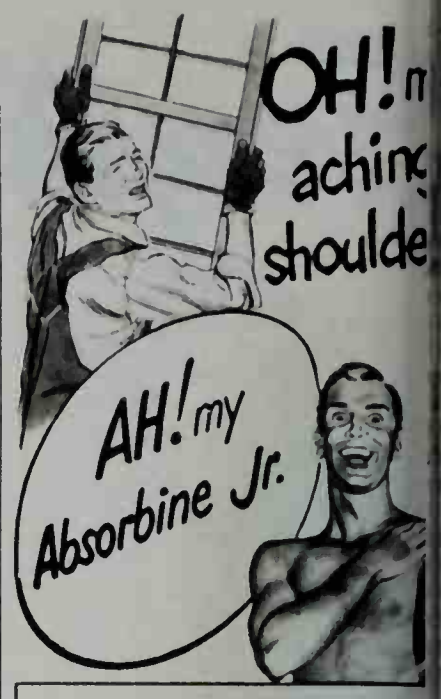
They met a young chap who was the image of the successful American boy. His wardrobe was on the happy side. The sport jacket looked like its wearer had become snagged in a Brigadoon backdrop and couldn't shake it off. The shirt vibrated. The necktie resembled a sunset over Victoria Falls. He wore a wrist watch that looked like the main timepiece at the Royal Naval Observatory at Greenwich.

When he sang, the jocks heard what they wanted. He did his own arrangements of Let's Do It, You're the Cream in My Coffee and You Ought to Be in Pictures. Before they went away, Tormé gave them the final sample of his ability to make a new song out of an old one. He sang the tumultuous ancient named Whoopee as a slow torch tune, and frank tears fell on the barroom floor.

Tormé doesn't like to hear talk that he is threatening Sinatra's crown. "Frank Sinatra is my idol," he says. "He was supposed to be a threat to Crosby, but nobody bumped Bing. Bing is the Papa. Everybody in this business owes it to him. I'm twenty-one years old and singing tunes that were tops before I was born. Papa was singing better than me when I was born, and Frank can still do it better than me. I will say, though, that Frank let his daughters join my fan club," he adds with a leer.

Tormé's first starring movie is M-G-M's Good News, in which Mel's film generation sits around on the fraternity house porch singing daddy's Hit Parade: The Best Things in Life are Free, Lucky in Love, and Just Imagine. He also has his own fifteen-minute weekly network program, featuring accompani-

COLLIER'S "I finished the crossword. Why?" TED KEY



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ent by a quintet which may send the z purists into the streets with picket ns. The instrumentation includes a te and a lady playing a harp.

Tormé doesn't smoke, drink or chew. s gastronomic needs are not listed on ht-club menus. His idea of a binge a thick chocolate malted. He likes cakes and cream soda for breakfast, plenty of butterscotch candy be- een meals. Boxes of this confection ver the tables in his quarters, along h his collection of guns and honorary lice badges.

He and his song-writing partner, Bob lls, own a midget racing car, the rmé-Wells Special, which has been forming on California tracks.

Wells, a burly ex-G.I. a few years er than Tormé, met the singer for the t time at a Hollywood party where rmé was running the better-looking s up plaster pillars—and catching m. That night over a malted they eed to become partners in song.

Tormé is aware of the perils of croon- . "A crooner must be able to defend self," he says. He does not rely en- ly on honorary police badges. He chased some bar bells and has been menting his physique. When he con- cts his hard-won muscles his identifi- ion tags start to jingle. He wears und his neck an Army dog tag and a den key given him by Cathy Downs.

Tormé is a self-taught musician. He Wells have written scores of songs. ir works tend to be clean and often not deal with love. When they ught out a tune called County Fair were hazed by older Hollywood ters. "Why don't you kids try to e money?" the songsmiths jeered. hy write that stuff about Mrs. Perkins' kles? Get on the love beam, Junior." s. Perkins and her prize-winning kles were promptly bought by Walt ney for his film, How Dear to My Heart. Another Tormé-Wells number, Magic Town, is the theme song of James Stewart's picture of the same name.

Bing himself almost sang one of their songs. They wrote Abie's Irish Rose for Crosby's regrettable movie of this old chestnut. Bing was the producer of this film, but he planned to make a surprise appearance at the end, dressed as an Irish cop, and warble the ditty. The sneak previews were so bad that Bing canceled the ending. "Good song, though," say Tormé and Wells.

Competition For White Christmas

Their masterwork is The Christmas Song, which broke out last December, considerably jarring Irving Berlin, who had sequestered the whole field of contemporary Yule music with White Christmas. Recorded by only two bands, The Christmas Song nevertheless sold 750,000 records last season. This year twelve bands sat around in the summer heat, grooving it for the gladsome Noel. Irving Berlin, you have been warned.

Tormé might have been only a composer, actor, arranger, conductor and drummer, except for a lucky accident that made him a singer. In the same year he made his debut with Coon-Sanders his parents sold him on having his tonsils out. A valuable fragment of tonsil grew back in and made his voice sound laryngitic, the inner secret of crooners. Last year Tormé finally contracted laryngitis itself. He consulted a throat specialist, who said, "It's nothing but a little flap of tonsil. I'll take it out and you'll not be bothered again."

Tormé is a careful fellow. "Is it infected?" he asked.

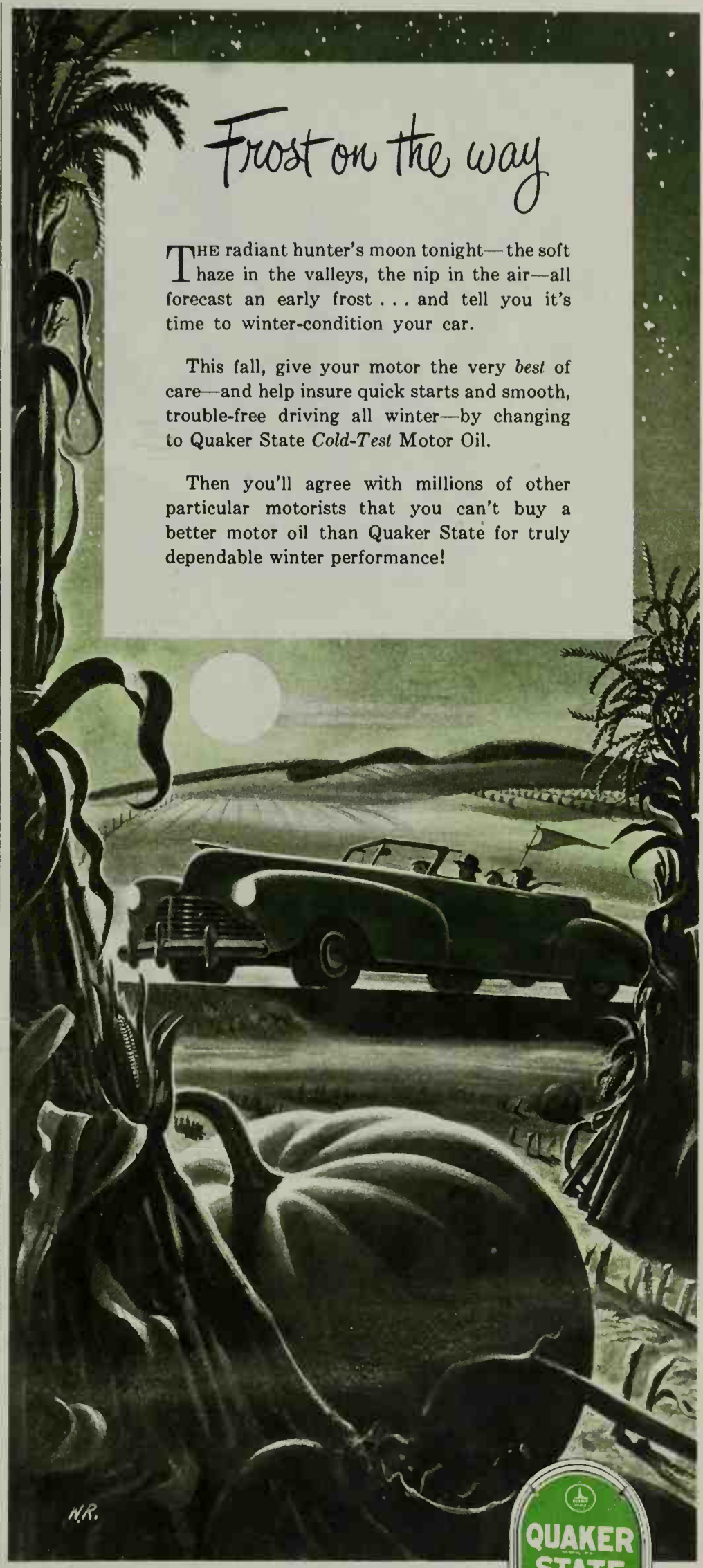
"No," said the specialist.

Rising from the table, little Mel took off for the door. "You'll take it out over my dead body," he exclaimed.

THE END

"It's painfully simple—I merely step up to her with this dummy microphone and ask her name and where she lives!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON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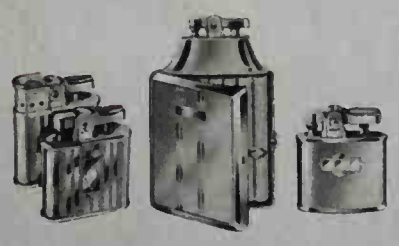

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

LOLLIPOP BANKS?

SIRS: Your editorial Let's Have Brighter Banks (Aug. 23d) is silly. All the people want of a bank is assurance that their money is coming back to them. Parents or depositors don't expect the banks to buy lollipops for their children. Running a bank is different than running silly editorials in Collier's Weekly.

W. R. CRANE, Evanston, Ill.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

DEAR EDITOR: On looking through Aug. 30th Collier's I found two jokes to gripe about: (1) Jeff Keate made the mistake of putting in an even number of jurors. There are twelve and there should be thirteen. (2) On page 73, if the point is hamburger, Gardner Rea should check with a grocer. There he would undoubtedly find that hamburger is made mostly from beef!

A CAREFUL READER, Piqua, Ohio.

(1) The 13th juror is under the table seizing 40 winks while the battle goes on, has left his coat as evidence. (2) Are you *kidding?*

. . . One of your cartoons shows a juryman smoking a cigarette at least two inches from his mouth. Is that really possible?

MAX ROEDER, Newcomerstown, Ohio

The juror's parents advised him to keep away from tobacco as far as possible.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: Billy Rose, author of Misfortune's Favorite (June 21st) stated that the Spanish shoemaker Pablo Rodriguez, living in Barcelona, takes from the messenger a telegram and "opened the yellow envelope." In Spain, no telegram was delivered in a yellow envelope, but on a blue sheet folded. Little details make good work. MANUEL SANCHEZ COBOS, La Coruña, Spain

INFLATED BRASS HATS

DEAR EDITOR: As the author of Buttering the Navy Brass (June 21st), please allow me a few brief comments on the remarks made by Lorraine Salvatore and a Captain Boucheron concerning that article (The Week's Mail, Aug. 9th). Miss Salvatore offers, as a symbol of the Regular Navy, "an ordinary boot who, upon being appointed for Annapolis, became the Academy's first six-striper. He didn't get there because of whom he knew, but what he knew." Sister, he was no "ordinary boot." He was Superman.

Captain Pierre Boucheron, who has been in the Naval Reserve long enough to assume the coloration, moans that I have given the average civilian "the impression our Navy is in very bad hands," and "No wonder Congress is chopping off needed funds from naval appropriations." That's not just the way I heard it, sir. As an exserviceman and taxpayer I was shocked to read that Congress had authorized a nearly 400 per cent increase in the number of permanent generals and admirals. The report also stated that we still have 400 admirals. One admiral, with fixings, costs about $10,000. Multiply, Captain.

LEWIS H. CONARROE, Maher, Colo.

CONTORTIONIST

DEAR EDITOR: Far be it for me to criticize anything published in Collier's but—in The Chained Gate by John Richard Humphreys (Aug. 2d), I came across this puzzling sentence, "In a pistonlike movement, Jack sat down at the table."

Pistonlike movement? Does it mean up and down, up and down, up, down, up, down, faster, faster, as pistons usually go?

MARK MAXWELL, Erie, Pa.

SKY-HIGH PRICES

DEAR SIR: In Who Tied a Kite t Prices? (Aug. 30th), Lester Velie say farmer has never had it so good, n during the high-cost-of-living d World War I. His net cash income than three times that of 1939."

Why shouldn't the farmer have s the things a city millworker has? should ever drive outside the Ne metropolitan area, maybe you'll se farmer putting in a septic tank an plumbing. Perhaps you would enjoy ing the rest of your life going to t house in the back yard and carryin to take a bath in a washtub after h dirty work. Maybe you have seen a with a new suit of clothes. Proba suit he was married in twenty ye has worn. Maybe you saw some b that needed paint and some being Do you know that that will cost him or more doing it the cheapest way

Have you tried to get any new fa chinery lately? Most of the prewar ment, some of it dating from World was inched through World War baling wire and prayers. You hav of that vanishing creature, the hire He gets twice the prewar wage.

How much do you think it takes interest on the $25,000 to $40,000 ment a farmer has tied up in land ings, stock and machinery?

If the rest of the country wants it ers to live like Mexican peons an for 10 cents per hour to provide butter and 25-cent beafsteaks for of the country making $1 per hour, awakening is in store.

H. KATHERINE POWER, Appleto

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

DEAR SIR: It looks as if the train Aug. 30th cover is headed for a ment, if it keeps on going and runs t that open switch. The engineman way of telling that the switch is there is no target on the switch st Also, if that switch handle is supp throw that switch, it should be oppo switch points, not 5 or 6 feet away

WILLIAM CURTIS, Philadelp

. . . This former boomer telegraph editor, deeply grieved your curren which shows no semaphore signals railroad station, without which no town railroad station is complete.

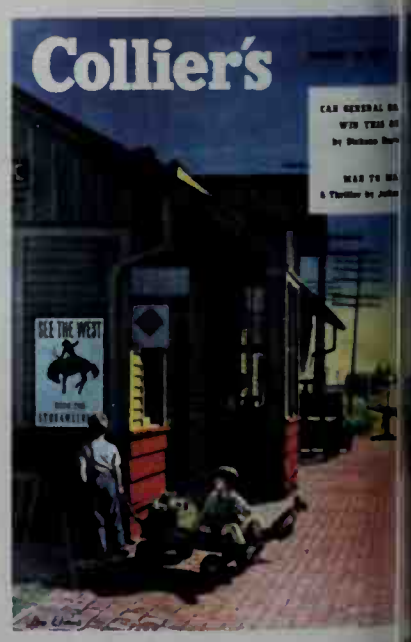
F. LANDER MOORMAN, Dougl

. . . I wouldn't like to be on th which tries to make that curve.

D. B. HODGINS, Clarksburg,

. . . It is still a swell cover, howev truly Americana.

H. J. WHITBECK, Stillwater



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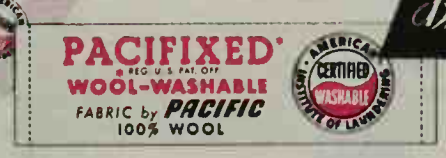

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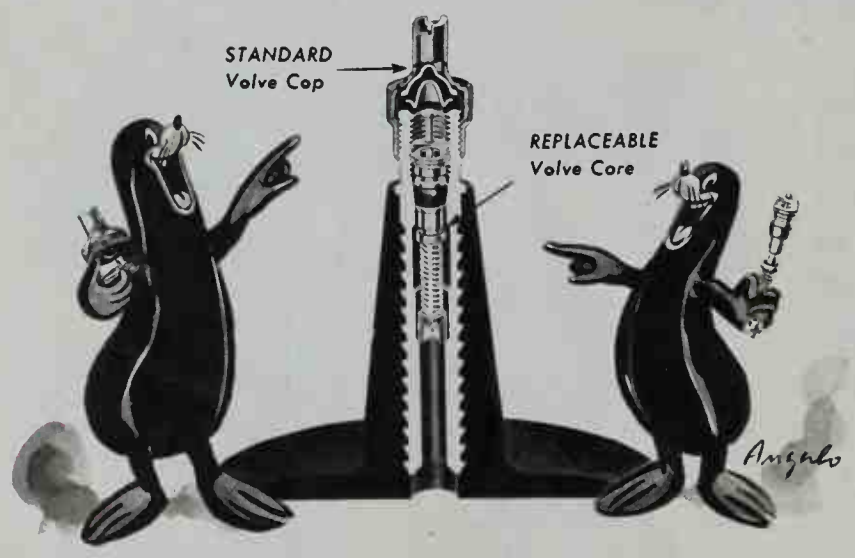

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SALT IN THE AIR

Continued from page 14

There was no such knowledge in these little men, with their technique and their schools.

Juanillo felt the Ratón relax against him. A new bull entered, head just small enough for the large body, the twitching ears saying, "I am a noble enemy." He charged straight, his thousand pounds of muscle dashing with full weight across the sand.

The Sultan was emerging from behind the *barrera* wall. This was naturally the Sultan's bull. This was a bull for sultans.

"This is my bull," whispered the Ratón. Juanillo put out his hand, but the boy had already leaped into the arena, using his coat for a cape.

There was a roar of rage from the crowd. They hated the extemporaneous ones almost as much as did the fighters. These boys were usually so bad, and they could ruin any bull in two minutes.

Juanillo found himself standing on his bench, his heart pounding against his rib case.

Memory peeled the covering from his mind. Juanillo was a boy of fourteen, muscles tensed, and waiting to leap into the ring. But a strong hand grasped his arm, pulled him back, did not relax under a storm of futile cursing. Later, in a restaurant, the man who had stopped him said quietly, while watching him wolf down needed food, "I could have let you leap into the ring. Why not? It was nothing to me."

"Why did you stop me, then?" Juanillo had asked.

The man played with some bread crumbs, his right arm stiff as it lay on the table. "When I was a kid I wanted the ring, too. Well, I jumped in, and when the police tried to drag me out I fought them. I got a broken arm for it. This arm." He touched it lightly with the fingers of his left hand. "If that's what you want—no more fighting ever—"

"I am not a fool," Juanillo remembered he had said with vanity.

The man laughed, not in derision, but more as though the laughter were a shrug. "Food or not, my chances were finished as yours might be. And you have wrists," he added slowly, "the strong supple wrists."

WATCHING the Ratón, a wave of sickness passed through Juanillo. Why did these city children never realize that the impresarios, whose nods made or broke a fighter, would have nothing to do with the extemporaneous ones? All they got for a brief moment of glory was a jail sentence and the ring closed to them forever. There was violence in the Ratón. When the police closed in he would surely fight—with the reward, perhaps, of a broken arm. And he had such good wrists. He had the arrogance, too. Here might be another Goana, another Sultan, another—yes—another Juanillo, and what had he done to save this talent? Nothing. He had sat placidly by, pretending it was none of his affair.

The sickness in him became an agony. He bit down on his lower lip until the blood came, but he was unaware of it. His attention was fixed entirely upon the drama playing itself out below him.

The Sultan tried to take the bull away, but the animal knew that the boy was his true enemy and refused the outer lure. The Ratón's feet went into position, his body bent slightly at the waist, the coat held with firm wrists for a low *verónica*. The bull charged. Keeping his feet still, the boy curved his body to the right. As the bull passed, horns ripped the yellow shirt.

The crowd was kind now, yelling applause. Juanillo felt that he could breathe

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The Ratón's friend whimpered
his throat.
more the Ratón addressed the
king tiny enticing steps to one
he animal's head lowered; he
to gather himself together.
's fine knowledge of bulls told
t this charge would kill the boy.
atón lacked the long years of
necessary to master this animal.
d saints, the Sultan was mov-

llo forgot to breathe. If the Sul-
t in now, he would be killed.
n without a thorough knowledge
who went in now would be killed.
upid technical men! Why didn't
n stay quiet? He was distracting
s attention. Yes, the Ratón had
is face. Panic flashed across it.
ously did not want the Sultan to

ull was pawing the sand now. If
ged—with the boy's mind dis-
by the Sultan. . . .
are of what he was doing, Juan-
ed into the ring, sprinted forward
ff his coat as he ran. The Sultan
od sword, in many ways a great
ut he did not know—really know
eft alone, he would get himself
Ratón both killed. Here was a
true expert.
tiff arm shot the Ratón off bal-
out of harm's way. The ancient
e encased Juanillo as he faced
watched muscles ripple under
hide. The serge coat lacked suf-
ight, but it would serve as a lure.
e distance he could hear a voice
uanillo!" but the shout was lost
ar of the crowd. Then the voice
rowd disappeared in a greater
Some part of his mind told him
as his own blood singing, but he
me for music now. The bull was
toward him, enlarging until the
d his entire field of vision. Body
flabby with disuse, tensed. His
coward's feet, stayed still. Then
was on him. Automatically,
s hips curved to the right. The
e like a great wing, and for a
ment the bull's side pressed his
e, and the heat of the animal
to him and calmed him.
wenty-eight years that lay be-
tween the great afternoon and this one flicked into nothingness. He could not comprehend why his shirt sleeves were pink. They should have been blue—blue silk. Then the chasm in time closed, and he was again a retired bullfighter.

The hovering swords had enticed the bull away. The Sultan was coming toward him with a smile, hand outstretched. It must have been the Sultan who had screamed "Juanillo." No one else, seemingly, had recognized him.

ALREADY the crowd was yelling for another bull. They were tired of this extemporaneous diversion and wanted to see what they had paid for: the great Sultan in a great fight.

Instead of taking the Sultan's hand, Juanillo jerked his head toward the body-packed seats. "This is your afternoon," he said. "Forget you saw me." Then he darted across the ring, and allowed some laughing boys to haul him up to his own seat.

The Ratón's friend was still there, his eyes dark with terror. "The police got him," he said through stiffened lips. To this child of the streets the police were a far greater danger than the horns of the black bull.

Juanillo thrust some money into his hand. "Pay the Ratón's fine. And when you get him out of jail, take him to Juanillo to learn true fighting."

He had to scream to be heard above the orchestra, which had finished the applause music, and was now playing Juanillo's own song. It gave the man a warm feeling around the heart as he realized that the Sultan had ordered it to be played. The words followed him out of the arena and down the street:

"He takes up the sword
And walks to glory."

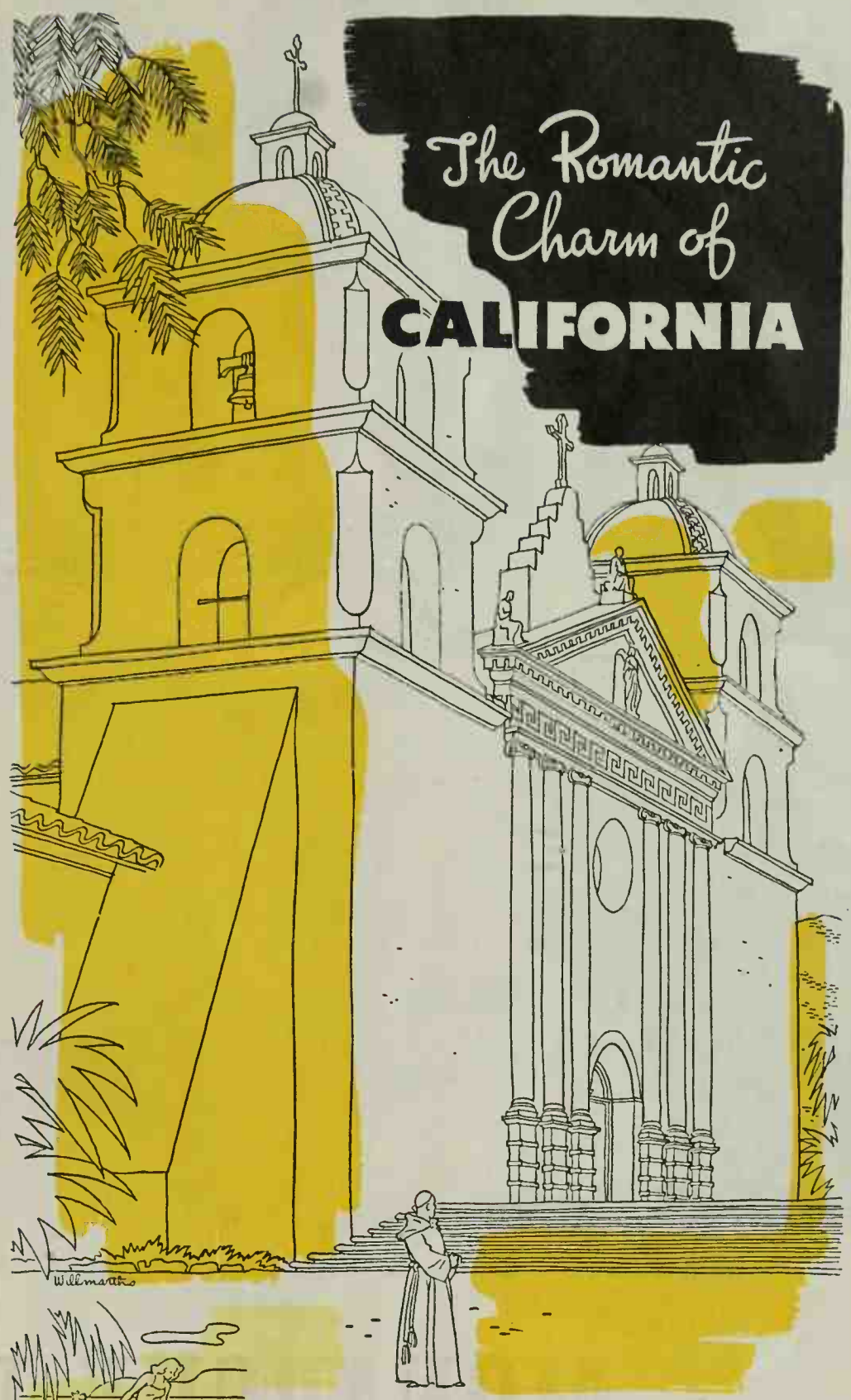
Juanillo's feet touched the ground lightly in a true bullfighter's walk. What good was the celebration of an anniversary? What good were shadows of remembrances? They were dead things. Better to take what he knew and transfer it into the body of another—create from shadow a finer substance.

He tossed back his head and breathed deeply. There was indeed salt in the air.

THE END

k goodness, my introduction to the theater was the Lunts and not this!"

JEFF KEATE



When visiting the Golden State, don't miss seeing the time-mellowed Spanish Missions. You'll be intrigued by their romantic histories...find them to be a charming contrast to other attractions such as the sandy beaches, picturesque golf courses, quaint foreign sections and colorful, cosmopolitan night life. A world of beauty and enjoyment awaits you in California.

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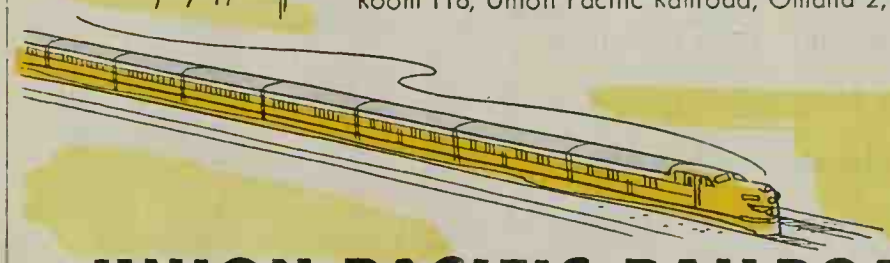


UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Road of the Daily Streamliners

This year's retiring Queen, Miss Anne Kennett Farrar Desloge, holds court with the Veiled Prophet during his 1946 visit to his adopted city, St. Louis, Mis

MONARCHY IN MISSOURI

BY BARBARA BANKS

Every October in the city of St. Louis a mysterious and kingly visitor emerges from a cave under the Mississippi River—or somewhere—and the people gather from miles around to pay homage. They also have a good time and get some cash into circulation

THE story is that away back in the summer of 1878, an inspiration came to Mr. Alonzo Slayback of St. Louis, Missouri. The crops had been good and the farmers of the surrounding countryside had their pockets full of cash. The storekeepers of St. Louis had their shelves well stocked.

The next step was pretty obvious—get the farmers and their cash into the stores in the most pleasant way possible.

It was at this point that Mr. Slayback—guided by the success of the Mardi Gras at New Orleans—was smitten by his big idea.

"I think," he noted modestly in his diary, "that it is the nearest thing to a 'stroke of genius' that I ever produced."

His near-miss involved the creation of a character known as His Mysterious Majesty, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, and a call for the population from far and wide to appear in St. Louis on the first Tuesday of October to pay homage, to rub elbows (more or less) with society and to witness one hell of a parade. It was, in fact, to be the gala social event of the year. Of course, anybody who wanted to bring along a little spending money would be welcome. The Agricultural and Mechanical Exposition would be in progress, there was some extra-quality crinoline available in the department stores and the latest winter fashions were just in from New York and Paris by fast packet boat.

The genius of Mr. Slayback, who was spurred on by his brother Charles and was assisted by a committee of 20 leading businessmen, lay in the fact that he deviated from other s occasions in other cities by mak mystery of the identity of the V Prophet and his attendants. The secretly picked the leading debu of the season as the Queen of and Beauty. The secret of the V still well kept today but each ye reigning Queen of L. and B. vealed to the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" exclusive multitude. The oc will be observed this year on O 7-8 for the 65th time.

St. Louis goes all out for her V Prophet by draping the streets banners of the Prophet's colors, purple and gold. The downtown s are hung with streamers and bu and special windows are plann honor the old man. Police are fully briefed on how to return children to their homes and pa

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

onths of secret activity in the den e Order of the Veiled Prophet de each of His Majesty's an- visitations. Workers are busy all round constructing the elaborate for the parade and making the mes worn by the Veiled Proph- tinue. The money—and a great is required—is raised through ibutions by the members of the . Presumably this includes most prominent businessmen of the but secrecy makes it possible to t membership to "the right peo- Thus, although the affair has into an all-out civic celebra- the Veiled Prophet Order still off a faint odor reminiscent of urt of Louis XIV.

good deal of legend has been ucted around His Majesty. etically, he retires between per- nces to a large cave at the n of the Mississippi River, ing only once a year to visit his ed city of St. Louis. The more l suspicion, however, is that he largest financial contributor to casion, or perhaps the father of ew Queen. Anyway, he's a guy and if he retires, when the g is over, to the office of a cor- on vice-president instead of to , who cares?

h the passing of time certain s have been made in the roster Order. For instance, the pa- nd ball were originally all one g's fun and the Prophet chose belle of the ball" instead of ing a Queen. The first Prophet d by river barge and in follow- ears he had his horse-drawn But even he believes in prog- this year for the second time ats will be mechanized. Fur- re, practically diving headlong edless into the Atomic Age, the has decided that this year the and ball will be televised.

parade of about twenty floats traffic for about three hours ch year the splendid procession a new theme. The floats this ill represent holidays, and the t's "Krewe," elaborately cos- and heavily masked, will cut d of capers that identifies their lar celebration day.

the following night the Veiled t holds his Court of Love and at the Kiel Auditorium and ball for those invited to view ctacle. All agree that the pomp and ceremony make a bum out of even Louis XIV. Of course, the Queen knows she will be Queen but no one else does, so her entrance and march to the throne are marked by gasps and sighs.

The special maids of the Queen's retinue have previously been seated by the throne. Each wears a jeweled crown that is returned after the show to the court jeweler who locks the crowns up for another year. The Queen, however, keeps hers and thereafter is seldom seen without the central cluster of jewels which may be removed from the crown and worn as a pin or pendant. Last year's contained 57 fine diamonds, 11 genuine pearls, five matched sapphires, surmounted by one large, pear-shaped Oriental pearl, all set in a filigree of platinum.

Besides the court jeweler, there is the court dressmaker, Samuel Harbison, who for more years than any of them can remember has made the gowns for the occasion. Last year the Queen's bouquet of four hundred orchids, specially designed to complement the Queen's gown, "ranged in color from light pink through deep mauve, yellow, through chartreuse, dark blues and greens shading to lighter tones." There seem to have been no white orchids, which are the most costly, but even so the bouquet, at retail would have been expensive, probably around $4,000 delivered. It represented years of research by the Missouri Botanical Gardens, since it was the first time the orchids had come from plants grown in St. Louis, and it included varieties native to all parts of the world. But for all this the Queen must pay a price: She may neither announce her engagement nor be married during the year she reigns. Of all the Queens, only one was forced to abdicate for infringement of this rule.

After the first dance, the Queen and the royal party retire to one of the larger hotels for a midnight snack to which the Queen has asked about a thousand of her intimate friends. Each guest receives an elegant souvenir and a sumptuous repast, and makes merry till the wee hours of the morning.

Although everybody tries to keep the cost of these doings a secret, it is estimated that last year's affair cost about $100,000—which is a tidy sum even for Louis XIV to put out for one party. ★★★

Papier-mâché floats, mechanically drawn for the first time in 1946, are lighted by thousands of bulbs and manned by the Prophet's masked and merry "Krewe"

Along a seven-mile route through the city, the largest crowd in history heralds the 1946 Veiled Prophet's arrival, his first appearance since 1942

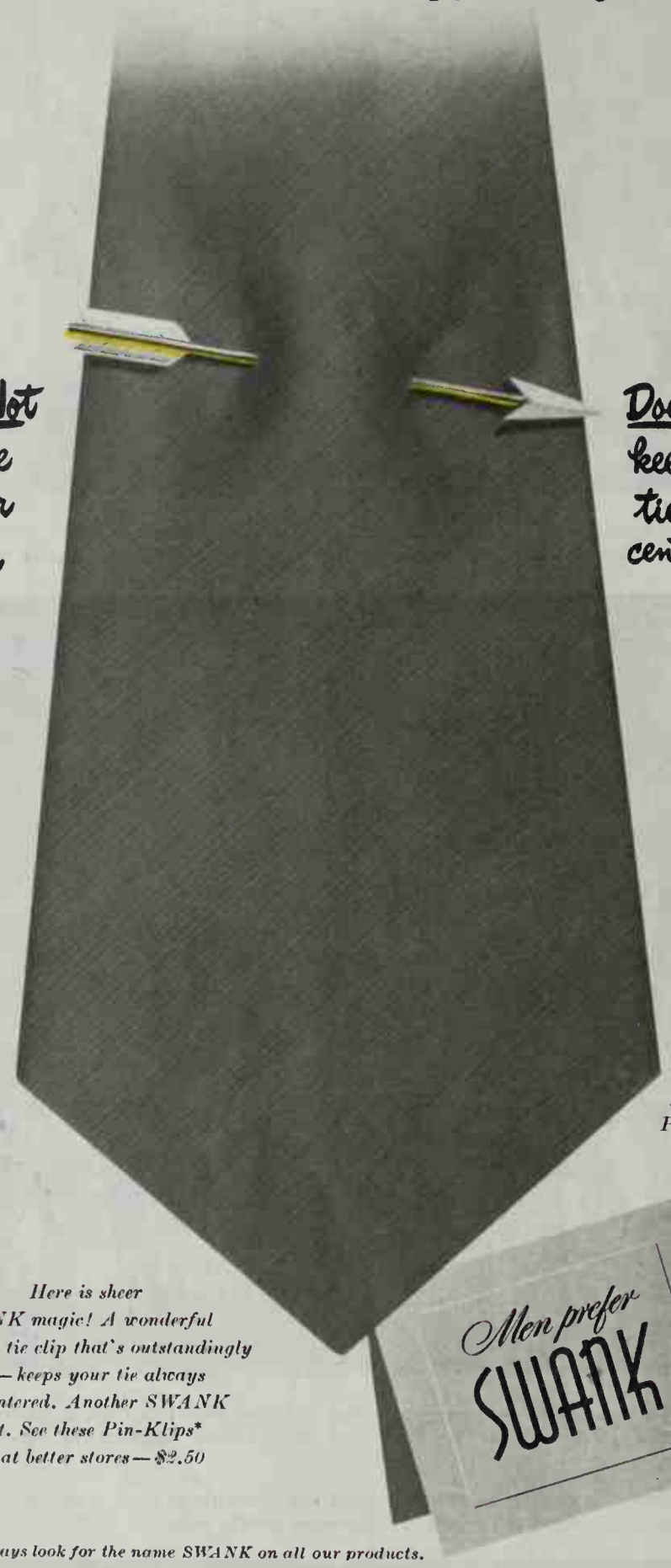
en were thrilled by renewal of the spectacle that the war had halted iendly crowds shared in the gaiety of the clowns on board the floats

Debutantes and their escorts dance at the Queen's supper, a midnight affair to which the royal party and 1,000 or so guests retire after the ball is over

You can't believe your eyes!

Does Not pierce your tie

Does keep tie centered



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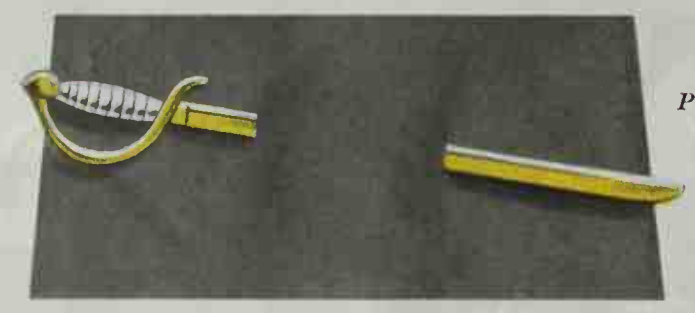
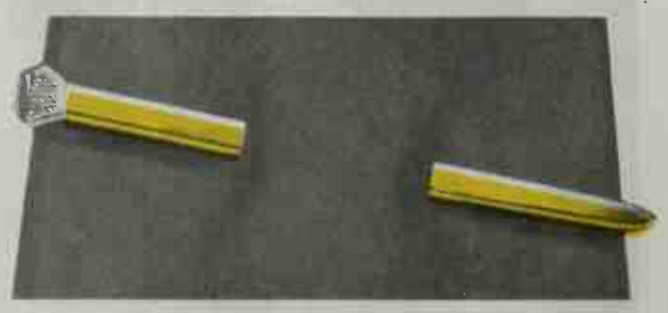


Sabre Pin-Klip $2.50



Horseshoe Nail Pin-Klip $2.50

SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.. Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

HERE IS AMERICA

Continued from page 13

that everyone expressed about international matters.

I ended my trip with no clear feeling as to which of the national domestic subjects was most on the minds of Americans. In Cheyenne, R. F. MacPherson, chief editorial writer of the Wyoming Eagle, called the Howard Hughes case "the biggest domestic story since the war," and certainly many of my traveling companions discussed it.

Most of them seemed to agree with the Ohio plumber who said: "Seems to me that that Hughes fellow was a little bit too much for that Ferguson." Clark Boesen, an electrical technician from Cairo, Nebraska, thought: "It's a lot of humbug. They gave people a whole lot of money to spend, and now they holler after it's spent." And Mrs. Dorothy Wheeler, a florist from Redondo Beach, California, explained what seemed to be the reasoning of the majority: "A man of Hughes' money and position doesn't need to cheat. He is of the nobility, as you might say. I think it's all just a matter of politics."

Not Much Interest in Politics

Statements of this nature were almost the only discussion of politics I encountered anywhere on the trip. C. R. Bowers, an elderly veteran from Tieton, Washington, about summed up my own impressions: "People don't seem to be very hot about politics yet." The only exception was where local elections are slated for the fall.

Such political opinion as I did find was rather evenly divided. Maybe the heat just made people too tired to gripe, but even in the Middle West there seemed to be less anti-Truman feeling than I had expected. Comment of all sorts was too scattered, however, to be indicative of much either way. Some seemed to share the views of the middle-aged California housewife who thought that "the entire government—both the Republicans and Democrats—should be voted out and give us a complete change."

Others, like a Columbus taxi driver, wouldn't go that far because, as he put it, "we don't think very much of Truman in these parts." But an equal number, it seemed to me, sided with the political editor of the Wyoming Eagle, who told me that "even the Republicans out here aren't happy about the way the 80th Congress behaved." Or agreed with Ray Smith, an Arcadia, Indiana, engineering student and a veteran, who said: "Most of us think that the 80th Congress overstepped its bounds. It didn't pass much legislation and most of what it did pass wasn't very good."

The farther west I got, the less I found the interest in politics to be, reaching its low point in the Mountain States. M. J. Spellman, an elderly trolley motorman in Anaconda, Montana, expressed the general opinion there: "Oh, I hear some talk, but it doesn't add up to nothing."

Everywhere I found women less interested in politics than men. The extreme was a toothless, old, suburban Montana housewife, who commented: "Politics? I don't know about that. That's a man's business. I don't vote. I don't think it's a woman's place."

Because Ohio was the only state I passed through having a prominent "favorite son," I watched for political reactions with special interest. Only three people I met between Youngstown and Dayton ventured opinions, and all were solidly anti-Taft. One because he was a Democrat anyway; one because of the Taft-Hartley Bill; and one, a husky young farm manager from Washington Court House, because "Taft voted against everything Roosevelt ever tried to do. Now, I wasn't for Roos anything, but like the guy I wo figure that everything Roose couldn't have been bad."

Little as the interest in politic was greater than in other dome jects. No one volunteered any c on taxes, except in connection w to Europe. I heard few opinion bor—either pro or con—except tions where strikes were in pro had just ended.

Generally speaking the majori Americans who ride busses seem either union men themselves or —except for a few of the farme Corn Belt. It was not surprisin fore, that most of those who m the Taft-Hartley Bill were again

Among my fellow passenger certainly not helped the Re cause any more than had the Hu vestigation. As the janitress fron Utah, said: "Most people I know a change of administration. E that Taft-Hartley Bill and all, of wonder now."

Other topics on the nation which rated passing mention on ous busses on which I rode were ian aspects of atomic energy flying disks. But only two people up each.

A Denver Girl Scout official, r from a vacation in northern Mi said that people in Duluth bla 105-degree heat on atomic ener an Ozark housewife ventured th ion that no good would come fr ing around with atomics beca plumb against nature."

A Terre Haute housewife told "we believe the flying saucers United States weapon they're hushed up"; and a Nebraska ba pressed the bread-and-circus the the flying saucers "was pulled to minds off our troubles."

Helpless Mood of "We, the P

Troubles people had a-plenty. less the problems were personal parent; an errant spouse; a v child or a faltering heart—few se be worrying. It seemed to me th mary reason for this inconsiste the face of the widespread com over prices) was that the average ean thinks that there is nothing or she, as an individual, can do to his troubles. My fellow passen variably spoke of the governm "they." And there seemed to b eral feeling that "we, the peopl pretty helpless in the hands of "t government"—as though "we" h ing to do with "their" election a trol. And so "we" inevitably fee worry? There's nothing we can d it anyway."

The fact that the majority of ple I met were not worrying d mean that they were satisfied. gaunt, bus driver, vacationing f run through the coal regions tucky and Virginia, summed th tion up in two sentences: "Peop days is just a-rovin' and a-wond don't care how high or how low t most everyone is dissatisfied."

Driving across the Jersey flats erly heavy construction worke New York City told me: "We're fused today that we don't know I see where the Greeks are sendi packages here. Well, we hear tha starving and they hear that we' ing. Now what are you going to

And some 3,000 miles farther, down the cedar-covered slopes Cascade Mountains, a young Administration officer from th

own of Pullman, Washington, here's a big feeling of insecurity. is quite satisfied with what he's where he's living. A few nights t talking with three or four fel- known in the Pacific. All of us en the jobs we'd said we wanted hen we got out. Yet every one of omehow dissatisfied. I know a terans who graduated from col- February. Any number of them ng back to graduate courses this y couldn't find the sort of jobs ted."

g across Ohio I met in succes- achinist from Detroit and a vet- n the South. The machinist told Ford was hiring, no experience , at up to more than $1.30 an he ex-G.I. was a slow-talking, llow youth with a smudge of is upper lip and a ruptured duck el buttonhole. He told me: "I'm ving rocking-chair money. I no jobs. I've been all over the I want to be a photographer. taking pictures for 12 years. he G.I.s at Randolph Field. Oh, got a couple of good cameras, 't figure to start my own busi- t yet. I'm not in the mood."

ot want to imply that he was a teran or that the feeling of dis- n is by any means limited to n or that it affects all of them. them, however, admit that it's settle down to being a young ling down a routine job in a munity after you've been a big traveled over the world—even ed the Army.

eling of postwar letdown ex- erywhere, to veteran and civil- ian alike. The California florist told me that "during the war no one would buy $2 roses. Too cheap. But the same roses priced at $10 were a sellout." For many it is hard to take the comedown from the days of $10 roses to today, when they can't afford 90-cent steak.

The comments that follow are only a few of dozens that I heard from one end of the country to the other.

Voices Throughout the Land

A young Wyoming pipe-line hand: "People act like they all have a hangover. They're bouncing and confused." A motel owner from Torrington, Wyoming: "The times are too fast. People are dissatisfied and confused."

A Livingston, Montana, ranch hand: "The country's in such a predicament they's nobody satisfied. That's the heck of it." A cement mill foreman from Fort Collins, Colorado: "People are pretty high strung nowadays." A freight car inspector from Denver, Colorado: "Everyone is rushing back and forth. They're dissatisfied with what they've got and they don't know where they're going."

A Washington state highway white-collar executive: "Seems like people just can't get settled and get going. Some of them are looking for something for nothing. They seem to think that the world owes them a living." And the wife of a Negro packer in a Dayton, Ohio, magnesium plant: "The whole nation is stirred up. If you ask me, we're liable to wake up some morning—dead."

What Americans think of foreign affairs —particularly Russia—follows next week in the conclusion of this article.

DAVE GERARD

SPORTING ODDS

The ball rested on the Minnesota one-yard line in possession of thwestern. Pug Lund, Northwestern's star back, took the pass n center and plunged furiously at the middle of the line, only e slammed back, knocked down, trampled and smothered by entire Minnesota line. Lund staggered to his feet, wearily ned on an official's shoulder, and let his eyes sweep slowly over packed stands.

'Wonder how they all got back to their seats so fast," he mur- ed.

—Fred Fritch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

n the middle of the 1945 season, Julius Homokay pitched the a Blue Sox to a win over the Albany Senators. The game, how- r, was protested and Eastern League President Thomas Richard- ordered it replayed at the point of protest. Shortly thereafter, nokay was released by the Blue Sox and signed by the Sena- When the disputed game was replayed, Albany won, while nokay sat on the Albany bench watching himself get charged he record books with a Utica defeat.

—Lew Di Leo, Utica, N. Y.

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ALL HONOR TO OLD APPLEBY

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Football was the great thing in Jug Burns' life—greater, almost, than his self-respect

EVEN now, some fifteen years after the fact, it is difficult to believe how much influence they had on us, the two of them, The Swede and Jug Burns. The difficulty is for a different reason with each of them, for The Swede was nationally supposed to be what is usually known as a good influence, while Jug, who was scarcely heard of outside the school, was generally considered to be sullen or difficult or cocky or independent. This last—which Jug undoubtedly was—was the great heresy at that particular school.

Jug came from California and like so many of the rest of us he had come a long distance to play football at Appleby University under The Swede. Perhaps it was a poor reason for wanting to go to a university, but I suppose it was better than some and I guess eventually it even helped prepare us for a world in which the right thing was almost invariably done for the wrong reason.

I remember the first time I saw him, standing in the line with other freshmen that hot September day, waiting to get his equipment, the faded green jersey, the battered helmet an worn shoes with new cleats sc into them. He was not tall, the s figure square-shouldered and under the square face. A year o older than most, as the good p were, he possessed also that dence most of us lacked and we imitated—and called cockin

He was a good player and fullback on the first freshman Never really spectacular, he d most everything well and altho that school the freshman squa used more as a punching bag f varsity than anything else, he n good impression. So that up un spring of our freshman year h just another among the very football players who yearly ca that school in such numbers tha stood three and four deep in position. It was just this surplu affected in a way all our lives, foster The Swede's arrogance a dulgence in favoritism and, I su hurt Jug and helped educate u

He had prominent ears and where the name started. First Jug-ears, then Jughead, then

Jug, instead of driving over the small hole through the strong-side guard, was shifting a little leftward as he ran and going through the actually large

...et's take a trip

...this page)

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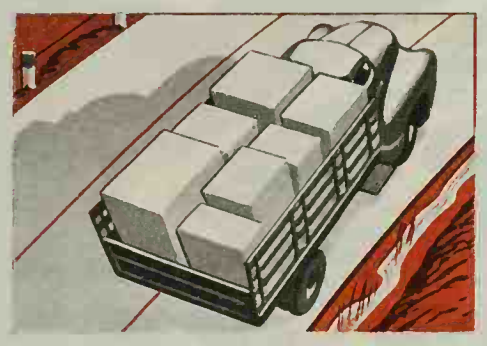

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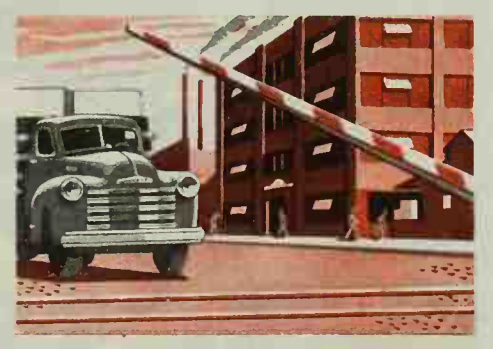

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he Jugger, depending upon how knew him. By spring he was known as Jug; there were more ble names this unfortunately school had for some of its peo- whether Jug accepted his or not ot know nor even much care. pline was fantastic, most of us eful to be going to any sort of all, and a lot of us would have almost anything to make our- o better football players.

in that same spring that Jug first mistake. He was to make one later, several times, but al- sciously then. Now, this first made it spontaneously, naturally what might be called a purity of hardly any but the young ever The scene of spring practice that not an unusual one. The sta- s a wooden one then and the ield in back of it, a wide, ir- iece of scarred turf, with two l posts set in it, although some- hardly noticed them in the Jot until late in the spring was thi resembling a game or rimmage. But the heart rly spring practice was a oup that formed around e, a rough circle at whose o teams scrimmaged, play y, each one a separate nd entity, unrelated to plays that came before come after. The circle comprised of the hundred ng men out for spring of assistant coaches, and back to see who was ir places.

nes The Swede would just one play, over and , some basic play like an sweep or a simple cut- to see how the players his system, threw his par- ds of blocks or handled his May day The Swede rking on a cutback over -side guard. It began as kle sweep or alternately with the left halfback out toward his right and drive off tackle or with a pass into the flat. It ed to draw the defensive lance.

s playing left halfback ernoon; he had been that position by The o had found him too fullback. Actually, Jug runner and a natural- back, but The Swede his own way of express- . And today Jug was doing any of the other halfbacks, de, feinting cleverly, and then ng an instant, delicately poised in motion, for his interference iriving back through the hole d. Eight, eleven, six, thirteen ent, time after time, shifting as pinning out of a tackler's arms, fensive back a leg and taking wisting, his knees churning— drive forward, though the mo- be for the moment sidewise o's. It was a remarkable per- the more so since the defense much what was coming at it. laying quarterback with that team Jug was working with, einted right, delayed a count before coming back to the n to sense that something had g with the defensive team, g than we could even hope. was the defensive strong-side g pulled off balance but their guard was being drawn out of nd Jug, instead of driving over hole through the strong-side shifting a little leftward as he g through the actually larger hole. It was the sort of thing that, had he done it in a real game, a back would have been commended for later, but the second time Jug did it this day, The Swede called: "You're going through the wrong opening, Burns. That play goes over the strong-side guard."

Jug was pretty excited, for he was having the kind of day in practice that could mean a position on the second or third team. He nodded his head but probably wasn't any more aware of what had been said to him than he was that he had gone twice over the wrong opening. I thought to give him a little chance to cool off, for usually The Swede expected more response to anything he said than Jug had given him. So I called a delayed buck over guard, faked a lateral to Jug running wide, and then fed the ball to Joe Lee, the fullback, coming straight ahead. He made two yards, and the next play I called for the cutback again, with Jug faking a pass this time.

I glanced over my right shoulder as the play broke into motion, saw how perfectly he faked the pass, the stocky body balanced a moment at an unbelievable angle as he began to come back to the left, now gathering the ball to him, then I pushed hard on my right foot and drove over the strong-side guard. I went past the line and threw a block at a back coming across, felt the legs crumple and fall across me, and from the turf where I lay, turned my head to see Jug come through that weak-side hole again, his hips moving like a dancer's, so that first the tackle, then a defensive back missed him, and he was clear of the secondary and moving toward a mythical goal.

I got up; moving back into my place behind Joe Kennedy, the center, who was already lining up over the ball which Jug had thrown back ahead of himself, I heard The Swede begin on Jug again. "You went through the wrong hole, Burns," he said in that voice that somehow reminded me always of a rattail file. It had its own eloquence, to be sure, but almost always there was in it the intention to cause pain. "Can't you see, Burns?" it went on. "Or do you operate by dead reckoning?" This was supposed to be very funny and most of the players dutifully smiled.

What Jug should have done was to say nothing. But he was pretty excited, as any of us would have been at giving such a performance as he had, and he said, "But the weak-side hole was bigger, Coach." A perfectly simple, reasonable answer; as I say, in a game, he would have been thought to be very clever.

But not now. Even I noticed the kind of pall that fell over the entire group, as though someone had blasphemed. I sometimes think Jug was the only one there that day who didn't notice it, although right then and there he decided for good his career as a football player. He just trotted back and stood behind me, waiting there, with a kind of patience, for the two other backs to line up on his right. He seemed unaware of anything, even The Swede standing there, staring at him, his arms akimbo. Two years later, Jug might have done all these things consciously, but not now; now he was simply in a kind of state of trance, only a more advanced stage of that which in a way most of us were in during those days. I suppose more educated or more sensitive people feel that way about poetry or music, but as I say it was pretty much of a cow college in those days, and we were the sort of people who go to cow colleges.

EVEN cow colleges have their scapegoats. Ours was no exception. Gradually—it took just about a full two years—Jug became known as a Bad Example. I doubt that anyone ever thought of him as such; it was just that he was looked upon as defiant or indifferent or that greatest of the heresies, independent. I suppose it indicates something about us all when I say that it took Jug most of the time until he was a senior to realize that The Swede didn't like him. Such was the legend of The Swede, a man we all thought to be above such things.

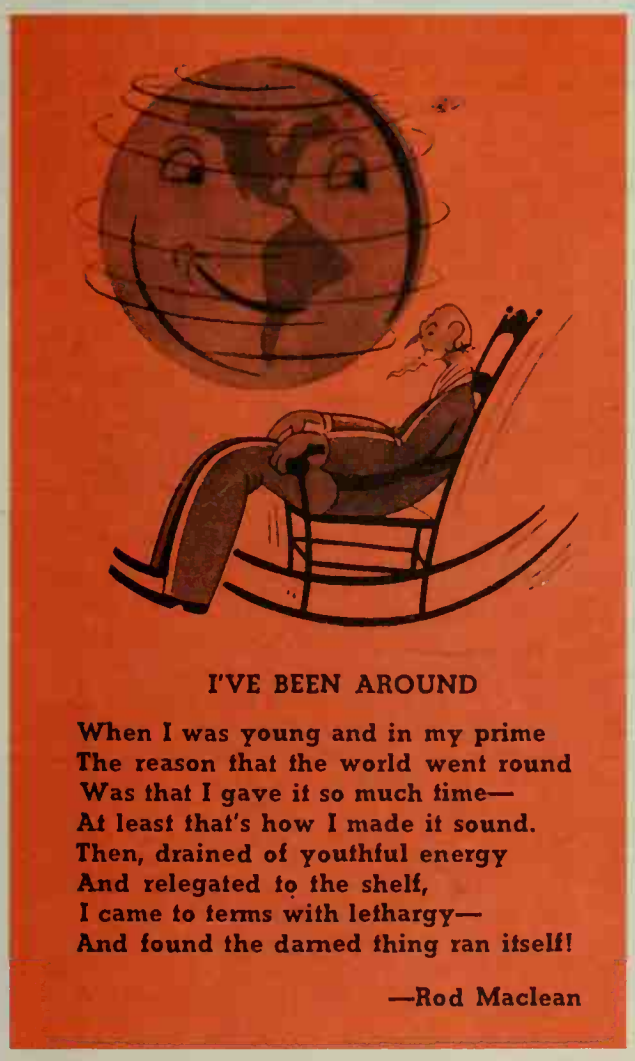
In the fall of our sophomore year it was generally felt among those who dared to venture an opinion that Jug should have made the traveling squad as third-string left halfback. He did everything well that a halfback should; if he wasn't so fast as Danny Maine, the second-string half, or as completely versatile as Gig Bowditch, the All-America first-string left half, he was still a pretty hot baby for a sophomore, and he should have gone along. But there were two or three almost as good as he and if The Swede wanted to take one of them on the long trips to California and New York, there was no one to say he did wrong; if our feeling could be given form, it was perhaps that he saw subtle virtues in these others that Jug apparently lacked.

The Swede used him a great deal in scrimmage, more perhaps than any other good back on the squad for, at the height of the season, The Swede scrimmaged his best players sparingly. But Jug he kept going, two and sometimes three times a week, for an hour at a time, in the most bruising kind of scrimmage.

Jug lived in the same hall I did, on the same floor, but around a corner. From my room near the stairway much of the floor's traffic could be seen and there were evenings in the late fall of that year when one could see that it was all Jug could do to drag himself up the stairs. It's some sort of commentary on what we lived by then that no one thought of Jug as foolish or imprudent.

I was a little surprised one night in the spring of our sophomore year when he came into my room through the open door and sat on the one bare extra chair I possessed. "They damn' near killed me today," he said by way of greeting.

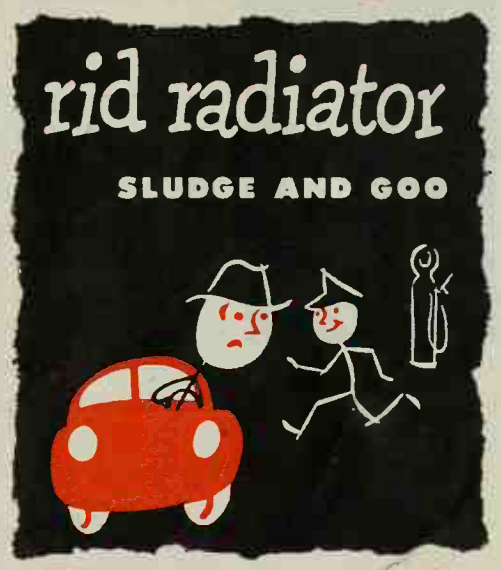
It embarrassed me for some reason not apparent at the time and I looked at the old portable typewriter I had on the desk and shook my head in one of those



I'VE BEEN AROUND

When I was young and in my prime
The reason that the world went round
Was that I gave it so much time—
At least that's how I made it sound.
Then, drained of youthful energy
And relegated to the shelf,
I came to terms with lethargy—
And found the damned thing ran itself!

—Rod Maclean



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gestures that could mean almost anything someone else might want it to mean. "I missed practice today," I said. "I had to take a make-up exam."

"The Swede had me in the line-up with a bunch of freshmen," he said, "and we were up against the varsity most of the time. Honest, those kids never gave me any protection. I kept being hit by two-three guys at a time."

I shook my head again, less meaningfully. "Sometimes," I said, "I think it's harder to find a decent blocker than a good runner."

"Even the way it was," he said, "I broke away twice. First time The Swede blows the whistle as I was getting clear of the secondary. Said he wanted to do the same play over again, quick. Second time I get clear, he gives hell to the varsity strong side for being pulled wide by the fake at the beginning of that cutback over guard." He paused, as if waiting for me to speak. When I didn't he went on: "Sometimes, I think he's got something against me."

Looking at—one might even say, studying—the typewriter with great care, I said that I didn't know. At the time, I felt guilty, ashamed and somehow greatly embarrassed. Now, after the passage of years, the moment shows in perspective, related somehow to growth in Jug, even in myself.

"I don't think The Swede is prejudiced against anyone," I said. Somehow the guilt did not depart. "He wouldn't be what he is if he were."

When Jug didn't answer I glanced at him. He was looking out the dark window, his head turned; the fresh welt laid across the bridge of his nose showed clear.

"Who belted you in the beak?" I said.

He shook his head. "Hell, I didn't even remember getting it. First time I noticed it was in the locker room."

"You got a bad knee, too, I heard."

"I've had that all spring," he said. "I wear one of those elastic braces with a metal hinge in it."

"The girls all lose interest in you if you can't dance."

He shook his head and half grinned. "Life is complicated enough without them," he said. He borrowed a book from me, one I had never read called Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man and went back to his own room.

He did have a girl, though. Now and then we'd see him downtown with her, always on a week end. She was a sophomore at a college downstate but she used to come home week ends. I remember seeing her in the stands one Saturday the previous fall when Jug and a lot of us thought he was going to play, as Gig Bowditch was hurt and the team we were playing wasn't strong enough or important enough for The Swede to risk using Bowditch against it. But Jug didn't play that day. The Swede, when he substituted for Danny Maine, used two other players that none of us thought as good as Jug; one of them was a junior and one a senior and we thought maybe The Swede wanted to give them a chance to make their letter. After all, Jug was only a sophomore then.

HE CAME back for his junior year thinner and apparently very fast, faster than any of us remembered him. He'd been working as an instructor at a playground all summer and he'd done a lot of running with the kids there. During the early September practice before school began, he shaped up as the fastest man on the squad, and everyone—ourselves, the newspapermen, some of the coaches—thought he might be on the first string. In the practice game The Swede always held on the Saturday before the first game of the season, Jug went for two touchdowns: The first time he broke away for 43 yards, and got very good down-field blocking; the second time was in the third quarter and this time he didn't get much blocking at all. It isn't often you see a big man move as he did then, giving a foot to a tackler, taking it away, stiff-arming the defensive fullback as he came across, going straight for the side line with half the other team after him, then stopping, almost dead still and heading for the goal on a long diagonal as he outran the quarterback.

When it was over and he had thrown the ball to the referee and was trotting back toward the center of the field, The Swede came out on the field and began to give the defensive line hell. . . . So then we, or some of us, knew the way it was going to be. If we had had any doubts, we got rid of those, too, when The Swede sent Jug into the showers without saying anything else to him.

Jug did play some that season, though. There were occasions when even The Swede would have looked bad, and publicly so, if he hadn't used Jug. Danny Maine wasn't the most rugged back in the world, although he was a better passer than Jug and generally more versatile. And with Bowditch graduated and the sophomores brilliant but untried, The Swede just had to use Jug at times. But much less than he should have. Jug was as good as Maine and should really have alternated with him.

We got used to, and even continued to

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justify, incidents such as this. In a tough game against Iowa, with the score tied, Jug had carried the ball about half the time in a march beginning on our own 30-yard line and which had gone all the way to the Iowa 8, where we had gotten a first down. The Swede called time and sent in a sophomore named Loman to take Jug's place. A peculiar silence or pause came over the entire bench as the change was made: it was almost as though we were all in a little island of silence in the midst of the vast hum that came from the stands.

Then all of us were watching Jug where he came walking over the striped turf, taking off his helmet as he came. As he crossed the side line an assistant manager ran out to him and began to wipe the sweat off his head and face with a towel but Jug brushed the towel aside and came directly toward The Swede, and paused just an instant in passing. "You're really rubbing it in now, aren't you?" Jug said. But The Swede acted as though he hadn't heard him and leaned to one side to watch where the play had been resumed. With the rest of us the silence was resumed, deeper, and no one, absolutely no one, spoke to Jug as we usually did when someone came out of a game, and no one even dared to look directly at him. There was only that silence, deadly and unwilled, and then even that broke as Loman, in Jug's place, was fed the ball on a delayed buck and went through a hole yards wide to score.

Those of us who remembered the incident probably expected something dire to happen to Jug the following week. But there was nothing amiss. Perhaps the only thing was that Jug was used a good deal in hard scrimmaging while the rest of the first two teams didn't scrimmage at all that week. And when the second team started the game on the following Saturday, Loman was playing at left halfback.

AT THE end of the season even those of us who were most devoted to The Swede were made a little uneasy at Jug's not getting a letter. The minimum requirement for a letter was to have played 60 minutes of ball in a season, although often enough letters were awarded to men who had played something more than fifty. It so happened that Jug had played 57 minutes, but he got no letter.

In the spring he hurt the bad knee again. If it did nothing else, it took a burden off him in that he could honorably cease hitting his head against a stone wall. The knee had healed pretty well by late spring and the week before school ended, to my surprise, he came to see me again and return the book he had borrowed a year before. He sat on the same bare chair. I had not been able to check on the progress of the knee from his walk, as he was living that year in another hall. I asked him how it was.

"It's all right," he said. "I'll be back in there again by fall."

Then I said something that I suppose was the measure of my own growth and perhaps at the same time the doubt of his. I said, simply, "Why?"

He didn't answer right away and when he spoke, he said, "You know, that's a good question. Sometimes I ask it of myself." But he didn't answer it, only sat there looking out the window. He glanced at his watch.

"I got a date," he said.

"Same girl?" I asked.

"Same girl." He stood up. Starting to go out the open door he hesitated. "Every year," he said, "there's been a different reason. First, I wanted to play ball here. Then I wanted to be a big-timer. This year I wanted to impress a girl."

Knowing I shouldn't say it, I said, "Was she impressed?"

"It made no difference to her."

I supposed that was a good thing and almost said so, but didn't. "And what about next year?"

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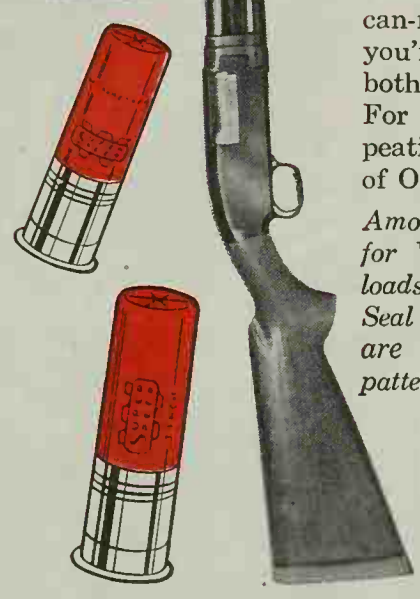

LEFT— Winchester Model 12 Heavy Duck Gun. In 12 gauge only, famous for fine balance, smooth action and clean-killing pattern. Chambered for 3″ shells only.

LEFT (above) Winchester Model 21 exquisitely ornamented DeLuxe Grade Field Gun. An example of Winchester's supreme gun craftsmanship. Specifications and ornamentation to suit your individual requirements.

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

He almost laughed. "Oh, I'll be back in there pitching. I guess I still want glory about as much as the rest of you."

In the fall he was out there again on the first practice day in the September heat like any sophomore. And on that last week before the first game, when The Swede was making up his teams, Jug was third-string left halfback. Loman and another junior were the first and second stringers. And they were good, too; you couldn't really say there was much difference between them and Jug. He was faster and had more finesse, but with the kind of line we had that year, finesse in a back wasn't as important as it might ordinarily be.

JUG didn't play much. Joe Kennedy, the captain that year, was supposed to have gone to The Swede and asked him point-blank why, and The Swede was supposed to have said that he was afraid Jug's bad knee would fail him at a crucial time. Since he used Jug freely in scrimmage and since there was a tackle whom The Swede had used several times in games with a deliberately cocainized bad knee, The Swede's excuse for not using Jug didn't make sense.

Now The Swede's system was to use fewer blockers on the opposing line so that there would be more blockers down field. This way his backs would gain less often, but the gains would be longer, and often enough they would be shaken loose for touchdowns. It put a little extra pressure on his ends, who had to block a tackle alone, and it put a more peculiar strain on his fullbacks, who on certain wide plays would have to get outside a defensive end and with their bodies bent at a dangerous angle try to cut the end down. He always tried to have a lot of fullbacks available. This year on three successive Saturdays he lost a fullback, one with a separated shoulder, another with a broken ankle, a third with a chipped vertebra.

With the Navy game coming up, The Swede needed fullbacks badly. None of the sophomores had quite the necessary class. One day in the locker room he came over to Jug and I guess I was the only one within earshot. For years they had hardly spoken to each other, but now The Swede said, "How would you like to play fullback again, Burns?"

"I guess I wouldn't mind."

The Swede turned away without saying anything more. I suppose he'd expected Jug to do a dance. Jug sat down and pulled the pants over the pads strapped to his thighs by adhesive tape. He had no brace on his bad knee. In the shower I asked him how come he'd been scrimmaging with no brace on.

"Oh, that," he said. "I had that cartilage taken out last summer."

I knew what that meant, and I knew, with that particular operation—you must remember this was 15 years ago—there was an even chance of curing the knee and an even chance of making it stiff for good. Jug had taken the chance. Nothing he had said in the spring now mattered; he wanted glory as much as any sophomore.

"Did the school pay for the operation?" I asked.

"Hell, no," he said. "They took my scholarship from me last spring, even, because I wasn't at spring practice."

So that was the way it was the week before we were to meet the best Navy team in ten years. Jug and a big but green sophomore named Wholey were alternating at fullback all week and perhaps through habit, perhaps for some more obscure reason, The Swede had Wholey at fullback on the varsity the afternoon of the last scrimmage before we were to take the train East. But everyone knew that The Swede wouldn't dare risk Wholey against Navy; among other things Wholey was poor on pass defense.

And Jug—The Swede had him with a lot of sophomores running back punts against the varsity line. He wa
much concerned about me, eithe
third-string quarterback. I wa
way up the practice field with Ju
Loman boomed punts sixty ar
five yards down the field and v
back, behind sketchy blocking,
that varsity line. None of us
away until late in the afternoo
Jug went back to take a spiral
over his shoulder, turned, came
down the middle of the field in
matter of perfect timing, seeing t
ends had over-run him, stopped,
right angles for the side line as o
guards lunged at him. Leaving t
face down in the turf, he mov
gradual, curving diagonal towa
would have been the side line
marked, used a stiff arm to pu
self away from Joe Kennedy, rat
to drop Kennedy, almost stopp
as he gave one leg to a tackle
away, left the tackle sprawling
came almost straight down the
with no one but Obie Jackson,
sity quarterback, near him. Ma
didn't have to do it, but may
also could have let him go. H
had always been an eager beave
came driving at Jug, and Jug
him with a short, hard straight ar
left jab. It happened to hit Ob
nose, and the nose happened t
Jug, of course, got away for wh
have been a score in a game.

He came back slowly to where
group had gathered and Obie w
on the ground. Whether The
lost control of himself or wh
could no more leave Jug alone th
could a caught mouse, I'll neve
It's really not important. But Th
advanced on Jug, his arms akim
yelled at him. "You had dam
to do with yourself, Burns."
"Stiff-arming Jackson like tha
hell, you were out of bounds rig
start of your run. Supposing
Jackson out of the Navy game?

"He should have thought of th
said, "instead of coming at me
did."

As The Swede stood silent fo
ment, Jug walked past him. "A
he said, "I didn't go out of bour

NOW we all knew what was
ing, the thing Jug had wa
for years, perhaps not knowing
waited for it, but still doing so.

"Damn it, I say you did go
bounds," The Swede said.

"And I say I didn't," Jug s
fact, I am so convinced of it th
going to give you your uniform
He took off his helmet, tossed it t
ager and began to walk off the

The Swede's voice became
for the first and perhaps the l
"But who'll play fullback Satur

"You should have thought of
fore," Jug said over his should
fore you put me to shagging pa
a lot of sophomores. You just
too many bad habits."

"But the school," The Swe
"the honor of old Appleby?"

Someone almost laughed
quite; I just heard the smothere
Jug looked at The Swede over h
der and kept on walking.

He didn't play, either, in th
game or any game. He never
uniform again. It was after th
that Joe Kennedy said that that
resented the Boston Tea Party
pleby, for The Swede, for all ol
as it had taken him weeks to sa
took the rest of us months a
years to know what he had mea
now, a long time after the fact
that Jug Burns gave us then a l
the times, not so much his as
And I personally remember hi
less as I do not remember the
their lettered sweaters.

THE END

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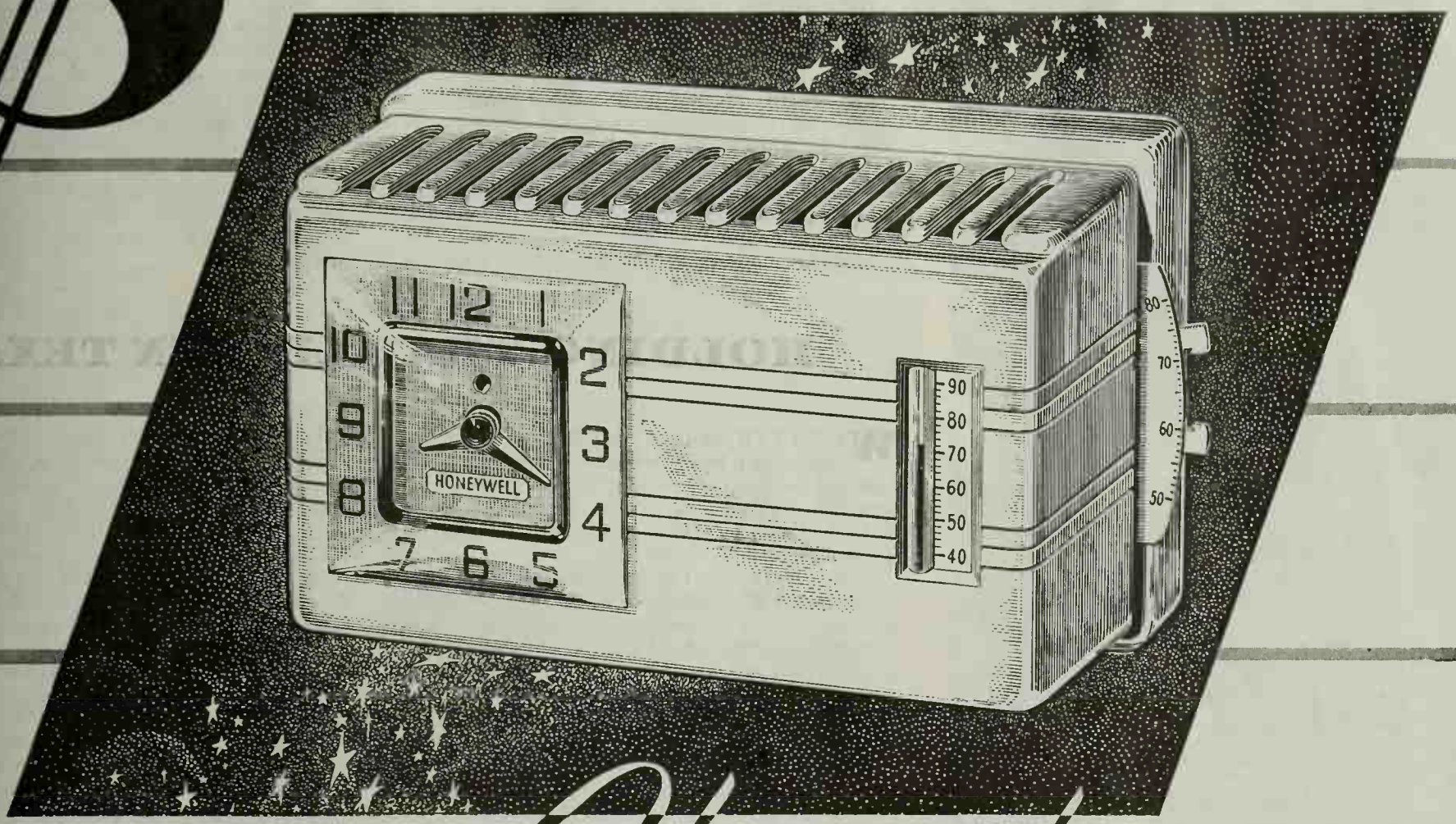

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DEPRESSION AT THE POIN

THE Point referred to above is West Point—the U.S. Military Academy—and the gruesome news is that the famous officers' school is 276 cadets short this year of its quota of 2,496.

Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, commandant, blames the shortage simply on "the decline of popular interest in the Army."

We're inclined to think the trouble is more complicated than that. Many promises were made, soon after the war, that the Army was going to be made more democratic, and therefore more attractive to young American men, than it ever had been before. Various signs indicate that these promises have not been fulfilled. The latest of these signs was Robert Ruark's sensational reports in the Scripps-Howard newspapers of high-rolling brass and downtrodden G.I.s in the American military district at Leghorn, Italy.

Maybe if the Army would recollect some of those early postwar promises and carry then it would recover some of its lost glamor.

Nevertheless, we would like to remind younger male customers that a West Point e tion is something of great value—estimated at \$50,000 in cold cash terms—whether one feel making the Army a career or not.

About the West Point cadet shortage, he suggestion. This correspondent happens to one Eastern congressman whose West Point nations for this year are all used up. He coul many more candidates if he could dip into congressmen's or senators' unfilled lists, whic der present regulations he can't do.

There are excellent reasons for those restri in normal times. But wouldn't it be possib loosen them up a bit to meet contingencies su this record-breaking 1947 shortage of pleb West Point? It is no joke, and we think it cal prompt action.

HOLDING THAT LINE IN TEXAS

WE NEVER thought we'd live to see such a thing, but it finally happened. What we never expected to see was a revolt by any considerable number of American women against a dictate handed down by any considerable number of fashion authorities.

So-o-o, in Dallas, Texas, recently, 1,300 women formed the Little Below the Knee Club, sworn to hold the hemline at that elevation in face of orders from Paris and New York that the skirt till further notice must catch the girl some halfway down the calf.

Said Mrs. Warren J. Woodard, founder and president of the LBK Club: "I didn't feel like throwing away my entire wardrobe, and I thought a lot of other women might feel the same way. This winter we're going to wear the clothes that look best on us—the styles we have right now."

The same, we gather, goes for the present These are grotesque enough, in our opinion they look to us like master creations when lin alongside the early Theda Bara and Pearl throwbacks which the fashion rulers are tryi sell the ladies for the coming winter.

We don't know how it will all turn out. M the LBK Club of Dallas will dry up and blow before the withering blasts of scorn going out Paris and New York salons. On the other maybe this Texas rebellion will snowball into thing of nation-wide proportions.

But anyway, and at long last, a fair-sized of American women has reared back on its and screamed for independence in the kingdo fashion. We're encouraged to think that th American pioneering spirit isn't anything li dead as some suppose.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE COAL MINI

JOHN L. LEWIS came out of his latest tangle with the government, the Supreme Court, the coal operators, etc., with the best contract his miners have ever yet had. Its main features are higher pay and a 40-hour week.

Fears were widely expressed at the time that the new arrangement necessarily would cut down U.S. coal production to a dangerous degree. We're glad to note that these fears have not proved out up to this writing.

In the new 40-hour week, the miners, at last report, were digging 12,100,000 tons, as agains 500,000 in the old 54-hour week.

If that keeps up, it will be proof that amor coal miners, at least, the "more money fo work" poison has failed to take; that these me their leaders realize the necessity of more pr tion for more money if inflation is not to us all.

We earnestly hope this initial production rat be sustained and increased; and we'll herewith a tentative cheer for Mr. Lewis and his foll

CLOCK HOUNDS AT THE V.A.

FRANCIS DRYDEN, one of General Omar N. Bradley's top assistants in the Veterans Administration, recently issued a ukase or communiqué to office workers at the V.A.'s main plant in Washington.

It had to do with these people's habit of watching the clock like so many bloodhounds sniffing a scent, and of stampeding out of the shop at the stroke of 5 P.M. The daily rush act, said Dryden, was becoming dangerous to life and limb.

Employees dash from their places of work headed for the nearest exits. Frequently they slip and fall. They catch their heels on stair treads. They bump into others. Injuries result.

We can't resist the temptation to remark, pe cornily, that it would have been pretty tough f American people if their fighting men durir late unpleasantness had insisted on knockir work at 5 P.M. sharp each day, or at any oth moment.

Those men stayed on the job until it was fir —or until they were. These V.A. employe now supposed to be working for such of former fighting men as are still alive.

This daily rush to avoid giving the veter much as an extra minute of any V.A. wo valuable time no doubt has its humorous as but for some reason we can't join very h in the laughter.

Collier's

OCTOBER 18, 1947 TEN CENTS

"What do you want me to do? Get up on my hind legs and beg like Fala?"

CHURCHILL ASKED F. D. R.

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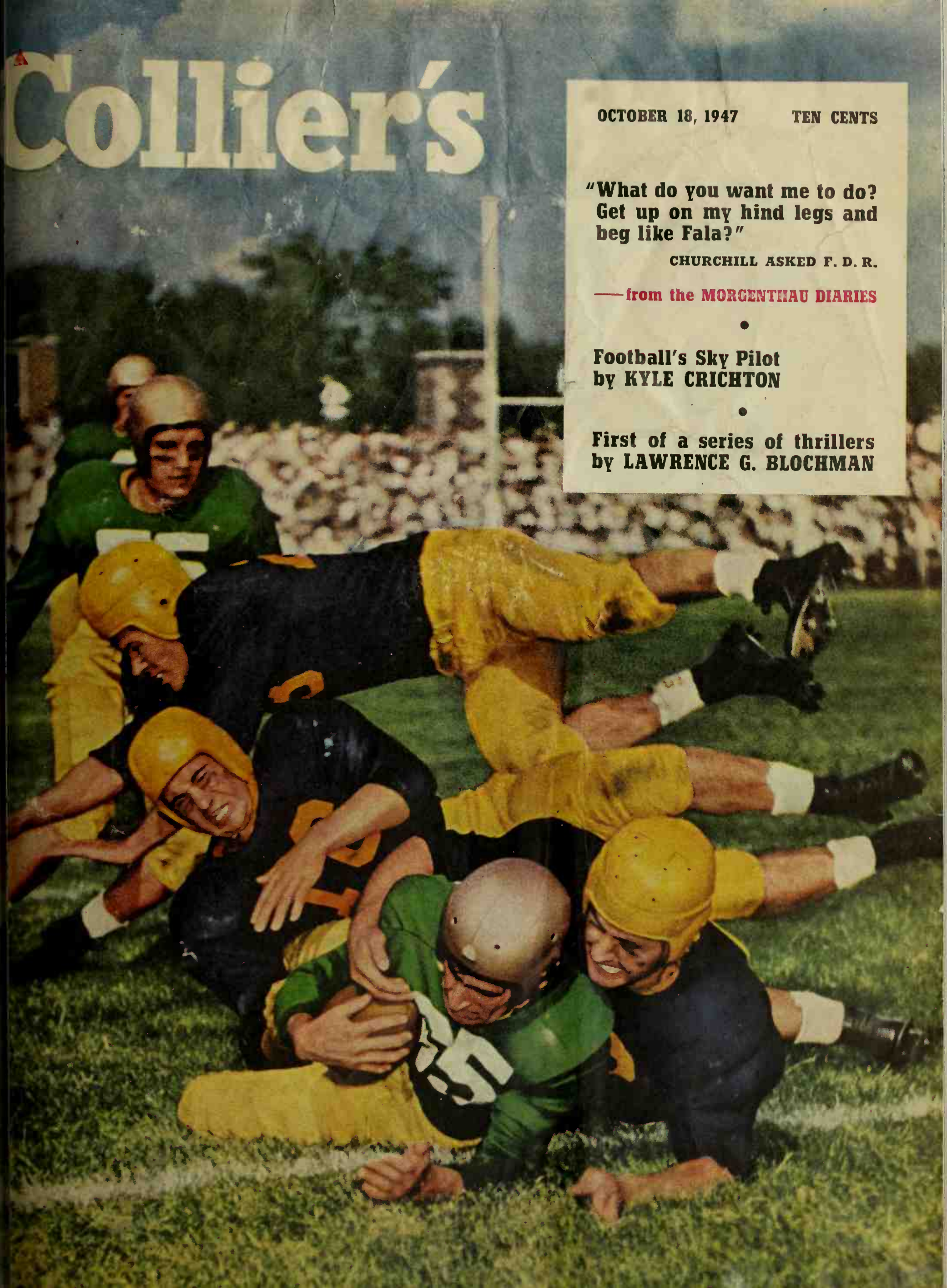

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JAN 17

Good-bye Whisk Broom Hello Blue Suit!

A LONG TIME he simply didn't dare chance it. e telltale flakes and scales from infectious ruff showed up all too plainly against the rich, background.

en he read about Listerine Antiseptic and ed using it regularly, with massage. And, her, what a difference! Those distressing flakes scales began to disappear like snow before the His scalp felt wonderfully cool, fresh and hy, and his hair looked the way it used to look.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

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You simply douse it, full strength, then follow through with a vigorous massage. No messy salves. No smelly lotions. No fuss. No bother.

Make it a "Must" Every Week!

If you are smart, you won't wait until infectious dandruff gets a "head start"; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing routine. It's a healthful precautionary measure that may spare you a nasty siege of trouble. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

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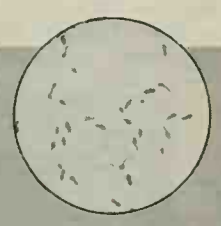

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

ONE OUT

MY DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re How t Have Ancestors (Aug. 23d) about gene ogy in general and the D.A.R. in particula —kindly advise me who James Dugan, th writer, is, and what is his background an authority to qualify him for writing th article which is neither amusing nor in formative. Being justly proud of colon and Revolutionary ancestors, I will not tol erate in our home a magazine which prin an article holding them up to such unwa rantable ridicule. Please cancel, at once our paid-ahead subscription to Collier magazine. I can assure you that it wi never be renewed.
RUTH CHURCHILL AUSTIN, Spokane, Wa

. . . This must be a true likeness of Jam Dugan, a liar and a fool, who in his igno rance wrote what he did about the Societ of the Cincinnati. As a member of th society, I will not sign my name, not see ing publicity.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIRS: I just read The Inspector I Discreet (June 21st). The story's construc tion is phony and without interest, becaus from the first paragraph you know th murderer, in the person of the "Armenian." Myself being an Armenian I would like t point out that small nations' representa tives need protection, not pestering, even i it comes from a second-rate inspector, wa down in Iraq. "I'll deny what I said an Ellsworth will believe an Englishman be fore any damned Iraqi!" The answer t this: "But you're an Armenian." Pleas leave the small nations alone with thei headaches, they have got enough trouble.
G. MANOUGUIAN, Cairo, Egypt

KEEPING UP WITH THE UNIVERSE

DEAR MR. FOSTER: You stated that Uranus was the sole planet discovered within mod ern times (Keeping Up With the World, Aug. 16th). This is not the case. Herschel discovered Uranus in 1781. Galle sighted Neptune on the twenty-third of September, 1846. There was still a very slight aberra tion in Uranus' path. Lowell, an American

(Continued on page 95)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

IT'S LOVE . . . but dare she follow her heart? Aristocrat beauty LORAINE DAY pauses to reflect, as she listens to her roughshod lover JOHN WAYNE, plead his cause. Scene from RKO's lusty *Tycoon*, Technicolor epic set against mighty splendor of the towering Andes.

IS THIS THE END, or can fugitive HENRY FONDA escape his persecutors' firing squad? Deeply moving scene from *The Fugitive*, directed by JOHN FORD. Co-stars: beautiful DOLORES DEL RIO, PEDRO ARMENDARIZ. A John Ford-Merian Cooper Argosy Production.

ROSALIND RUSSELL gives the greatest performance of her career in RKO's *Mourning Becomes Electra*, film version of Eugene O'Neill's Theatre Guild play. MICHAEL REDGRAVE, RAYMOND MASSEY, KATINA PAXINOU, LEO GENN, KIRK DOUGLAS are co-starred.

CHORUS GIRLS rehearse scene for film version of Russell Janney's *The Miracle of the Bells*, starring FRED MacMURRAY as the press agent who keeps the bells tolling; VALLI as the actress; FRANK SINATRA as the priest, Father Paul. A Jesse L. Lasky-Walter MacEwen Production.

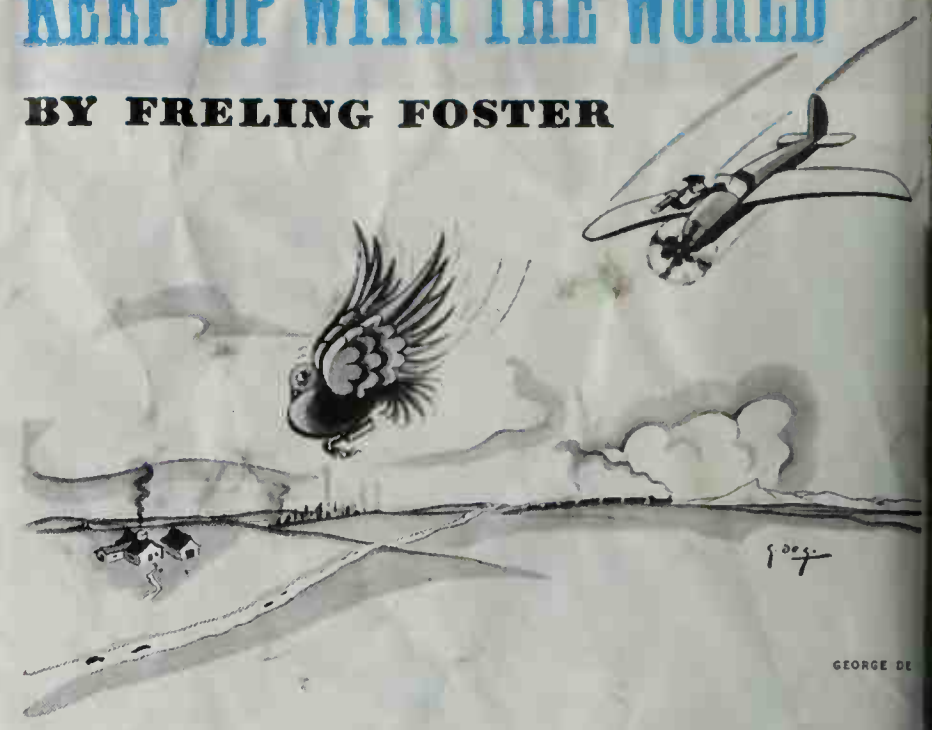
THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



Not long ago, one of the four patrol planes of the Police Department of New York City located the hideout of extortionists by trailing a homing pigeon that was returning to them with a reply to their ransom note.

A baffling trick of magic that has been performed in Europe employs a man standing in a cabinet shown about the size and shape of a telephone booth that is open on the side facing the audience. The magician causes the man to fade away gradually until he becomes completely invisible to the audience. Anyone doubting that the man is still there may go up on the stage and touch him.

Of the some 400,000 Christian hymns that have been published, not more than 500 are in common use; and of this number, not more than 150 are known by the majority of churchgoers.

The report on arrests in the United States during 1946 shows that 93 women were arrested for drunkenness and 151 for disorderly conduct for every 1,000 men charged with these offenses.

Among the smallest insects known are the beetles of the family *Trichopterygidae*. They are virtually invisible to the unaided eye as they are only one quarter of a millimeter in length, or one quarter the thickness of an ordinary pin.

When the American end of the first transatlantic telegraph cable was landed in Newfoundland in 1858, the 20-mile piece of it left over was purchased by Tiffany & Company, the New York jewelry house, which cut it in more than 300,000 four-inch lengths and retailed them as souvenirs at 50 cents each.

At funerals in Sumatra, one of the most important participants is a life-sized wooden female doll, mounted on a low platform equipped with wheels, which is made to perform tricks by cords manipulated by an operator. To placate the spirits of the deceased, the doll first goes through a ritual dance and then, to sympathize with the mourners, she approaches and puts her arms around each one, bowing her head, closing her eyes and shedding tears during the embrace.

A short time ago, a victim o holdup found that, in the scuffle had received a cut on his thumb. next day, the thumb was so sore the man consulted his physician told him it was badly infected should be amputated at once. Bu ignored the doctor's advice and w ing and died two weeks later of bl poisoning. Although the physi testified at the trial of the robber the death of the victim was due neglect of his condition, the defend was found guilty of murder beca the wound had resulted from holdup.

Some shipments of radioisote require such thick lead shields to p tect handlers from the radiation the containers are incredibly he compared with the substances t carry. For example, a recent shipm of 25 grams of radioactive cobalt made in a lead-lined box that weig 1,617.5 pounds, or more than 29, times as much as its contents.

The Brooklyn-Battery Vehic Tunnel, now under construction New York Harbor, will have world's largest ventilating system will deliver 4,200,000 cubic feet fresh air a minute, or 12 per cent m than the system in the Holland Tu between Manhattan and Jersey C and 68 per cent more than that in Mersey Tunnel between Liverp and Birkenhead, England.

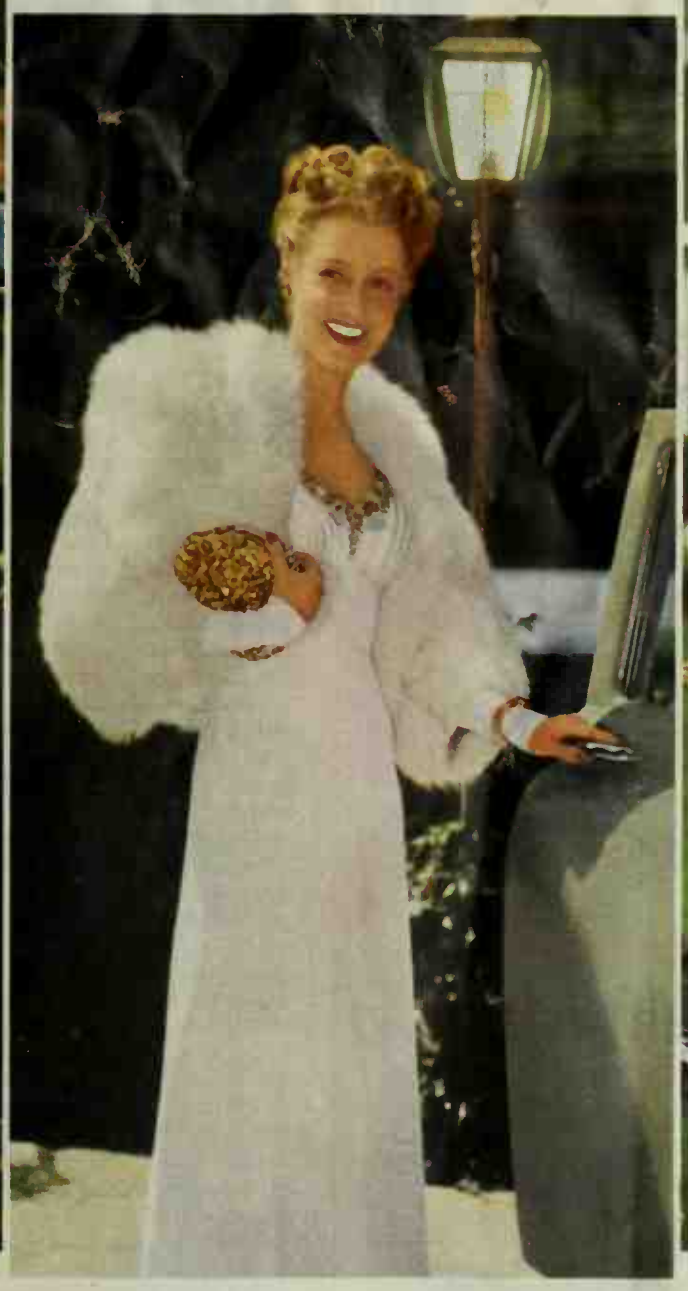
A unique sight in London is an i pipe, ten feet in diameter, that r diagonally through the Sloane Sq Underground Station midway tween the tracks and the r Through it flows the Westbou River, one of the city's many sub ranean streams that, long ago, ha be confined to giant pipe lines so valuable land above them could used for building purposes.

An old but still prevalent unwri law in China is that when a per commits suicide in the house or on premises of another, the owner of property is obliged to pay all cost the funeral.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact cepted for this column. Contributions be accompanied by their source of info tion. Address Keep Up With the W Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted and items may be reproduced without permi

CAN YOU NAME THEIR HUSBANDS?

h of these women is the wife of a well-known man. Can you identify "hubby"?



nde Ann Harding, starring in Allied Ar-ts' "IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVE-E," needs no introduction, nor does her a ous husband. A graduate of Dartmouth lege, he was the first native New Yorker conduct the New York Philharmonic. At time or another he has conducted every or orchestra in Europe and most of those America. Since 1940 he has led a Los An-s symphony orchestra bearing his name has just been named head of the Port-l Symphony.

e owns a 1946 car and uses "Ethyl" gas-e because: "I'm as insistent on good per-nance in my car as I am from my musi-s. I always get it with 'Ethyl' gasoline."

2. You've often seen and heard red-haired, green-eyed Jeanette MacDonald, now in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor musical "THE BIRDS AND THE BEES," and you should be able to name her blond movie-star husband. He's a native New Yorker who began his career on the Broadway stage. "Cradle Snatchers" and "Young Sinners" were his hit shows before the movies grabbed him. He is presently engaged in the production "CLEMENTINE" at Eagle-Lion.

His hobby—aside from flying—is music. He is an accomplished pianist and song composer. He always stops at the "Ethyl" pump to fuel up his sleek green convertible because: "Every car I ever owned seemed to run better with 'Ethyl' gasoline in the tank!"

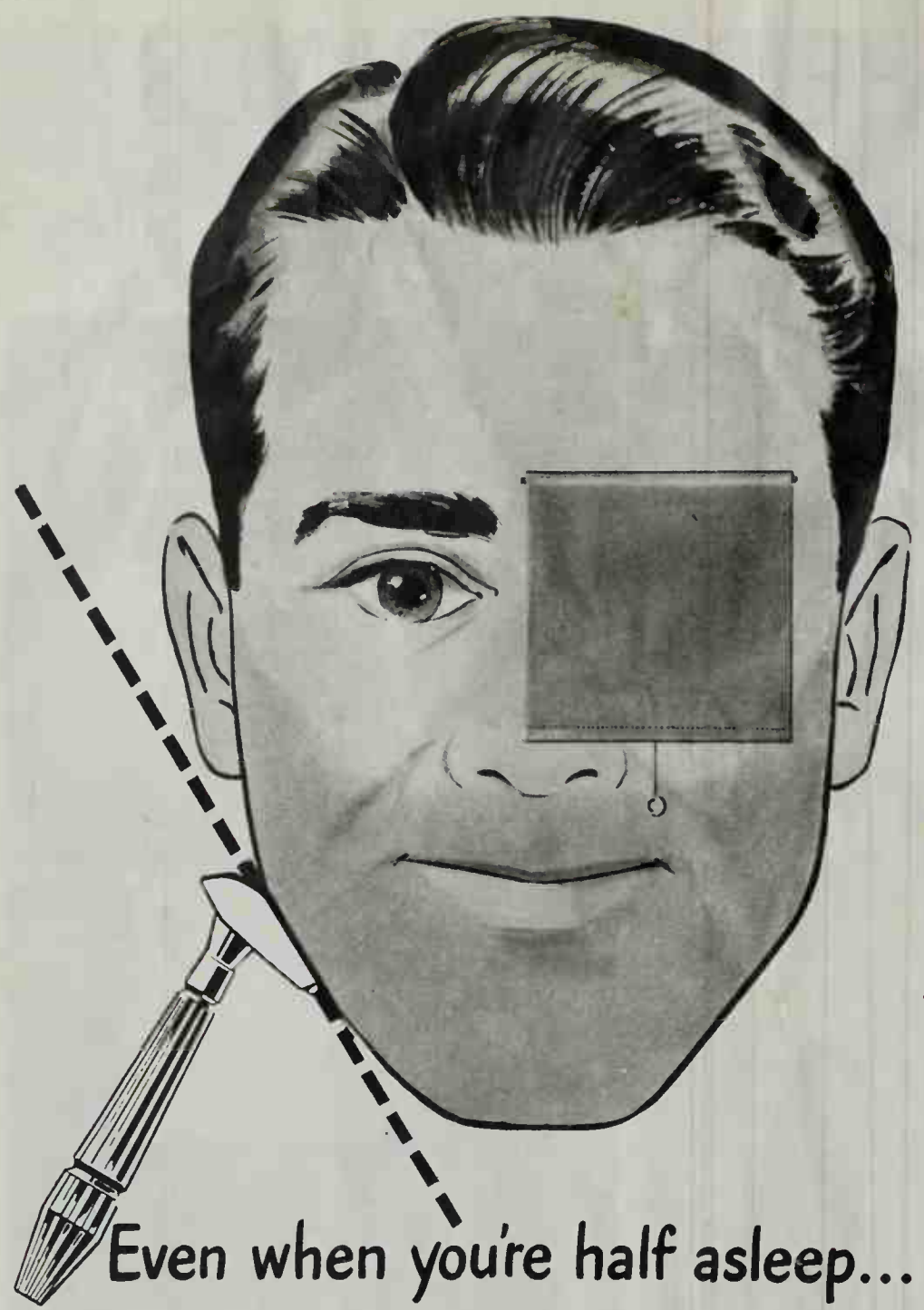
3. Yes, it's glamorous Jinx Falkenburg, the "All-American" girl. But do you also know the name of her author-husband who co-stars with her on the NBC morning program, "Hi Jinx," one network show, and two television programs weekly? A Yale man, he rose from copy boy to chief editorial writer on New York newspapers. After his stint as Lieutenant Colonel in the A.A.F., he edited a national magazine. His first name is John, but everybody calls him "Tex."

He, Jinx and their baby live in a hundred-year-old home on Long Island. They enjoy driving a black 1947 convertible and always use "Ethyl" gasoline because, they say: "Smooth performance is right down our alley."

Read this to check your identification of their husbands

act that their husbands insist on using "Ethyl" lin in the family car is a pretty weak clue—mil-o nen everywhere know the value of "Ethyl" in But from the other hints we've given you, re obably been able to guess that the husbands e lies pictured are: 1. Werner Janssen 2. Gene no 3. Tex McCrary.

es nen—and their wives—look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark when they buy gasoline. They want their cars to run their best. So they watch for the familiar yellow-and-black emblem on the pump. They know it marks the best gasoline in the service station, gasoline that has been improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound — the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*



1. Still nodding at shave time? The New Gem 'Guiding Eye' Razor *uses its head* to help yours—*finds* your one best shaving angle.

2. Simply shave with Gem's 'Guiding Eye' flat against your face. Blade *automatically* 'sets' for quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

3. This New Gem one-piece, clog-proof razor lets you choose your blade style—famous Gem *Singledge,* or . . .

4. *Gem 2-Edge Reversible* with 2—yes, *two*—keen, clean numbered edges! Either style 5 for 25¢.

REMEMBER: Gem must give you the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves you ever had—or MONEY BACK!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

THE WEEK'S WORK

Elizabeth Metcalf seems well entrenched with full support of U.S. N

ELIZABETH METCALF, a first-timer in these pages, with Lease on Life (p. 97), says, "My great-grandfather, my grandfather and my uncles owned, published and wrote the Des Moines Register for decades. The first two generations of them operated back in the days when politically powerful newspaper editors packed revolvers as a matter of course. We no longer own the paper, but I have been a columnist on the Des Moines Tribune and book editor of the Des Moines Sunday Register for so long, that within a few years I shall have earned a gold watch."

Defying us to make something out of it, Mrs. Metcalf admits to being born on Pleasant Street, Des Moines, on August 20, 1904, and being educated at a fancy "finishing school" near New York. Given a trial assignment by the late Louis Weitzenkorn of the late New York World, Weitzenkorn wired her: STORY TOO OBSCENE TO PRINT BUT YOU HAVE A JOB. "I didn't take it, though," confesses Mrs. Metcalf. "I decided to come home and get married instead."

A Navy wife during the war, Mrs. Metcalf feels she can never forgive whoever was to blame for the missing four years in her family life. "Nor will I ever get over being thankful for getting it all back again. Every day since has been like a glass of wine—when I've had the strength to hold it. My husband came home from an aircraft carrier unscratched, but I was something of a nervous casualty on the Home Front."

LOYALTY to my sex necessitates revealing that B. J. Chute, who debuts on p. 18 with The Outcasts, is a mere woman hiding behind men's pants. Her real name is Joy Chute, and since she writes lots of sports stories from the manly point of view, she thinks a prize-fight yarn would look funny by-lined Joy Chute. Joy's pen, however, is ambisextrous, for she does equally well for the women's magazines.

She has also published about 200 boys' stories and novels, mostly about sports, including Blocking Back (football), and Shattuck Cadet (military school).

Just before Pearl Harbor, Joy, her ma and two sisters emigrated from their native Minnesota to New York City. Sister Mary Grace is M. G. Chute, creator of the hard-hittin' Sheriff Olson yarns, and Sister Marchette has had seven books, including Geoffrey Chaucer of England, out last spring. "There is no accounting for three writers in the family Joy. "We were probably hit behind by the law of ave She doesn't explain why Ma isn't wrestling sharks, and about it.

On the sissy side, Joy did vo work with the N. Y. Police For ing the war, now helps with the Athletic League (PAL), likes p raphy, cooking and New York a fine town," she marvels. "It's of people." By juggling six Joy and Marchette (M. J. is m has two) have managed to ge York's most beautiful railroa with chrysanthemums in the v box and cats on the back fen makes for a balanced life," J serves.

Ordinarily Joy's life in art c of nine tenths glaring at her typ and one tenth pounding it. Th casts sprang from hearing som ish people discuss what hote could and could not go to wh traveled.

IT'S all whiskers with Marci Douglass, who gives with th ling economic advice in How t ble Your Income, on p. 24. eastern Mizzourah, she was v in her tender years to Co where she promptly whisked t State U, emerging with a de teach English to high-school many of whom outaged her. A of years later she whisked thr three-week courtship into m which, contrary to all statist psychologists, has been ecst successful.

Marcia whisked into article characteristically. Overhearing 000-a-year executive admit he "getting along" financially, woman at a meat market apol a friend for buying an inex cut, she asked herself: "Has th come a disgrace?" Then lett crusading spirit get the best of poured her soul out into How ble Your Income.

This week's cover: Notre D Illinois. At opening game l son, David Peskin was one press photographers who stoc deep along the side lines at paign, Illinois, and scrimma openings to do their stuff. Dame won 26-6, the Illini t back to go to the Rose Bo smack down UCLA, and Pe what he considers his finest action shot. Notre Dame's s back John Panelli holds the back this fall. . . . TED S

Allen-A's won't make you a super-man

— but they'll make the most of what you've got!

-A BRIEFS make the most of your yen for stream- comfort. Cut as brief as their name, they won't or bind. Mild but important support. You feel an-limbed as if you weren't even wearing under- at all. But you are . . . and the most comfortable f shorts ever knit.

ALLEN-A MIDDIES AND ATHLETIC SHIRT make the most of your trim (or not-so-trim) build. More coverage than the briefs, they're still free-fitting enough to satisfy a nudist. Knit to follow your every movement like a shadow.

ALLEN-A UNION SUITS make the most of keeping you warm without weighing you down. They won't bunch. They won't bind. They will give you day-long, unhampered movement, whatever your work. Work in one today.

ALLEN-A LONGIES make the most of *you* . . . standing or sitting, working or playing. Here are cap-sleeve shirt and long drawers that fit as if you were poured into them. Shirt absorbs perspiration, protects your outer clothes. Drawers give you snug warmth right down to your ankles. Yet don't restrict your activity.

Allen A

underwear
hosiery
sportswear

ALLEN-A and top quality have been going around together for so long that people are talking. Talking about the way Allen-A's fit like a second skin. The way they keep you comfortable without bind, droop or creep. And the way you can get top quality in underwear, hosiery or sportswear . . . by asking for Allen-A.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, PIQUA, OHIO

"Philco Radio Time" with Bing Crosby

NOW BACK ON THE AIR!

America's favorite voice . . . back on the air for Philco with his sparkling radio show. Timed with the appearance everywhere of the great new Philco 1260, a new kind of radio-phonograph console with Philco's amazing new way to play records. A sensational value at only $129.95.* See it at your Philco dealer now.

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Famous for Quality the World Over

*Wednesday is Bingsday!

Listen to Philco Radio Time starring Bing Crosby. Wednesday, 10 P.M. in the East, 9 P.M. everywhere else. ABC and many additional stations.

*Price slightly higher Denver and West.

LOOK, STEPHANIE

But Stephanie just sat there, staring off into space—beautiful like an angel, dumb like a fox

BY NANCY RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN-HUR BAZ

MY FATHER blows on his coffee. He shakes his head. He says, "It's a good thing for Stephanie that she's pretty, because she certainly is dumb."

My mother nods and burns the toast.

"Now, Karen"—Papa looks at me—"takes after my family."

"Plain," Mama murmurs.

Papa glares. "Not her looks. I am referring to her intelligence."

"Oh," Mama says. "That."

Mama pushes her chair back from the table and reaches over to the sideboard for her yarn box. Mama is always knitting. This time the wool is white and fluffy.

"A sweater?" Papa asks.

"For Stephanie."

Papa frowns. "She needs a new sweater. That yellow one you made for her birthday last week is so tight that—why doesn't Stephanie wear loose-hanging sweaters like Karen and the other girls I see on the street?"

Mama cannot answer Papa, because she is counting stitches, with the needle in her mouth.

"M-m-m," says Mama.

My sister Stephanie sort of glides down the stairs, yawning and trailing something pink and clinging.

"Good morning," she says. Stephanie's voice is clinging, too. She kisses Papa on the forehead.

"What's that you've got on?" Papa asks. "What sort of an outfit is that to wear to breakfast? What do you think I am, a millionaire?"

Stephanie laughs. "Jack gave it to me."

Papa is furious. But he shouts at Mama and me, not at Stephanie. "Haven't you ever told her anything? Because she is dumb, do you have to make her dumber? Doesn't she know what it means to take a present like that from a man?"

"After all, Papa," I point out. "I'm only sixteen. Stephanie's eighteen—"

Papa throws down his napkin. He gets up. "That has nothing to do with it!"

Stephanie looks at him blankly. If there is one time when Stephanie's beautiful face is blanker than any other, it is at breakfast. "What's the matter, Papa?" she asks.

Papa sighs. "Look, Stephanie. When a man gives a girl a present as intimate and—indecent—as that negligee—"

"What?"

"That pink thing!"

"Oh." Stephanie stops frowning. "Do you like it?"

"Yes. No. I mean, you can't take presents like that from men!"

Mama looks up from her knitting and sort of smiles at Papa. "Unless," she says, "you're married to them."

Papa gets red. But Stephanie does not even notice. "I can't?" she asks. "What kind of presents can I take?"

"Oh," Papa explains, "flowers and candy . . ."

"That's silly," says Stephanie. "I put on ten pounds if I look at candy, and flowers make me sneeze. What else can I take?"

Papa is beginning to sound tired. "Maybe it would be simpler if you didn't take anything."

"That's no fun," says Stephanie scornfully.

"Look, Stephanie," Papa tries again. "You've got to remember there is a lot you don't understand about men—"

Stephanie puts her beautiful oval chin in her long pointed fingers, widens the bluest eyes in the world, leans forward and asks with interest, *"What?"*

Papa stamps his foot. Both feet. He yells at Mama and me again. "All *(Continued on page 98)*

Students Einar Nelson and his wife Justina stroll on the Minnesota campus with baby Kathy

THE G.I. VILLAGERS

BY AMY PORTER

College authorities feared all sorts of troubles when the married veterans appeared on the scene. They needn't have. The vets have proved out fine

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

THE eleven young wom
one man who make
Board of Aldermen
veterans' village at the Unive
Minnesota recently passed the
ing resolution:

"Any resident who catch
child in the forbidden area of
Avenue, is hereby authorized
minister an immediate spanki

From an outsider's point o
this is a startling sort of res
Whoever heard of a com
where neighborliness went so f
say, "You may spank my kid"

But the G.I. villagers who
mously approved the spankir
know what they are about. Th
to figure some way, even a rou
to prevent their numerous t
aged children from making
mud pies on the main highway

With so very many babies
—936 at the last count, dis
among 674 student-veteran f
and 25 more due to be born
the month—practical baby p
must be promptly met with p
if unorthodox, measures.

As with lost children. In t
and a half of its existence, th
ans' village has grown so fa
row upon row of trailers and
sets sprouting up in multipl
formity, that it is hard for pa
alone children, to figure ou
trailer is whose.

One day Jim Rynning wa
five-year-old boy laboriously
ing for his home. He scooter
one trailer door after anot
luck, no luck. The lady at t
wasn't his mama. When Ryn
proached him, the boy w
bravely trying, but he said, "
tell me where I live, plea
Andy. I live in *one* of these
know I do."

Dog Tags for Childre

Within a week Rynning, h
$90-a-month, veteran-father
had set up a business to su
tags for children. For 25
metal tag says, "Andy S
Quonset 6, Row F," and giv
ent a chance of catching u
strayed infant before sundow
all the children wear the tag
their necks or pinned to the
wear.

The Carl N. Shusters have had
of twin boys since Carl came to

zens of similar trailer towns
ll over the country for
veterans attending college
e G.I. Bill of Rights, the
village isn't pretty. Trailers
sets and steel barracks look
int them as they may. The
nted poplar trees are, as yet,
ly little sticks, and the new
scarcely taken hold of the
nd. But the village's main
bies—is thriving, and the
ents smile while they work.
rather pleased with their
name, Fertile Acres.
od cheer around the vil-
tifying to the university au-
who were a little nervous,
when the great experiment

ared trouble," says J. C.
the university executive
ctly responsible for the vil-
feared all kinds of trouble
fant mortality, divorces,
in classes, general discon-
needn't have worried. The
milies have proved out

of remaining difficulties,
now runs smoothly, largely
direction of its own resi-
e has been only one separa-
ivorces, no scandals; and
ent the veteran-father is
rage. The growing flock of
bies is a source of pride to
unity and the university

e sort of encouraging re-
de of G.I. student villages
e country. Sometimes, it's
colleges wish the veterans
have babies quite so fast.
e Veterans Administration
ion-wide figure on these in-
they more or less suggest
y to count them if you can.
me they looked, they esti-
,000 babies, but the figure
ster than you can write it
e number is increasing at
several thousands a month,
keeps up, where in the
hey going to put them all?
could be much worse.
eral happiness in Minneso-
is very evident. "Oh, it's
" sighed one trailer wife.
ng with the family for a
have no idea."
ge has four types of dwell-
ings: In the order of desirability: trailers, expansible trailers (three times as big), Quonset hut and steel barracks apartments of three rooms each. But nobody worries about keeping up with the Joneses, because everybody is in about the same fix financially. Only families with incomes of less than $200 can live there, and rent is fixed at from $25 to $44, not according to the accommodations but according to the ability to pay. New families must live first in a trailer, and then they move onward and upward as vacancies occur. Moving is a daily affair, almost, and Harry the iceman is very obliging about renting his truck at a dollar to his perpetually moving customers.

Disadvantages of Trailers

The Quonset and barracks apartments are comparatively luxurious, with their own bathrooms and gas heat, but the trailers have no plumbing at all, and everybody shares the combination bathhouse and laundry.

The trailer wives insist they don't mind about the plumbing except perhaps in Minnesota's coldest winter weather. One wife said she turned down a chance to get a city apartment in favor of a trailer, "because here it's not lonesome like in an apartment. You make friends here, and the baby can play outdoors." Friendships spring up quickly when two wives wash diapers side by side every day. And when a girl is in one shower stall and her neighbor is in the next one, and they chat back and forth, they can't emerge from the bathhouse as strangers.

The wives work up a lot of social activities among themselves, bridge and movies and so on in the evening when their husbands are studying. For afternoon trips to shops and dentists, they spell each other off taking care of the babies, or occasionally hire a sitter at 25 cents an hour.

There's a day nursery at the university, but few of the villagers use it, partly because it's about a half-hour streetcar trip away, and partly because most of their children are too young.

A very few of the wives who are veterans themselves attend college along with their husbands. This calls

(Continued on page 94)

VETERANS' EMERGENCY HOUSING PROGRAM
TEMPORARY HOUSING PROJECT
(FPHA NO. V-21045)
FOR VETERANS
UNDER THE MEAD-LANHAM AMENDMENTS TO
PUBLIC LAW 849 76TH CONGRESS
NATIONAL HOUSING AGENCY
FEDERAL PUBLIC HOUSING AUTHORITY
TO BE OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Minnesota's Veterans' Temporary Housing Project has 674 completed units and more are under construction. Only fifty of the families here are childless

The kids play while their mothers do their family gardening in the G.I. garden plot at Rutgers. The university provides land for 32 garden plots

sitter has her hands full with several families' babies on the wives' t Minnesota. Frequently, the wives spell each other as baby sitters

IT WAS A PERFECT OPERATION...

BUT THE PATIENT DIED

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

A tense murder mystery, complete within the compass of a short story

THE surgeon hesitated in the doorway of the pathology laboratory as if he dreaded to cross the threshold. His hand trembled as he lighted a cigarette; he was waiting for the pathologist to look up from his microscope.

Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, however, continued to peer intently through the twin lenses. The handiwork of the staff surgeons of Pasteur Hospital was going through the daily wringer, and Dr. Coffee was busy handing out good and bad marks, according to what he found in the tissue of a score of tonsils, appendixes, and other discarded bits of human anatomy that came to him from the operating rooms.

"Appendix—normal," Dr. Coffee was dictating to his chief technician who sat beside him. "No inflammation, no congestion. Damn it, Doris, that's half a dozen normal appendix sections I've seen this week." He bent his mop of sandy hair closer to the microscope. His lower lip protruded indignantly. "Whose case is this, Doris? If it's that dollar-grabbing society butcher from the Heights again, I'll—"

Doris Hudson interrupted the pathologist. She nodded to the surgeon in the doorway as she said, "I think Dr. Andrews wants to speak to you."

Dr. Coffee uncurled his long legs from around the legs of the chair and stood up. He held out a big, fur-knuckled hand. "Hello, Andy," he said. "What's on your mind?"

There was obviously something very much on Dr. Andrews' mind. His young face was gray with worry and his lips were taut. "Could I see the preoperative lab reports on the Baron case again, Dan?" he asked. "That's Mrs. Harriet Baron."

"Why, sure. Doris will get them. Trouble?"

Dr. Andrews nodded. "She died," he said. "Just now. Went out like a light. I can't understand it."

"Too bad, Andy."

"She was a beautiful thing, Dan." Dr. Andrews seemed to be talking to himself reproachfully. "Young. Long golden hair. Married only a year. . . ."

"Harriet Grey Baron," announced Doris Hudson, handing a card to Dr. Coffee.

"You know I never send a patient to the operating table, Dan," said Dr. Andrews, "unless the lab says she's ready for surgery. I didn't overlook anything, did I? No mistake?"

Dr. Coffee scanned the report. Blood count . . . Kahn test . . . Urinalysis . . . Coagulation time . . . Vitamin K estimation. . . . The young surgeon was thorough, all right. He had asked for practically every test in the book.

"Looks okay to me, Andy. What happened?"

"I wish to God I knew." Dr. Andrews made a helpless gesture. "It was a simple operation—an old appendix. I've done dozens and dozens, and never lost a patient before."

"Did she die under the anesthetic?"

"No, she'd come out of it. Then she began to sink. She died while I was

orest stood anxiously behind
Price. She paused in the act
ting her cigarette to stare
Jerry Baron across from her

giving her plasma. The incision was bleeding some, so I thought maybe I'd misread your report on coagulation time, or a vitamin K deficiency, but— I can't understand it."

"Will the relatives authorize an autopsy?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"The family's in the waiting room. I haven't told them yet. I wanted to get hold of myself first."

"We can send one of the interns," Dr. Coffee said.

"No, Dan. It's my case. I ought to face the family."

"I'll go with you," said Dan Coffee—and was immediately surprised at himself. He had always cherished the pathologist's insulation from difficult contact with bereaved relatives. Aside from the challenge of unexplained death, however, he liked Dr. Andrews a lot—and Dr. Andrews was in trouble.

It was always tough for a surgeon to lose a patient, and for Dr. Andrews, just out of the Army and established in Northbank only a few months, it was doubly tough. Not that Northbank was more intolerant or impulsive in its judgments than any other city of 100,000 population. Northbank rather prided itself on its culture and civic broad-mindedness. Northbank was proud of its fine modern school buildings, built by politically influential contractors whose profits would have guaranteed its underpaid teachers a living wage for a decade. Northbank was proud of its handsome residential district on its scenic Heights, and a little ashamed—every few years at floodtime—of its rickety slums on the river shore below the high-water mark. It was proud of its liberalism when the cannery workers elected a Socialist to the City Council, although slightly deaf to the new councilman's cry that the municipal hospital reeked of formaldehyde, graft and poverty. After all, Northbank had modern and progressive private hospitals which attracted skilled physicians and surgeons. Northbank, in a word, put great value on success, and might not take kindly to a young surgeon who had lost one of his first cases in a new town. . . .

"Come on, Andy," said Dr. Coffee. "Let's go."

THE waiting room in the surgical wing of Pasteur Hospital was very much like a hundred other waiting rooms in a hundred other hospitals in the American Middle West. The last cheerless light of the setting sun filtered through the many windows to scatter shadows over the impersonal neatness of the wicker furniture and the potted rubber plants. The false casualness of visitors awaiting word of life or death made subdued voices as hollow as the fierce efforts at concentration of those who pretended to read.

The surgeon and the pathologist approached a group of four people in the far corner of the room. All four were young, although one of the two women had managed, with the aid of cosmetics and smart clothing, an air of worldly wisdom beyond her years.

The other woman was quite plain, but her unadorned freshness breathed pleasant, friendly candor. One of the men was brashly and blankly handsome, with an expensive, tweedy aura about the studied carelessness of his sport clothes. The other man wore a sailor's uniform; there was a petty officer's rating on his sleeve. They sat in pairs, separated by an empty chair on which the sailor had thrown his flat hat and pea jacket.

"Mr. Baron," said Dr. Andrews, "I'm afraid I have bad news for you."

The handsome, tweedy young man stood up. So did the plain-looking girl with the white scarf around her light brown hair. The girl said, "You can't mean, doctor, that my sister is—" She choked on the last word.

The tweedy young man merely looked blank.

"She's gone, Margery," said Dr. Andrews to the girl in the white scarf. "She went very quickly, just a few minutes ago."

The tweedy young man shook his head as though he did not understand. His expression did not change. He said, "My wife—?"

Margery sobbed. The sailor got awkwardly to his feet and put a timid hand on her shoulder.

The smartly dressed woman crossed her silken legs and opened her suède bag. The emerald-cut diamond on her right hand sketched an arc of cold fire as she raised a fragrant wisp of lace to dab at her dark eyes.

THERE was a moment of tense silence. It was a strange, unreal silence, yet the tenseness was almost tangible as it permeated the little group like a turgid cloud of noxious vapor. Dr. Coffee thought: This is not the dumb, incredulous silence of sudden grief. There is something more here—hate, or suspicion, or even some unnatural exultation masquerading as stunned, wordless sorrow.

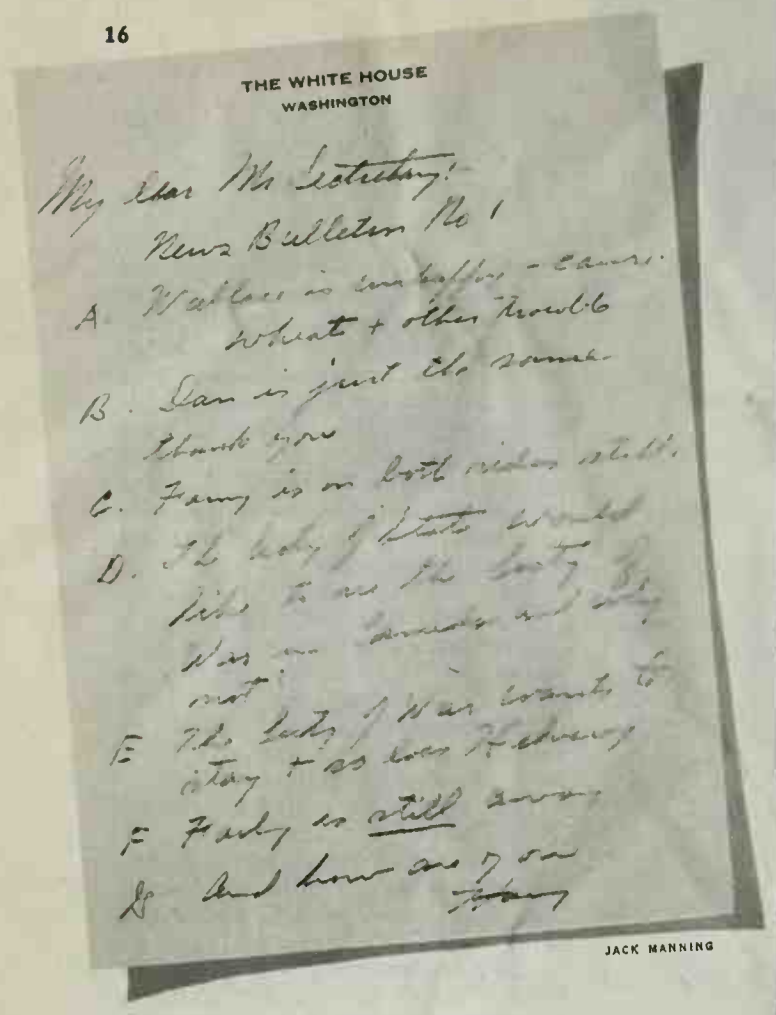
". . . My sympathy . . .," Dr. Andrews was saying softly, sincerely.

Dr. Coffee scarcely heard the surgeon's words. He was trying to analyze the uneasy currents of human emotion swirling around him. He did not like what he felt, but he could not tell why. He looked from face to face, from mask to mask. That was it; they *were* masks: The tragicomic mask of the husband, with its frozen handsomeness unable to comprehend the finality of death, unable to register anything except its own charm; the alabaster mask of sheer, abstract beauty of the well-dressed woman, a tragic mask as impersonal in its beauty as death itself; the bronzed mask of classic comedy that the sailor wore, a mask of clumsy tenderness; even little sister Margery was wearing a mask, a tear-stained mask of indecision which was neither stricken child nor bewildered woman.

"But you said it was such a simple operation," the husband mumbled. He bumped limply into the chair next to the woman in the fur jacket and sat down.

"Let me explain," said Dr. Coffee. "I'm pathologist at this hospital, and, in a way, just as much responsible for what has happened to Mrs. Baron as Dr. Andrews. You don't know me, but my laboratory has checked every phase of Mrs. Baron's condition. I'm sure you won't find much comfort in it now, but I think you should know

(Continued on page 104)



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

My dear Mr Secretary:
News Bulletin No 1
A. Wallace is unhappy - cause:
wheat + other troubles
B. Dan is just the same
thank you
C. Fanny is on both sides still.
D. The Secy of State would
like to see the Secy
War in Canada and why
not?
E. The Secy of War wants to
stay + so does Helvering
F. Farley is still away
G. And how are you?
Harry

JACK MANNING

Memorandum passed by Harry Hopkins to Secretary Morgenthau during a tense Cabinet meeting

INTERNAT

Winston Churchill met President Roosevelt in Quebec to plead for continuance of aid to Britain after V Day, for F.D.R. at first was noncommittal. They reached an agreement and Churchill thanked the Presid

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

IV - THE STORY BEHIND LEND LEASE

Here is revealed a war letter from Winston Churchill that led President Roosevelt to initiate Lend-Lease. And here are the Rooseveltian plans for peacetime Lend-Lease, completed after Churchill asked whether he should "get up on my hind legs and beg like Fala?"

WITH American foreign policy divided and weakened, the world advanced steadily toward war. In March, 1938, Hitler took Austria. In the summer he began his war of nerves against Czechoslovakia. In Britain our Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy went much further, I am certain, than Hull ever intended him to go in spreading the impression that the United States was not especially concerned about checking Nazi aggression. He submitted to the State Department a speech he wanted to deliver in Scotland. One sentence said in effect that he could not understand why anyone should want to go to war to save the Czechs. The State Department wisely struck this out.

The President's mood in the last days before Munich was one of discouragement. He became increasingly irritated at Kennedy. "Who would have thought that the English (the Cliveden set) could take into camp a redheaded Irishman?" he demanded at Hull and me in an anxious conference on September 1, 1938. "The young man needs his wrist slapped rather hard. No matter what you say about Bingham (whom Kennedy succeeded) he never became pro-British."

As for Chamberlain, the President called him "slippery" and added, with some bitterness, that he was "interested in peace at any price if he could get away with it and save his face." We sat, the three of us, with a couple of our assistants, the President serious, Hull's face drawn and weary, reading the cables from London and Paris and watching the reports and rumors which came in over the White House ticker. Roosevelt's prediction about Chamberlain, as so often, was appallingly accurate.

The Cabinet met the next day in an atmosphere of gathering tension. The only bright spot in the midst of that grim discussion was a note which Harry Hopkins passed me headed "News Bulletin No. 1."

A. Wallace is unhappy—cause, wheat and other troubles.

B. Dan (Roper, Secretary of Commerce) is just the same thank you.

C. Fanny (Perkins) is on both sides still.

D. The Secretary of State would like to see the Secretary of War (Woodring) in Canada and why not?

E. The Secretary of War wants to stay (in office) and so does Helvering (Commissioner of Internal Revenue).

F. Farley is still away.

G. And how are you? Harry

Two weeks later, as events rushed toward climax, Roosevelt told me that he thought Czechoslovakia would fight. He would like to get word to France, he went on, that in case of war she should not attack but stay behind the Maginot Line and fight a defensive war. "If the various countries should attack Germany," the President said, "they would have only a 40-60 chance of being successful."

Then came Munich.

The Treasury continued to explore the possibilities of economic pressure against Germany. old issue of countervailing duties was up ag since the Nazi government was clearly giving exporters financial aid in "dumping" goods on American market. Hull, as usual, opposed s duties on the old ground that it would adver affect German-American relations and contin to push his program of trade agreements to bitter end.

I also tried, without much encouragement f the President, to help Herbert Feis get a prog started for the stock-piling of vital war mate such as tin and manganese. The Treasury's pre inary studies led to the first development of a gram of depriving the aggressor countries strategic war materials through preclusive buy Most important of all, we began to use foreign chasing as a means of reviving the aircraft and nitions industries of our own country.

This brings me to the distressing day of Jan 23, 1939, when a new Douglas attack bomber v into a spin over Los Angeles municipal airport crashed into a parking lot. The pilot's parac failed to open and he fell to death. A foreigner pulled from the flaming hulk by rescuers. His h was bleeding, his leg was broken and his back injured. When reporters reached the scene an A officer clumsily attempted to suppress informa about the crash. But newspapermen soon dis ered that the foreigner was Paul Chemidlin, resentative of the French Air Ministry, and

INTERNATIONAL

le Chamberlain (above, signing Munich pact) called "slippery" by President Roosevelt

EUROPEAN

In August, 1939, Secretary Morgenthau cut his trip to Europe short when he heard of the Russo-German treaty. Before he got back Poland was invaded. Above, Nazi troops tearing down customs barrier

iated Press described the plane as "America's modern light bomber."
n America that was then torn between hatred zism and a passion to stay out of the inevitable is was sensational news, especially to the iso- ist press. It led to a brief Congressional inves- n but was soon forgotten. Now it is time to e full story of Paul Chemidlin and what his roduced.
u can point to a dozen events during the war ay, "If such and such had not happened, we l have lost . . ." You can say, "If American ction had not armed the enemies of Fas- . . ." You can narrow it down and say, "If ican aircraft had not blasted the enemy out skies and reduced his cities to rubble, where we be today?"
s is where Paul Chemidlin and his colleagues French Air Ministry came in. For, at the end 8, a few short weeks after Munich, the Ameri- viation industry was in a state of doldrums, g along in a way you can hardly imagine now. ur years later this industry was outproducing orld. Think what this means: Suppose the ans had had just six months' margin in which in mass production of jet-propelled planes. authorities believe it might have changed the course of the war in France. Well, the Ger- missed out on that margin because our fac- were six months ahead.
were six months ahead because a French air n, headed by Jean Monnet, came to the l States in December of 1938. Bill Bullitt, ur ambassador to France, ushered Monnet y office. Polished, quick, highly intelligent, t had spent most of his life behind the scenes rnational finance. President Roosevelt had ullitt to bring him to me for two important s. One was that he knew the Treasury would less parochial view of national policy in the aircraft than either War or Navy. The other at the Procurement Division of the Treasury, was the chief general purchasing agency of vernment, had special facilities and experi- r supervising such sales.
Monnet mission, I learned, had come with thority to buy approximately a thousand air- —and purchases on that scale, I well knew, be to the American aviation industry like to a man dying of suffocation. But I wanted, first place, to make sure that American inter- ere fully protected—from the viewpoint of nt as well as of military security.
h we wanted to make sure that all the business dealings were direct from one government to the other. I had something of a phobia about the role which private bankers had played during the first World War. I was determined to keep war profits to an absolute minimum.

On this basis the Treasury was prepared to operate fully with the French. But there were other obstacles. A big one was Harry Woodring, who was then Secretary of War. When he was told about the French mission at Cabinet meeting on December 21st, he manifested obvious disapproval.

F.D.R. Told About Proposal

I stayed behind after Cabinet meeting that day. Roosevelt was sitting behind his desk; he looked tired and haggard. I told him what we proposed—that the French inspect and test three models, P-40, the Douglas bomber and a Martin bomber model 166.

"Mr. President," I said with all the earnestness I could command, "if it's your theory that England and France are our first line of defense . . . let's either give them good stuff or tell them to go home, but don't give them some stuff which the minute it goes up in the air will be shot down. No sense in selling them that which we know is out of date."

The President told me to go ahead. But Woodring and General Hap Arnold dragged their feet. To Woodring's isolationism Arnold added a resentment at Treasury "interference" and an unwillingness to give any foreign nation—even if it was our first line of defense—a glimpse of a superior weapon.

First, Woodring claimed that French contracts would interfere with the United States program (for which Congress had not yet passed the appropriations). This claim was based on the contention that it would take "probably twenty-one months" to produce 300 bombers—an estimate that seemed screwy enough in 1938, and which events were to show to be preposterous.

Woodring then tried to make me guarantee that the French would order every plane inspected and that the French orders would not interfere with the new U. S. orders in the spring. This was, of course, a calculated attempt to put me on the spot. I could not guarantee the French orders; nor could I guarantee that there might not be interference in some details with the still undetermined Army orders—though I was sure that the main effect would be to invigorate the industry and promote the future filling of Army and Navy demands.

I took this Woodring memo to the President. The Secretary of War hastily backed down. In an apologetic telephone conversation on December 30, 1938, he told me he was under pressure from Army officers, meaning General Arnold; that he feared senators and representatives would raise hell over the sale of American planes; and that "all I wanted to do, Henry, was simply to protect you in the matter."

I responded a bit coldly, "I don't want to be protected."

Louis Johnson, the Assistant Secretary of War, was on our side. A peculiar law made him wholly responsible for Army procurement and thus independent of his chief; and he chafed visibly under Woodring's narrow leadership. But the War Department as a whole retreated to prepared positions, dug in and sought to delay the whole process of inspection and ordering. The war of conferences and memoranda dragged agonizingly on.

I was getting more fed up every day. Here was our aircraft industry desperately needing a shot in the arm; here was the hypodermic poised; and here were Woodring and Arnold standing in the way, while the patient languished and faded. Six of our largest plane factories were now practically closed—and the French were ready to pour in $65,000,000 so long as they would get planes as good or better than any made in Europe.

On the morning of January 16th, we all met at the White House to thresh out the whole business again. The President began by saying that he wished every effort made to give the French mission a view of all available planes. Then Bill Bullitt gave an eloquent and emotional speech: Time was running out, he said, and, if France were to be given effective help, she should have everything—particularly the new Douglas attack bomber.

Woodring bristled. "I fear that any move to release it to France will put the President in an embarrassing situation." He spoke meaningfully; he had many friends in Congress.

Louis Johnson cut through the argument. "Do you mean, sir," he asked the President, "that you wish the Douglas light bomber released to the French government?"

"I mean exactly that," Franklin Roosevelt said.

The log jam was broken. Letters were sent out authorizing the French mission to inspect certain new models. On January 20th, three French experts flew West to see the new Douglas attack bomber. And on January 23d, Paul Chemidlin climbed aboard the Douglas bomber at the Los Angeles municipal airport. . . .

The sensational newspaper stories were a windfall for the isolationists. Was *(Continued on page 71)*

THE OUTCASTS

BY B. J. CHUTE

It was the hardest thing he would ever have to do—but Wallace Adams knew that it was time to get off that fence

Newhouse looked at Madge. She stared back, then said: "I'm for letting them buy the place." There was a heavy silence

WALLACE ADAMS said he would walk the rest of the way, and his friend, his good friend Newhouse, nodded briskly and reached across him to open the car door.

Wallace said, "Thanks for the lift. It makes it easier for Helen when I can let her have the car."

"Oh, sure." Newhouse's voice was placid, and he lifted a hand from the wheel, absent and friendly.

Wallace said, "Well, thanks again," feeling the pleasant solidarity of neighbor and neighbor, then turned and started up his own driveway. Behind him, the big car murmured into gear and slid away.

The road curved up to his house, placid and dignified in its green tide of lawn. The spires of delphinium were too high for the design, and mad with loveliness. The roses spilled over from their regulated supports and choked the bees with sweetness. Wallace thought: Mine.

The front door of the house flew open with a bang and a shout, and a leggy, brown-skinned ten-year-old catapulted himself down the steps. Wallace braced for a welcome, and the young shooting star that was his son raced down the drive and flung himself at his father, his straw-thatched head boring devotedly into Wallace's midsection.

"Hey!" said Wallace protesting, but he hugged the fledgling body against him for a moment, feeling the bones and the lightness and the squirming, confident possessiveness. Then he undid Tommy from his belt and held him off for a look. There was an impression of sunshine and brown knees and unplanned nose.

"You're early," Tommy accused, leaping beside him.

"Mr. Newhouse gave me a lift."

"He's fat," said Tommy, a trifle unjustly.

"So're you," said his father, spreading the unjustness around.

Tommy gave a hoot of derision and hiked up his shorts. "Mother's in the living room, and Vee's still upstairs, putting her face on."

"Is Vee going out again?"

"She's going out with that Jim Hutchins." Tommy's voice mimicked soprano. "He's so-o-o handsome."

Wallace gave a half-hearted smack to the seat of the sailcloth shorts. "Don't tease your sister, son." He frowned, trying to place Jim Hutchins among the solemn, smooth young faces of Vee's friends. He must be Cliff Hutchins' son, so he was all right.

Tommy bounded ahead, opened the door and yelled, "Hey, Mother! Dad's home." Wallace followed him into the living room.

HELEN was standing by the mantelpiece, self-possessed and beautiful in apple-green linen. Her amber-blond hair was high on her head, accenting her cheekbones and the pretty, square line of her jaw. He kissed her and said, "Hello, darling."

Helen pulled away gently. "Wally dear, it's hot."

He said, "You look as cool as a cucumber," and then felt remorse at sounding so uninspired, but his tongue was always uneasy and shy. He c a glimpse of himself in the glass the mantel and thought peni that, after all, his words fitted The face that looked back was nary and middle-aged, with its brown hair receding from a n forehead.

Helen smiled at him. "You're e

"John Newhouse gave me a li

"Oh? Katherine called up this noon."

"Katherine Newhouse?" H vaguely surprised. "Bridge p

"No. She wanted to talk t about—something." There wa faintest shadow on her voice. "I you after dinner."

"I'll go and wash. Tommy Vee's going out again."

She nodded and looked p "That nice Hutchins boy." She w across the room to pick up a ma from the arm of a chair. "Wall so nice to know the children are meeting the right people. I l here. I feel so—settled."

He did too. American roots

quickly. It must be the light, oil of the country that had so eagerly under the pioneer Hey, thought Wallace, I'm getpetic. But the idea pleased him, went upstairs playing with it. oots really were as deep as in e, because the ground had welthem. *My country, 'tis of thee.* oked out of his bedroom win- *My piece of country.* It was ful beyond words. Whistling, t off to wash his hands. . . . came downstairs as they were ng dinner, and Wallace looked his daughter with quick pleasher honey-brown hair was soft shoulders, and she was wearne sort of silky blue dress. She have been painted by Renoir's brush, and at seventeen she y man's dream of springtime. t the quick jealous clutch of hood, and eased it with the edge that Vee's escort was Cliff ins' son. He grumbled. "Goit again?" meaning that Jim ns was a lucky youngster.

Vee dropped a respectful kiss on his bald spot. Across the table, she said, "Mother, I've gone."

"Don't be too late. You look sweet."

Vee said, "Yes, don't I?" and left them in a fragrant, silky gust.

Helen stood up with her coffee cup in her hand. "Shall we go out on the veranda, Wally? It's cooler out there."

SHE had something she wanted to talk to him about. He followed obediently. The light was just beginning to leave the air; the color that had tipped the spikes of delphinium, the deep crimson of heavy-headed roses, the uninvited glow of dandelions in the lawn dimmed and mellowed.

He lighted Helen's cigarette, then his own, and sat back lazily in a white-slatted chair. Through half-closed eyes he could see the tiny claws of woodbine clutching at the stone pillars. The fading air just touched his cheek. His heart lit up with love, and he felt a strong, deep peace. A man needed his acres, and it was not altogether a sense of property. Vaguely and genuinely, he wished this for all men.

Helen said suddenly, "I told you Katherine Newhouse called this afternoon."

"M'mmm." He tried to sit up straighter in deference to the subject, but the chair had a lazy back.

"It was about Mr. Benson. He'd just been talking to her."

Wallace nodded. Benson was the local real-estate agent—a small, tubby man of great cheerfulness.

"He'd just gotten an offer on the Stiles place," said Helen.

"Oh." Wallace sat up straighter, charmed. New neighbors. He had considered buying the Stiles place himself, but it had been a little larger than their needs. "Thought of taking the place ourselves," Wallace's mind murmured complacently, speaking to other men, "but it didn't quite suit." He then ceased from wandering and paid attention to his wife. "That's fine. It'll be nice to have someone living there."

She stubbed out her cigarette. "It would be nice," she said, "but these people won't do."

"Why? Can't they finance it?"

"They're Jews."

"Oh. He sighed. He had been pleased when Helen spoke of new neighbors, and now they wouldn't do. It was too bad. After a moment, he said, "Why did Katherine call *you*, Helen?"

She got up and crossed to one of the stone pillars, leaning against it. "That was what I wanted to talk to you about, dear. Mr. Benson told Katherine that it's very hard to move such big properties, and he wanted to be sure he was doing what everyone wants him to, if he says no." She spread her pretty hands. "So Katherine thought that it shouldn't be just John and herself who told him. She thought we should get together somewhere, all the leading members of the community, and—well, actually what she said was that she thought our house would be a good place."

(Continued on page 87)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CHARLIE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Alabama's Charlie Compton has religion, but it's a foolhardy fullback who tries a power drive through him. Charlie doesn't like to turn the other cheek

Charlie Compton nails the ball carrier with one of his typically vicious tackles, which have earned him the nickname of The Killer at the University of Alab

AROUND Tuscaloosa they refer to Mr. Compton as The Killer or Superman but to his face they very politely call him Charlie and bore you endlessly with claims that Charlie is the best damned tackle in all America. They're careful in using such language when Charlie is around, however, because he is a religious man who preaches in church of a Sunday and does not cotton to strong talk.

Charlie is a Southern Baptist but it is difficult to determine whether the Old or the New Testament has had most influence on him. As a linesman for the University of Alabama football team he is reluctant to turn the other cheek; but on the other hand he is not vengeful in the eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth tradition. Perhaps he belongs to the Napoleonic branch of the church, which held that the Lord was on the side of the heavy artillery. Charlie is definitely a heavy weapon and there are people in Georgia and Tennessee who wish to heaven he would get on with his preaching and stop maiming their halfbacks when they try to go through the line.

Last year when Alabama played Georgia at Athens, Charlie broke through and blocked a quick kick by Charlie Trippi. The ball hit him smack in the face and bounced back forty yards as if it had been propelled from a mortar. The force of the blow knocked Charlie's helmet fifteen feet in the air, and Mike Cassidy, the other Alabama tackle, grabbed it and headed for the goal line, thinking he had the ball. Bob Hood, Alabama end, started at full speed for the real ball but Trippi beat him to it and recovered on his own five-yard line.

"I see Charlie coming toward the bench," says Frank Thomas, the Alabama coach, "but I pay no attention to him because I'm thinking Trippi has just made the greatest play I've ever seen in football. So I put in another tackle and then I look around and there is Charlie pulling out a loose tooth with pliers he's taken from Red Burdette's trainer's bag. The ball had busted out his bridge work and Charlie was extracting one of the teeth snagged in there. Pretty soon he comes up and gets my attention from the game again and says, 'Coacher, I'm ready; get me back in there.' "

Later in the game he strolled over the side line again and the press box wondered what was the matter. It seems a cleat had cut Charlie's leg above the knee as if a razor had done the job. Charlie pulled up the leg of his pants, took some tape from the trainer and wrapped it around the wound in big strips. This time he approached Tom Lieb, the line coach.

"Coachman," said Charlie, "don't fergit me; I'm here."

On the bench when he isn't playing, Charlie sits with all the relaxation of a sack of sawdust, his thoughts a million miles away. His eyes are deep-set and seem to hide in a cave protected by his bony, arched temples. Bald spots have receded on both sides of his head, leaving a tuft of hair in the middle front like a tonsure, but it is the eyes that fasci and dominate the onlooker. They are serious ex when Charlie lights them up with one of his jo and they could be taken as either spiritual or natical.

"I'm not fanatical," says Charlie. "I'm just near blind. Measles when I was a kid. The p are warped. Every time I blink I got to focus again. Got me some contact lenses when I was there in Stuttgart with the Army and they fix m Shucks, I could shoot fine without 'em. Seven of eight at five hundred yards. Perfect on the ra fire. Get your eye trained on that little old sigh the rifle and anybody can hit."

He hit so well during the war that he came with the Distinguished Service Cross, the Br Medal, the Croix de Guerre and the Purple H with clusters. He was the particular hero of C pany G of the 398th Infantry, 100th Division, the officers of that division are still bombardin War Department with demands that Sgt. Charl Compton, Jr., Sylacauga, Alabama, be awarded Congressional Medal of Honor for heroic ac while crossing the River Neckar in German April 6, 1944.

Here is part of the evidence: "An enemy mac gun cut the water in wide arcs and sent the batta less one man, scurrying over a mound some t yards to the rear. That one man who refuse withdraw was Charlie Compton. For the fol ing three hours when we were pinned behind

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

d, Compton stayed on the river bank reor-
ng the boats, calling encouragement and fire
to the men on the opposite side and returning
ith his B.A.R. . . . the heaviest artillery bar-
e ever had to sweat out rolled in on top of
gain here on Sniper's Ridge, Charlie Comp-
as over the whole area. Compton directed
r fire, Compton directed small-arms fire,
ton used our 300 radio to contact battalion,
st but not least, Charlie went over the ridge
ed and picked up men who were pinned down
arted them on their way back."

Charlie is firm about destroying military
. His company was enamored of a tale that he
oken away from a group of Germans that
ed him, by beating them over the head with
met.

never happened a-tall," blurts Charlie, now
fter the event. "I never liked helmets because
ave me a headache, and I'm getting bald, so
having inspection one day for some big gen-
nd they see me without a helmet and eat our
n up. Captain Einsmann comes to me and
Charlie, you wear the helmet or I kill you,' so
it and I'm down in this hole and the Krauts
oss there and I'm playing with them a little,
g the helmet up over the edge and they're fir-
me and I'm firing at them and that's how
ry got started."

day is the Compton big day. He may hobble
rom a tough game on Saturday, but from
rty-five till eleven he is leading a Bible class
Baptist Student Union on the campus. From
till twelve he goes to church. After lunch he
group of faculty and students who hold serv-
the county jail, both for white and colored
rs. Occasionally a chorus of co-eds goes
o sing the hymns.

ne of the prisoners are bored and some re-
e intrusion," reports a visitor at one of these
gs, "but nobody ever doubts Charlie's sincer-
at look comes in his eyes and he is so con-
ed on his thoughts that he might just as well
Mozambique. He speaks plainly and directly
ch slower than he does in conversation."

day night Charlie is generally out at one of
ntry churches filling a pulpit. He will speak
ere at the drop of a hat and finds he is best
omptu talks. For a time he tried writing his
s and that almost proved fatal.

"If you can write 'em, you can say 'em," says Charlie. "If I write 'em and try reading 'em, I get all stopped up and can't say anything. A man once told me, 'Always talk so they can see your face.' I go on that theory."

In studying, Charlie finds that he does best when he reads aloud. He does three or four chapters of the Bible every day and gets his homework the same way. He spent his first two years in Alabama trying to be a radio engineer but has since changed to the Arts & Science Department. He once took up elocution, learned to speak in orotund phrases and only gave it up when his professor said, "Mr. Compton, I can hear everything you say but it doesn't have any meaning for me."

Charlie himself says sadly, "I can't write, can't spell, can't read my own writing." But he is undeniably a sensible and highly literate individual and will make his stage debut this winter in Molière's The Doctor in Spite of Himself.

"Talked me into it," reports Charlie glumly, "and now I got to do it."

How he speaks publicly at all is a mystery because his conversation is a series of rapid bursts in a low voice combined with a distinctive Sylacauga accent. "I feel like a fool, always asking him to repeat something," says Frank Thomas, "but I often don't get it the first time."

After Graduation—Missionary Work

Charlie will be graduated in January and will enter the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas. Charlie was born in Fort Worth when his father had a church there. He will have three years of Greek, Latin and Hebrew and will graduate as a minister ready for missionary work.

"You settle in some place, maybe China, maybe Africa and then spend the rest of your life there. One year home for every five years' service."

While waiting for this Charlie keeps in shape for football. He entered Alabama in 1941 and was a letterman on the 1942 team that beat Boston College in the Sugar Bowl. He was lucky to get six or seven minutes in that game because he was spelling the great Whitmire, later All-America tackle at Navy. Last year he came into his own as one of the toughest linemen that ever played anywhere. He loves defensive work and finds the rest a bore. The way he goes after the man with the ball is a holy terror. He will leave his feet and dive through the air; he will use his face, his head; he will risk a leg or arm.

Last year in the Tulane game Charlie took out his man on an Alabama punt play and then started down to get the receiver. Just as he was about to tackle the ball carrier, the Tulane man who had been taken out now took Charlie out with a block that jarred him. Charlie got up, raised his fist and brought it down on his opponent's dome. It was a most flagrant offense, done in full view of 60,000 fans. When Charlie got back to the bench Tom Lieb reproached him for the deed.

"Why did you do that?" he cried angrily.

"Why, Coacher," said Charlie in a hurt tone, "that man knocked me right down."

Compton is six feet two and weighs two hundred and five and naturally neither drinks, smokes nor chews ("Never started: don't see no use now") and worries because he doesn't gain ("Can't seem to eat like I should"). He has his own method of training and seems to thrive on it. When the rest of the squad was huddling in the gymnasium one cold rainy day last fall, Charlie was out on the track in a pair of shorts doing fifty laps.

"Fastest man on the squad," says Thomas in a voice of awe. "Does the quarter in 54 or 55."

He bought a car from Tom Lieb this spring and was soon going a hundred miles an hour around the county, as someone said, *(Continued on page 117)*

A county jail prisoner receives the solace of religion as Compton reads him Biblical passages

e spends most of his Sunday nights filling the pulpit at one of the near-by country churches. Here eading the congregation in community singing at a small Baptist church just outside Tuscaloosa

LOVE, HONOR AND BETRAY

BY WILLIAM SCHOEN

Herb Parker could put up with his own sins, but the behavior of his wife was a distinct shock

HERB PARKER wished that Janie hadn't come to the station. He wished it with particular intensity when she kissed him right smack in the middle of that mob of commuters. She hung around his neck for a moment, all perfume and curves and fur that tickled his nose, and then she uncoiled.

"Goodby, honey. I'll be waiting."

"So long, sugar," he said hurriedly.

He glanced nervously across the platform; fortunately, there were no familiar faces.

He boarded the train for North Philly and found a seat in the club car. He eased his big frame into it and dropped his alligator suitcase on the floor beside it. Then he heard a faint tapping at the window. Janie again—tapping at the double pane with the handle of her handbag.

She patted her orchid corsage, leaned forward and blew a kiss at him. Under the sable neckpiece she had on a black dress. It was cut low in front and it sagged a little when she leaned forward. The little devil! he thought. Then the train gave a starting lunge and she turned away. Thoughtfully, he watched her lazy, hip-flaunting walk until she was lost in the crowd.

He settled back in his chair and stared blankly at the window opposite. It blacked out when the train dipped down into the tunnel, and he found himself wondering as usual what it would be like if the tunnel broke through and let the river in. He remained staring at the window until the train came up for air in the murky sunlight of Jersey. And then he began to look about him.

He was a handsome man in his late forties. His hair was black and sleek; eyes restless, snapping and dark; he had a square jaw and clear, ruddy skin. He wore a soft gray flannel suit—conservative enough—but his exuberant vitality came out in the accessories: in the creamy flannel vest, the red-and-blue-striped tie, and the three inches of starched white handkerchief sticking out of his breast pocket. Somehow, his face picked up the richness of his clothes, giving him a look of wealth and assurance.

His eyes roved the car, looking for a waiter. Oh-oh, he thought. There was Andy Wales three seats up and across from him, his nose stuck in a paper. At the same moment, Andy looked up at him and smiled with surprise.

"Hello, Herb. When did you get on?" he said. And then went back to his paper.

Herb let his breath out slowly. Then Andy hadn't seen the blonde. They were, Herb reflected suddenly, all blondes. Janie was New York; Alison was Cleveland; Verne was Chicago—ah, Chicago! And Franny was, or rather, had been, Cincinnati. Even Louise was a blonde. But of course that was different. Louise was sort of washed-out and besides, well—Herb had to laugh at the idea that anyone would think of Louise as a blonde.

"Your order, sir?"

The waiter was standing over him. Herb eyed him narrowly and named a brand.

"I'm sorry, sir, we . . ."

"I know, I know. You never have anything but rotgut on this lousy line." He waited until he could see the waiter's jaw begin to tighten. Then he laughed, loudly and easily. "That's okay, son. Just bring me the best you've got."

He could see that the other people in the car were smiling slightly at his little game. That was Herb's great accomplishment; he could r
ple until they were about
blow up, and then he would
the old smile—and make '
As Louise often said, he h
contagious smile.

Herb jerked his feet back
not quite in time to get
way of a man in a brown
had been thrown off balanc
den lurch of the train. The d
he thought, rubbing his sh
his trouser leg. The man
miliar; Herb tried to place
he remembered it was only
he had seen in the lobby o
or somewhere. He cut off
apology with a smile.

THE waiter brought him
and the check. He pull
wallet from his hip pocket,
wad of bills, and flipped o
metal tray. "Keep the cha
The waiter flashed a smile
him they were pals again.

He rolled the heavy gree
tween his fingers before he
back into his wallet. The
green.

The man beside him got
ark. Herb motioned to And
come over and sit in the en
He liked Andy. Andy alw
niee quiet fellow, but he nev
much drive. He was look

ince he lost his shirt on
Old Herb would buy him
cheer him up a little.
dy, how's the boy?"
ed a little tired. "Oh, not
ou look as if you're do-

plain. Sa-ay—I'm glad I
, Andy. I ran across a
hing back in the city, and
ybe you'd like to get in
ourse Andy didn't have a
vest, but it ought to buck
e him feel he was back in
"I've cleared five thou-
already. Mixed Metals.

ilent for a moment. Then
eased into an uncertain
spoke without looking
y, Herb—I don't suppose

d, Herb thought, he's go-
bite on me. I had to go
big mouth. "—Just a
," he said. The steward
t the entrance to the car.
ut to him. "Pete! Hey,
inute."
d turned, his face light-
grin when he saw Herb.
afternoon, Mr. Parker.
you again."
Pete. How's the wife and
eward said they couldn't
Look, Pete, how about

having a little drink with me and Mr. Wales here?"

"Sorry, sir, but it's against the rules. I'll see that you get served right away, though."

Herb took a quick side glance at Andy's face. He could tell by the funny, resigned smile that the danger was past.

"What were you about to say, Andy?"

ANDY shook his head. "I've forgotten," he said slowly. "Boy, Herb, they all know you, don't they?"

Herb smiled modestly. "Well, you know, in my business I do a lot of traveling, and I've discovered it doesn't do any harm to make people remember you. You can never tell when it'll come in handy."

"Away from home a lot, aren't you? I guess it's kind of tough on Louise and the kids. How are they, by the way?"

"Grand, Andy. Grand. Those two girls—" he chuckled. The waiter had brought drinks. Andy flipped two singles on the tray. "Of course, Louise doesn't like it—my being away so much, but you know what a swell sport she is. I've never once heard her complain about it."

No, Louise never complained. Anything he did was okay with her. It always made Herb a little sad to think how dependent she was on him. Herb guessed that most people wouldn't realize it. She was quiet, dignified—but Herb knew. And sometimes he wondered what would happen if she ever suspected that, as far as he was concerned, it was all over.

He hoped she never would find out, because he knew that if she did, her world would cave right smack in on her. It would be pitiful. Well, if he had anything to say about it, she would never find out. Unless—that is—unless something came along that would be too big for him to handle. Unless he really fell hard for a girl. That was a possibility that always had to be faced.

"Well," Herb said, "how about another little libation?"

"No, thanks, Herb. I'll be getting off in a few minutes. You know," Andy said, tossing off the rest of his Scotch, "I had some tough luck a while back. Well, Sarah and I decided that the old house in Philadelphia would be a little too much of a financial burden. So we took this place in Elizabeth. It's really a fine little place. Herb. I want you and Louise to come down and see us soon."

"Sure thing, Andy. You know, I was sorry as hell to hear about that other business. But I guess it can happen to any of us." His voice became

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR INCOM

BY MARCIA KENT DOUGLASS

Their garden helps take the pressure off the Douglasses' food budget. They store and can

Performing all the services possible for themselves—like shining their shoes and washing the
right)—allows the Douglass family to take vacation trips where they often eat and camp out

BUDGET WITHOUT WORRY

This is how we deal with the monthly check from our $2,400-a-year income. During the past year we have divided it into:

Rent (including utilities and garage)	$ 50
Food	40
Life Insurance	18
Car and Medical Insurance	10
Investments	10
Floating Fund	72
Total	$200

Of the Floating Fund we figure $22 to be spent immediately for clothes, recreation, donations to charity and incidentals. The remaining $50 goes into a savings account to provide us the big items like furniture, a car, a home, travel. We don't always manage to save the whole $50. But we believe it is a good mark to shoot at, and sometimes we hit it.

is family has two children, a house, , many electrical appliances, books, ords and vacation trips, all on 400 a year. Here's how they do it

MY HUSBAND earns $2,400 a year—just about the average for all workers in private industry—and that's the highest it been in our 15 years of married life. Yet we lived as well and got as much enjoyment out ife as people with incomes two or three times ter than ours. When we were first married, my and got $900 a year as a music teacher in a ie town of 600 population. Only in the last years has he earned over $2,000.

et in that time we have acquired a couple of ren, a home, a new car on an average of every years, good food, attractive clothes, vacation to both coasts and many parts of the country etween, and what we feel is our share of the things of life: season concert tickets, a library od books, a phonograph record collection, an ric organ, a piano, radio-phonograph, power for my husband's woodworking hobby, an ric refrigerator, range and washing machine. ave paid all our doctor bills and have substan- avings in life insurance and investments.

cause our friends often have asked how we do would like to pass along the answers.

e can take no credit for any new or startling veries. Any American grandmother used the principles that we use. Chief among them, I ld say, is that we have not scorned to make l savings and that we have been willing to work. rforming all the services for ourselves that we is one of our secrets. We have saved literally reds of dollars in this way. Shoe shining, wash- nd waxing the car, gardening, the details of g care of the yard, house cleaning and laundry, leaning and pressing are all in the day's work us. I give myself shampoos, waves, manicures, a friend and I give each other permanents.

d haircuts! Once haircutting seemed to me a mysterious art—far beyond the knowledge of ary mortals. Several years after we were mar- we dropped in at George and Esther's home Saturday night and found George on the en stool getting a first-class haircut from his Right then I decided that if Esther could do it, I could too, and a twenty-five-dollar investment in equipment has paid dividends ever since.

When you are learning to barber, it is a good idea to start practicing on Junior, especially if he is of very tender years and not too critical. But don't let him get away from you in the midst of the process, as Mary Landrum did with her Kenny.

Mary is a friend of ours who lives on a ranch. She has five boys whom she runs through the barbering mill in the morning before Sunday school. One morning she was about halfway through with Kenny when they heard a great to-do outside. The cows had broken into the cane field, and the whole family rushed to help chase them out. Kenny's lopsided state was completely forgotten in the scurry that followed to get off to Sunday school, and it was only when Mary saw him, smiling at her from one of the rows of youngsters performing for Children's Day, with one half of his hair short and the other half long, that the horrible truth dawned upon her.

The item in most family budgets that lets the money leak out like a sieve is the grocery bill. That is where we save a lot. We believe that a lot of fancy groceries make for a lot of fancy ailments which take a lot of fancy doctoring. So we eat plain, wholesome food and save both ways.

Edible food is rarely thrown out at our house. Frequently the family refer to the refrigerator as "the museum" (because there is so much old stuff in it), but eventually the contents go into stews and hash, salads and soups and ragouts which they eat with relish. A pox upon those who will not eat leftovers! Anyone who cannot appreciate the goodness of hash made with creamy potatoes, minced onion and meat fried to a golden brown crispness and served with chilled sauerkraut is lacking in all sensitiveness to good eating.

To save on the food bills further, we purchase the bulk of our groceries at chain stores and pay cash. We seldom dine at restaurants, grow many of our vegetables in a small, back-yard garden, and store such as carrots and parsnips in big stone jars in the basement for winter use. We practically live out of the garden (without having to live in it, by the way) from June to November. And I can fruits and jams and pickles. Half the milk we get is skimmed milk. It has all the nutritional value of whole milk, except for the fat in the cream, and costs half as much. We get cracked eggs from a hatchery, saving from one third to one half the regular price.

Serving things that take long, slow cooking is the secret of feeding a family well on less money. (Incidentally, pressure saucepans come to the housewife's rescue in this regard.) Such foods as lima beans in cream (from the tops of the milk bottles), fluffy rice and raisins baked in custard, spaghetti and meat balls, chili, baked macaroni and cheese—there are dozens of similar dishes that cost very little and yet make wonderfully appetizing and nourishing meals. Here are some recipes:

LIMA BEANS

Soak one cup of dry lima beans overnight. Add one tablespoon of salt, two stalks of celery, two tablespoons of bacon drippings or ham fat and enough water to cover. Cook until beans are tender and until very little liquid is left on them (about two hours). Five minutes before serving add one cup of sweet (or sour) cream. Do not let the beans boil after the addition of the cream or the consistency will not be smooth.

SPAGHETTI

Brown one pound of ground beef, then pour off the excess fat. Add two large onions that have been minced, one clove of garlic and one cup of diced celery. When the onion and the celery are limp, add one pint of tomato juice and one teaspoon of chili powder. Simmer for a half hour or longer, adding water if the mixture becomes too thick. Cook one-half package of spaghetti until tender. Add to the meat mixture and cook one-half hour longer.

Clothing is a major item in any family—no less in ours. When I was a child it was a common practice among our neighbors to pass clothing around. It was no disgrace to wear a dress that a little neighbor girl had outgrown. Fortunately we have old-fashioned neighbors who believe in the good old practice, and it helps immeasurably in clothing our youngsters. Similarly we pass on our children's outgrown shoes and snow suits, coats and play clothes. Also we are believers in "making over" and "making do."

Then there is the old-fashioned habit of Sunday clothes. We do not wear our best clothing for everyday. Hence there is always a decent outfit to put on in case of emergency.

Other people might not want to save on the items we do. Perhaps they would prefer to spend their money in other ways. But the main point, it seems to us, is to decide how you want to spend your money and then manage other things so that you can spend it that way. It gives us a lot of satisfaction to have a good home in a well-improved section of town, furnished beautifully, and surrounded by a big yard where we can play and grow our favorite flowers. *(Continued on page 102)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Douglass has now mastered the very difficult art of cutting her children's When she first started, some of her results could charitably be called piebald

The Douglasses look over the site on which they will build their house—normal cost $12,000. But barter, job swapping will cut cost way down

HERE IS AMERICA

Across the nation by bus, a reporter talks to Americans about their troubles. Domestic problems are not their only concern. They're also worried about our relations with Russia, about foreign loans—and about a new war

BY THOMAS H. WOLF

PART II

Communism, war and the atom bomb are always talked about, but few seem to worry

CONFUSION and dissatisfaction on the domestic front: That is the outstanding impression of America's feelings that I brought back from my transcontinental bus tour. Housing, the high cost of living and juvenile delinquency were the chief local concerns of the ordinary Americans with whom I talked. On the international front the outstanding impression I got was one of overwhelming interest in foreign affairs.

The great majority of my fellow bus travelers volunteered comments on international affairs. All I had to ask was: "What are people in your community thinking about?" Almost everyone answered that his home town is more interested in foreign affairs today than before the war. Only the barest handful agreed with the middle-aged saleslady from Portland, Indiana, who said, "There's less talk of Europe in my home town. People are plain tired of hearing about it."

By contrast, literally hundreds concurred with Mrs. George Hall, wife of a trolley repairman in Carmel, Indiana: "I believe that talk about Europe is in every household now." Or with a lean, overalled corn farmer from Clarence, Missouri: "These days you can whip up a good argument over them loans to Europe. You sure couldn't have before the war." And I could have been drunk twice every day had I accepted the bet of a sailor I met as our bus labored through the coal hills of Pennsylvania: "I'll buy you a drink for every sailor, soldier or Marine who follows what they put in the newspapers."

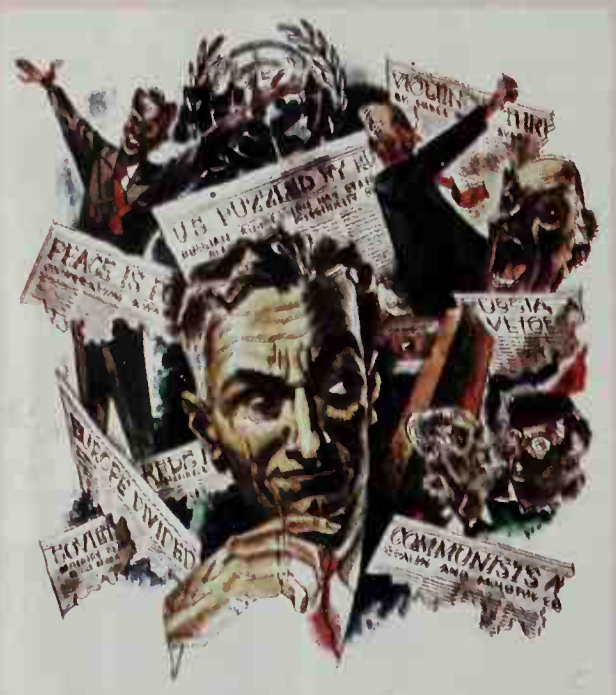
My traveling companions gave a wide variety of reasons for the increased current interest in foreign affairs. A Wyoming rancher's wife said, "During the war we got used to listening to the radio news, and I guess the habit stuck." A seed and nursery salesman from St. Joseph: "Today I find that I read articles on Germany and Russia where I never did before the war, because I figure that what they're planning to do has a whole lot to do with us."

I found that people were keeping up with foreign news "because we've been there" (a vet from Missoula, Montana); "because it concerns our children" (a Nebraska grandmother); "because the burdens of the world will fall on us" (a McMinnville, Oregon, college student); "because since that other experience [World War II] we've got to keep our eyes open" (a Seattle patrolman whose beat is the Navy docks).

The recent war brought a continuing interest in other ways. As a housewife from Terre Haute, Indiana, said, "The plants which the government built during the war are working on foreign orders now. For the first time a lot of people see that local industry has interests in what's happening abroad. So they're just naturally interested, too."

Above all, I found that people everywhere in America were following foreign news because of their concern with Russia. It was not until I reached the Mountain States that I found an appreciable number of people who said there wasn't much talk about Russia in their home towns.

Unquestionably the greatest number of people I met were simply talking and wondering. A very small minority, however, believed that war was not only imminent, but desirable. I first heard this opinion expressed somewhere near Easton, Pennsylvania (from a sailor who had joined the Navy in 1943): "There isn't a man aboard who doesn't want to see Russia knocked to hell and back."



Americans are confused by the news they get: "Some say one thing, some another"

A gaunt young veteran, now employed by Du Pont in New Jersey, said, "My motto is get Russia before she gets us." A youthful St. Louis cabbie: "All I know is that we've got an ace in the hole with that atomic bomb," he said. And I'm ashamed to report that he laughed as he added: "If I was running the government, I'd use it before Russia gets it." And a logger from Helena, Montana, said, "Most people seem to think that since it's inevitable, we might as well get it out of the way right now. I agree."

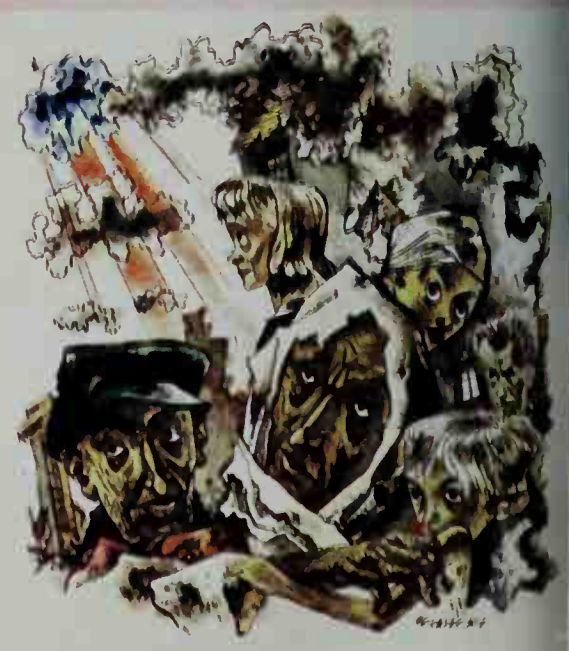
By the time I reached the West Coast I found that the war talk had reached the rumor stage in some cases. A young air force G.I. confided that we are building up our troop strength in the E.T.O. again. A Spokane cabdriver told me he "had seen the orders" calling a fellow driver, a reserve officer, to active duty again. And a Seattle policeman said he had just met a fellow whose 60-day furlough was canceled on an emergency basis after seven days.

The minority which welcomed a showdown on arms with Russia was tiny. But the group which believed that war was inevitable, however undesirable, was disconcertingly large. This feeling seemed to be particularly strong in the East. A New York patent attorney said, "Just read Stalin and Lenin the way you read Hitler's Mein Kampf and you'll see that there will be war if Stalin and his crew stay in power." A girl from a Brooklyn dress factory: "People I know have been talking about war with Russia ever since V-E Day." A bus driver from Ohio: "I was playing penny ante poker the other night with six veterans and they all think that sooner or later someone has to be top dog."

In looking over my notes I find that while most people who talked of war did so in terms of Russia there was an appreciable number who simply believed that there will always be wars. Their reasons run from religious to economic. A pretty young Billings salesman's wife believed that "it's all foretold in the Bible and Armageddon will surely come." A Seattle sheet-metal worker had it figured this way: "They're teaching the young to hate Russia because historically war buys prosperity, and they think that we may be needing our share of that one day soon."

In between these two extremes are views like those of the Maple River, Iowa, language student: "There will always be war just the way a husband and wife will always fight." And numbers of people simply dismissed the whole subject with a fatalistic "I believe that history repeats."

Happily I discovered, particularly as I got farther and farther West, that for everyone I met who thought that war was surely coming there was another who was angry at the talk of war. As Jerry Weir, a student at the University of Montana, said: "Most of the fellows who've come back wonder why the hell the big shots don't shut up about another war." A Missouri businessman: "Hate Russia is the order of the day. How can we make a better world when we teach our children to hate?" A Montana truck driver, a regular Navy flier until he cracked up just before the war: "The G.I.s aren't talking war. It's just the civilians." And an elderly corn farmer from Kenton, Ohio: "I think that we would be a lot better *(Continued on page 2*



"Europeans look to us for help," said most of those interviewed. "We can't fail them"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

A real old-fashioned hitching post

WE PUT the four red roses and the cocktail on this old-fashioned hitching post to make it an even more delightful symbol of welcome for arriving guests.

For there's nothing quite so heart-warming as a real Old Fashioned cocktail made with that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

That's because Four Roses has a special distinctive flavor all its own—rich, velvety-smooth, and satisfying—a flavor that's *different* from that of any whiskey you've ever tasted.

We wish you'd try Four Roses—today. At the very first sip, you'll see what we mean.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Perfect Approach!

...FOR DISTINCTIVE STYLING AND FINE PERFORMANCE

$8.50 to $11.50
DISTANT POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

American Gentleman SHOES

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION
Croddock-Terry Shoe Corp., Lynchburg, Va.

HERE IS AMERICA

Continued from page 26

off if all this war talk died down."

All in all, despite an alarming amount of talk, I felt that most Americans do not really expect another war—certainly not for many years. I arrived at this conclusion by a not-very-complicated process of deduction, not simply by totaling the opinions pro and con. It happened this way:

Even before I reached Youngstown I was struck by the fact that those who talked most positively about the immediacy of war were often the least worried about the future. (Here again was the inconsistency of opinion which I found so marked on so many subjects.) I repeatedly asked how these people could talk of war and yet be so complacent. No one of them gave a thoroughly satisfactory answer. I realized that our atomic superiority must have been behind much of the confidence which I encountered—though less than a dozen people mentioned it specifically.

In the Middle West, especially, I found some people who refused to worry for religious reasons: "Thy will be done," or "certain things are predestined to happen and nothing is going to stop them." Much of the lack of worry seemed to stem from the native American feeling that, in the words of a handsome, gray-haired Washington lumberman, "If we've got to lick 'em, we'll lick 'em, that's all."

But I suspect that an electrician from Oakland, California, came closest to revealing the real reason for the general lack of worry. First he explained it by saying, "I worked on the Russian ships when they came in for repairs during the war. I saw them. That's why I'm not afraid." But then he added, almost as an afterthought, "And, anyway, I don't think they'll come over here."

Many Expect War

In that afterthought, I believe, he expressed the real feeling of most of his fellow Americans. Many said they did expect war. But because so few were at all worried I deduced that in their heart of hearts they secretly didn't think war was as inevitable as they pretended.

Whatever their thoughts on the future of world peace, I found almost no one who had much faith in the United Nations. I got all the way to Spokane before I heard anyone (she was a waitress) say flatly: "I think the U.N. will pull us out eventually." Only a very small minority was even hopeful.

The biggest specific complaint against the U.N. was summed up by an ex-serviceman from Pennsylvania who asked why the United Nations insisted on unanimity, "when that way Russia can balk the will of the rest of the world." And many a passenger agreed with Joe Wells, publisher of the Troy, Missouri, Free Press, that "we ought to go ahead in the U.N. without Russia."

Most of the people who told me that they were discouraged with the proceedings at Lake Success simply let it go at that. But one middle-aged housewife from Greybull, Wyoming, added, "Why, even the League of Nations done better than they are." And a construction engineer from Lexington, Kentucky, went the whole hog: "They ought to send the U.N. out to some Pacific island and use all that construction in New York for housing."

This does not mean that America is returning to isolationism. Of the hundreds of people I talked to between New York and Seattle, only one—a salesman from Kansas City—thought that his community was drifting back toward isolation. And he personally disapproved of such a trend.

Though I found many who wished that isolation were possible, almost none thought that it was. In the words of a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Diesel mechanic: "If isolation were a solution, I'd certainly favor it. But instead of making things better, it makes them worse."

In reading the opinions that follow, bear in mind that they come for the most part from average Americans—Americans who travel by bus. Remember too that at the time I rode across America every community's legionnaires—of two world wars—were preparing to go to New York for their annual convention.

Here, then, is America on the subject of isolation: The wife of a King City, Missouri, farmer: "In talking about war we used to say, 'Let them fight it out over there.' But we've gotten over that. We realize that we don't have to be an aggressor these days to get into war." The young wife of an Omaha bus driver: "Everyone realizes that what happens over there affects us over here." A middle-aged stenographer from Salt Lake City: "Whether we like it or not, we can't cut ourselves off from Europe." A farmer from Ellensburg, Washington: "Leaving Europe alone would suit me fine. But how do you propose to do it?" The wife of an R.E.A. trouble shooter in Tekamah, Nebraska: "People who are smart know that we can't isolate ourselves." A migratory harvest hand from Wyoming: "Isolation is like sitting next to a bear and throwing your stick away." A clerk in Casper, Wyoming: "Things that happen abroad is like they was happening in your own back yard." An elderly housewife from Bedford, Iowa: "Well, here's how we feel about it: We've adopted a Dutch family." And a gray-haired minister from Billings: "Isolation? That's what beat Senator Wh

Opinions like these, and I cou scores more, leave no doubt as to the country stands on isolation. the first passengers with whom I spoke in this vein, I jumped to the lary conclusion that the country overwhelmingly favor loans to l —as a concrete rejection of isolat

I quickly discovered, howeve this conclusion does not necessar low. For on the related subjects o tion and aid for Europe, as on sc others, I often found complete sistency between the several opin one individual. A typical exampl young nurse from Scottsbluff, Ne "The trend in my community, esp among the younger generation, is that world affairs are our affair said. But a moment later she adc seems to me like now that the war we should get back to peace and k money here."

At the end of nine days of bu from coast to coast my strong sion was that most Americans do favor loans. But the reason they not that they have rejected isolat but because helping people in nee Christian or humanitarian thing The wife of a salesman from Wyoming, put into wor feeling I sensed from one America to the other: "It to have to loan all that n she said. "But what'cha g do? They're starving!"

Realizing Europe's Ne

Each person expressed i what differently, but it all up to the same reasoning. sylvania cook: "We're supp be the leaders of Chri Well, it's plain un-Christia the rest of the world dov working preacher from town: "We must help Eur the principles of freedom duty to humanity." Ar butcher: "I suppose you c them starve as long as w money." A Cheyenne hand: "I don't feel you acc anything by whipping a m he's been whipped." And souri truck driver: "I know got to have it. I was there."

While I am convinced t majority of the people I favor loans, it is also unq ably true that most did so important reservation—wh summed up time and aga the adage: "Charity be home." Some, like a wido Salina, Kansas, who work tent factory put it on a v sonal basis: "Help Europe its feet? I guess that's a but my first problem is ge my own feet."

Others, like M. T. Hayes, a Perry, Missouri, farmer, stated t in more general terms: "I bel taking care of our own first a sharing out what's left. That's canism." And a blond, overalled mill worker put it on still a mo tical basis: "I think we should le cent of our surplus, but we ough ourselves in shape first. We ca them much if we're in bad shape home."

When people were specific ab we should go about "getting o into shape first," they invariab gested stopping the shipment of frigerators and construction m Many people were certain tha items were going to Europe w

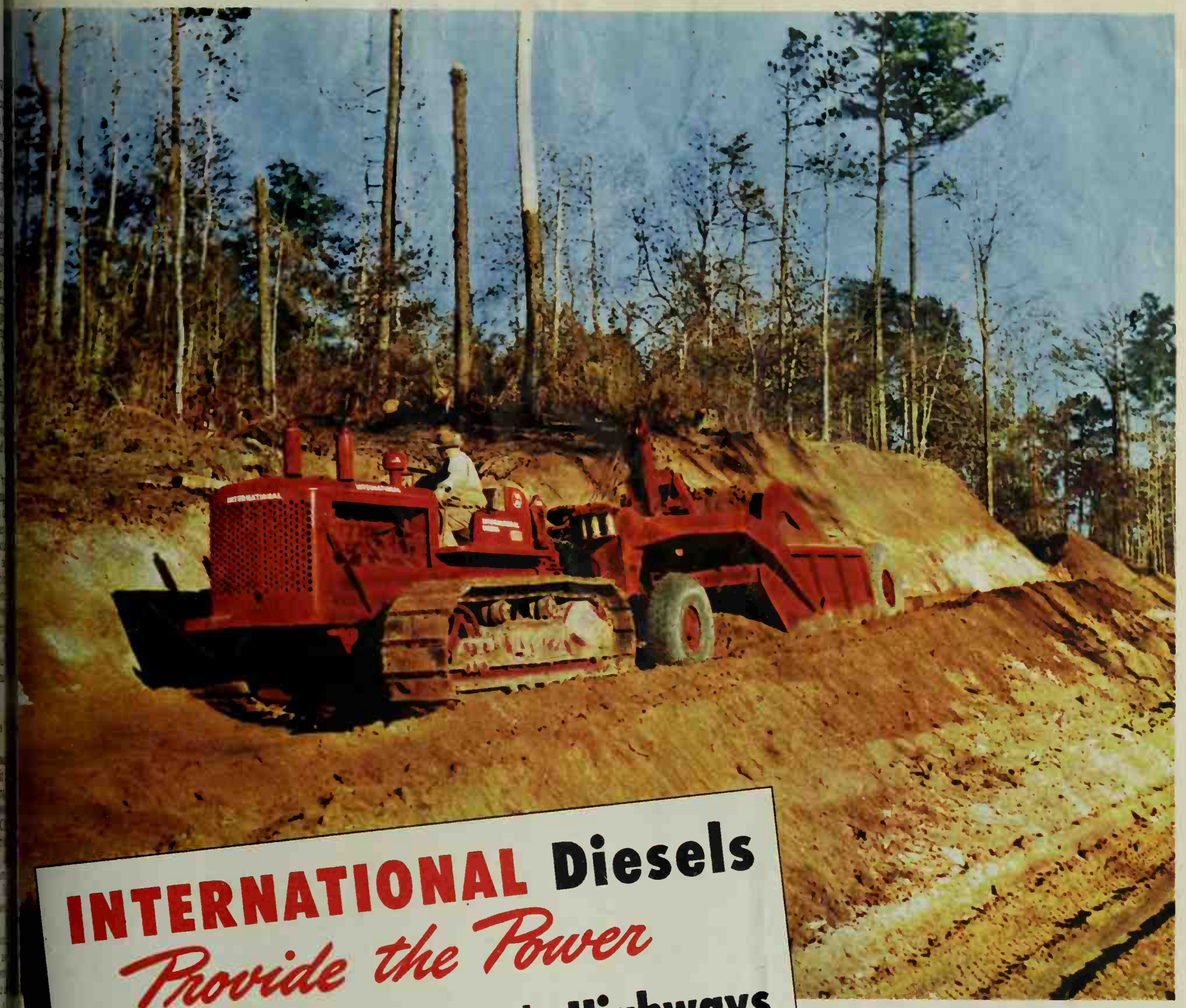
PATIENCE WILL BE WORN THIS YEAR, TOO

Dear gents, we do apologize
For the longer skirt, the altered size
Of waist and hip and slanted shoulder,
For modes that make us odd or older
Than we seemed in recent seasons:
New York and Paris rule our reasons.
And, though you rant and frown and smile
We must obey and be in style.
We like the change no more than you do
But it's no catastrophe voodoo.

The Trojan lines, when Helen flirted,
Were long on yardage, ankle-skirted.
Dubarry's padded hips were phony
And Cleo's drapery still made Tony
(Not to mention her pal Caesar)
Anxious to befriend and please her.
Romeo's heart was quite up-bolstered
Though Juliet was much upholstered.
Nell Gwyn's hemlines didn't cool
King Charles' wish to roost and rule,
And Adam probably didn't leer
Till Eve wore shrubbery here and here.

So, boys, don't think your passion blinded
Because the girls are fashion-minded.
Style trends are mental thorns and thistles
But woman still winks—and man still whistles.

—Phyllis Wright



INTERNATIONAL Diesels *Provide the Power* to Pioneer Tomorrow's Highways

Tomorrow's highways are being cut through wilderness, through swamp, across the mountains and the limitless plains. *Pioneering* is the word for it.

Pioneering takes power—bulldogged *power*. International Diesel Crawlers provide it. In the hands of skilled operators they move vast quantities of earth, cutting through hills and filling the valleys to give you highways that are direct, smooth, broad and *safe!*

Pioneering these roads is only one of the many jobs which International Diesels do. They log the forests, work the mines, quarry the useful rocks and excavate for all kinds of construction—at minimum cost. They serve industry *everywhere.*

More and bigger International Diesel Crawlers are being built to meet the demands of contractors and construction men who prefer the advantages which International Diesels provide.

Industrial Power Division
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

in James Melton on
of Stars"—NBC Sunday!

INTERNATIONAL *Industrial Power*

Other International Harvester Products . . . Farmall Tractors and Machines . . . Motor Trucks . . . Refrigeration

You Haven't Got a Ghost of a Chance!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY CHANCES WITH SUE? ARE YOU A MIND READER OR SOMETHING?

IT DOESN'T TAKE A MIND READER TO KNOW HOW SUE FEELS ABOUT BAD BREATH! SO — BETTER SEE YOUR DENTIST, JOE!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

JOE'S SURE IN LUCK SINCE I SET HIM RIGHT! NOW SUE LETS HIM HAUNT HER HOUSE EACH NIGHT!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM *after you eat and before every date!*

on a relief basis. This idea was particularly galling to Steve Reed, a well-built construction worker from New York City, because "those Frenchmen have more dollars than they know what to do with. Why, every French workingman is driving around right now in a new American car."

In looking back over my notes I find relatively few people who favored loans on the hardheaded basis of enlightened self-interest. Those who did said such things as, "We have to lend to Europe because otherwise Rooshia will squeeze us out" (the wife of a retired Missouri farmer); or "The Marshall plan postpones the spread of Communism" (a New York lawyer).

A husky welder who has spent the last 30 years roaming around the country put it on a slightly different basis: "If Europe doesn't prosper, we don't either." And a number of people combined the idea of self-interest with duty to humanity, like the young Chicago home economist who said, "We can't have true friendship without helping." Or the Seattle cop who thought that "it's better to have the good will of other nations than their anger."

Americans Need Help, Too

So much for the majority of the bus-riding Americans whom I met. They favor loans, most of them on an "after us" basis. The same reasoning was given by the biggest group which opposed loans—the difference being that they believed that "after us" there would be nothing left. Jack Clark, a bookkeeper in a Dayton, Wyoming, sugar beet factory, perfectly summarized this feeling: "We could make a wonderful country out of this for the money we're spending over there." Or, in the words of an Indianapolis warehouseman: "Tennessee needs it as bad as Europe."

I found that those who opposed loans on grounds of hate, prejudice or what was termed "good, common sense" were very much in the minority. One Ohio bus driver explained the "common sense" theory by saying, "This damn' country is nuts to think it can feed, clothe and house the rest of the world."

A considerable number of those opposed to foreign loans were influenced by America's past experiences in the matter of repayment. A sunken-cheeked Canton, Ohio, saleswoman complained: "They're going to bleed our country something terrible to provide for those countries. They'll never repay it, and that will mean big taxes for those of us who work." And an Indiana man went one step further: "Ex shows that we pay in two way buy with our money on our ma that raises prices here at hon then they don't bother to pay b they borrowed."

I ran into several people w specifically against loans to Engl cause she's fifty years behind th or "because she's all washed u ex-soldier was especially vehe the subject of aid to Britain they misused Lend-Lease so bad I saw it rotting all over the field one big, middle-aged harvest ha Iola, Kansas, didn't trust Eng cause "they're all over there a water and it's more or less nature for them to click t But despite these opinions, an others like them, I found much British sentiment than I wo expected.

I did, however, find a big s opinion against loans to either Germany. The line of reasonin cases was simple and direct: R what happened when we gave Japan. (Almost no one, inci even on the West Coast, wa much attention to events in the F Only the tiniest minority were aid to Europe on the over-all b as a Clarence, Missouri, farm "They started it, and they ough fer for it."

I did find a number of peo would be willing to lend ever former enemies if we have some tee, as a St. Louis bus driver pu "if we feed them up we won't go back and whip them all ove This feeling of the need for su of loans extended also to our al tell you straight from the co old, American-born carpenter o extraction and accent confided. are okay if the money helps the And a young merchant seam Sharon, Pennsylvania, explain this Finnish-American had in saying, "I think that all our r going straight into the black over there, making the rich ri stead of helping the people who

One aspect of my fellow opinions on the subject of loa worth underlining. A young C ological student told me, "In munity most people seem to b loans. But personally, I'm fo And I discovered that time and people who said that they thou home towns were against aid t

"Cznsmanski, I'm proud of you! That was using the old bean!"

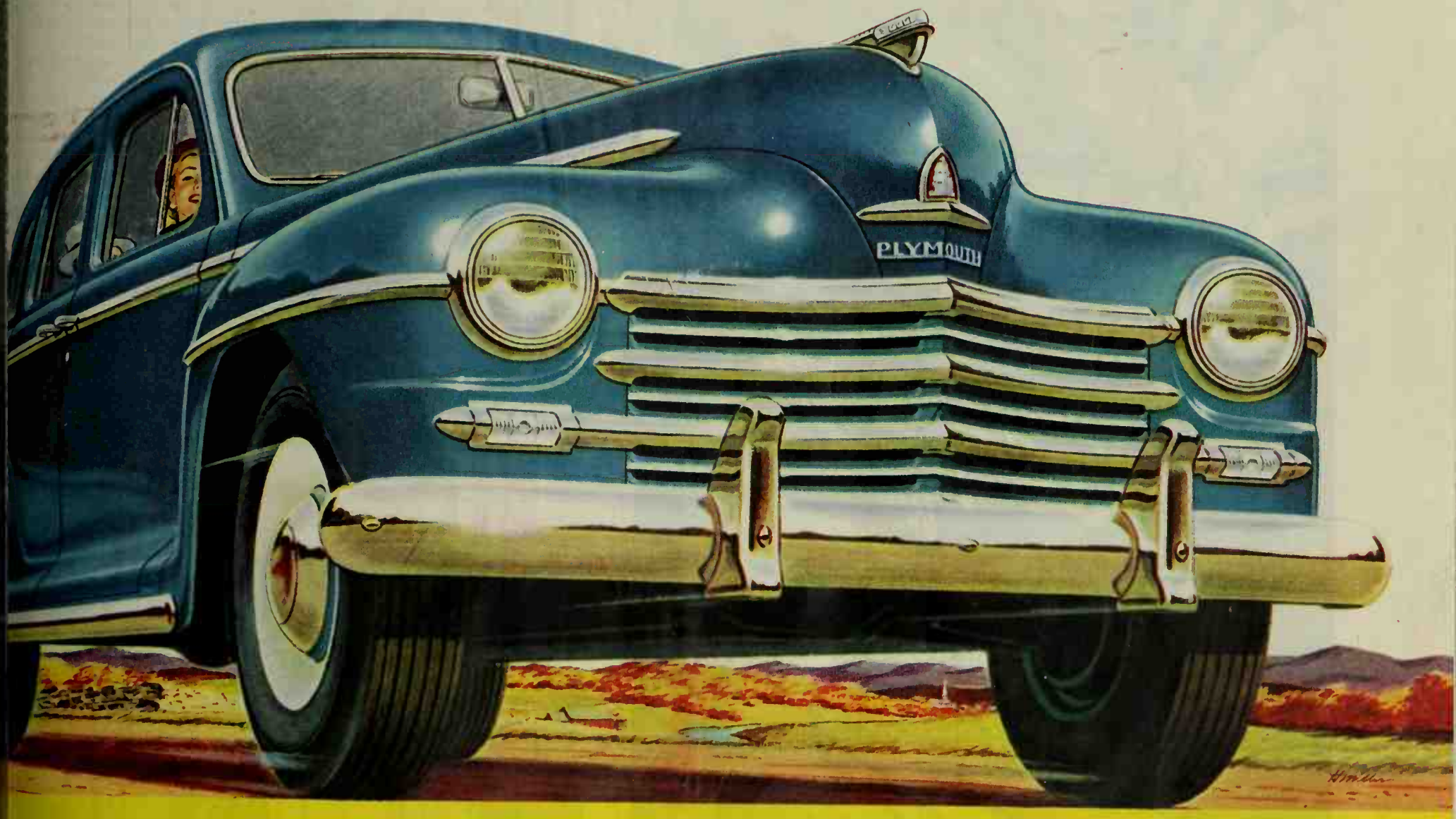
COLLIER'S

pare the cars in number of

QUALITY FEATURES

IGH-PRICED CARS HAVE	21
ICED PLYMOUTH HAS	20
ICED CAR #2 HAS	9
ICED CAR #3 HAS	8

This Box Score Shows Your No.1 Car Buy



Plymouth dealer will accept And he'll provide the service -engineered parts to keep car in good condition while ing for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

It's fair to compare — and the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's makes it easy. It shows you the 21 quality features found in most high-priced cars. It shows you how the three leading low-priced cars stack up in number of high-priced car features.

The results are summarized right on this page — a 20-9-8 score, with Plymouth rolling up the 20. But don't take our word for it. See for yourself the complete "play-by-play" account in the detailed Quality Chart.

You'll find that Plymouth is the one car in the lowest-priced field that's most like high-priced cars — the big value buy for performance, flawless riding comfort, safety, economy.

However you look at it, Plymouth is the car that gives you more for your money.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

If it's VALUE you want it's PLYMOUTH you want

Autumn time is football time... action and excitement fill the air. But LEAF Gum time is all the time...'cause LEAF's delicious minty flavor is longer lasting.
Stay Sweet with
LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
LEAF LEAFMINT PEPPERMINT GUM
LEAF
CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

went on to add that they did not share that feeling. Since most people do not wander into the corner drugstore and hail a friend, "Hello, Pete, what do you think of foreign loans?" I could not help wondering whether personal opinions were not more valid than estimates of community feelings. If they are, and I have no way of telling, then America is even more strongly in favor of aid to Europe than I have indicated.

Of all the people I met, I believe that a middle-aged truck driver most closely expressed the majority opinion: "It looks to me like we ought to take care of our own first and then help them others." And he added, "*If* they need it."

"If . . ." Over and over again I found Americans saying "if"—seeking information, yet doubtful and confused by the information they are getting. This confusion extends to all phases of life, not only foreign affairs. Sue Taliga, who gets up at 5 A.M. every day to reach her Hazleton, Pennsylvania, knitting mill at 7 o'clock, is pretty typical. She follows the news carefully, but, she complains, "Some of the leaders says one thing and some another. If they're confused, what am I supposed to think?"

Confusion of the leaders. That's one reason for the confusion of the people. A Missouri businessman gave another: "Most people here are of the opinion that the government isn't giving us enough information to form an opinion intelligently." And A. E. Halferty, manager of the bus terminal in Youngstown, expressed still another doubt: "We just don't know who is telling the truth," he said. "I sure would like to know what our high command thinks."

A great, great many people put the responsibility for their confusion directly on the doorstep of the nation's press. Time and again I heard opinions which jibed perfectly with the statement made by May Haneley, an international representative of the I.L.G.W.U. in Vandalia, Missouri: "It's hard to know what to think when one paper says one thing and another something else and the radio still a third thing."

As for myself, at the end of more than 3,000 miles of bus travel, I am not confused about certain basic patterns of current American thought.

America's first interests were in personal, purely local events. Everywhere this included a deep concern about prices and housing.

Few people were worrying depression, but many were con dissatisfied.

Almost nothing else on th domestic scene was attracting tention or interest—neither p taxes nor labor.

But everywhere I went I fou were focused on international And the international subject was talking about most was ou with Russia.

There seemed to be more t in the East. It died down s the time I reached the weste Though many said that wa evitable—estimates ranging months to 25 years—I felt th like a majority really thinks t coming.

In any case, and whatever t (faith in the United Nations of them), I found almost no ing about war.

Majority Favors Foreign

Nowhere did I find anyone thinking of isolation, but it d low that everyone who was no ist was by the same token i loans to Europe. I found t jority did favor such loans, b manitarian reasons and on begins at home" basis.

Over and above all, I found seeking information on foreig never before in peacetime. listening more carefully to th reading more newspapers and azines than ever before.

Yet for all of this I found confusion. And who can deny are reasons for it on all sides my transcontinental bus trip to friends in Tacoma, only drive from Seattle.

On the way we passed the Shipyards, and my host pointe of baby aircraft carriers lying It was night, so I couldn't c But my friend told me that more than a dozen of them, j there.

I asked him why they wer cut up for scrap in view of t wide demand for construction "Well," he replied, "you k things are these days." An quently shrugged his shoulders

THE END

"Make a showing for Max's sake—he's given up already"

COLLIER'S

American Originals

"Gentlemen, be seated!" With these traditional words the Interlocutor opened the old-time Minstrel Show, an American Original, this country's unique contribution to the theatre.

ly "golden"
olly "dry-est"

Another unique contribution to the nation's enjoyment is Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin, an American Original, the first basic improvement in gin in over 300 years.

Your own eye, your own taste will tell you it's a different gin. Different in its natural golden color. Different in its sippingly smooth flavor.

So smooth, in fact, it needs very little added to make the "dry-est" Martini in the world.

This is the *natural* result of Seagram's leisurely, time-honored method of production, exclusive with Seagram.

At your favorite bar or liquor store.

Seagram's Ancient Bottle DISTILLED DRY Gin

The original "ancient" bottle (left) will, when available, replace the present standard bottle.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Lineer stumbled down beside the lifeless Georgie Price and, with an aching oath, he emptied his rifle at the dim shapes of the mob

SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

CONCLUDING A NOVEL OF BITTER CONFLICT IN THE OLD WEST

The Story:

The action takes place in America's Southwest at the time of the rapid expansion of the great network of railroads across the continent.

Arriving in his home territory of New Mexico, engineer JIM LINEER is puzzled to learn that the railroad which he recommended be built through the dry Tularosa country and which railroad magnate H. H. EDWARDS has hired him to build, is to be bossed instead by Edwards' rashly self-confident adopted son, TRACY THOMASON.

Accepting the position of second in command, Lineer soon learns that Thomason is engaged to Edwards' bold and lovely daughter, BARBARA, who has taken a house in the town of Tularosa.

Thomason arranges an uneasy truce between the two feuding land barons of the valley, blustering WILSON WARE and lean, old JUBAL NYE. In laying plans for the railroad, Thomason proceeds on the theory that water to build and run the line can be obtained by drilling wells, whereas Lineer is convinced that sweet water must be brought down from the mountains.

Jubal Nye's foreman, tough little HARRY KECK, makes a drunken pass at Barbara's companion, MOLLY RIORDAN, and Lineer orders Keck to leave the valley. Keck leaves with murder in his heart.

Thomason's gamble on the wells is not paying off. The rails are being laid very slowly; the gangs are gaunt with thirst. Lineer is ordered up into the mountains to find water. Barbara and Molly, out for a ride, meet Lineer and on their way down the mountain, Lineer is shot at by Keck, who has been lying in ambush. Keck escapes, but Lineer's horse is killed, and he and the girls take shelter in a canyon during a snowstorm that night.

The next morning Lineer realizes that he loves this girl who is engaged to the man in charge of the railroad, and Barbara knows that she can never again love her power-mad fiancé.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

TRACY THOMASON left his noon
half finished and walked again wi
long, nervous stride to Barbara's
Manuela met him at the door, looking curio
his face as she shrugged.

"No word yet, señor," she said.

He turned back toward the plaza, feeling
tion rise through his growing jubilance. Th
the way with these natives. They would sta
pidly at you out of their dark eyes while your
world whirled crazily under your feet, an
shrug their shoulders at you. How could a m
a railroad in a country of such people?

But he forgot Manuela as his mind begar
more to race through the possibilities befor
Barbara, Molly and Lineer should have arriv
fore dark yesterday. They were twenty hours
due now, and no new messenger had come
Lineer to explain why. There could be a p
reason. Perhaps they were caught in yeste

Cactus National Forest in Arizona, telephone men plow-in the Dallas—Los Angeles section of the transcontinental cable.

Building new telephone lines for you
...takes well planned teamwork by these two>

...hind this giant plow train, burying a ... transcontinental telephone cable, ...'s a story of typical Bell System ... work to give you faster, even better ... distance service.

...eamwork by Bell Telephone Labora... ... scientists who developed the coaxial ... which can carry 1800 telephone mes... ... at once—can transmit television ...rork programs, too . . .

...eamwork by Bell Telephone engineers ...planned the new route and developed the plow...and by the construction crews who laid the cable . . .

Teamwork by Western Electric engineers who designed machines to make the complex cable—and are now turning it out mile after mile to keep the plow trains pushing forward on schedule.

Such long-range planning and teamwork between telephone companies and Western Electric—supply member of the Bell System—are vital in meeting today's record demand for telephone service.

Western Electric has always been an integral part of your Bell Telephone service—helping to make it the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

...FACTURER . . . ...000 varieties of ...bone apparatus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

GET A PAIR AND A SPARE

PARIS

It's smart to have an extra pair of "Paris"* garters—and economical, too. Change them daily, when you change your socks, and your garters will wear longer, stay fresher, and give greater comfort. So buy an extra pair of comfortable all elastic "Paris" Garters today. See the new styles and patterns. They are modestly priced—55c to $1.50—at fine stores everywhere.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago

PARIS GARTERS ★ *No Metal Can Touch You*
PARIS BELTS • FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS

storm, and took refuge in some nester's cabin. If that were so, they should have arrived by now. Perhaps Lineer had seen the storm coming and delayed their start for a day. But why had he not sent another messenger? He would have. The man had that quality of thoroughness.

No, everything pointed to another explanation, another possibility that made Thomason's thoughts leap forward with elation. Lineer had been in the mountains almost three weeks. Time enough for Keck to find him, to observe his movements and pick the time that would assure Keck a clean escape. Now, perhaps, the time had come and gone and Jim Lineer no longer lived. Lineer with those damned remote eyes of his that were always measuring a man. Lineer with his casual, unhurried way of coming to decisions that other men accepted without question. Lineer with his sly trick of using the strengths and weaknesses of other men against Thomason. Lineer dead now because he walked roughshod over Keck.

It could be true! And if it were, all the rotten luck that had gone against Thomason would be swept away at a stroke. The cards had fallen against him from the day he rode into this accursed valley. A man's luck must change. It was destiny that a man who took big chances must win in the end.

As his mind soared thus, all of Thomason's exultant sureness returned and he was for that moment certain of what happened in the mountains. His thoughts pictured the mountain camp in an uproar, the men leaving the women in camp to scour the country for the killer. Barbara's face came before him then, and he felt an honest regret that she should be present when Lineer died. But it was her own fault. She and Molly had done little since summer but go on long rides, and she had returned from them each day more moodily withdrawn than ever. She had no business riding to Lineer's camp.

A NEW thought came to him, making him feel for one instant terribly alone and afraid. He dismissed it at once. Barbara was friendly with Lineer. She liked him. But never since that day last May when she rode with him out of defiance had she sought Lineer's company. And Barbara's love was the one thing, the only thing, that Lineer had not tried to steal from him.

The shock of the idea lingered with him as he circled the plaza toward his office, making him turn his mind deeper into himself. The mere passing thought of losing her had turned him cold and lifeless. Without her, he would be nothing. Without her, he knew with a sudden damning insight, he would be another Harry Keck, living on a vain, empty pride, ready to kill or be killed for a trifle.

Crossing the street he saw Traylor, the new assistant super, coming up to intercept him. Traylor was a dour, middle-aged man, hired away from the T. & P. and regretting the bargain.

He said to Thomason, "Got another dead train on the desert."

"Why tell me?" said Thomason impatiently. "Send another engine after it."

Traylor said with sharp disgust, "I'm telling you because that makes three out of the last five schedules that have died out there with dry crown sheets. And I'm waiting for the day when a boiler blows from some of this water. Then you'll have men to bury."

"I know." Reality drove the exaltation from Thomason. It had been this way since the first train moved over the line, and it was growing steadily worse. If those damned extra tank cars would only show up. He asked indifferently, "How far out is this one?"

"That's what I came to tell you. He's a good twenty miles down the line. He was dragging a special."

Thomason felt a quick premonition. "What kind?"

"Colonel Edwards' private car."

"What! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Why didn't I know sooner?" snapped Traylor. "El Paso didn't tell us, and I say it's a damned queer way to run a railroad."

"Get another engine down there quick."

"I have. Number Five is on its way. I thought maybe you'd want to take another one and go meet him. We can borrow the work train."

"Yes! No, wait—" Thomason dropped his head and knotted his fists in an agony of indecision. Edwards was sneaking in to surprise him. That was why El Paso sent no word up. Edwards was suspicious. And now Edwards' train was stalled for lack of water on the desert. When the colonel did arrive he would be roaring. There would be no facing him. But Thomason could face him, and answer him, too—if Lineer were dead. If Lineer were dead! If only that were known! But he did not know. He had to know. He could not face Edwards until he knew.

"Tell Colonel Edwards" he said thickly, "that an emergency has called me to the mountains. I'll be back as soon as I can."

He wheeled away to Tyson's stable, found his horse and rode rapidly southward, fighting a frantic impulse to spur the animal beyond its strength. It was almost as if he were in flight.

That thought brought his mind to a jarring stop. Was he in flight? Of course not. He still had a chance. A good chance.

It was too late to assure Barbara's silence by marriage. Too late to run McCarthy out of the valley. But if Lineer were dead, he could bluff it through. If Lineer were not dead—

Thomason's imagination shriveled little by little then like some dying thing until it held before his eyes but a single image: the face of Barbara Edwards. So long as she was bound to him all else could fall away and be damned to it. With her by his side all things were possible, all hopes were bright, all failures unimportant. He could still hold her. Her loyalty had not wavered through these months of her discontent and boredom on the desert. He should have let her return to New York. Her ride to Lineer's camp was a reckless act. An expression of her discontent. ' all. But was it all? What could know about the sly turnings o an's mind.

Laboring thus through a lab doubts that assailed him now fr direction, he rode with lowe across the flats. It was some in the rhythm of his horse that raise his head. He saw he was ing the first broken ground escarpment. And he saw Mo her horse before him, her eyes

He spurred to her side. " she?" he demanded.

Molly pointed wordlessly up her face showing him some barrassment.

"Where? Up the trail? At t Where's Lineer?"

"She's coming," said Molly. ' Lineer is with her."

Lineer alive! A kind of g lessness enveloped Thomason, almost instantly by the deep st picion.

He threw the words at her "Why aren't you with them?"

BUTCH — **by LARRY REY**

COLLIER'S

"—an' fourteen pickle forks. Now the bride won't be annoyed with bothersome duplicates"

Deception was not in Moll struggled hard for it. "No reas she said tartly. Then she cried "Wait!" But Thomason was his horse forward, over the ground and down and up agai came upon Barbara and Linee toward him side by side, a si following. He threw himself mount, running the last dozen he stood before them. . . .

Lineer heard the pounding fore Thomason came in sight. with a word to Barbara, wa man's approach without surpr had expected throughout the counter a searching party. B not prepared for the sudden anticipation that coursed thr self. The warm sweetness of mouth was on his lips, and the of decision beat in his temples months of restraint, of hol were done with. The losing hold to an unreal serenity. had pledged it to Colonel Ed behind him. His muscles ach release only raw violence coul

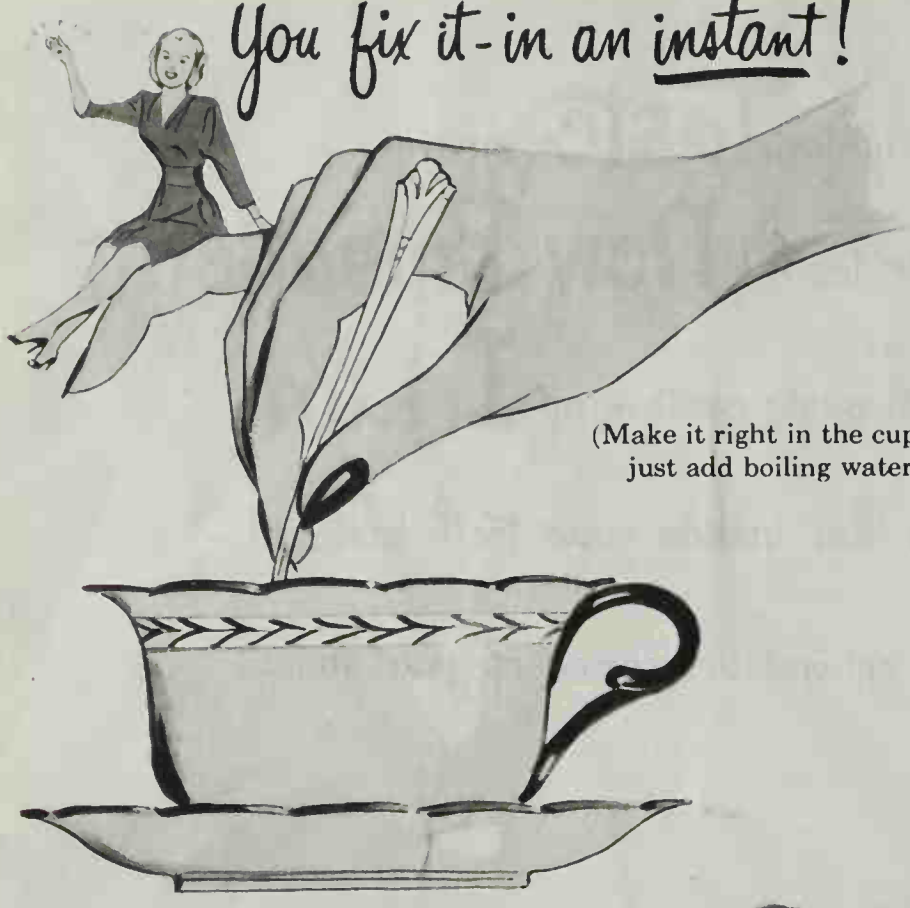
Yet even as he told himse was not the time, he saw the s tation in Thomason's face, saw bling of the man's long jaw

Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist twice a year

ent is another fine product
Brothers Company

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means
cleaner, brighter teeth! **New Pepsodent,**
the only tooth paste containing **Irium,**
removes the film that makes your teeth look dull—
uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

You fix it-in an instant!



(Make it right in the cup—
just add boiling water)

You love it—
in an instant!

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his hoarse cry at Barbara, "So that's why you came up here!"

Barbara said tonelessly, "Nothing is changed, Tracy."

"Nothing is changed! Nothing is changed! You spend two days God knows where with Lineer and nothing is changed!"

"Stop it, Tracy!" snapped Lineer.

Thomason whirled to Lineer, his hating eyes filmed and almost unseeing with the intensity of his passion. "Stop it?" he said slowly, wonderingly. "Why, I think I'm going to kill you. That will stop it."

"That was it, Tracy," Barbara said quickly. "Harry Keck tried to kill Jim. That was why we didn't get back last night."

Her words penetrated to him. One more failure in this day that had seen every scheme, every plan, every hope fall apart. But all this was nothing beside the fear that Barbara was lost to him.

HIS lips drew away from his teeth. His jaw thrust out, long and altogether ugly. He spat out, "Keck be damned! You came up here to be with Lineer. Tell me! Didn't you?"

Barbara lowered her head. When she raised it she said in the same lifeless voice, "Nothing is changed."

Lineer side-stepped until he stood between them. From the corner of his eye he saw Molly returning. But he kept his full attention on Thomason as he said, "Everything is changed. Get back on your horse, Tracy. We'll settle this in Tularosa."

"Get out of the way!" cried Thomason. He came against Lineer, pushing with his body, one open hand shoving at Lineer's shoulder, his glare still reaching past Lineer at Barbara. It was then that he saw in her wet eyes the deep tumult of her emotions and understood what she was saying to him. His mind plummeted through one last black gap of thought to the knowledge that Barbara did not love him, perhaps pitied him. The cumulative blows of this day at last engulfed him, robbing him of all balance, all judgment. "I'll kill you both!" he screamed.

He dropped his shoulder, thrusting it against Lineer's chest and lunging powerfully forward. Lineer rocked back, keeping his weight balanced by giving ground. He shouted at Thomason, trying to reach through to the man's reason, as Thomason spun away from him and stumbled toward Barbara.

Lineer raced forward in two r steps and leaped against him, ridi down at Barbara's feet and spr with him. He heard the hard t Thomason's head against the g feeling in the same moment the grind of his own pistol against hi ach. He rolled to his feet, jerking from his waistband.

He backed toward Barbara, l the pistol pointed loosely at Thor prone figure. He told Barbara, " your horse." When she moved to he backed toward Thomason's seeing Thomason begin to stir. He up on Thomason's horse and r animal forward as Thomason himself erect.

Lineer said down to him, "You till you cool off."

The glazed look went out of T son's eyes. "No," he said.

Lineer tightened the reins, the the animal straight at Thomason. ason gave way, turned and walked dozen steps down the trail Tularosa. His daze was wear now. Strength and thought retu him. He could not go to Tularo could never go back to Tularo jumped aside, facing up to Line the fury of desperation.

"No!"

Lineer looked down at him fo minute, thinking of many things flume unbuilt because of this mar less ambition, of the endless thirs desert, of the wounded *aguador* pain in Barbara's eyes. This ti been long coming. It had to com

He kneed his horse toward E changed his mind when he s stricken face, and reached his gu lessly across to Molly.

Thomason leaped for him as touched ground. Lineer had no set himself. He lashed out at tha ing jaw, feeling a wild surge of as his fist drove against skin an Then Thomason was upon him, him back by sheer momentum ag haunch of the horse, smashing an ing down at his temples and eyes.

Lineer's shoulder blades came the horse for leverage just as the side-stepped nervously away, and himself falling. But Thomason charge cost him his balance, too both went down, clawing for ea and trying to twist away from th ing hoofs.

They came up together, faci

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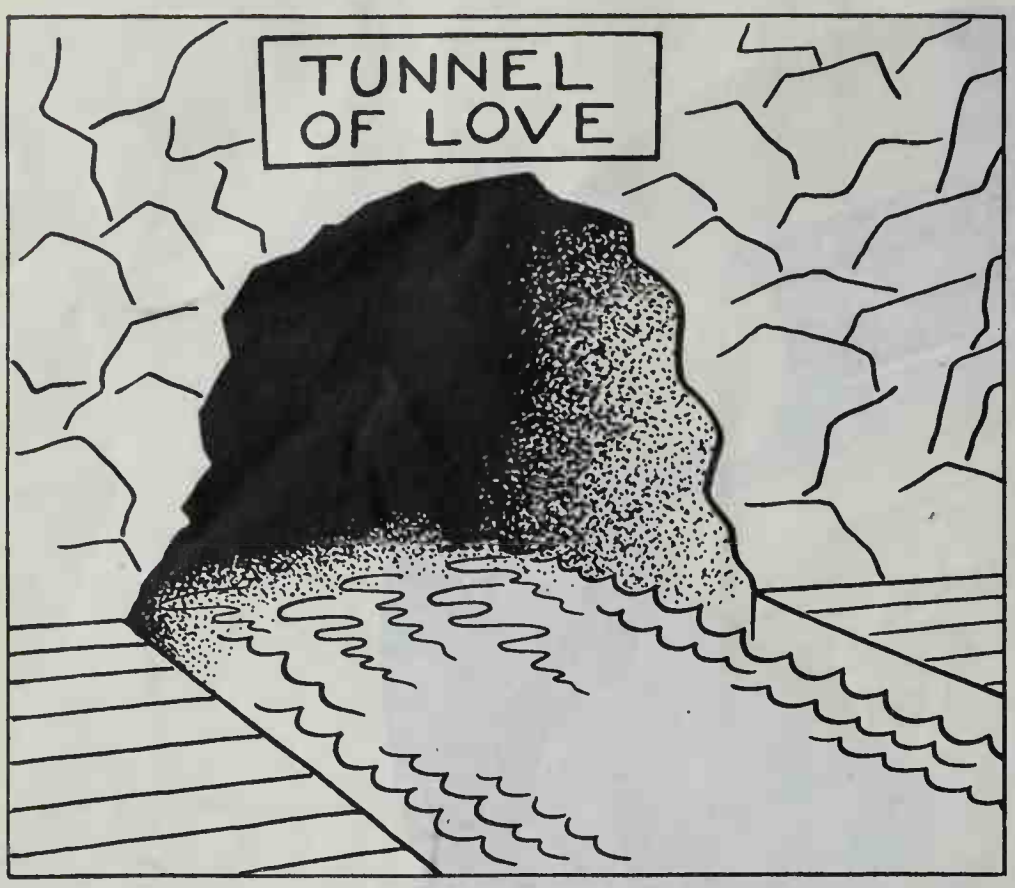
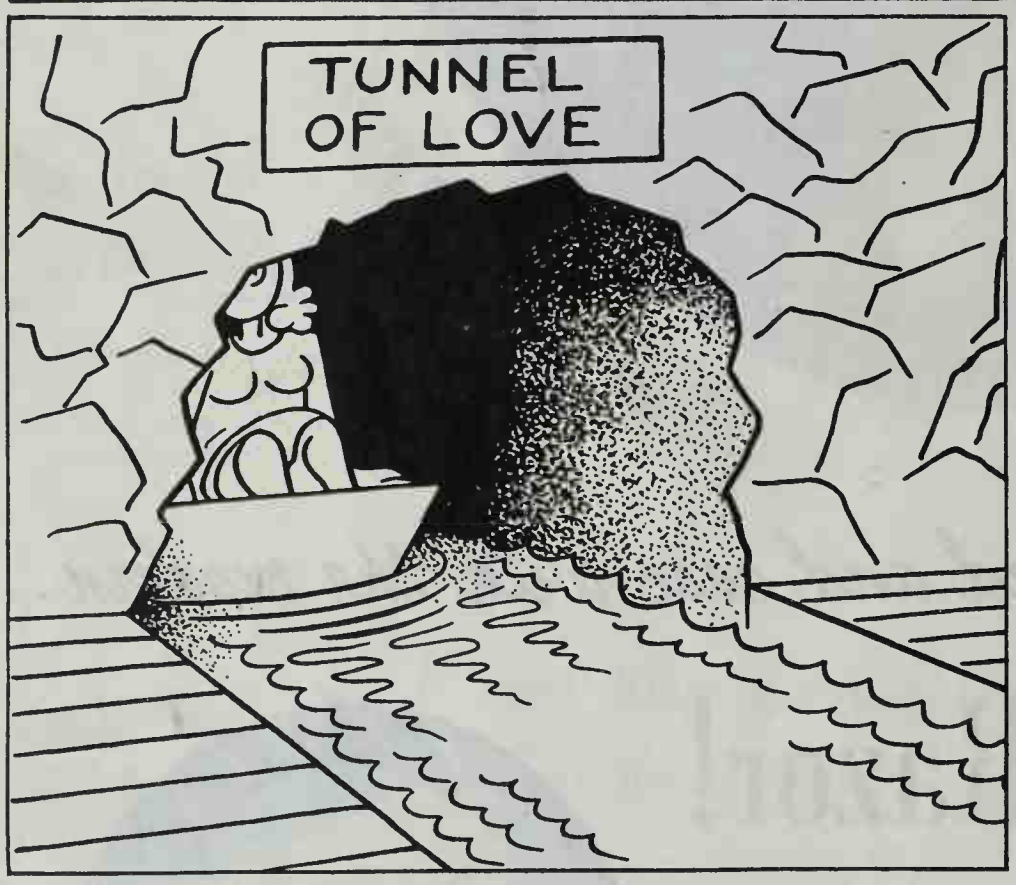




other and bent low. Thomason lunged in first, driving his arms straight before him, hammering his first blow high against Lineer's chest in the split second before Lineer lashed out. Thomason had an astonishing quickness for his size. Lineer's mind flashed back to the night of that fight with Jess Folsom in San Antonio, remembering how he and Thomason had lunged for Folsom in the same instant and yet Thomason had got there first. It was a speed that could deliver a lightning blow through the most momentary drop in Lineer's arms.

And yet, though Lineer drove coolly enough for Thomason's body, he abandoned almost joyously all thought of defending with caution against that speed. The savageness of an anger long in the building claimed him wholly. He smashed recklessly forward, plunging powerful blows into Thomason's stomach and chest, hearing the first deep grunt of the man as Thomason gave way.

BUT even as Thomason skipped back his right arm reached Lineer's cheek with a stinging impact. It was the blow of a skilled fighter and it seemed to recall to Thomason that he owned such a skill. Some of the film of blind fury left his eyes. He back-stepped completely out of Lineer's reach. When Lineer came steadily after him he sidestepped away again, slamming long blows that found Lineer's head. "Come and get it, Lineer," he gritted. Lineer bored on, taking them until he was inside Thomason's arms and pounding again at Thomason's stomach and chest. This time he finished with a scraping blow off Thomason's cheekbone that made Thomason surrender ground quickly.

Lineer came on relentlessly, and again those long arms battered at his head. Blood flowed around his tongue from a cut somewhere in his mouth and a dinning pain beat at his ears. Then Thomason's fist thudded into his left side where rock had gouged deep against muscle and ribs when he fell yesterday from his slain horse. His arms slowed and he set his teeth against the agonizing hurt of it.

Thomason leaped in. An animal cry of triumph issued from his throat as he slashed down again and again. Lineer slipped slowly to his knees, fighting for consciousness. His arms locked about Thomason's legs and he hung on, dragging Thomason down, twisting to escape blows that still flailed down as they both fell.

Thomason landed heavily on his right side. His breath shot out of his lungs in a whistling grunt. He sucked in deeply with wide-open mouth, hammering with his elbows against Lineer's head where it lay against his stomach. He kicked out with his knees, reaching for Lineer's groin, but missing and rolling Lineer away from him.

Lineer forced his body to roll once more. He came up painfully, staggering as he reached his feet, wiping at the blood that poured around his eyes. He saw the two women motionless on their horses, frozen in attitudes of fear and disbelief. Then he came slowly around and raised leaden arms against Thomason's leaping onslaught.

He gave way slowly, uncertain legs wide, reaching deep in his lungs for blessed air. His winter clothes were a weight now holding his arms down and tightening like a smothering band against the heave of his chest. Though the air was cold, sweat stung his eyes and mixed its salty bitterness with the taste of blood in his mouth.

Thomason grunted his taunt, "When are you going to come and get it, Lineer?"

He thrust in boldly now, knocking Lineer's arms down, slamming at Lineer's face and dancing back.

Lineer shuffled awkwardly away again and again, taking the rain of blows and refusing to go down. Thomason's lips stretched in a cruel, exulting gr

But Lineer fought on, bracing when he must, then stumbling bac ing up strength that responded stubbornness of his will, calling up that by his very nature he had kept ready to use but unused. I possessed by the full primitivenes wrath, by the complete brute inst stay alive, to inflict hurt, to rip and and kill.

"Stand and fight, Lineer. Dam Stand—and—fight." Thomason out the words, hating this bloo tered man now because he would down, spending his own fading s in a frenzy of blows as though st fearful that some devil no mar match was holding Lineer up.

Thomason's blows began to s grow weaker. His empty lungs no could feed enough power to his n And Lineer still stood before him ing, staggering, blinded. Beaten down. Arms only half raise searching for Thomason. A gr despair wrenched out of Thomas stumbled slowly against Lineer, h arms sagging, falling against Line ing to force Lineer down now w weight of his body.

Lineer's left arm came up, Thomason away. He swung hi heavily, sluggishly, a half-pushin It found that long jaw. Th rocked back, not hurt but off b He weaved, straightening to c again. Lineer half stumbled, hal straight into him. Lineer's head heavily into Thomason's chin.

Then they were falling and Lin riding him down, sprawling pa kicking out at him with leaden Lineer's right hand reached back beneath Thomason's jaw and us a lever to pull Lineer's own boo until he half lay across Thomas gripped his open hands about son's head, not knowing Thoma still. He raised it and pounded and again into the hard ground.

A voice came to him as from distance. Barbara's voice. Cal name. Barbara's hands tuggin arm. He turned slowly over, loo and finding her through his grea ness. Then he loosed his han Thomason's head and closed his

LONG afterward he sat up, feel bara's gentle hands as she blood and dirt from his face, not ing her frightened questions. served Molly bent over Thomas he saw Thomason's eyes were op

Thomason turned on his side, still on the ground, his lips slack. he groaned, "why should this ha me?"

Lineer got to his feet, feeling a ness all through his body. He pistol and stood over Thomason up."

Thomason obeyed, coming sl a sitting position. But when he push himself up with his arms back.

Lineer asked, "Do you think sit a horse?"

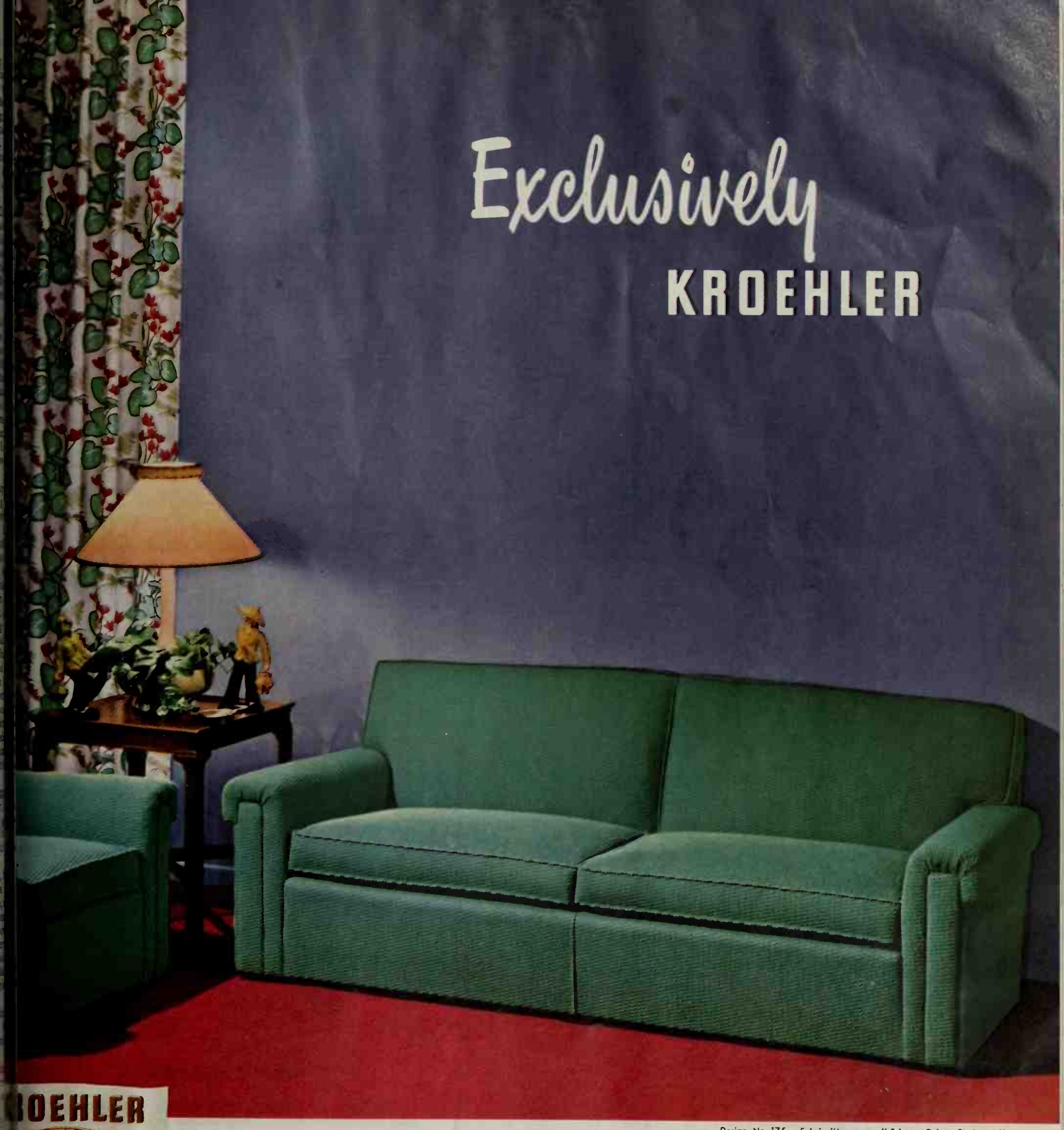
Thomason nodded his head raising it. Lineer spoke to Bart they lifted him to his feet. Molly up his horse, then helped them dead weight into the saddle. He forward on it, eyes closed.

"You must ride, too, Jim," s bara.

Lineer agreed without prot mounted painfully, came a Thomason's horse and started th toward Tularosa.

Thomason half straightened saddle with a strange, choking clutched at the reins, jerked h around and kicked the anima run up the trail.

Lineer uttered a growling disgust, started to swing his ow



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then almost instantly changed his mind.

"Jim!" cried Barbara. "Go after him. He's out of his mind!"

"No," said Lineer slowly. "I'm not so sure he is." . . .

Colonel Edwards paused to look again with pleased astonishment at the face of his daughter, at the shadowed eyes and the quiet strength of maturity he found there. She sat beside him here in her own living room, clasping his hand.

Lineer sat across from them, long and loose with fatigue. He had bathed and changed at the hotel and made a try at shaving his battered face. Some dulled edge of temper still held him, and he thought with surprise that it was directed illogically at the man opposite him. Molly gazed into the fire, somehow apart from them.

"Blake and Summers were afraid of Tracy's enthusiasm," continued Edwards. "They not only put their position in writing, they warned him verbally again and again not to start construction until all well drilling was completed. Then, to protect themselves, they sent me a memorandum covering everything they had done and said."

IT CAME to Lineer that he was absorbed as much in the change in Edwards himself as he was in the colonel's words. It was no outward thing. The deep-set, hooded eyes had their old vigor and directness, their old power to command men and events. The voice was rapid and incisive as Lineer remembered it. But the weariness was gone from its tone. It was as though some inward strain, some passion that had long eaten at his vitality, had suddenly lifted.

"But I don't understand," said Barbara. "Why did Tracy go ahead anyway?"

"Because he had to," said her father. "Because he couldn't help himself."

Barbara said with vague comprehension, "I know a little of what y
Tracy is too eager, too sure of h

"No!" said Edwards quickl
violently. "Tracy is not sure o
He is in torment when he has to
own decisions. Yet he cannot a
decisions of others. There ne
a man with more will to comm
less ability for it—except his fa

Barbara watched as her fat
pression grew remote, shaped b
painful memories she did not s

She said slowly, "He told m
pected him to fail."

"Ahhh," said her father. H
her hand tightly, meeting her
the intensity of strong emotio
own. "Believe this, my dear.
he would fail. I did not know
would. I hoped to God that h
not. I hoped he was everything
in him—and I gave him every c
be. I had to. I owed him th
relaxed a little. "And now becau
owe something to Jim."

Lineer looked from Edward
daughter with a faintly challengi
He murmured, "I intend to coll

Barbara's eyes answered his, f
love but troubled still. She sa
should not have let him go, J

Lineer shook his head. H
"Why did he run?"

"It was just too much for hi
Barbara. "He found out he ha
Dad suddenly. And then when h
about me—about us—"

Lineer looked at Edwards, say
a slow stubbornness, "There's m
Something none of us know.
a way, a son in this family. H
have expected forgiveness,
chance."

"No!" exclaimed Edwards. He
to his feet, staring almost ar
Lineer. Then he subsided. "
said softly. "Yes, I suppose so.
three years old when he came

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—Kyle Crichton

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se to live. A towheaded kid. You
't ever forget."
e strode to a window, lifted the cur-
aside and peered into the night. He
rned, standing by the fire. "You
to find him for me, Jim."
No," said Lineer.
dwards studied him thoughtfully,
g presently, "I don't blame you.
detest him. You're more than a
angry with me. There's a mystery
that makes no sense to you, and
re ready to crack somebody's head
t at it."
neer chuckled in spite of himself,
g a return of his admiration for the
y shrewdness of this man. Then he
with sober intentness, "Barbara and
nd out today what we want. I'm
against everything that stands in
way."
wards' gaze swung down to his
ter. She was looking at Lineer. She
"Nothing stands in our way now,

es," said Edwards. "I do." He
d at them both, at the surprise on
ra's face, at the sudden lifting of
's head. He continued slowly, "Jim
it, or at least senses it. And I
to get myself out of your way."
returned to his seat beside Barbara.
eached for his hand but he with-
t, patting hers absently. He lighted
r.

HEN he began to speak his voice
was strong, full of regret tempered
e but no sorrow, no weariness.
cy's father was named Wayne
son. A big, handsome, yellow-
man. We were born next door to
ther in Ohio. He died of a Co-
e bullet west of Fort Sill twenty-
years ago because I let him die. I
rately left him to shift for himself
oing all his thinking for him from
od. Without me he pushed his
rs into an ambush, lost his head
life and half his men."
ly rose from her chair and started
he room. Edwards' voice, always
tle when he spoke to her, called
ck. "You've lived with this, too,
You're entitled to know."
n Molly was seated he resumed:
five and Tracy's father was seven
e whipped me the first time. He
ecause I had the intelligence and
he lacked and he had the physi-
ngth to make me use them for his
benefit. That was the first of a hundred whippings. That was the beginning of a boyhood through which we were inseparable. I thought for both of us. But his fists made him the leader. He led because he couldn't stand to follow, because he had to dominate physically and owned the strength for it. By the time I was seventeen I knew I was stronger, more gifted than he and most men. When he was not around, I was the leader of boys my age. But with him—I had accepted his dominance so long, you see, that I never thought of challenging him."

Barbara was listening intently, some slow dawning of understanding on her face.

"He went first to West Point," continued Edwards. "I followed the next year. When I got there he was on the ragged edge of dismissal—for brawling and poor grades. I saved him because he demanded it and expected it of me, because I had been doing it all my life. I think it was then that something new came into our relationship. He realized how dependent he was on me and hated me for it. He hazed me as only an upperclassman at the academy can. It was during that first year there together that we had our last fight with fists, and he whipped me again. But the physical dominance was largely gone. He began to develop a man's ambitions. Soaring ambitions that outran his ability. And, because I had always done his thinking, he began to believe I owed it to him to help him realize his ambitions. I hated him too, but I couldn't rid myself of a feeling of responsibility for him. I had been doing his thinking too long. He was like a domineering older brother—but a brother I would gladly see in hell."

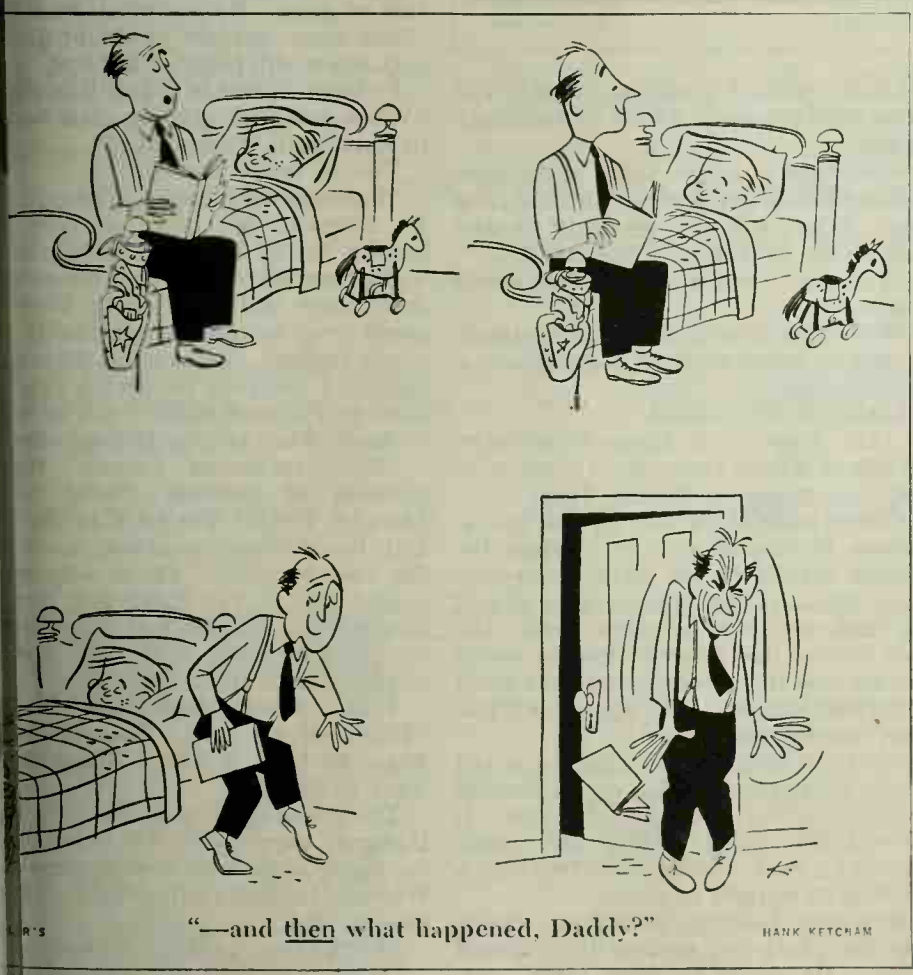
Barbara interrupted in a wondering voice, "That must have been it. Yes! Tracy needed me that way. But he loved me and I—I didn't hate him."

Her father swung toward her with a cold fury she had never seen in him. "If he had held you that way in marriage I would have killed him like a dog."

Barbara shook her head slowly. She murmured, "Poor Tracy."

Edwards was silent for a minute, working at his cigar as he gradually suppressed the sudden outburst of his emotion. Presently he resumed:

"He didn't get along in the Army. That kind never does. You can go so far with a loud voice and a too-ready fist, then everybody begins to get your



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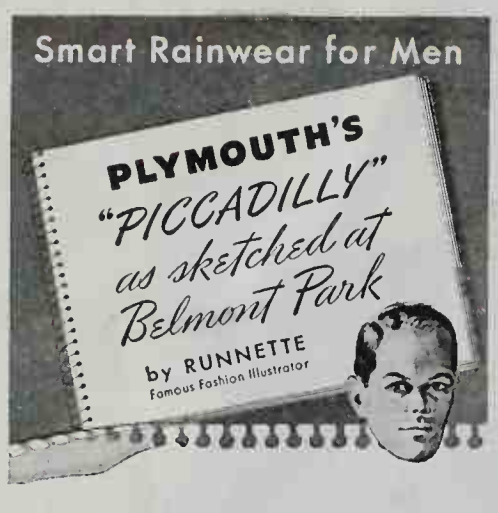

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measure. He needed me. He had to have me with him. He got a transfer to Fort Sill because I was there. He was my senior, and he rode me mercilessly, hating me while he picked my brains. He became an obsession. He was like some huge parasite dug into my back, feeding on me and gradually killing me. I actually thought of shooting him or myself. I tried to resign. But the Comanches had left their reservation and I was refused. We were sent after them. We found their camp one dawn in a valley of the Washita. He told me what he was going to do. Then he waited, as he had always done, for me to tell him where his judgment was wrong and what he should do. I deliberately told him his decision was the only possible one. I let him ride into a trap. He lost his head and went to pieces—just as his son did this afternoon."

Edwards' voice trailed off. His head went back and his eyes closed. When he opened them he shot a sudden, sharp question at Lineer, "Was I responsible for his death?"

Lineer shrugged. "I have no answer for that."

Barbara said with a passionate intensity, "Oh, Dad! No!"

Edwards still watched Lineer. He said, "We are responsible for people when we think for them or make decisions that affect them. I told Jim that he must not interfere if trouble broke out between Ware and Nye. I instructed him that Tracy alone must keep the peace. Yet I find that Jim stepped in and made the right decision when Tracy could not. Jim began to do Tracy's thinking. If Jim had let Tracy go ahead and make his big mistake there, perhaps things would not have grown so bad now."

Lineer grinned. "I admit the interference. The rest of what you say is speculation."

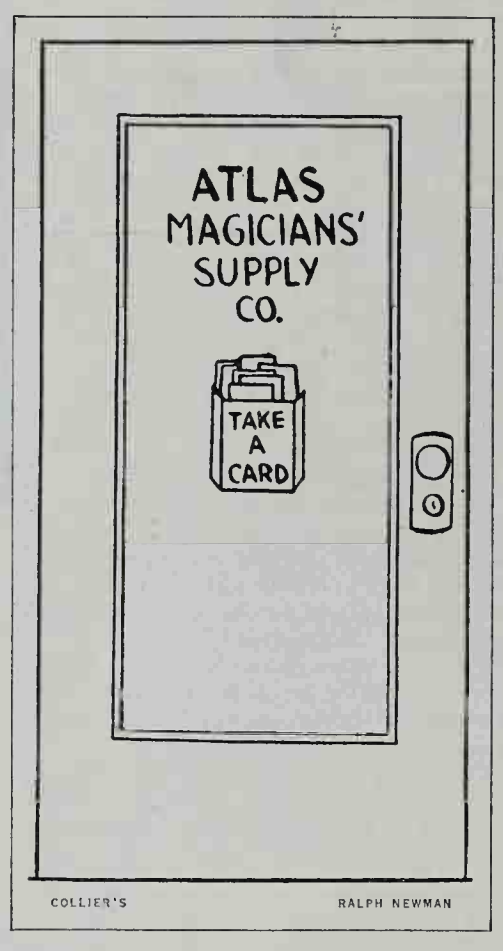
"Yes." Edwards nodded. "But it illustrates how you get yourself into these things. I did feel a responsibility toward Wayne Thomason's son. I took him into my home and gave him every advantage a boy could have. He seemed to possess more self-reliance than his father. He was in his teens before I discovered that he was domineering, that he lorded it over other boys with his fists. I tried to knock that out of his system by bringing some professionals up to our place on the river to whip him. But he had learned to be skillful with his fists at college. He always knocked them out or got a draw. When he finished school I let him find his own place with Great Western. He showed a real knack for certain kinds of work. I thought he was ready for bigger things. I sent him to Sonora to straighten out that trouble—and he fell apart."

EDWARDS inspected his cold cigar and sighed with his shoulders. "You can guess the rest of it. I kept him around New York, trying to think out an answer for him. When he came to me with my own daughter and announced they were in love—the solid ground I had been building for twenty-seven years went out from under me. For one long night I was back at Fort Sill with murder in my heart. When that passed I knew I had to give Tracy his chance. He deserved it. I owed it to him. I had to find a spot for him where he would have every advantage, every chance, and with complete and final responsibility for his decisions. And that, Jim, is when your proposal to put a railroad through this valley was laid on my desk."

Quiet came to the room, a long silence filled with the substance of their separate memories and reactions. Colonel Edwards reached for Barbara's hand now, seeking understanding in his daughter's expression and finding it. Finding there, too, a depth of compassion that told him his willful child had grown to the fullness of a woman.

Molly still gazed into the fire. And Lineer, moving his glance to her, saw that her thoughts had gone back to Tim. The tragedy of a weak man had not fallen directly on Molly. It had instead brought her a happiness such as few people ever know. Yet some fear, some dread without a name that reached forth for her from the forbidding solitudes of the desert sands, made a tremor upon her mouth.

Lineer stirred first. He walked to the same window that had drawn Edwards and stared into the night, nursing his doubts. He had never fully shared Tim's convictions about Tracy. True, Tracy had talked to Keck in El Paso. Tracy's casual comment that Keck had gone to California served the purpose of relaxing their guard. But these were the vaguest of suspicions. Now Tracy had disappeared into the Sacramentos. And Keck was holed up somewhere in the Sacramentos. Did Tracy know where? To Barbara and her father, Tracy was a weakling, the son of a weakling, capable of murderous threats but incapable of carrying them out. Perhaps they were right. They knew him from childhood.



Lineer walked reluctantly back and stood before them. "I'll try to find him," he said.

Afterward as Lineer stood at the door Colonel Edwards asked with his old crisp tone, "When will you be ready to start rails up the canyon to White Oaks?"

"Ten days," said Lineer. "Two weeks maybe."

"Ever hear of a man named Gittings? A mining engineer from some place in Pennsylvania?"

Lineer shook his head.

"Let it go," said Edwards absently. "We have a little time yet. I want us to keep our minds on finding Tracy."

Lineer rode alone out of the Sacramentos, leaving his men to continue the tedious search of the higher canyons. After ten days their hearts were not in the hunt, nor could he blame them. His own interest had flagged when he found a cabin near the point where Harry Keck ambushed him, and read signs that it had been recently abandoned.

When he dropped from the scarp and angled north toward Tularosa he became conscious of the velocity of the wind. It hurried him along, strong and steady against his back, reaching into him with a promise of warmth to come.

Reaching Tularosa he stabled, swung into the plaza and entered the railroad office. He spent an hour there, controlling poorly his eagerness to see B bara, trying vainly to focus his mind work long neglected. When he gave and returned to the street he was grinn wryly at himself.

He observed next door that Ed W was not in the little private Ware ba It occurred to Lineer that he had seld seen Wilse Ware's nephew at Tularos recent months. It was almost as tho Wilse Ware had withdrawn this m outpost in the lower valley so that might hold more strongly his redoub White Oaks. It was an odd thought, Lineer wondered why it came to hin

MANUELA admitted him, and I bara raced down the stairs at voice. She searched his face briefly asked no questions before she ra firm, sweet lips to him. Then she put face against his chest, seeking his s strength, blending with it the surpri strength of her own slender body. pulled him down to the couch beside as her father entered.

Lineer shook his head at their spoken query. "There are a great m abandoned places in out-of-the- canyons. Prospector shacks. Line ca for Nye riders toward the summit. It take time."

"But he had no food, no blank said Barbara. "How could he live?

"He could have holed up with s nester. We found one cabin that been recently used. Quite recentl would judge."

Barbara said slowly, "I have thinking—what if he came upon H Keck?"

Lineer shrugged. "We don't k that Tracy stayed in the Sacrame He may have cut south to El Paso. could be in New York by now."

"I thought of that," said Colonel wards. "I sent word to watch for there."

"What if he's—" Barbara stopped continued vehemently, "No, I know not dead. Jim, we've just got to him!"

Lineer slanted a questioning ga her, not answering, showing her stubbornness in his eyes.

Edwards said, "No, Barbara. Jin done what he could." He added "Under the circumstances, he has more than we had a right to expe him."

"I know," said Barbara quietly. said no more. But as she sat back o couch some shadow of doubt and accusation still touched her lips.

Colonel Edwards asked thought "When will your grading crew be to start up to White Oaks?"

"We're ready now."

"I mentioned the man Gittings to He came to my office in New shortly before I left for here. Sa had examined Ware's coal mines e this winter and reported to Ware could never be operated profitably. much faulting and igneous diking. recall. I gathered he bore a grud some sort against Ware. But he se to know what he was talking abo

"No!" exclaimed Lineer. Bu moment of disbelief passed qu Memory carried him back to the and Jess Folsom plodding south the coal wagons. Those wagons passed end of rail more and mo frequently. And he had failed to the plain meaning of it. He swo wardly with deep feeling.

Then, grimly humorous, he "That's all we need. No coal a water to haul it with. What d want to do?"

The friendliness went out of C Edwards' expression. He became the aging eagle who commanded Western. He said curtly, "You're r this railroad."

"Then I'll go to Ware at once."

"Ware has told us nothing.

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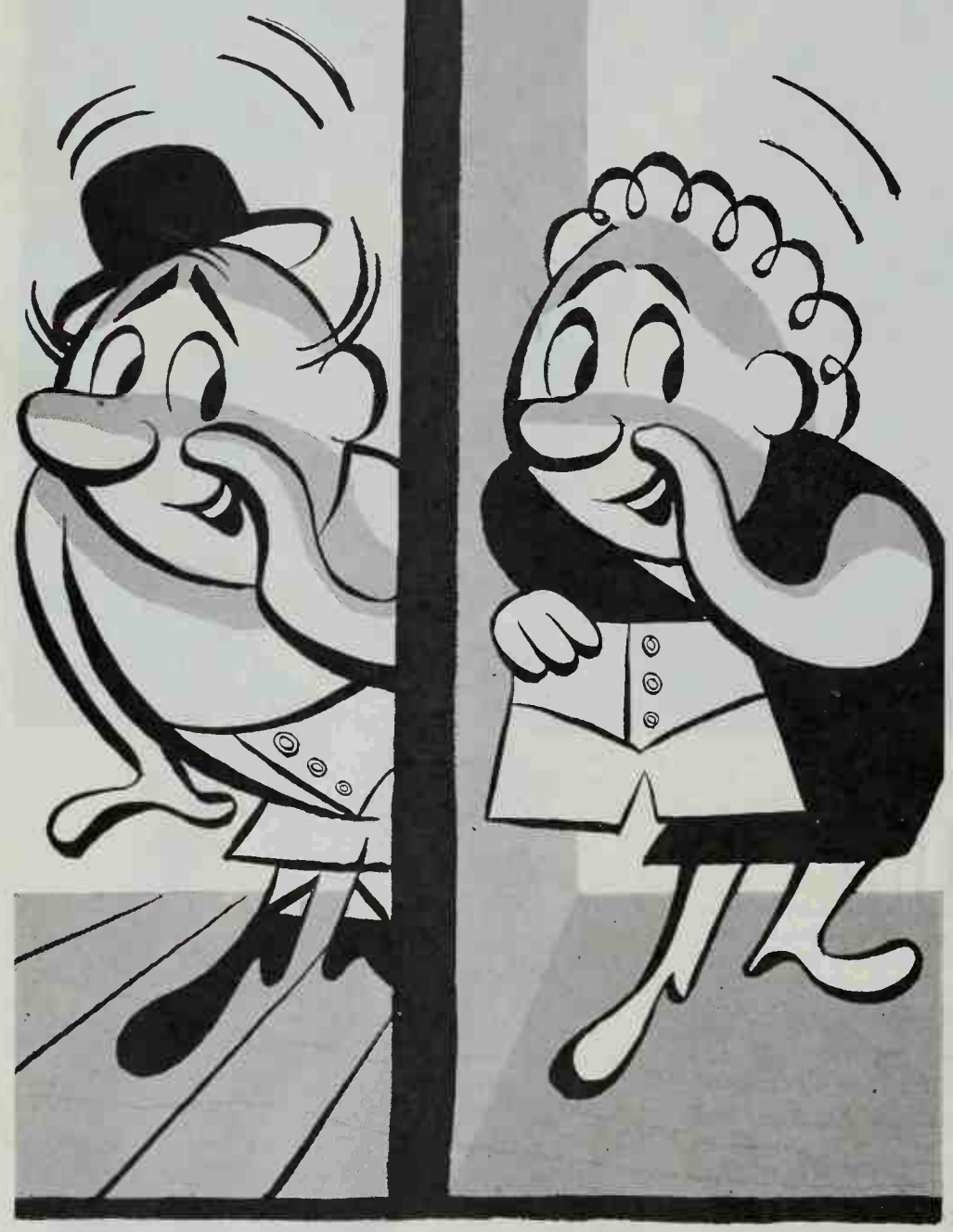

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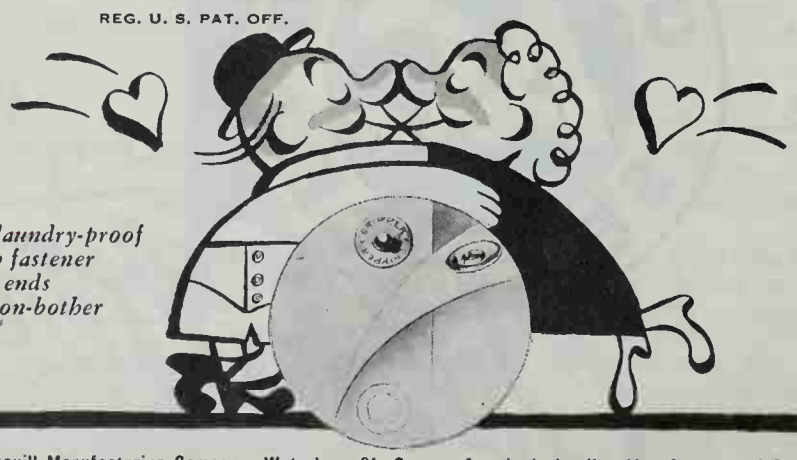

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mines are dying, he is deliberately hiding that fact from us. He's not likely to admit it now."

"He'll open the mines to our inspection or we'll by-pass White Oaks and head north," said Lineer.

"North for where?"

Lineer grinned. "You asked me once if we could get out of this valley to the north. You knew the answer before I told you we could. You also told me this railroad would be built come hell or high water. All that adds up to the conclusion that you came into this valley primarily because these rails can be the connecting link in a new transcontinental line."

"Connecting where?"

"You've got a line from Chicago down into Kansas. Bring it on across the Texas Panhandle into northeastern New Mexico. I'll swing northeast when I'm out of the valley and meet you beyond the Pecos."

Edwards' voice was still brusque: "Where will you get your coal?"

"A branch line to the proven mines in the Raton country."

BARBARA'S eyes swung back and forth from her father to Lineer. Strong minds were at combative play here. Knowing her father's ways of old, she sensed that despite his demeanor he was immensely pleased. She smiled, for that moment wholly content.

Edwards changed his point of attack suddenly. "You're right. I did plan to connect this road up with the Kansas line. But not for another ten years. Why should I do it now?"

"Because the copper mines in Arizona will still provide a profitable coal haul. Because this country is growing. And"—Lineer was grinning again now—"because you would never give your competitors in New York a chance to say you built a railroad into nowhere."

Edwards laughed aloud, and both men relaxed. "All right, Jim. You might like to know I've already started the survey down from Kansas. Just in case."

Lineer smiled ruefully. "I should have known." He rose, and his expression sobered. "I respect Wilse Ware. You always know where he stands. If we don't build rails to his town, he'll fight."

Edwards nodded. "I told you and Tracy once to hit him with everything you had—if you had to go against him. That's still good advice. But you've brought peace to this valley. Keep it if you can."

Barbara walked with Lineer to the door. She lifted her arms and pulled his face down to hers, gazing long and soberly into his eyes, then meeting his lips with all the ardor and all the fullness of her love. As she drew away she murmured, "You see? He is no longer between us. Truly he is not."

"I believe that," said Lineer slowly. "Someday, perhaps, I will share your pity for the man. I have none now. That lies between us."...

He caught the work train north, arriving at end of rail shortly before sunset. "Move your tent up to the grader camp," he told Georgie Price. "Count the guns in camp. And stay out of White Oaks Canyon until I pass the word."

Afterward he explained at length to Georgie and Big Tim as they took their ease on camp chairs before the tent, watching the sun's glow die beyond the far silhouette of Salinas Peak. To their immediate west the sinuous flow of the malpais raised a dark and forbidding barrier. It was near this point, he recalled, that the caravan of splendid coaches dropped ten months ago out of the lava cut and into Tularosa Valley. Thinking of that time and of the transformation wrought in the valley by the people who made up that caravan, he came by slow degrees to thoughts of the turns in the lives of those people themselves.

He tried to look upon them with passion. For it was his nature to ac change, to acknowledge it as a rul life, to adapt and conform to it. Her part of the secret of his tranquillity other men envied. This, plus his at to wrest from the desert some of its timeless serenity. But tonight the l walled valley began to communicat his mind a jarring and unnatura brance. It came out of the rising so west wind, a staccato of meanin whispers. It advanced from the t pits of the malpais, felt but unseen, slipped back only to advance again lay down beside the night to disturl darkness with its uneven breathing.

The mood was born within hi and persisted there, he knew, becaus pattern of change was not com Somewhere in the valley still roam man who had tried repeatedly to kil and would try again. In the high ba of White Oaks brooded a man of will who would not bow to disaster came tomorrow. And until Tracy T ason was found, until the enigma c nature was exposed to the last raw to reveal whether he was an irresp ble weakling or a wanton with murc his heart, there would remain in bara's eyes that shadow he saw toda

These thoughts remained with through the night spent on his ol beside Tim and Georgie. They s with him, heavily charged with thei of impending decision, as he rode morning up the road to White Oak

HE FOUND Wilse Ware in th corner office with Ed Ware shook hands with the two men, the loosely in a chair and let the talk along in an idle, aimless way. But the guarded expression in Wilse W black eyes did not relax, he said fi "We're ready to lay steel up the can

"Fine," said Ware. "Best news I heard."

Lineer waited again before he bluntly, "Is the coal here?"

"Now, Jim," said Ware m "Who've you been listening to?"

"Talk," said Lineer. "Gossip m Nothing more. But you haven't shipping as much coal south."

"We're having troubles. The mines have them. It doesn't mean thing."

"How long have you been h them?"

Ware said with sudden impat "I've got the coal, man. That's a railroad needs to know, isn't it?"

"Mind if we send in our own n engineers for a look?"

"You're damned right I mind. fellows don't know any more what's in the bowels of the earth t do. And I'm telling you I've got the

Lineer shook his head. "Not er Wilse. It will cost a lot of money tracks up that grade. We've got to we'll get coal when we reach here."

"You'll get the coal at your price. You've got my signature man! Why should you worry if I l little trouble in the mines? If I produce at the option price it's m not yours."

"You mean," asked Lineer in derment, "you're ready to scrabbl coal out at a loss to yourself?"

"I mean exactly that. White Oa waited a long time for this ra We're going to have it!"

Ed Ware broke in, "Don't forge Uncle Wilse has money in your ra too."

Wilse Ware moved his head around toward his nephew, his ey tling on the younger man in a temptuous stare. He growled, "Sh Young Ware seemed to grow s in his chair. But for the first tim hint of defiance remained on his face.

Lineer said, "We want to come i

ove you've got coal in volume and
'll start grading tomorrow."
Wilse Ware heaved abruptly to his
t. He turned his back to Lineer and
od at the window, his thick shoulders
nched, his hands behind his back. He
nained thus for long minutes. When
swung around, he had made his deci-
n.
Hc barked, "You're pledged to come
e, and by God you're coming!"
We're not pledged to lay rail to dead
es."
Damn it, man, I've told you the mines
not dead!"
Then let us put engineers into them
a look."
No!"
ineer stood too. He had never seen
agitation on the face of this rough,
l man, and he watched it with real
et. He said, "I'm sorry, Wilse."
Never mind that. What do you pro-
to do?"
Go north to Raton coal."
Vare advanced until he stood only a
t step from Lineer. He said softly,
u'll come here, man, or you'll go
here."
No," said Lineer. "It's too late for
kind of talk. You can't stop us."
ou're the one I should have stopped,
er. I knew it a long time ago, when
fool Thomason was in the saddle. I
't go against you because I liked you.
I can still cut you down."
ou could," agreed Lineer. "But it
d change nothing."
short, rumbling laugh came out of
. His eyes glinted, but there was no
ement in them. "Remember how
outlawed young Keck? You were
g high that night. All right, Lineer,
e Oaks is outlawing you. Ride out
is town. And stay out!"
neer said bleakly, "This is no good,
. When you're ready to open your
s to us, send me word."
Ware stood beside his uncle, watch-
Lineer ride down the street. Wilse's
was still strongly set in anger. But
ld, too, some new irresolution that
completely foreign to him, some
of hopelessness that lay bitterly
his untamed soul.
esently the younger man asked,
you really going to stop him?"
lse said without turning his head,
out."

Ed hesitated, found coat and hat and left. He looked back resentfully from the street, seeing his uncle's bulky figure still at the window, still staring down the street with set, tired face. The younger man moved on down to the bar at Cantwell's, found congenial companions there and remained until long shadows began to stretch their way up the street. He returned to the office. At the door he met his uncle coming out. Wilse Ware passed him without a word, head sunk on chest and tramped off heavily toward home.

ED WALKED thoughtfully back to Cantwell's. He spied Jess Folsom worrying a morose supper and joined him. But some stir of excitement held Ed. He found he had no appetite for food. He made frequent trips to the bar instead, wishing and waiting for something and not able to give it a name.

Once he said with ill-concealed pleasure, "Uncle Wilse is losing his grip."

"You're crazy," said Folsom.

The evening was almost gone and a vague disappointment was beginning to touch Ed, when he glanced up and saw Tracy Thomason step carefully through the door. Beside him was a shorter man, slender, bearded and dirty. Then Ed recognized Harry Keck. The two of them stood near the door, their glances moving down the bar and through the tables until they found Ware and Folsom.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Ware. He stood and raised a friendly hand. When they advanced watchfully to the table he said genially, "What the devil are you two doing here?"

"Seein' the country," grunted Keck. His eyes were on Folsom, dourly alert. Thomason was smiling. He had found soap and razor somewhere, for he had shaved within the last two days. He said, "Just visiting, Ed."

"Don't you know Lineer has been scouring the country for you?"

Thomason's face contorted. He opened his mouth to reply. But his lips sucked tightly back against his teeth and he seemed unable to speak. It was Keck who said, "He'll find us, all right."

Folsom said, "We don't want you here, Keck."

"Wait, Jess," said Ware. He smiled around at the three of them, unable to

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withhold news of disaster any longer, relishing the thought that Wilse Ware had failed to find the courage to break the news to his town. "Lineer was up here today. The railroad is not coming to White Oaks because he thinks the coal has pinched out."

Thomason and Keck exchanged triumphant glances. Thomason said quickly, "What's your uncle going to do about it?"

"He's fit to be tied. Told Lineer the railroad would come here or nowhere." Ware paused, then added with a little smile, "Now he can't make up his mind."

"I'll buy a drink," said Thomason. He laughed strongly, full of his old thrusting, impetuous good humor. When the bottle came he said, "We figured that if anybody stood up to the railroad it would be Wilse Ware. Hope he hasn't lost his nerve."

"Cut that talk," growled Folsom. "If Wilse wants to tear the railroad apart, he'll do it."

"Sure, Jess," said Thomason. "And we'll help him."

"He'll need no help."

"All right, Jess," said Thomason easily.

Keck said, "Where's Lineer now?"

"He left here by horse. Probably down at the construction camp."

Keck looked impatiently at Thomason. The latter shook his head. He asked Ware, "Where's the railroad going?"

"Lineer said north."

"Then now's the time to stop him. Does Wilse know that?"

"I guess he does," said Ed. "If he could make up his mind."

"There are enough men in this room tonight to tear that camp apart."

"What?" Ed sent a startled glance at Thomason. "Yeah. Say, you're probably right at that."

Folsom growled, "What kind of talk is that?"

"Lay off, Jess," said Ware. Liquor was beginning to flush his cheeks and instill in him its bright courage. Thomason had always been his friend, had always shown him a respect he never received from his uncle. Now Wilse Ware was slipping. He would stand there day after day at the window, brooding while the rails raced away from him. Well, let him. This would still be a Ware town when Wilse Ware was gone. There was still one Ware left who knew how to fight.

Thomason's eyes left Ed and swung around the room, seeing the glances of curiosity at this table. He asked, "Do these men know about it?" Ed sh his head. Thomason said, "Let's hav drink at the bar."

They rose. Thomason said, "Comi Jess?"

"Naw."

At the bar Thomason inspected drink, saying absently but loudly, "T will turn into a ghost town, you kno He observed the miner next to him t slowly around and give him a curi stare. The miner asked, "What did y say, mister?"

Thomason smiled, "You tell him, E

MEN moved down the bar, drawn Ware's rising voice. They liste and moved away, some incredulo some angry, some indifferent. T spread the word through the big ro and some returned to the bar with ot men. "Joe here doesn't believe it. Tell him what Wilse said." Ed's v rose higher and higher, thickened whisky and indignation. The po game stopped, and the pool table deserted. The crowd around Ed swel and debated. Keck moved around fringes, spurring the hotheads. Thomason never left Ed's side.

"Where's Keck?" demanded "Harry, come here." Ware shouted the crowd, pointing at Keck, "Here's other man Lineer tried to run over. outlawed Harry here. Well, by God, day Wilse outlawed Jim Lineer!"

Thomason laughed strongly. He his arm around Ed. "You've got y uncle's blood in you all right, Ed."

"This is still a Ware town," said pleased but belligerent, "and don't y forget it." He called to the barke "Put 'em on the house for the rest of night, Bill."

Voices lifted all over the room i querulous, half-angry hubbub t mounted steadily higher. Liquor slop on the big black bar, wetly gleaming der the oil lamps, and the barkee swishing cloth could no longer keep with it.

"We ought to burn that railroad ca down!"

"What good would that do? ought to hang a couple of 'em. Tha show 'em White Oaks means busines

"What does ol' Wilse say?"

"Ed here says Wilse told 'em we gonna fight."

"You bet we're gonna fight! Wish Wilse was here right now."

Thomason watched the growing te per of the room, not pushing it, check his own eagerness, prodding the grow decision on Ed Ware's moist face.

"No, I can't say I do know what issues confront the world today—nothing serious, I hope"

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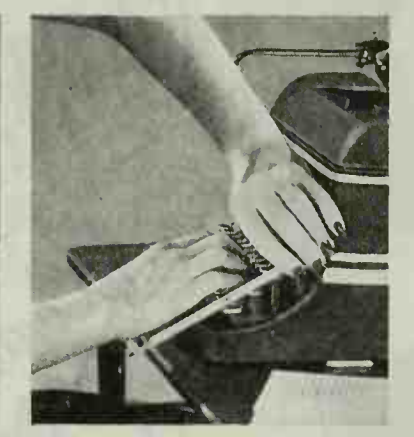

"WRISTS relaxed and slanted about parallel with keyboard; fingers should be curved and resting lightly on the guide keys."

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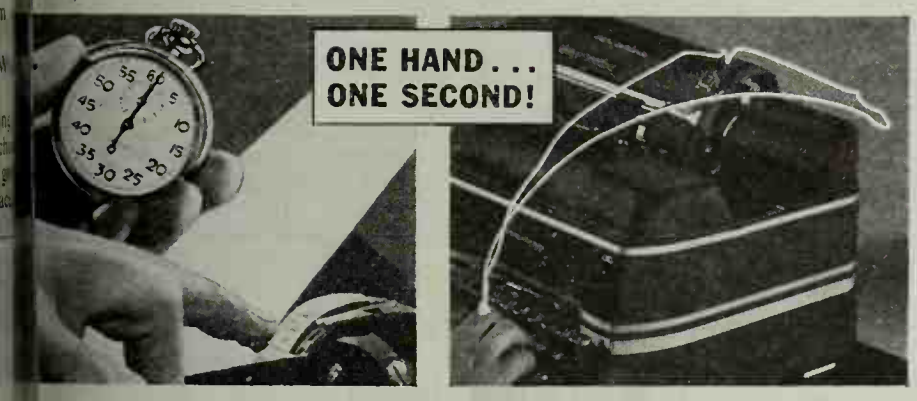

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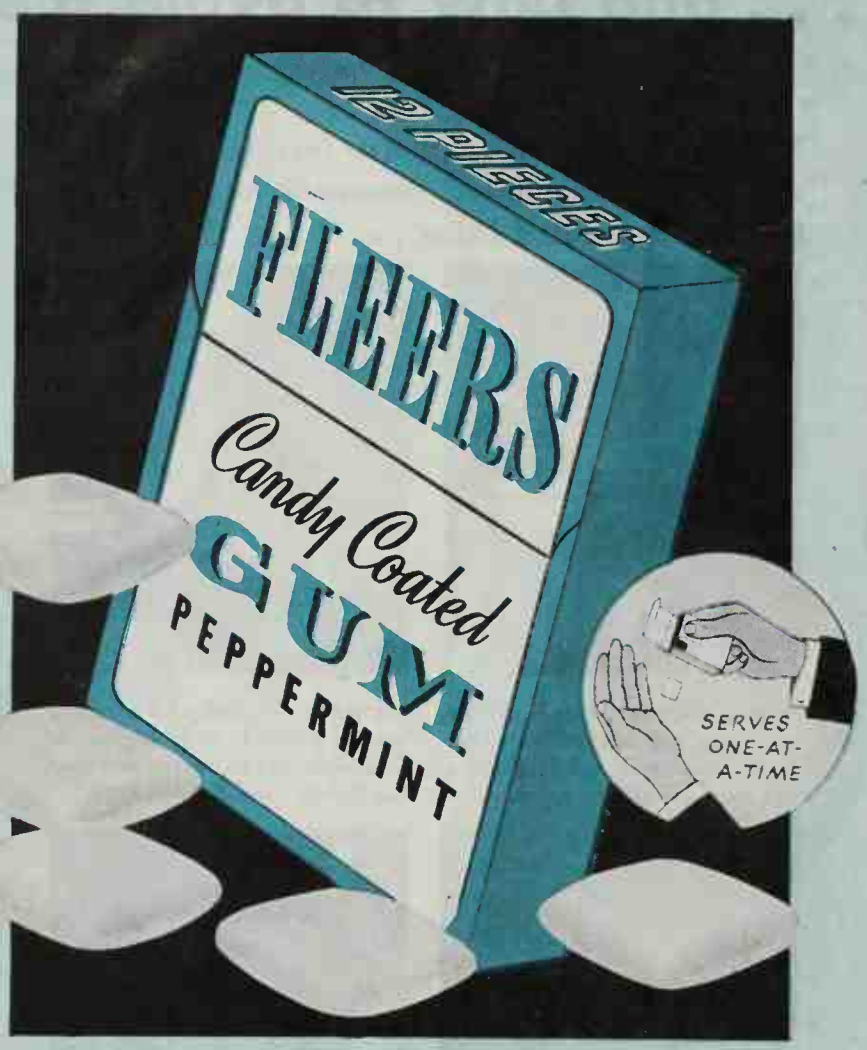

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oily sweat exuded from Thomason's cheeks and rolled down his jaw. And when he thought of Jim Lineer the faint freckles on his forehead leaped out, then sank from sight in the hot bath of blood across his face.

Midnight was approaching when he saw men's eyes were beginning to turn questioningly toward Jess Folsom, still sourly alone with his bottle at the table. These men were not ready to follow Ed Ware alone. But they would follow Ed and Folsom together. Thomason whispered to Ed, "What's eating Jess?"

"I don't know," said Ed. He staggered a little, frowning. "Whatever it is I'm not going to stand for it." He tried to shape his round face into lines of crisp decisiveness. "Folsom," he yelled. "Come up here!"

Folsom stood up. Quiet fell over the room as men watched him stump forward.

Ed demanded loudly, "What's the matter with you, Jess?"

"Wilse hasn't ordered it," said Folsom stubbornly.

Ed glared at him. "Don't tell me that. I know what Wilse wants. Didn't I stand there and hear him outlaw Lineer? I'm his own nephew and I guess, by God, I'm the one who knows what's got to be done."

Folsom jerked a thumb at Thomason. "Where does he come in?"

"I'll tell you," said Thomason. "You bet I'll tell you." He seized this moment, his eyes roving boldly over the crowd. He leaped to the bar, finding willing hands to push him up. He laughed down with his free exuberance. Then his face hardened with righteous anger. "You all know I once ran this railroad," he shouted. "But you don't know that I was kicked out because I wouldn't stand for the crooked scheming of the whole dirty outfit. I came here tonight to tell you that they never intended from the first day they came in this valley to build into White Oaks!"

He paused, letting his words sink in, waiting for the first muttering and then the angry roar. He held up his hand, completely confident now. "Jess here wants to know where I come in. Listen to me, Jess! There's a man down there at the foot of the canyon who needs hanging if ever a man did. Jim Lineer thinks he can walk over White Oaks like he's walked over everybody and everything else in the valley. I say now's the time to stop him! I say that I'm ready to follow Ed here because he knows what's got to be done. And I'll follow you, Jess, if you're the man I think you are!"

Folsom blinked up at Thomason, growling at the challenge. His eyes swung around at the expectant faces voice behind him called, "You tell Jess!" A man shouted, "Let 'er go, J But Folsom still glowered his doubts.

It was Keck who tipped the sc Harry Keck, shoving through the cr to Folsom, said with his cold smile, going to kill him for you, Jess. For and for me."

"Damn you," burst out Folsom hang my own meat!" He rocked ar to Ed Ware. "No crazy killin's, Them mule skinners down there are hands like anybody else. One ma want, and we do it with a rope." walked to the wall, took down his and hat, then reached to the nail fo whip. A boss teamster's blacksn shot-handled, with twenty feet of li plait and a black tongue that could blood from ox, horse or man. A went up.

THEY rode through the night, sh ing, laughing and even singing. S rode because they believed Wilse demanded it. Some because red wh made them brave and brutal. Som curiosity and some for the hell of i few sobered in the chill midnight and slipped away. And others w have turned back but slim Harry was everywhere among them, a ye demon of a man, pushing them thrusting a bottle at those who falt laughing until the canyon echoed.

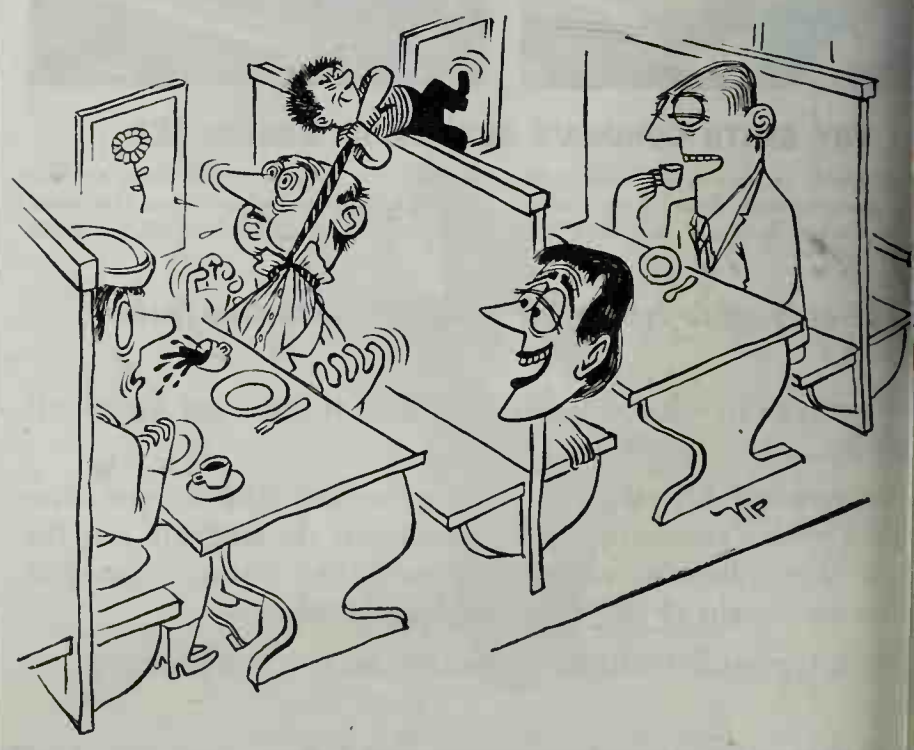
Lineer arrived back at the grader c in late afternoon. He said to Ge Price, "Send your surveying straight north tomorrow. Tell the carry a couple of rifles in their w but to dodge any trouble they can."

Big Tim grinned. "Now that," he "has the sound of a ruckus in it."

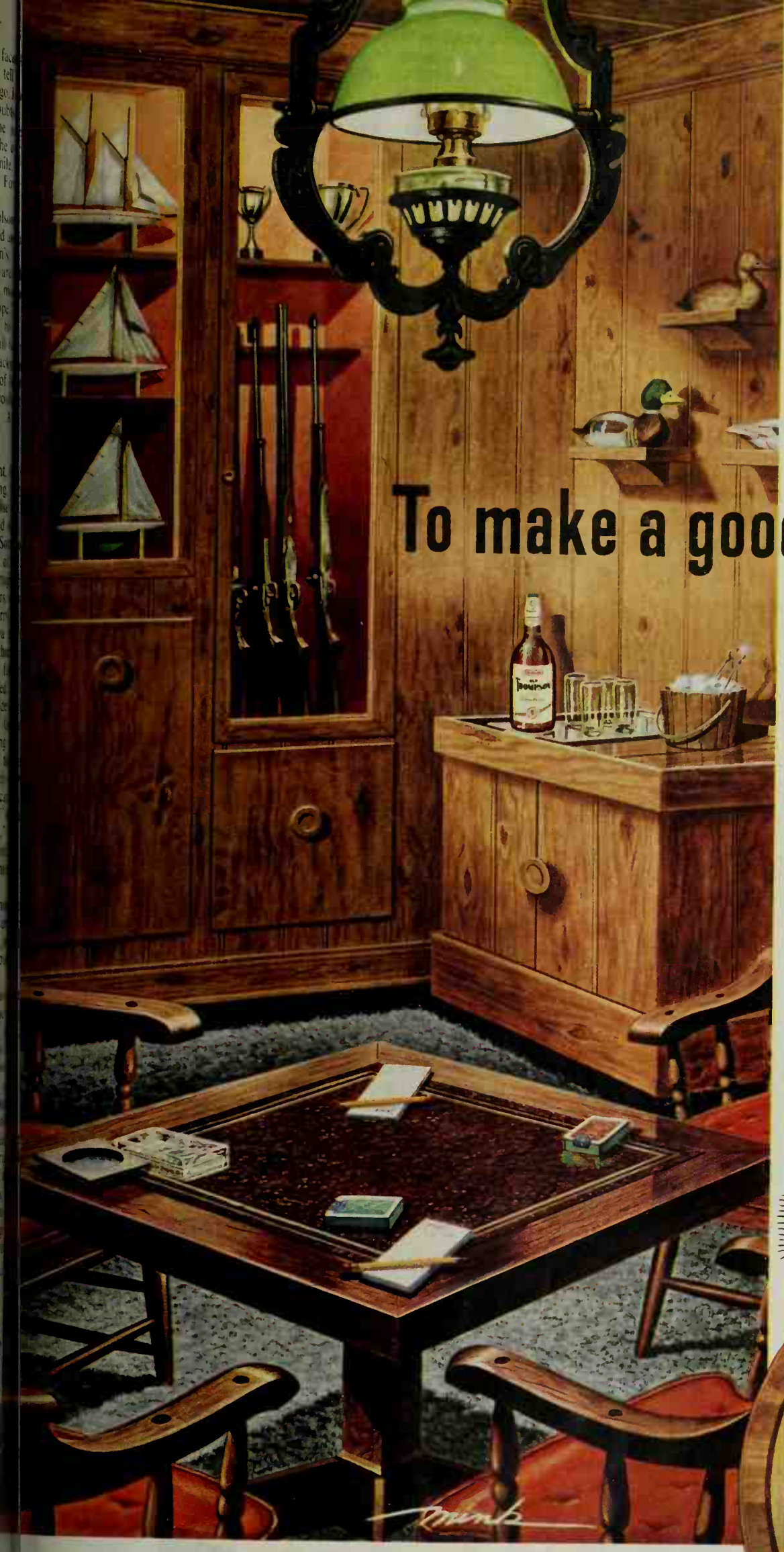
"Maybe," said Lineer. "I don't t so. Looks as though Ware may l die with threats against me."

Georgie said, "Some of my mule ners will be disappointed. We turne five rifles and a round dozen wo pistols today. Spent the noon hour c 'em."

After supper Lineer idly studied ground north of the camp. The gr right of way, with shallow, sce ditches on each side of it, ran or three hundred yards. Around its p point were plows, fresnos and scra wherever teamsters had unhitched a end of the day's work. Another two dred yards farther on, the White road fed into the flat from the right the left of the grade the ground dro away gently toward the malpais. T right it sloped upward in folds to B Mountain. The first bare ridge p leled the grade its full distance, drop



COLLIER'S "Is he being a pest?" VIRGIL PART



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"Come over and play"
It's wise to get set in advance

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Be sure that you're able
To find "Thompson" with merely a glance.

Allan Clark

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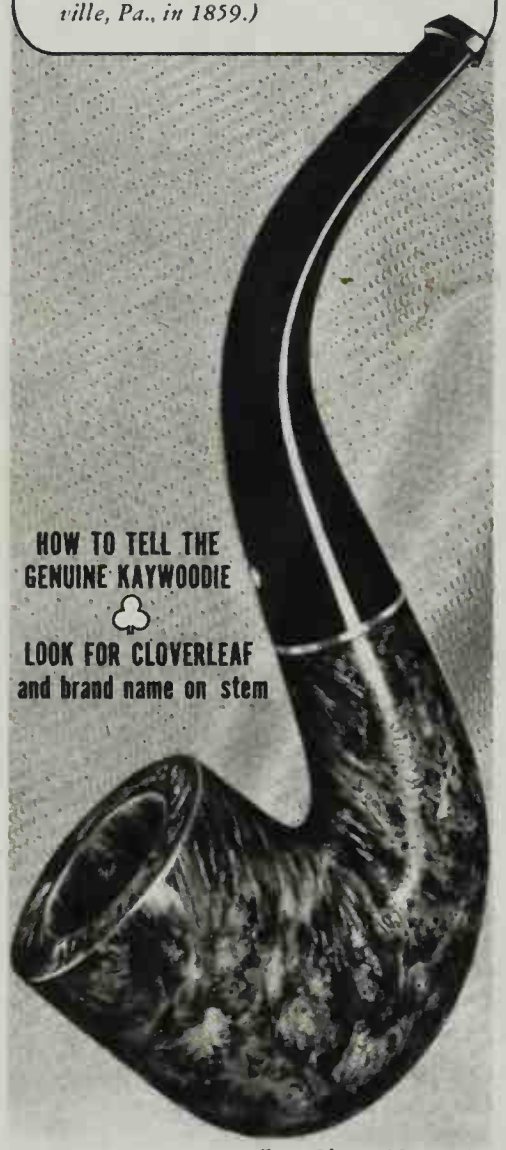

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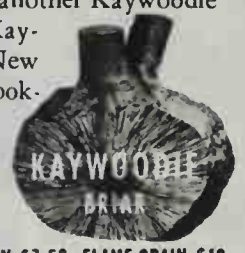

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off just short of the White Oaks road.

It was reasonably good ground to defend. But—defend against what? Wilse Ware's anger had drained away today in harsh but impotent words. A man who talks thus seldom proceeds to act. Ware had lived long with violence. He knew that it seldom settled anything. He would fight, certainly. But his weapons would be injunctions in the courts and political power in the territorial legislature. Lineer went to his cot, turning his mind resolutely away from danger that had no substance, guiding it into pleasant thoughts of the big house beside the *'cequia madre.* He fell presently into a light sleep.

HE AWAKENED to the restless silence of the night, his nerves throbbing to a pulse of discord. There was no sound to alarm him. But he pulled on his boots and ducked out of the tent, impelled by some need to examine the night. Around him men slept in tents, in the open, under and in wagons. To his right toward the ridge the coals of the cook's fire still glowed dimly.

But it was to westward that his eyes and nerve ends were pulled. West toward the wall of the malpais, where some jarring vibration had advanced last night from the black crevices, then ebbed away. The dissonance was close now, so near that he could feel the beating quiver of it. As he faced it, it began to recede again slowly.

No danger could come from there. This had no meaning. This was the illusion of too-taut nerves. He swung around, trying to find through the blackness the long ridge to eastward. Then he knew what he had failed to do. He returned to the tent, shook Tim awake and led him out.

"Get on that ridge with a rifle," he said. "Go far enough north to command both the camp and the road."

"Jim, lad, ye're sleepwalking," said Tim.

"You're probably right," said Lineer. "But if Ware does come he'll be smart enough to fight from that ridge. And we would be helpless."

"I'm on my way," said Tim.

Lineer returned to his cot, sinking after a long interval into broken sleep. When the shot came he was close to consciousness, for he heard it distinctly. He leaped from the tent into the first grayness of dawn. Georgie Price pawed out behind him, then ran back in and emerged with two rifles. He handed one to Lineer, laughing with his love of a fight. "My pappy used to say to me, 'Georgie, never oil a gun 'cause trouble will come sure if you do.' "

A din of shots and yells broke now to the north. All around them men rolled erect with sleepy, cursing questions. Through the morning murk Lineer made out an aimless line of horsemen galloping toward the camp. Streaks of flame spurted upward, telling him they were firing into the air.

"Hold your fire!" yelled Lineer. "Georgie, tell everybody to hold fire!"

Georgie raced to his right, where men were calling to one another among the wagons. Lineer ran around to the north side of the tent, dropping there to silhouette the advancing horsemen better in the half dawn.

Where was Tim? They had come under Tim on the road. Was that Tim's rifle that fired the first shot? He tried to listen for it now, but the confusion of shots was too great. They were still firing in the air. Trying to stampede the camp. What the devil good would that do them? Did Wilse Ware think this sort of business would stop the railroad? Somehow this did not seem like Wilse Ware. These thoughts raced through his mind as his hands explored the rifle and found it ready.

Ed Ware's yelling mob reached the first tents of the camp. Many leaped from their horses there to run and fling themselves laughing against the tents. Others drove their horses on, spreading to right and left, whirling their mounts among the confused mule skinners and still firing into the air. For most of them this had become a gay and drunken lark, without direction, without purpose. They would yell and shoot at the sky and kick down tents on sleeping men and watch laughing as the defenseless mule skinners fled. They might throw lead close to the heels of running men. They might even set fire to the camp and drive off mules and horses before riding triumphantly back to White Oaks.

But a hard core of riders drove straight for the center of the camp, with Jess Folsom and Harry Keck at its point and Tracy Thomason swinging at its left, searching for a tent he could recognize.

Two horses raced down upon Lineer where he crouched, barely visible against the tent. They swung apart to go around both sides of the tent. Lineer held his rifle on the bulky target of the rider at his left, still waiting for this madness to assume a definite shape. As the horse swept by he looked up into the eyes of Folsom, saw the pistol in Folsom's left hand and the coiled blacksnake in his right.

"Here he is!" bellowed Folsom. Folsom jerked his horse up, whirling him and bringing him around. Keck on the other side reined in hard and pivoted back, repeating the yell. Far over to Lineer's right the strident voice of Tracy Thomason called through the half light, "Keck! Where are you, Harry?"

Lineer heard those calls and knew with a cold certainty that he was close to death. And Georgie Price, busy trying to gather around him the few he could find with guns, heard those calls. "Come on," he cried, and dashed for the tent. The eyes in his young-old face never gleamed more recklessly as he saw Thomason's horse plunging toward him; Georgie fired his rifle from the hip. He saw the horse stumble and go down and the rider fall clear but he did not pause in his low-bent run.

AS THE two horses reared above Lineer he made his decision and spun away from Folsom. It was Keck's bullet that he expected to rip first into his body. Keck at last had him where the odds offered no chance. Keck's bullet or Folsom's bullet. What did it matter? Yet it did matter. Maybe he could get one of them. Maybe he could kill Keck even as he took Folsom's bullet in the back. He thought bleakly as he lifted his rifle that he had underestimated Tracy Thomason in some way that he would never live to know.

He did not see the lash of Folsom's arm. But he felt the slashing bite of whip leather across his shoulder and the stinging coil of it as it knocked his rifle down and whipped about his body. He flung himself against its pull, twisting and spinning down and falling against the tent.

"Stand fast, damn you!" bawled Folsom. "Keck, get on him!"

But Keck had never intended to wait for a rope around Lineer's neck. That was Thomason's idea. That was Folsom's idea. Not Harry Keck's. There was only one sure death for the man who had walked over Harry Keck. A bullet between the eyes. He jerked his horse into prancing side steps, laughing soundlessly, forcing the animal against the tent, raising in the stirrups until he poised above Lineer's threshing body.

The powerful rifle slug that came then out of the uneven light struck Keck high in the left side. It tore through his body, lifting him from the saddle and flinging him to the ground. He never moved. He was dead when his body struck.

Georgie Price, down on one knee ten yards away, saw his shot strike home and came up to his running crouch again.

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ck! Where are you, Harry?" It homason, afoot and alone now, g parallel to Georgie. He saw e's head swing toward him and he Georgie drop to one knee again. He d a shot at Georgie as he ran be- wagon. He threaded through two tumbling over the guy ropes and ng for his lost pistol and jumping un again.

aw Folsom race northward past w on the saddle. "Wait, Jess!" he Hc ran heavily after Folsom, pistol bullets strike around him. rs of the mob were running north or now the camp pistols were back and bullets were thudding ng them. Horses plunged and d and became unmanageable, went down. Somewhere a man ut in pain. Somewhere a man meaningless epithets as he sur- d to sudden terror. . . .

nd pistol range the mob began to to a stop, responding to the commands of Folsom. They here for a minute without pur- few still laughing, some firing at toward the camp. But they were fast, and among them were o were beginning to grow afraid. on reached them, shouting for e and receiving no answer. Two who had lost horses ran behind

r had rolled free and clawed for at the moment Keck hit the and Keck's riderless horse away. As he grasped it he p into Folsom's pistol. He could he rifle up. Keck was down but s Folsom's aimed pistol above he still was going to die. Then Folsom lower the weapon uncer- heel his horse and run. Lineer ve killed Folsom then. Instead d for Keck, unable to believe killer would never try to kill ot until he held Keck's pistol d the hole in Keck's side did he

ie ran to his side and they the White Oaks crowd come to eyond pistol range. Their two ld reach the crowd. But the peared to be over. Georgie The sports've got a bellyful."

er spoke again. A random rifle udded into his chest and he to the ground. Lineer stum- n beside him, calling his name.

There was no answer, for life had gone out of Georgie Price at the end of the best fight he ever had. Lineer swung up with an aching oath and emptied his rifle at the dim shapes of the mob.

Folsom was just beginning to calm the mob when an unseen rifle began to sting at them from the ridge. Big Tim, who dared not shoot while the mob boiled through the camp, was going to work. Then Lineer's rifle reached angrily for them. They whirled their horses in confusion, on the edge of panic. "Over here!" yelled a man, and put his horse to the graded right of way. Others followed blindly, ready now to listen to any voice, to flee to any shelter. They jumped from their horses, racing to the fresh earth of the embankment, hugging it, calling to one another doubtfully. They were safe here from the rifle in the camp. But the rifle on the ridge spat down at them, and a man crumpled and lay moaning.

THEY could not stay here. They ran again to their horses and now they streamed northward, up the other side of the grade toward its point, toward the road to White Oaks and safety beyond. Men who still had horses raced at a dead gallop. The others stumbled afoot over the uneven ground.

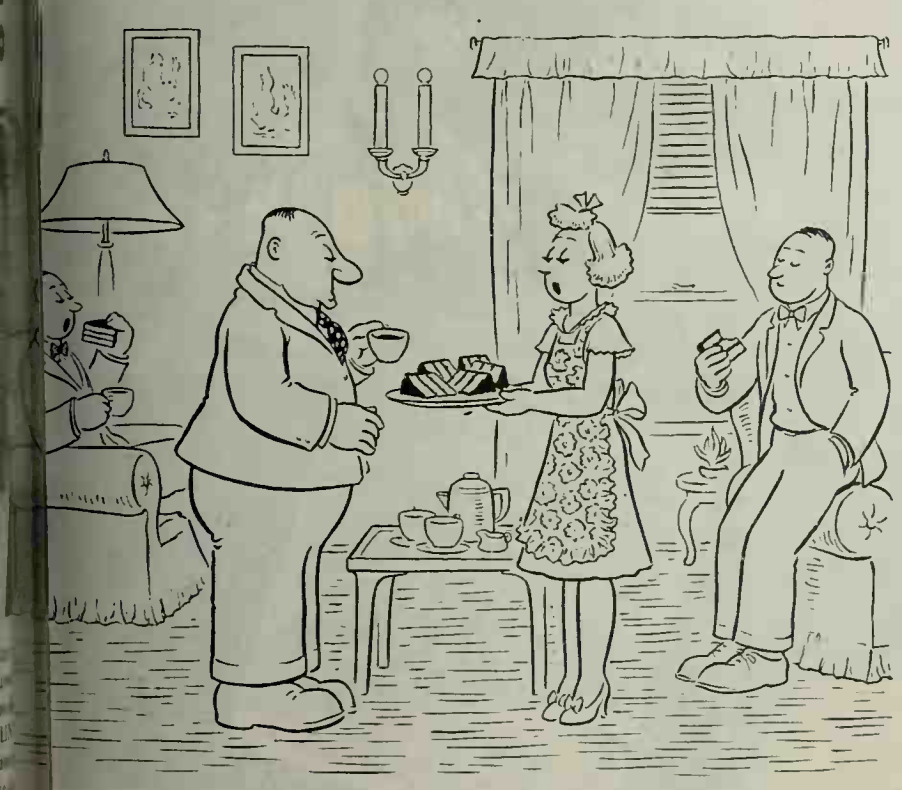
They were running in front of Tim's rifle on the ridge, and Lineer could hear its steady boom. He saw the two leading horses go down, then a man. The man staggered up and ran on. Those still mounted reached the grade point and swung right, racing for the road, firing up at the rifle they could not see.

Tim's bulk reared on the ridge line, limned against the dawn light. Tim had not placed himself far enough north to command the road. Now he ran in long leaps north along the crest. He dropped once to a knee and fired. He sprang up to run. He staggered, twisted in mid-stride and went down. Grief tore its way through Lineer, a bitter, hopeless sorrow so great that it washed out even his wrath. Then he heard again the steady boom of Tim's rifle.

Three of the horsemen got past Tim and reached the safety of the canyon. Two more fled north straight up the valley. The others, unable to stand the rifle on the ridge, gave way and fled for the safety of the embankment they had just quitted. Now they were running toward Lineer and he fired steadily and savagely.

From the corner of his eye he saw a

ED — by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



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Spread . . . . . with butter and jelly or jam, then roll. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

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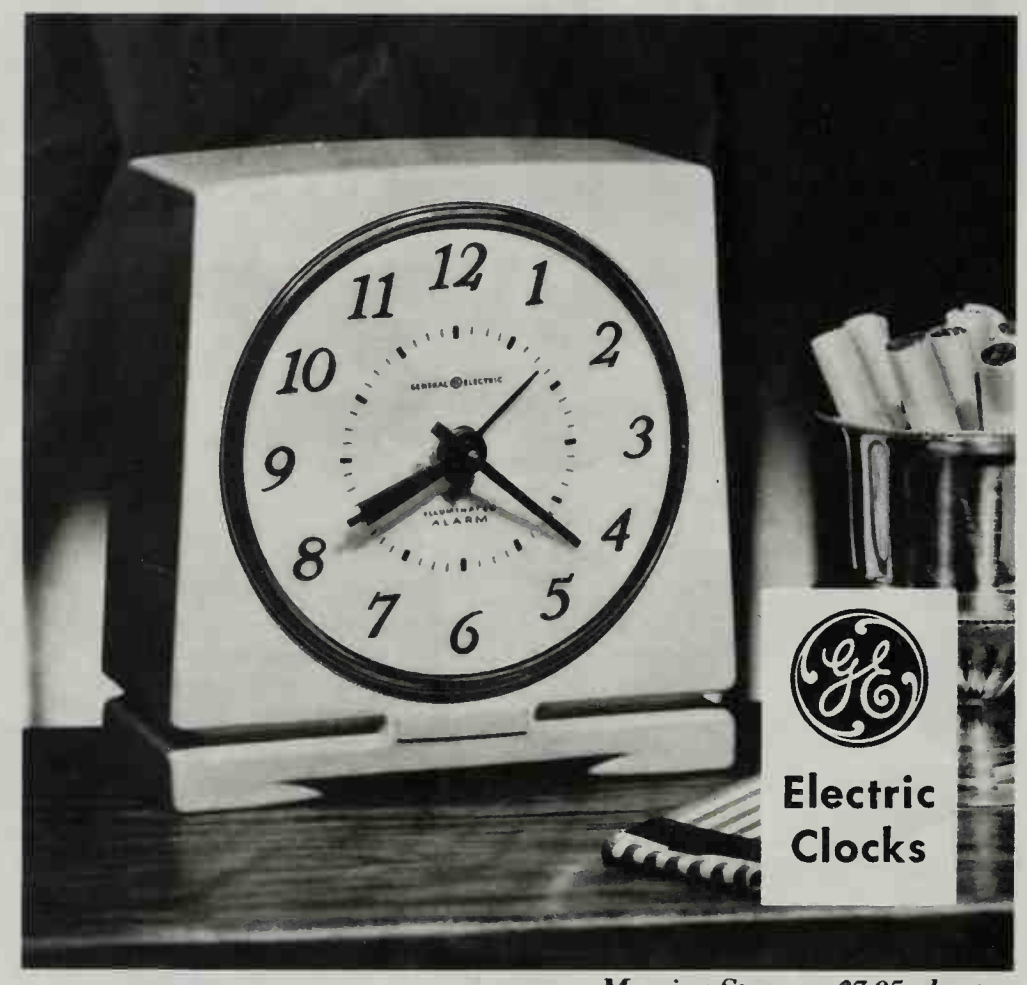

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Why "wind" a clock *today*?
Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

leathery old mule skinner, clad only in long gray underwear and gray socks, stride toward him and grasp the rifle from Georgie's dead hand. The mule skinner said with a hard calm, "I never killed a man, but I think I'm gonna kill me one now."

"Come on," snapped Lineer. He ran to the grade, pounding up its loose side and throwing himself forward with his rifle there to deny the mob its last refuge. The teamster dropped beside him. "Looks like the shootin's over," he said. It was true. The mob was broken utterly, wholly in terror of a fire it could not escape. Men ran straight for the camp, straining their arms above their heads.

But two did not surrender. Two who could never come back chose the malpais. Jess Folsom rode, his broad body flat in the saddle and his pistol butt pounding the ribs of his horse. Tracy Thomason ran on rubbery legs behind him.

The teamster steadied his rifle. Lineer's hand came down on his arm. "No," said Lineer. He pushed up to his feet and stood, exhausted and sickened, watching Thomason as he stumbled on toward the black lava with its sword edges that could slice through boots and its needle pinnacles that could impale a man and its deep dark pits that could give haven to a man fleeing the world.

AFTERWARD Lineer turned away, ignoring the men who shuffled into camp with upraised arms. He picked two stout teamsters, collected a cot and mounted the ridge. Tim was sitting up, staring at the bloody hole ripped through the calf of his left leg.

He said, "I'll thank ye to find me a clean rag."

They came upon Ed Ware's body at the north edge of the camp, where he must have died in the first carefree rush upon the camp. No bullet marked him. But the imprint of a horse's unshod hoof made a dusty pattern on his chest. They found four other men with wounds, and carried them to the same tent where Tim lay. The three bodies they placed side by side upon a canvas.

A buggy rolled down the White Oaks road, rounding the ridge at a racing trot and pounding into camp with spent horses. Wilse Ware jumped out. He looked at the herded, frightened White Oaks men. He looked at the [illegible] raised blank eyes to Lineer, then down again at the canvas. He [illegible] slowly past, gazing into each face, stopped above his nephew, head and legs wide-planted as always.

Three dead and five wounded—the price of a railroad. The price of pride and men's hate. The price that had to be paid before this valley could give up its remoteness and its old ways and come into the world, the triumph for strong men. Final defeat for strong men. Wilse Ware's shoulders slowly sagged. He spoke no word of disclaimer, for he would never disown the acts of men who called him leader.

Lineer asked with a cold gentleness, "Have you had enough, Wilse?"

Ware raised dull eyes. He held Lineer steadily, and a gleam flickered faintly in them and was gone. "Nye couldn't have done it alone."

"Nye didn't break you," said Lineer. "Nor did I or any man. But you're broken."

He waited for a reply that did not come, thinking that he did not need to force this man to speak aloud the humiliating words of surrender. But he must do so. This thing must be tidied up, once and for all time.

He indicated with an arm the White Oaks men who cowered in a group within a menacing circle of teamsters behind them. He said, "They'll go back with you to White Oaks. You will keep order there. And you will stay there."

Ware's head sank again, his eyes fixed on the pale and dusty face of his enemy. Presently he nodded.

Lineer said implacably, "I have your answer."

"Damn you, yes!"

A tired kindliness came then to Lineer's voice: "If you wish, I'll take your body to Tularosa with the others."

Ware lifted lifeless eyes to the mountains east, toward the rampart where his people ruled so long. "No," he said. His brother Ew's body would go back to the dusty gulch of White Oaks. To White Oaks, which must itself die now because the railroad would never come. "If you will lend me a wagon, or a horse to ride, I'll go on—" his voice trailed off. . . .

It was early afternoon when Lineer helped carry Tim up the stairs

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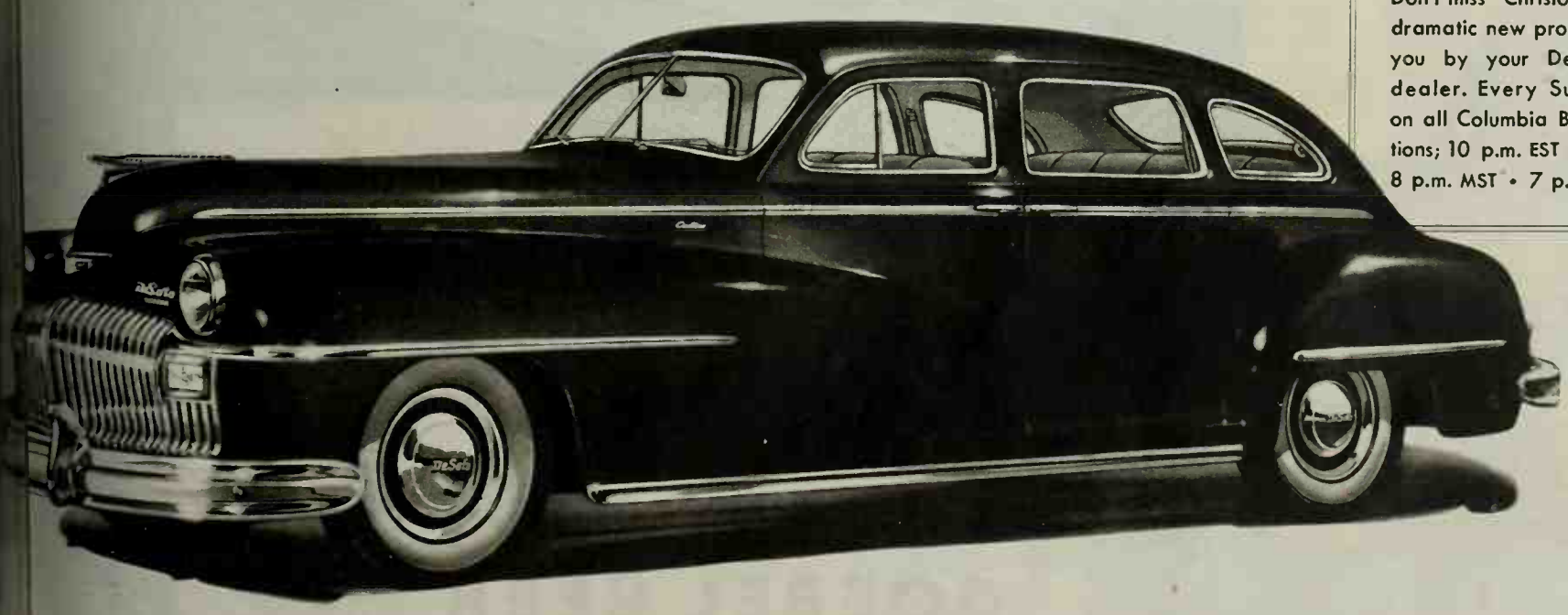

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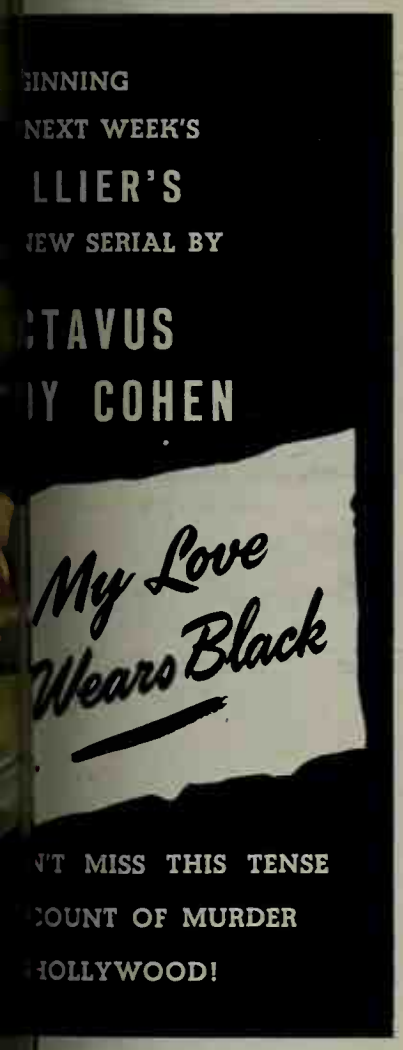
rner bedroom where he had car-
e little *aguador* long ago. After-
e stood at the foot of the bed with
a's hand in his and they smiled
ly's way with Tim.
first flow of tension from Lineer's
en was a slow and pleasant thing.
her hand in a hard, almost rough
understanding quite clearly that
her touch that was drawing the
from him. The tired, ragged
ts that held pain still refused to
m, but he knew they would.

STWARD through the window
e saw the great white sands
g violently upward and lashing
ky with snowy plumes. The des-
odily wrathful, writhed upon it-
called incessantly.
e observed that Molly did not
Her first frightened tears had
shed away by Tim's strong voice,
all of the intuitive terrors were
om her face. The unseen things
esert had reached for Tim and
claimed him.
r slanted his smile down at Bar-
luctant to break the deep con-
t of this moment, thinking that
say to her they would search no
for Tracy Thomason but think-
that he could not do so yet.

GINNING
NEXT WEEK'S
LLIER'S
EW SERIAL BY
CTAVUS
Y COHEN



'T MISS THIS TENSE
COUNT OF MURDER
HOLLYWOOD!

d, "I am a very thoughtless man,
never thought to tell you how
u are."
ughed her pleasure, and her
owed him to the door when he
nstairs to where her father
Colonel Edwards listened qui-
n presently he rose and strode
own toward the depot, his face
and sad.
walked back through the
He filled a basin with water and
o the waist, remembering as he
e cold water on his face that
had done here long ago. Aft-
dressed and walked through
to the fireplace. He stood gaz-
the fire, thinking of Georgie
the breathless heat of Sonora
inking that he must speak to
quickly now and put this
way from them, thinking of
next door and of how little or
h an ultimate triumph could
man at seventy.

He swung out of the house, tramped across and knocked. He heard Nye's high voice say, "Come in," and pushed through the door. Nye lay stretched at length on his worn leather couch. Lineer's first glance told him that the old man had heard of the fight and its outcome. There was on that deeply scored face an expression new to Lineer. It was more contentment than satisfaction, a complete relaxation of mind and body such as a man might feel and show at the end of a long, long journey.

Nye did not attempt to sit or stand, though his inflexible courtesy always before had driven him to his feet despite pain. When Lineer stood above him he raised one hand as though with an effort. Lineer took it. The fingers beneath his own were thin and cold and without strength. Only in the old warrior's eyes did life show. There it gleamed very brightly.

Nye said, "I beg your indulgence, Jim."

Lineer knew then that Jubal Nye was not able to raise himself, nor would he ever again seek or find the strength to do so. The power had not escaped from his body. He had surrendered it this day because he needed it no longer.

Nye spoke again, "You knew that fight was coming and you didn't tell me."

"No," said Lineer. "Wilse didn't know it was coming either. He was ruined by his own men—and by Thomason."

Nye said after a moment, "Yes. I see that now. I should have figured it out. It wasn't Ware's kind of fight."

"If Wilse had led his men this morning," said Lineer, "I might not be here now."

"Perhaps. But that too would have ruined him. For that would have made the railroad concentrate on him. He never had a chance."

Lineer grinned at a thought. "You counted on that."

"Of course I did. I've counted on it from the day you came back to this valley to bury your father. I couldn't whip Wilse Ware. Only an honest railroad could do that." He paused, then asked abruptly, "What did Ware say when it was over? How did he look?"

Lineer replied slowly, "Do you need that satisfaction?"

Nye turned his head away, cushioning his cheek on the sofa, and was silent. After a time he said, almost to himself, "He'll outlive me now. I'll have to grant him that. He'll sit up there in his deserted town like a rooster on a scratched-out dung heap." Without turning his head back he spoke more strongly, yet still softly, "No. I don't need that satisfaction. Goodby, Jim."

CROSSING the yard, Lineer wondered if he would see Jubal Nye alive tomorrow. But then Nye went out of his thoughts and Barbara came fully into them, and he lengthened his stride. He must speak to her of Tracy Thomason now. He must delay no longer.

He saw her when he opened the door. She stood before the fire, her head bent. She heard his footstep and turned, waiting where she stood as he came up to her. He wanted to take her in his arms, and he saw in her face that she wished it too. But he stopped at her side instead.

She waited a moment, then half turned from him. "Tim told me," she said.

He started to speak. But then he thought that there was nothing more for anyone to say. She raised her face, showing him her steady composure. She needed no small and empty comforts. She stood before him now as always to share, not to be comforted. She offered him the sovereignty of her spirit, the vitality of her newly tempered will, the fullness of her love. She would take from him in equal measure.

He brought his arms to her shoulders, and she came quickly against him.

THE END

LOOK Athletic...

FEEL Athletic...

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Avoid it—with this clean, safe LOTION

You don't know when you have "Athletic Aroma"—but everybody else does. Most men have it, and no soap stops it for long.

So your old friends the Barbasol skin scientists created a new kind of deodorant especially for men, made with a newly discovered ingredient. No muss, no goo. *Lotion* . . . easy to use. Evaporates immediately and disappears, but the results last *at least* 24 hours.

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• No brush
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• No rub-in

Find out why it's the world's largest-selling shave cream

Use Barbasol also for soothing relief of windburn, chapping, chafing, itching

34% MORE MILEA

ON THI

MILLIONS OF MILES OF PROOF!

We gave the *new* Goodyear De Luxe millions of miles of road tests before we put it on the market. The tires were driven until the treads wore smooth.

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe averaged 34% more mileage than the famous Goodyear tire it replaces. Yes, *34% more mileage!*

Tires on our test cars are deliberately given harder use than you'd ordinarily give a tire. So doesn't it stand to reason that the *new* Goodyear De Luxe will do at least as well on the wheels of your car as it did on our tests?

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This increased mileage actually costs you less. You not only get a new and better tire, you get it at a prewar price!

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The *new* Goodyear De Luxe is a tougher tire. The b is stronger because the cord is stronger. This e strength permits a heavier tread which results in lo wear.

NEW!...HUSKIER, M FLEXIBLE SHOULDER!

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOO

...LOWER PRICES

...New Tire!

...ice of two famous treads:
...The De Luxe Rib
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NEW!...WIDER, FLATTER TREAD!

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe is a sure-footed tire with a wider, flatter tread. This puts more rubber on the road. It steps up traction when you need it most. Your wheels have a better grip on the road when you step on the brakes or the gas.

• • •

Goodyear has been America's first-choice tire for 32 consecutive years. As you roll up the trouble-free miles on your *new* Goodyear De Luxe tires, you'll understand why. This great new tire is typical of the year-in, year-out improvements that have kept Goodyear first.

...YEAR DE LUXE

...THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Understand Rivalry and you understand America

Score: 19 to 6. But there's still three minutes to play! And if you think the Putnam Avenue Panthers are going to admit defeat to the Rogers Street Redmen before the final whistle, you don't know American youngsters.

Young or old, we're all like that. Americans thrive on rivalry. In hobbies, in sports, in business, we do more when there's more to be done . . . try the hardest when the going is hardest . . . accomplish most when the most is demanded.

Example? You couldn't find a better one than the oil industry where more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes work to outstrip rivals—compete in petroleum production, refining, research, transportation and retail sales.

Result? *Better* gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil . . . *more* gasoline lubricants and fuel oil than in peak war years . . . *lowest* gasoline lubricant and fuel oil prices in the world. More than that, chemistry—medicine—farming—manufacturing—benefit from the advancements generated by the constant rivalry in an industry employing more than 1,250,000 people.

Because of this rivalry, there's better health, a chance to go more places more easily, more comfort . . . more to see and more time to see it in . . . more . . . *constantly* more for you.

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Diving bells are used by gravity meter crews to locate underwater oil-bearing structures. 13,475 oil producing companies constantly strive to maintain and increase America's oil reserves.

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Specially designed and insulated, asphalt trucks deliver direct to consumers within a 100-mile radius. Over 20,000 jobbers and distributors compete to serve you with petroleum and its many by-products.

Preparation for winter is only one of the services familiar to millions of motorists who benefit by the local rivalry among America's 225,000 service stations. Competition means better products and services for you.

Prepared for the oil industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copyright, 1947

LOVE, HONOR AND BETRAY

Continued from page 23

'Hell, boy, you'll be back on your
o time."
ain stopped at Elizabeth. Herb
and shook Andy's hand, grasp-
ly's elbow with his left hand.
uck, old boy. I *mean* it. Best of
you and Sarah."
dby, Herb. And don't forget. I
and Louise to come down."
ainly will try, Andy."
atched Andy out the train
Hell, Andy, he thought, if you
thing, just ask Herb Parker for
le lump formed in his throat. It
to see a guy like Andy Wales
ot that way. Who'd have ever
that Andy would be living in a
-by-four in Elizabeth? Lord, it
etic how anxious he was to
if it didn't matter. Come down
s—just as if he was still in the
s place with a mob of servants.
nothing like that would ever
o Herb Parker. A man was
out to be a success or a failure.
would ever call Herb Parker a

metimes he was afraid. He lived
up to the hilt of his income. He
ttle too close to the line. And
etimes he thought what it would
something went wrong with the
If that ever happened, if he
f the money—well, he would
up, like Andy Wales. He
be Herb Parker any longer. He
somebody different—a failure
n people would look at him the
ad looked at Andy Wales.
led suddenly, thinking about a
afe-deposit box in a bank at
. That was his little private
ifty thousand that nobody in
but Herb Parker knew about.
to fall back on if things ever
tough.
ced suddenly a young girl with
and ash-blond hair who sat in
that Andy Wales had vacated.
ced at her and then stared.
about her face—by God, he
Louise! Louise, twenty years
parently feeling his gaze, the
d toward him; the resemblance
ed.
ed back in his chair, a nostalgic
ing into his throat. Yes, Louise,
t, I remember. I sure was in
you then. It was too bad. Too
ay time changed people. Too
ne had to go on loving when
ad stopped.

Herb Parker hadn't really changed, but Louise had. She seemed to get old a lot faster than Herb after she had the two kids. Parties began to make her tired and she'd begun to want to go home just when things were getting warmed up. She'd been reasonable about that, as she was about everything else. No, sir, she wasn't going to try to spoil Herb's fun. "Why don't you stay on, Herb? I'm just all in," she would say.

Physically she had aged much faster than Herb. She'd put on too much weight, and gradually she'd lost her looks—just sort of faded out of the picture.

But Herb Parker wasn't ready to dry up. Not by a damn' sight. Louise was a swell sport, but to get right down to it, she just wasn't enough woman for Herb Parker any more. He began to go out alone occasionally, then frequently, and then, well—what could you expect?

He'd been very careful to cover up the monkey business from Louise and the kids. That was the least a man could do. It hadn't been very hard, of course. Louise wasn't very smart about that sort of thing. Sometimes he thought it was pathetic, the way she swallowed everything he told her. She was so damn' sweet—only arguments they'd ever had were the usual family ones, about money. Louise was extravagant about buying things, clothes, especially. As if another dress or hat would fix her up again. It was too bad.

Herb got up and carried his fifth Scotch into the men's room in the next car.

It was a good, old-time Pullman room, with none of the flossy Hollywood veneer of the club car. The good old green curtains, the long, worn, green leather seats, and the dull metal wash basins. The inevitable smell of cigars—good and bad.

Herb rinsed his hands in a basin and then combed his thick hair. He bared his teeth in the mirror, stepped back to get the over-all effect. By God, Herb, he said to himself, you've got it, all right. You can still show these young pups a thing or two.

He considered the bright tie, the cream-colored vest with silent approval. Louise thought those vests were too loud, but hell, you didn't have to go around looking like an undertaker. And come to think of it, he never noticed her looking so very upset when they were out together. She seemed to hold herself even straighter than usual and sometimes she would give him a funny kind of look, and he would squeeze her arm—to sort

t you think it's time you got enough confidence to try a real horse?"

GEORGE LICHTY

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of let her know he was really with her. He sighed gently at the thought. The poor kid. Why, it actually scared a man a little to know that somebody was so tied up in him.

The green curtain flapped open and a young second lieutenant came in. Herb was sitting on the green leather seat, giving his fingernails the once-over with the file on his gold pocketknife. He noticed from the corner of his eye that the lieutenant was watching him. After a moment, he looked up and smiled.

"Hello, leftenant."

"Hello." The kid sat down and lighted a cigarette. "I heard somebody in there calling you Herb Parker. Were you the football player?"

"That's right, son."

"Gosh, I used to hear my old man talk about you." The kid was obviously impressed. "I hope you don't mind my saying it, but I figured you'd be an *old* coot."

Herb laughed aloud. It was good to be reminded now and then that they still remembered Herb Parker. He liked the kid. A swell, clean-cut kid.

"I saw you getting on the train." The kid hesitated. "That—uh—was your wife?"

Herb felt the old hackles rise. Was the kid trying to get fresh? But he could see nothing but the purest admiration in the boy's face. "Just an acquaintance, son. Just an acquaintance." For some reason, he couldn't help adding, "*If* you get what I mean."

The kid whistled. "Boy. You really do all right for yourself."

Herb stood up. "Son, how about a drink?"

When the waiter brought the drinks, Herb dropped a five on the tray, waved it away. He noticed that the gesture was not lost on the lieutenant. He was telling the kid about his famous touchdown against Yale back in '22 when he noticed that under the bright lights of the club car the kid's face was deeply sunburned. He broke off his recital.

"Say, you have a pretty good tan for March. Atabrine, maybe?"

The lieutenant laughed. "No. As a matter of fact, I just blew my terminal pay in Bermuda."

"Well, what do you know! My wife's been talking about taking the kids there for a month or so. How did you like it?"

"Swell. A regular garden spot. Of course, it's kind of tough on the bank roll."

"Yeah—" Herb said slowly. "You know, I always say there's nothing too good for that family of mine. But, you take a woman, they don't have any sense at all about finances. Now, while I make—you might say—a reasonably substantial income, the way that family of mine lives, you'd think I was old J.P. himself. Besides," Herb winked lieutenant, "that doesn't sound like the best place for two b young kids who don't know w score is. I'll bet you could tell thing or three about that—eh?"

The lieutenant nodded signi Herb leaned back and held his to the light. He would defini decided, have to take care Bermuda matter when he got After all, it wasn't as if he was tightwad where the family w cerned. But Louise ought to rea with his business expenses run high he couldn't afford to ha gallivanting all over the world.

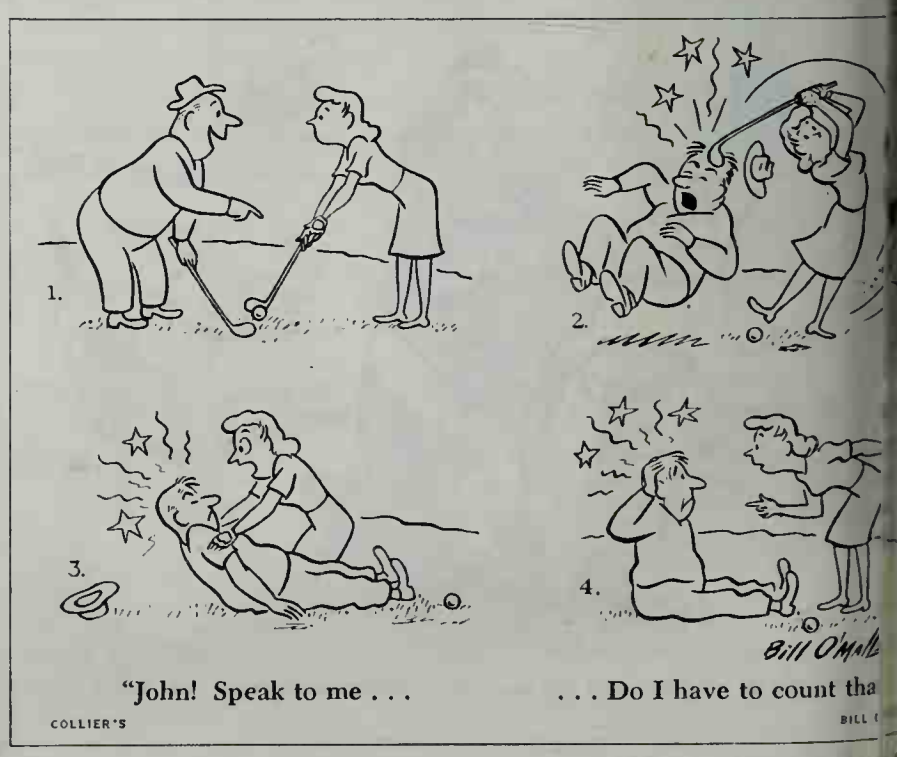
The train was chuffing along dusk now. Herb glanced at h and saw it was twenty minutes t Philly. Time for a quick one. T tenant was telling him about a f had gotten into in Bermuda. H his eyes on the kid's face, but th seemed to be skidding past hin

He began to wish he were hea other way—back to New York. thinking of Janie's languorous she walked away across the with a thousand bucks' worth of his thousand bucks—around shoulders.

WHEN he stepped out on form at North Philly he prised to find that he was feeling mellow. But after he had walk yards in the cold air the old constitution began to take ho twenty-minute ride on the Chest local finished the sobering-up There was left of his excitemen vague, nostalgic sadness. It when he saw Louise waiting be wheel of the station wagon.

Sometimes, when Herb had ju back from a trip and was in a frame of mind, he would look a and have a very strange feelin her—as if she were not really but a friend of the family or a aunt who had come to meet hi feeling would wear off by the tim home, and he would forget abou the next time. Still, after Janie, o he would at first find it hard t that this neat, plump little wom her worried, genteel face and qu ner, was Mrs. Herb Parker. But not one of those times. This ti remembering the Louise of twe before.

Instead of starting the car, He on the ceiling light and stared at A quick sadness caught at h Louise was always waiting Always there when he wanted h others, he thought, they were f while. But Louise—Louise was t He smiled gently. She looke



"John! Speak to me . . .

. . . Do I have to count tha

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es two to eight cups of perfect coffee on stove or plate. Like all G-E Coffee Makers, it features: le cup measurements and convenient handle on r bowl, and exclusive *Tastegard*. Wide-mouth s for easy cleaning, lay-on lid and filter.

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Better-tasting coffee with any of these coffee makers!

BECAUSE ALL 5 HAVE THE *"TASTEGARD!"* FEATURE ONLY GENERAL ELECTRIC GIVES YOU!

TAKE a look at the upper-bowl stem of any vacuum-type coffee maker but a General Electric. There re two holes . . . one at the top, one at the bottom.

Now look at any General Electric. See the *Tastegard*, hat tiny *third* hole . . . precisely located on the stem o control the temperature at which the coffee brews. Your coffee's mellow, tasteful, always *perfect*, because it always brews at the *right* temperature—whether you make eight cups, or even as little as 2 or 3 cups!

Tastegard guarantees better-tasting coffee every time. Only General Electric gives you this feature . . . gives you rich, always-right coffee as only General Electric *Tastegard* Coffee Makers can brew it!

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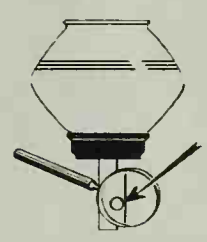

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d. It had been, he realized, a
ne since he had looked at her

, Herb," she said, "did you have
ip?"

His mind wasn't on what he
ing—"it was all right, I guess."
s. Herb Parker. His wife for
hree years. Looking really more
ebody's mother than somebody's
o hopelessly outclassed.

guy you are, he thought angrily.
little girl that's given everything
he works. And look how you've
ing her back. Well, right now,
ou're going to start and make it
t little girl.

e trip was okay, I guess, as those
. But, you know, I kept wish-
were along with me so we could
he old bright lights together."
oke, he tried to remember how
ad been since he'd said or even
something like that. No excuse
ther. It wasn't as if he didn't
w much those little attentions
a woman.

Herbert!" she said.
itched off the ceiling light and
e car. He gunned the motor to
up a little. In the darkness, it
hat Louise was leaning against
sing closer than usual.
, I sure missed my little weasel."
His private pet name. . . .
rt, have you been drinking?"
ed slightly upset.
honey!" Hurt. Surprised. Her
t really did make him feel bad,
at that moment she sounded
e so many comfortably married
women who were secure and
f their husbands.
rry, Herb. I just—well, it did
you were gone a long time; so
pened. Gail's been in bed with
cold. And it looks as if we'll
et a new landscape man. Here
March, and Mr. Cordiello has
ad a fight with Aunt Hester
compost heap. Honestly, I—"
owned. "Yes," he interrupted,
thinking—thinking that I've
of neglecting my family, being
much." He laughed lightly.
ways come back, don't I?"
was silent for a moment.
Whatever made you say that?
so morbid. Herb, are you sure
ling quite well?" Her voice
ly puzzled, nothing more.
re," he said slowly. "I was just
.

w creased into a frown. He
ering what *had* made him say
when he was trying to give her
ild-up. The answer came to
was lighting a cigarette. It was
scious mind, trying to prepare her, trying to warn her that one of these days he might not be coming back.

There it was, out in the open, the thing that must have been on his mind for a long time. The possibility that any woman had to face, he realized, if she was married to a man like himself. He began to see how it would happen—if it happened.

Herb had played the field for a good many years—just a good-time boy, nothing serious. Keeping it light. But it might happen that one of these casual moments would turn out to be the real thing. Something big. Something he couldn't do anything about. Well, he would fight it all the way down the line, but at last it might overpower him.

When that happened, there would be only one thing a man like Herb Parker could do. No stammering, no beating around the bush. Just the bare facts right there on the table.

"Louise," he would say, "I've fallen in love. I'm terribly sorry but there's nothing I can do about it. I want you to give me a divorce. You and the children, of course, will be amply—"

HERB found himself whispering the words under his breath. He had a sudden picture of Louise's face as it would look when he spoke those words—the quiet, fussy face falling apart before his eyes.

His eyes filled with tears at the picture and he nearly smacked into the stone gate that arched over the Parker driveway.

Herb drove slowly up to the front porch and let Louise reach the door ahead of him. Normally, when he had just returned from a trip, he would run up the stairs and bang the brass knocker. The door would fly open and those two wonderful kids would rush into his arms. He would grab them up, one under each arm, and carry them squealing and struggling into the living room and dump them in a heap on the couch. Louise would hurry in after them, slightly bewildered by all the hubbub.

Tonight his step was slow on the porch. The girls ran eagerly as ever to the door but quieted when they saw him. Barbie, seventeen, dark, handsome, with her father's vitality. Gail, fourteen, palely pretty, looking as her mother once looked. Herb took them gently in his arms and kissed them—kissed Gail tenderly and on the forehead, because he noticed that her nose was red and running.

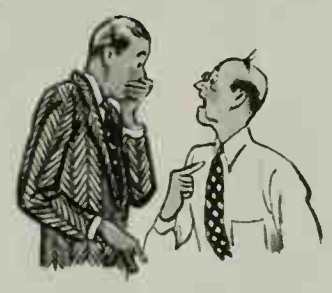
"Hello, babies," Herb said softly. "How are my two old sweethearts?"

"I have this awful code, Daddy," Gail said.

Herb disengaged her gently. Gail always had a cold all winter; and if there was anything Herb didn't go for, it was

"All in favor of immediate adjournment, say aye" MISCHA RICHTER

"Sir! Could I—er—ah—marryyourshirt, sir?"



MR. C: "Marrymyshirt?" My boy, what on EARTH—

BOB: Pardon me, sir! Tongue got twisted. I *really* wanted to ask you if I could marry your Gert, sir. You know—*Gertrude!* Then I got to—to looking at that hot collar, sir. It's a sweet job!

MR. C: "Hot collar?" "Sweet job?" Don't ex-fliers EVER speak English? This collar is on an Arrow Shirt, and it's *never* hot. *Or* tight. No Arrow can shrink over 1% because of a label in the neckband. See what it says, will you?

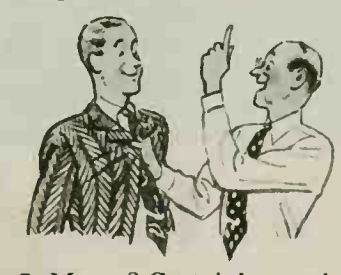
BOB: It says "S-a-n-f-o-r-i-z-e-d," sir. Swell idea in a shirt, sir. But I wwanted to ask you, sir, if I could marry—

MR. C: You know, my boy, I *like* you. I really do. You ask questions. Get the facts. Now—look at the fit of this Arrow Shirt! Is it good—or bad?

BOB: Why, it's a *hot* fit, sir—I mean it's *streamlined*, sir! Seems to follow your body's shape, like. But could Gert and I—

MR. C: OF COURSE it's a hot fit! It's the "Mitoga" shaped-to-*your* shape—LOOK! My boy, you've got *eyes* in your head. I like that in young men. Now, you were speaking of Gertrude?

BOB: Er-yes, sir. Couldwegetmarriedsir? I can support her, of course.



MR. C: Marry? Certainly, my boy! I've had my eye on you. Got eyes myself. Like everything about you but that shirt. Wear Arrows, young man! Makes you look your best! I *always* tell young—my goodness, he's GONE! Hey, young fellow, you can't do that to ME!

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ple who were snuffling all the time. ouise looked worried and put her d on Gail's forehead. "I think she a temperature, Herb," she said. "It's e awful sinuses. Dr. Gevin says it's damp climate that keeps them so ed up. If only she could get to a m climate for a month or so—"

lerb was hanging his hat in the closet he end of the hall. He could feel the and ears of his family converging on . He spoke quickly. "Know what I k? I think we ought to get a new tor for Gail. If you ask me, that in's nothing but a quack." Herb turned and gone into his study as spoke. He turned on the light over desk. He admired the desk for a ment—a big, custom-made job, in ese red with silver trimmings. Then at down and sorted through a neat of bills. Louise was still talking the hall. ". . . but I really think that e could get her out of this climate—"

erb cut her off with a slow whistle. ay, we've got to go easy on these " Herb waved a stack of paper in irection. "You've got to get a little e system into this house. If it keeps g on like this, we'll have to dig into apital to pay off those so-and-sos in ington. In case you've forgotten," dded with some sarcasm, "there's a matter of income tax that turns up t this time."

e was silent. Then she said, softly eproachfully, "Herb, I noticed that bill at the club was more than all household expenses put together."

swiveled back to the desk, surprised. surprise wore off in a second, and he feel the anger creeping into his "Oh, is that so!" he said sharply. ould think you'd realize by now that a matter of business." He softened one suddenly. "Look, Louise, I want you to have to do without hing. Not anything in the world. in my business, you have to spend y to make money. Now, it just ens that more has gone out than has in, lately, and that's why we've got ld the line at home for a while."

ll right, Herb," she said quietly. rb smiled to himself. He knew that there would be no more nonsense t Bermuda. He was relieved now he wouldn't have to carry it any er, since he had just been feeling so r toward Louise. He went into the living room, where she was sitting in the love seat by the fireplace; sitting down, he put his arm around her shoulders.

"Listen, honey," he said, "you just keep an eagle eye on the books for a while, and who knows? Maybe next year, well, maybe there'll be a surprise in the way of a trip for you and the kids."

He felt fine again. By George, he thought, there's no place like home.

AFTER dinner, he leaned back luxuriously in his chair. Stella, the cook, was clearing the table for dessert, her face damp and red under the short gray hair. "Stella," he said, "that *was* a dinner. Way to a man's heart, you know. You're the girl for me."

Stella retired, blushing, to the pantry. Her confusion tickled Herb. "Better watch out, Louise," he said, "or I'll be packing my grip and running off with Stella."

He sobered suddenly. Saying that right now—that reminded him. It was hardly a joking matter. It hit too close to home.

Herb lighted a cigarette and settled down to his before-dessert coffee. Barbara was on the sun porch, playing the phonograph. Gail was complaining about her algebra course to Louise, punctuating her comments with occasional sniffles. Herb tried not to get irritated, but it was hard for a man to enjoy his coffee with that damn' sniffling going on.

He was thinking that it was a funny situation. There was Louise, talking nonsense to the kid, just as if things were perfectly normal and secure. No idea in the world of the threat of danger, no idea of what was going on inside his head. The poor kid, he thought, if she could just get a glimpse into the old cranium—

With a sudden, impulsive motion he punched his cigarette out in the little silver ash tray. "Say, Louise," he said, "remember me telling you about Jean and Porter South?" She shook her head. "Well, they've just busted up. A shame, too." He waggled his head sadly. "Damn' shame. Jean South is a peach."

"Goodness," Louise said vaguely, "that's too bad."

Too bad, he thought. If you only knew how bad!

He opened his mouth to speak: at that moment Stella came in with the dessert. He waited until Stella had left the room.

"That's right," he said. "It's too bad." He poked at the gooey dessert, thinking

"Goodness, don't blame me! The stove's automatic, you know"

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of the words he could use, choosing them carefully. "Well, I guess Porter had been playing around a little—"

Louise shook her head warningly toward Gail.

"—Well, anyhow, she never guessed what was going on. One of *them* turned out to be the real thing. He just came home this one time and said, 'Jeannie, it's all over,' and that was that. I guess it was pretty rough on her—coming so quick." He sighed and watched Louise cautiously.

This time he got a rise. There was a tinge of outrage in Louise's voice. "Why, he sounds like a perfectly terrible man. He must be utterly callous to do a thing like that, without any warning. And with four children!"

GAIL tucked one last huge chunk of cake into her mouth and slipped out of her chair. Herb stared after her and then turned back to Louise.

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully, "I guess Porter sounds like a heel. But he's really a good guy. It was just one of those things. He couldn't help it. I—ah—met the other woman in the case. And I must say, she was *something*."

"Why, Herb! Are you defending him?"

"We-ell, not exactly. But I can see how it happened."

"Can you?"

She definitely wasn't reacting as he had thought she would. It made him a little sore, that she was so smug, so unknowing. Or was she? Wasn't her face set and a little pale under the soft light?

Herb polished off his dessert. He poured another cup of coffee, and sat for a few minutes. He yawned with a comfortable drowsiness. His mind was way off when Louise spoke.

"You know, that about the Souths reminds me of Lola and Sam Gaynor. Do you remember them? They're from Paoli."

"Don't remember 'em," Herb said sleepily.

"Well, Lola just went through the most awful situation. I heard about it the other day at the club. Marguerite Potter was telling me—"

Louise's voice droned on, but Herb, in the manner of husbands, caught only snatches. ". . . for years, she'd never had the vaguest suspicion—more and more open about it . . ."

Herb had slumped a little in his chair. He yawned again. He looked at Louise, saw she was frowning, and struggled up a few apologetic inches.

"Then what happened?" he said with simulated interest.

"Well, she decided to get a divorce, of course. But she didn't have anything to go on but gossip. So she hired a detective. He followed Sam Gaynor until—well, you simply couldn't *believe* the things that man had done. And Lola had it all in black and white."

Herb sat up indignantly. "Say, you certainly have lovely friends. Imagine a woman pulling a cheap stunt like that!"

B-r-r-r-r. Think of having somebody following you all the time. Watching you, wherever you went, whatever you did.

"Oh, I don't know," Louise said calmly. "Lola isn't—well, she was just being realistic."

"Realistic! That's what you call it, huh? Would you like to know what *I'd* call a woman who'd pull a trick like that?"

"Yes, Herb." Louise's voice was clear ice. "What would you call her?"

His mouth hung open. Not once in twenty-three years had she ever used that tone with him. He stared at his wife. Her face was expressionless. This was a strange Louise. He watched her guardedly.

"Anyhow," she continued after a moment, "when the case went to court, they went over all of Sam's finances. The detective had been very thorough. They found out that there was some money that Sam couldn't account for. The income-tax people came in, and Sam was almost thrown in jail."

Herb forgot caution in a burst of anger. "Why, that little tramp! Turning her own husband over to the—why, if I was her husband, I'd—"

"Yes, Herb," Louise said almost wearily. "You'd what?"

"I'd—"

He stared at Louise.

She was looking at him closely, curiously. Watching even as she poured herself another cup of coffee, measured out a level spoon of sugar. As she stirred it in silence, a sudden burst of jazz surged into the room as the door to the sun porch opened and closed.

Herb's ankle began to throb. He leaned down to rub it. His hand closed over it tight. He remembered why it was hurting. The man in the brown suit who had tripped over him on the train. The man he had seen earlier at the Plaza—or had it been the night before, at the theater—or later, at the Monterrey? Or all three places? Or had it been—his stomach took a sickening plunge—at Pittsburgh? At the bank? The safe-deposit box?

He wet his lips, straightened up slowly. Louise was still watching him. Slowly stirring her coffee, even smiling a little. He avoided her eyes.

". . . As I was saying, Sam squeezed out of the income-tax thing with only a fine. But there was a lot of unfortunate publicity, and Sam lost his job."

Louise sipped daintily at her coffee, glancing at Herb from time to time. He sat motionless, trying as best he could to control the trembling of his fingers.

His throat was dry. He picked up his glass carefully, but it rattled against his coffee cup. What was she going to say next, this genteel, quiet woman he had known for so many years?

"Of course, Herb, I think Lola was rather hasty. If I were in her place, I would have handled it differently."

HERB stared down at the tablecloth. He picked up a fork and drew a design on the linen.

"You see," she went on unhurriedly, "the problem was that as Sam got older, he had to spend more and more money—to keep on being the man of the world. And he began to cut Lola out of absolutely everything. That was hardly fair, do you think?"

Herb couldn't think of anything to say. He grunted.

"If I'd been in her shoes, I would have tried to work out some other arrangement. He could do as he pleased, providing he wasn't simply brazen, and providing he would be reasonable about financial arrangements. After all, there were the children to think of. And it was too bad that Sam had to lose his job. If she'd just have given him a choice—an opportunity to be more generous with money—before she—"

Louise wiped her mouth carefully with her napkin. Looked at it for lipstick. "I think that would have been a lot more sensible. Don't you think so?"

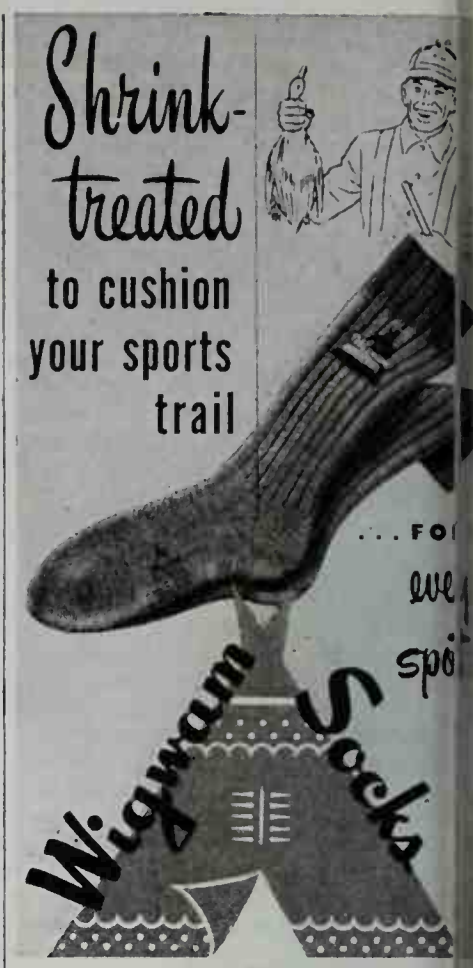
Herb stood up slowly, walked to the window. He stared out at nothing in particular. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah—I guess so."

He stood there for several minutes, wanting Louise to leave the room, wanting her to get out so that he could begin to think clearly. To straighten himself out, try to figure—

But Louise stayed in her chair and he could feel her look. At last she spoke again, in an airy, conversational tone that made him wince.

"You know, Herb, when I talked about going to Bermuda, I was thinking mostly of how nice it would be for the girls. But," and she gave a little giggle, "I'm really beginning to look forward to it myself!"

THE END



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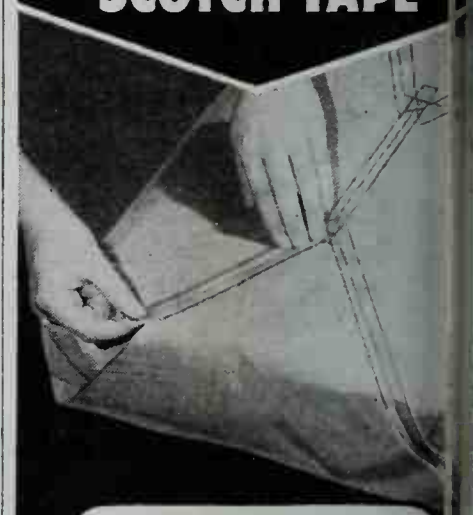

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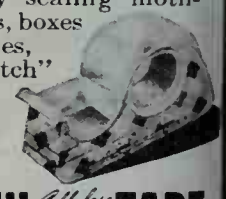

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THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 17

s not the New Deal Administration
; important military secrets to a
n power? The Senate Military
s Committee promptly opened
l hearings. Morris Sheppard, a
supporter of the Administration,
hairman of the subcommittee, but
d Nye, a noisy isolationist, was its
aggressive member. One of the
itnesses was General Arnold, who
proved himself an inspiring war
as Commanding General of our
orces.

, I fear, had decided to take out
entment at the whole business on
Bennett Clark, lobbing up the ques-
asked him what the Frenchman
ing in the plane.

was out there," Arnold said with
'under the direction of the Treas-
epartment, with a view of looking
ossible purchase of airplanes by
ench mission." The implication
lear: Military secrets were being
over, by order not of the Army
Navy, but of the civilians in the
ry. The press went to town on
m.

next morning I called Secretary
ing.

like to know exactly what Arnold
I said angrily. "I'm not going to
smeared all over the front pages
did this. I know who signed the
o go out there. We have a copy
Arnold had signed it, following
elt's instructions.

dring spluttered. He tried to
ize for Arnold.

got the whole business," I reiter-
and if the Army thinks they can
in a hole like this they're just
en."

he 27th, I went to the Hill myself,
with a number of illuminating
nts, including the order from
l Arnold to the Air Command at
de, California, directing full co-
on with the French in testing the
s bomber. Then I told the com-
tory. The President covered the
ground in his press conference.
tisfied everyone except the most
nious isolationists. The storm sub-

March 23, 1939, Jean Monnet
o bid me goodby. "The whole outcome of the mission," he said, "mainly due to the support that has been given here by you, has had a very great effect in France."

But the French plane orders were only the spearhead in the drive which produced the margin of victory. In the wake of the French came a flood of other foreign orders, which activated our war production, paid for the expansion of plants and the training of labor and laid the foundations for our own colossal productive capacity of 1943-44. The Treasury was in the thick of the whole foreign procurement business. It was a tense, wearying, exciting time. We had a lot of opposition. But the result was to carve out that margin which made all the difference.

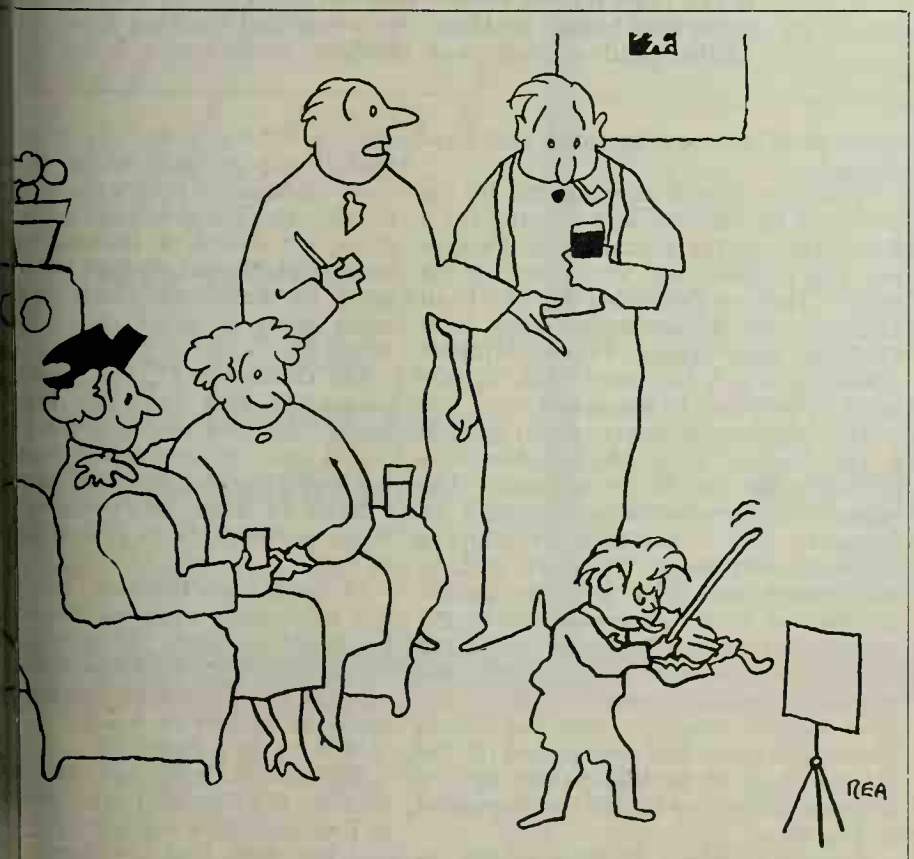
Germans Enter Czechoslovakia

On March 14, 1939, Hitler entered Czechoslovakia. This shocking action at least destroyed any remaining illusions about the permanence of the Munich settlement. Herbert Feis told me the next day, "Welles is so mad he can't see." With the decisiveness for which Welles was notable, he quickly succeeded in reversing the State Department policy on countervailing duties. He also requested swift action from the Treasury to protect Czech funds in this country and to void the existing tariff agreement with Czechoslovakia. Nothing could have pleased me more.

I spent the spring and summer getting the Treasury tooled up for any emergency that might arise. In the belief that a firsthand impression of the European situation would be useful, I sailed for France on August 2d with Mrs. Morgenthau on the Normandie. Word of the Russo-German pact reached me in Norway.

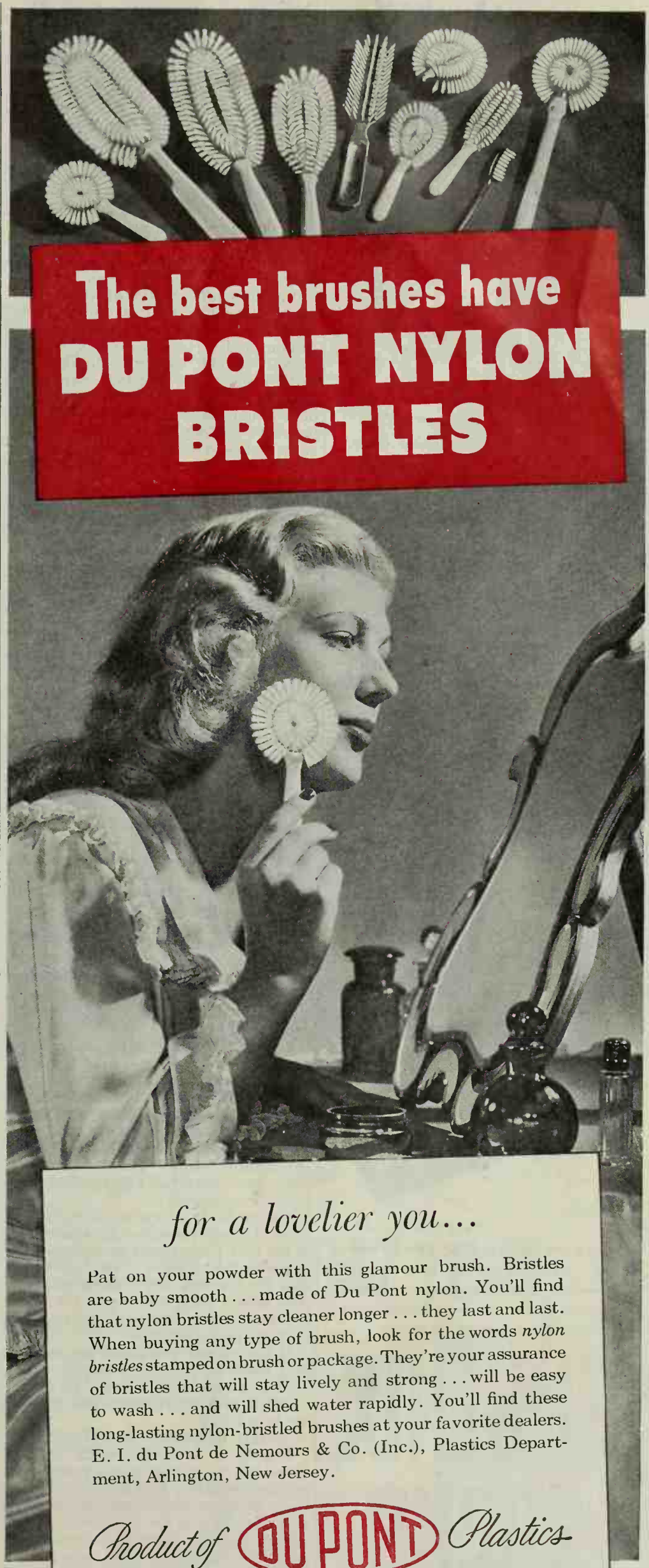
Instead of stopping off in England, as originally intended, I rushed back to the United States. But on September 1st, while we were still plowing through the stormy North Atlantic, German tanks rolled into Poland.

After war started in September, 1939, the British and French set up a joint purchasing mission in Washington. Its head was a remarkable figure named Arthur Purvis. From the first, Purvis impressed



"Oh well, so long as he hates it I supppose it's all right"

GARDNER REA



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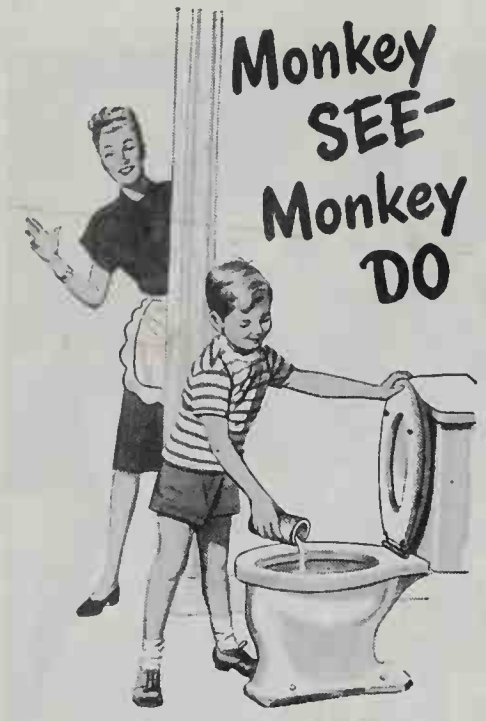

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ine tremendously. He was not only the ablest British representative in Washington, but one of the rarest persons I have ever known. His death in an airplane accident in 1941 was an almost irreplaceable loss. He had a pleasant Scotch burr and a whole chain of anecdotes about the Scot triumphing over the Englishman. "It always takes a Scotsman to pull England out of a hole," he used to say. "I trusted Purvis more than any other British representative. We took every opportunity to make clear to London, which occasionally tried to undercut him, that he was the man we proposed to deal with.

By April, 1940, the British and French governments had spent about $65,000,000 in the United States, of which more than half went for the expansion of plant capacity. The Treasury, fearing that Britain and France were not arming speedily enough, welcomed Purvis' word early in the spring that they planned to step up their program to the magnitude of a billion dollars. But the War Department still stalled over releasing the latest planes to the Allies. I called Louis Johnson the day after the invasion of Norway and Denmark and asked him whether he was making progress.

"No," he said, utterly disgusted. "I'm having all kinds of trouble with Woodring." The Secretary was threatening to tell the House Military Affairs Committee that he opposed the President. "I've never done anything to undermine my superior," he continued with a sardonic chuckle. "Do you think I should tell the President about my difficulties?"

"When the President gives me a job," I said, "if anybody puts obstacles in my way, I tell the President about it."

Roosevelt Tolerant of Subordinates

Why had not the President fired Woodring long before? There is no point in hiding the fact that Roosevelt found it painfully hard to bring himself to get rid of people. Back in Albany days Roosevelt had around him a man who liked his liquor and was not much good in his job. This person's only claim to fame was that he once introduced Frances Perkins as the "commissioner in labor." I spent a whole automobile ride between Syracuse and Ithaca one day urging Roosevelt to discharge Woodring. Finally he promised to do it that evening.

The next morning I said to him, "Have you fired that man?"

Roosevelt, looking a bit shamefaced, said, "I was so busy and tired last night I couldn't get around to it."

Finally I asked the President why we needed an old-age-pension system in the government since the people who once worked for him never had to worry about their future. The President just threw back his head and laughed—and Woodring lingered on.

The fusillade of events demonstrated more glaringly every day the inadequacy of the War Department leadership. The day after the invasion of the Low Countries the Cabinet and high defense officials held a tense meeting in the White House. In the anteroom afterward, I said to General Marshall:

"I understand you could put into the field today only 75,000 troops."

"That's absolutely wrong," he said.

"Well, how many could you put into the field today?"

"Eighty thousand!" said Marshall.

Finally in June, Roosevelt replaced Woodring by that great and public-spirited citizen, Henry L. Stimson. At last we had a Secretary of War who measured up to his job in every way. Robert P. Patterson, the new Assistant Secretary, was an addition of almost equal value.

The fall of France made the British realize for the first time that all the chips were down—that now they would have to hold off the German hordes singlehanded. Up to that time, the British had been husbanding their dollar resources—"as if we were on a desert island, on short rations which we must stretch as far as we can," Purvis used to say. From then on, the British decided to shoot their wad.

The problem of British capacity to pay caused great confusion at the time. I had great difficulty in explaining that Britain's imperial wealth was irrelevant; the British could not buy American supplies with tin mines in Malaya, oil wells in Iran, or street railways in Argentina. To buy guns and planes in the United States the British needed American dollars, gold, or securities convertible into American dollars—and I pressed them hard on the problem of conversion.

But the more orders we filled, the less dollars the British had left. We had to begin a weekly rationing of British purchases, and it looked in the fall as if new British contracting would probably cease by the end of the year. General Marshall and Assistant Secretary Patterson had meanwhile come to feel that they had stretched to a breaking point the law of June, 1940, authorizing the transfer of only that material which was declared surplus. Representatives of Treasury and War pondered how best to overcome these growing financial and legal obstacles.

When the President, worn out by the events of the summer and fall, left for a short cruise on the Tuscaloosa in December, this problem was very much on his mind. Then on December 8, 1940, Lord Lothian, the British ambassador, sent Hull a letter from Prime Minister Churchill which he asked Hull to forward by seaplane to Roosevelt.

This remarkable letter, dated exactly a year before Pearl Harbor but now published for the first time, said, "The moment approaches when we shall no longer be able to pay cash for shipping and other supplies. While we will do our utmost and shirk from no proper sacrifice to make payments across the exchange, I believe that you will agree that it would be wrong in principle and mutually disadvantageous in effect . . . after victory was won with our blood, civilization saved and time gained for the United States to be fully armed against all eventualities, we should stand stripped to the bone."

There was also a thrilling review, in the best Churchillian style, of the British position. "The decision for 194 wrote, "lies upon the seas. . . . It i fore in shipping and in the po transport across the oceans, p larly the Atlantic Ocean, that i the crunch of the whole war v found.

"Even if the United States we ally," he went on, "instead of our and indispensable partner, we sho ask for a large American expedi army. Shipping, not men, is the l factor and the power to transport tions and supplies claims priorit the movement by sea of large n of soldiers."

Churchill also pleaded for A aid in getting British sea and ai in Eire. "If it were proclai American interest that the resist Great Britain should be prolong the Atlantic route kept open for portant armaments now being p for Great Britain in North Amer Irish in the United States mi willing to point out to the gove of Eire the dangers which its policy is creating for the Unite itself."

In an interesting passage, he ev out the possibility of Irish unity

"If you think for one minute that I'm going to stay cooped up in that house, cooking your meals and washing your clothes and raising your children while you . . . !"

COLLIER'S

change for the bases. "I do no that if the government of Eire show its solidarity with the dem of the English-speaking world crisis, a Council of Defense of land could be set up out of wh unity of the island would prob some form or other emerge al war."

On December 17, 1940, I was across the desk from the Presi lunch. He was tanned from his rested and in wonderful humo brushed aside my batch of mem Churchill's letter was obviously mind, particularly its references of cash.

"I have been thinking very h this trip about what we should England," he said. "It seems to thing to do is to get away from sign. I don't want to put the t terms of dollars or loans."

How to do it then?

We should build up our ow duction, the President said, and t to England: "We will give you t and the ships that you need, p that when the war is over you wil

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to us in kind the guns and the ships that we have loaned to you." He looked at me and said, "What do you think of it?"

I said, "I think it is the best idea yet."

A few hours later, F.D.R. was to tell reporters his famous story about lending one's neighbors a garden hose in order that he can put out a fire in his house next door.

In one of his brilliant flashes Roosevelt had come up with a formula for solving the problem which had been worrying us for so long. Treasury and War, in all the pressure they had been bringing on the White House, had never anticipated action so direct and forthright as this. As I look back on it now, we made sure at that moment that we were going to win the war.

British Requirements Large

At twelve o'clock noon, December 30, 1940, Arthur Purvis and I were ushered into the White House. F.D.R. was at his best: charming, witty, his eyes sparkling and his face beaming. Purvis at the beginning was reserved, almost diffident. For a while he talked around the subject. Then, in a quiet tone of voice, he said that the British requests might go over fifteen billion dollars.

The President took this figure in his stride. If that was the price of saving civilization from Hitler, he would be ready to pay it. Turning to me, he said that the Treasury should draw up the bill. I should be ready to get to work as soon as he gave me the green light. Thus the Lend-Lease bill was born.

At noon on January 2d, my telephone rang. It was the President: The green light was on. Ten minutes later Ed Foley, my crack general counsel, and his bright assistant, Oscar Cox, were in my office. We discussed the requirements of the job, and I asked for a draft by ten thirty the next morning. They fooled me. They had a draft ready by midnight the same day.

Consultations around town with all the departments concerned produced useful ideas. We found that the War Department had already drafted their ideas for a bill. Foley and Cox sweated out the necessary changes. On Monday, January 6th, Foley and I took the draft to the White House. The President read it carefully, line by line. After some discussion he told us to go ahead and get Hull, Stimson, Knox and Knudsen to initial the bill.

The next day was January 7th, the fifth day. At five minutes after five Foley and I appeared in the President's study and laid the bill, fully initialed, on his desk. The President, overflowing with joviality, kidded us about our speed. At 5:15, after a brief discussion of the changes of the last twenty-four hours, he picked up his pen and beneath the other initials wrote: "O.K., F.D.R." This was probably the fastest job of drafting major legislation in recent Washington history.

The next problem was to get the bill through Congress. Vice-President Garner was reaching the end of his term in office. He had been out of sympathy with many New Deal measures and, as Hull pointed out, he had permitted the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee to be packed with isolationists. Moreover, he was completely ignorant about the British financial condition; he failed to realize the distinction between dollar resources and the total imperial holdings. At a Cabinet meeting on January 9th, he sat there arguing for nearly an hour on how rich the Empire was and growling over and over, "What is the matter with Morgenthau?" I got excited and mad, and it took the President to quiet us.

Because of Garner's attitude, we did not regard him as the ideal man to make suggestions in our discussions on legislative strategy. So we arranged to lose him after the Cabinet meeting. "We're all to march through Pa Watson's room," I told Frank Knox, "and go in as though there was a new appointment and that way shake the V.P." The scheme worked.

Stimson said he was "just shocked" at the thought of isolationists like Hiram Johnson and Gerald Nye kicking the bill around in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "I don't want to see the President's plan turned into a Roman holiday to be discussed all winter," he said.

"Well, it can't be," I said. "We haven't got time for that. The situation is too critical."

"I know," said Stimson, "but those damn' fools don't know. Whether it's critical or not, they'll go ahead as they have before." But we finally decided that the bill had to go to the Foreign Relations Committee. We also made the important decision to bring in some Republicans, like Representative James Wadsworth of New York and Senator Warren Austin of Vermont. Our present bipartisan foreign policy may have had its origin in the coalition which put over Lend-Lease.

We then discussed the terms of the bill. Cordell Hull favored writing in a five-billion-dollar limitation on the extent of our aid. He also argued that the British should put up their foreign holdings as collateral.

I had already discussed the collateral issue with the President in terms of ideas going around town about Britain's turning over its fleet or its West Indian islands.

"I don't want the British fleet," the President had said, "because by the time we get it, it would be too antiquated. . . . As to the West Indies, if we could only divide up the land . . . and if we could give these people enough to eat, they would then be at least as happy as they were . . . when they came out of Africa." He paused a moment, then said sadly, "I am too old and too tired to take on anything like that."

Stimson Opposes Hull

Secretary Stimson carried the fight in the Cabinet against Hull's position on collateral. He did not want the United States to become the pawnbroker of the British Empire, he said, and he called Hull's position on collateral "preposterous." Britain had always subsidized her allies and not loaned to them, the Secretary of War continued; this was the normal relationship between a neutral country and a country fighting for her life when they had a common cause. At one point he remarked that, if I were ever impeached, he would come forward and tell how far I had gone in squeezing the British and making them liquidate their holdings.

Hull continued to take a somewhat distant attitude toward the bill. Perhaps he was miffed over the fact that Treasury rather than State had been given the job of drafting it. A few days before the House Committee began its hearings, he told me that this bill was going to be on the Treasury's private list. "I'm not going to worry particularly about my part in this thing," he said.

This attitude disturbed me. My interest was in getting the bill through Congress, and I thought the Secretary of State was in the best position to sponsor it. I discussed the situation with Frank Knox.

"I don't think it's Cordell," Knox told me. "I think it's some of those subordinates of his."

"Yes, that's right," I said.

"Yeah," said Knox, "let's organize a hanging bee over there someday and hang the ones that you and I pick out."

"We won't leave many people over there," I said.

It was finally decided I had better take

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he Hull problem with Roosevelt, had gone up to Hyde Park for a days.

ull ought to take full charge of the o the Democracies Bill," I said.

ull is going to testify," he said quely.

e President said that he was busy ing on his inaugural address and d talk about the Lend-Lease situ- when he got to Washington. But the feeling that I had planted a seed mind.

January 15, 1941, the House Com- opened hearings on HR 1776. eleven the night before, while we going over my testimony, Roose- honed. "I just want to kid you," d. "Now don't be too definite . . . e sure (to take note) of what Mr. ays; and, if they offer us islands as ty, remember that they had better s to take the islands."

pening Statement Has Punch

Hull led off the next morning. pening statement, which the Presi- said to have edited, could not have better. It was hard-hitting and spoken. But on four occasions cross-examination, Hull calmly intedly remarked that he did not the answers since "the bill was ed in the Treasury." I spoke again President, and the Secretary of attitude then changed somewhat. aciously called me to say that he st learned how awkward his House ony had been for me and that he not embarrass me again.

tor Arthur H. Vandenberg, I was l to learn, had been handed the nent of cross-questioning me on ate Foreign Relations Committee. h Vandenberg was then still an nist, I knew he could be counted to hit below the belt. Senator P. Nye, on the other hand, was kler for the niceties; and during ate hearings, Senator Robert A. Ohio, who was not even on the ttee, sat irascibly at Nye's elbow nded him written questions. The nces between Vandenberg and might add, have become even ronounced in the years since.

bill passed the House on February l the Senate a month later.

-Lease for war was an indispens- ctor in our victory. Through it ained the British in their darkest nd the Russians in the grim days ngrad. But Roosevelt had even ar-reaching conceptions of Lend- He saw its potentialities, not only apon of war, but also as a founda- f peace. Through a so-called I of Lend-Lease, that would fol- E Day, we could continue to sup- materials and food for our allies would enable them to start their war-devastated economies on the road toward reconstruction and prosperity.

While I was in London in August, 1944, Winston Churchill talked to me about Britain's future. He was exceedingly pessimistic. The day the war ended, the country would be bankrupt and the returning soldiers would have little to come back to. Laying the grim financial facts before Parliament after victory would make him the most unpopular man in England, he said.

"But I do not care," he added, "for I am approaching seventy, and it is time that I began to make peace with my Maker."

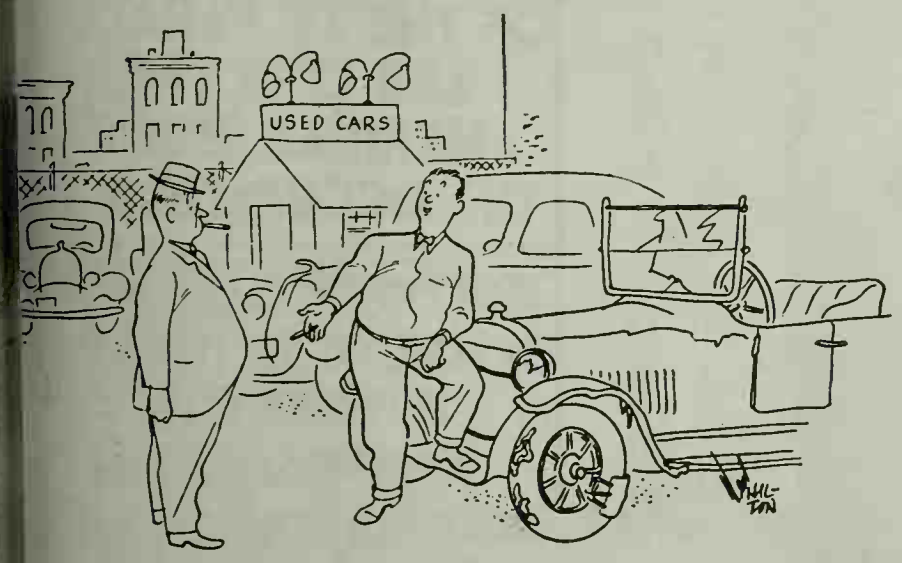
When Churchill went to Quebec a month later, the problem of getting Britain back on its feet was uppermost in his mind. Britain, he pointed out, raised only half the food it consumed. Its postwar survival therefore required the building up of its export trade. But the nation had expended its economic reserves, its very lifeblood, in the war against the common enemy; and abrupt termination of American aid would leave Britain without the resources to reprime its economy.

The President remained obstinately noncommittal for a long time. Once Churchill, in a marvelous and touching gesture of impatience, said, "What do you want me to do? Get on my hind legs and beg like Fala?" It was finally decided to set up a joint committee authorized to work out an agreement for aid to Britain after V-E Day. Churchill had tears in his eyes when he thanked the President.

Churchill suggested Harry Hopkins as chairman of the joint committee. "No," Roosevelt answered, "I want Morgenthau." So I was back in the Lend-Lease picture for many weeks of conferences. Eventually we agreed on a program for the first year of Phase II of about five and a half billion dollars.

The sequel is well known. Franklin D. Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945. On August 21st, the United States government, without warning, brutally terminated the operation of the Lend-Lease Act, cutting our allies adrift at a time when they were still maimed and crippled by war. Today, two years later, we face a world in which reconstruction has hardly begun. In spite of our program of loans abroad, the war-ravaged nations are running out of dollars for even the necessities of life. If Lend-Lease had survived as a means of laying the foundations for recovery, the world today might be on the long road to abundance and we would not be searching for a Marshall Plan to put us back on the road to recovery.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau reveals how President Roosevelt engineered the gold-buying campaign; and what Roosevelt said about Wallace's economic ideas.



"Just think back. Ty Cobb, Woodrow Wilson, Theda Bara, votes for women. Of course you've heard of the Saxon"

NED HILTON

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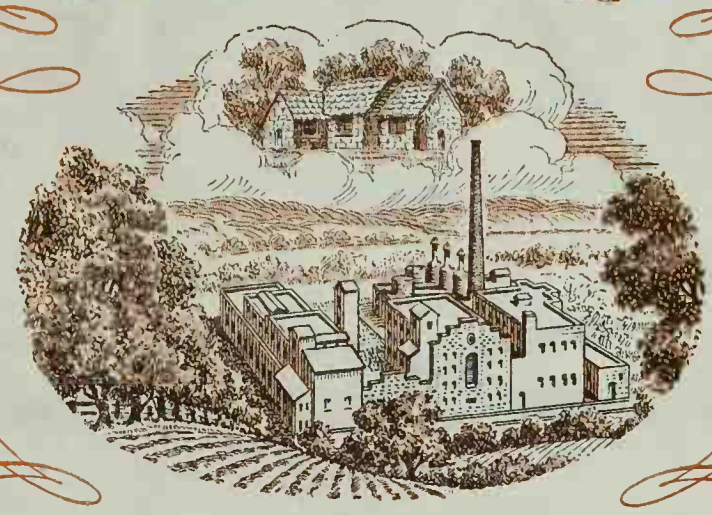

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(Above) Looking toward the north-south border from the American zone in Korea. (Right) This notice, printed in English, Russian and Korean, is 100 yards from the line

STALEMATE IN KOREA

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

For two years we have been trying to set up a free and independent government in Korea. So far it's been a futile job and although we don't want to stay there we don't leave.

Q. Why? A. Russia

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PERHAPS the loneliest post occupied by any American is the sentry box at the 38th parallel in Korea. The smart-looking soldier we saw there seemed, however, not unhappy. His companions in the border Company B were a cheerful lot of American boys as interested in a game of softball as though they were back home in North Dakota or New Jersey.

The barracks and grounds of Company B are neat and clean. By prodigious effort the company has leveled off a hilltop and created a softball playing field. The lemonade or cola they offer visitors is iced and refreshing in the hot humidity of the river valley. They don't care much for Korea and they admit it.

Yet these lighthearted lads of eighteen and nineteen years, fresh recruits, are keeping vigil on what may be the most combustible boundary line in the world today.

Back in the age of innocence, on December 27, 1945, more precisely, we made a bargain with Russia. Together we agreed to help Korea establish a free and independent government along democratic lines. We agreed to oversee things south of the 38th parallel while Russia was guard to the north.

Not a bad bargain if the same words meant the same things to Russians and Americans. The Americans in Korea are quite sure they do not. So the thin line of American soldiers who guard the southern side of the border are employed at an extra hazardous occupation.

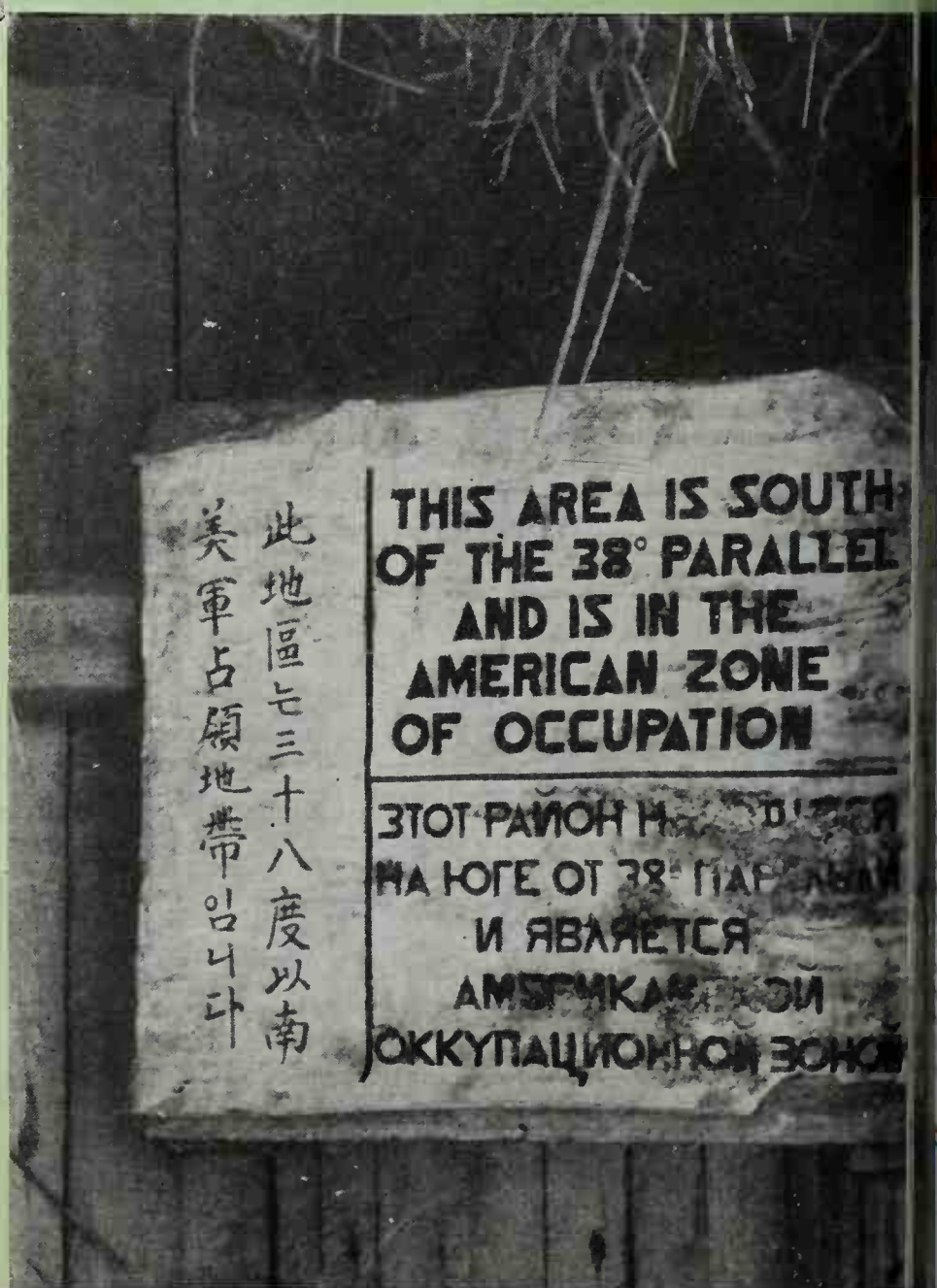
The country around the 38th parallel, 50-odd miles north of Seoul, the capital, is thickly settled in the arable valley lands and quite sparsely peopled in the neighboring mountains. Farmers raise rice in the river bot- toms and cultivate vegetable beans, squash and tomatoes higher ground. Clusters of hu of mud and stones and roof straw are their homes. Old wear beards like billy goats seem friendly enough to A although the barrier of lan fairly impenetrable.

Setting up a democratic ment in Korea would be muc if the Koreans had ever had perience with democracy. Th not. The Chinese were their overlords until 1894, when th Japanese War made Jap protector of Korea. After th Japanese War, Japan took ful and by 1910 Korea was ma pendency of Japan. Japan Korea in Japan's interest, do with the forests and farm la keeping the people illiterate a out political experience.

Both in Japan and in Ko hear many stories about Kore at all flattering. Near Osaka there is a colony of some Koreans who don't want to Korea. Whatever black-mark occur around Osaka are blamed on the Koreans. Lat Osaka Koreans demanded fre to all the Osaka theaters ground that they had defeate The occupation authority pu to that quickly.

In Korea the Japanese h good jobs and lived in th houses. After their surrender as a decent home was vacat ans stripped it. Floors would up and burned, lighting fixtur out, windows removed. Yo have thought that the house be kept for Korean use. T seemed not to have occurred

This behavior of the Kor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more intelligible, however, when
that they think, and with reason,
Japanese stole their country.
they are merely taking back
is theirs. The flaw is that the in-
looter never had any claim to
took.
Japanese started a reforestation
for the bare Korean mountain-
As soon as the Japanese were
out, the Koreans cut down the
rees. Admittedly they needed
Even more, perhaps, they needed
a long view at their own needs.
nese-operated factories in South
re closed and idle. Americans
the machinery is deteriorating
is not already stolen or de-
The same fate befell the rail-
ipment left by the Japanese or
ght in by the American occupa-

ne other ways the Koreans are
They are gay. They love jokes.
I was told they love jokes. No
old me a joke. The many with
talked were much too eager to
Korea to a visiting American to
time for humor.
are quick to fight. They pro-
r women. If a Korean girl
jeep ride from an American
he will be beaten later by her
by the neighbors. The Army,
has arranged in Seoul, the cap-
-supervised dances attended by
girls and American soldiers, but
ronage is strict. In other cities,
her hand, prostitution is preva-

Koreans were educated in the
ates and in Europe. They pro-
higher political leaders Some
e men of great personal charm.
them are very stiff in their deal-
the Americans.
Kiu Sik, the president of the
egislature and a moderate in
s, for example, a graduate of
College, Virginia, and a Ph.D.
Princeton. Dr. Kim (the family
nes first in Korea) lives on a
Seoul in a small but elegant
me. He wears the Korean robe
n Western clothes, smokes one
ious long Korean pipes in spite
g heart, and talks dramatically
mooth grace of a scholar. Dr.
itically stands midway be-
right and the left and, of
Korean leaders, seems most
to the Americans on the

mazed to discover that Korean
ls blame President Theodore
—Theodore, not Franklin Del-
the Japanese occupation, be-
. arranged the Russo-Japanese
peace treaty which recognized Japan's paramount interest in Korea. These same intellectuals criticize Franklin D. Roosevelt for the Yalta agreement as having then betrayed Korea by agreeing to a joint occupation with Russia. In the same breath these intellectuals say that the United States is their chief reliance. So the Koreans themselves do not make too easy the job of setting up a free and independent Korea.

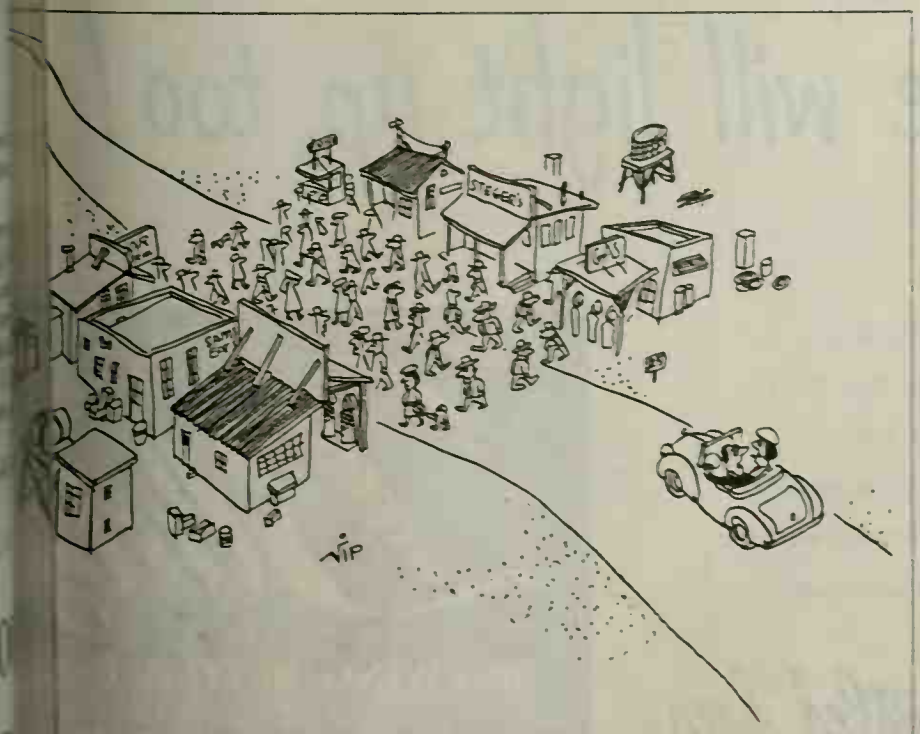
The Russians seemed friendly at the start. Their sentry boxes were close to ours. There was normal amiable talk between Russians and Americans. All that is past. On both sides the sentry boxes have been pulled back from the dividing line and they have been staggered to avoid conversations and incidents. A sign near the railroad track advises walkers not to trespass in the wrong zone. We were warned that we might be shot if we walked carelessly from the American zone into the Russian. It is approached gingerly even by high military authority. At any moment a shot might be fired by a trigger-itchy sentry or because the order had come from above.

Notes from a Suppressed Report

Just once in the last two years Americans have had an opportunity to visit Russian Korea. Last April several men from the 7th Infantry Division served on the U.S.-U.S.S.R. party that surveyed the 38th parallel. For several days these Americans worked and lived with Russian soldiers. When they came back, each one of them—23 enlisted men and 6 officers—wrote his impressions of what he had seen of how the Red Army lives "north of 38." The Russians did not like this report, and so in order to be conciliatory it was withdrawn. I happened, however, to find a copy. The quotations are a composite of the reports of these 29 Americans.

"Equipment. Individual arms carried by the Russians were well cared for and of good quality but badly worn. . . . Automotive equipment was in a sad state of repair. Almost all vehicles seen in the Russian zone were American made, acquired by Soviet forces under Lend-Lease during the war. And the men using these vehicles seemed to lack both the materials and the knowledge required to keep them in repair. The jeep which was used by the Russian members of the survey party broke down many times. Tires were in very bad shape. . . . One tube was noted with more than 50 patches.

"Clothing. Clothing worn by the Russian soldiers was varied, scanty and worn. Their uniforms had for the most part been made from good quality of



"We would have to hit it right at the rush hour" VIRGIL PARTCH

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t in most instances, among the men uniforms were old and . Many of the Russians had no nd wrapped their feet in rags be- tting on their boots. These boots ce been good, but many were a point almost beyond useful- n one occasion when the party e night on the American side of llel, many Russians refused to ath because they explained they underclothes except what they aring, and any attempt to get s wasted effort.

g Conditions. Beds at best were bunks or iron frames with straw es provided for the higher-rank- ers of the survey party. But billets the Russian soldiers slept oor on dirty comforters.

e was no water or bathing fa- ther than streams and Korean o attempt was made at purifica- the Russian soldiers drank and in whatever water they could by.

. The 7th Division men ate well ey were with the Russians, and them came to the conclusion use of their obvious health and he Russian soldiers must con- have a good substantial diet, e was considerable evidence to at they lived off the land to a ent.

le and Discipline. Morale he Russians seemed fairly high f the 7th Division soldiers. The men were young, but few had xperience. They seemed happy, ost American soldiers they de- reat deal of discussion to their nd all seemed anxious to leave d get back to Russia.

s quite generally agreed that the ilitary training of the Russians te high—probably surpassing ur own troops. While the Rus- iers were young, most of them red military service at a very and had served in the army ger than our soldiers who fall e age bracket."

on't we get out of Korea? We ve out, bag and baggage, but if e might not be sure of where etween Communist ideas and mocratic ideas might be drawn. r to have the division between sts and freemen drawn in Ko- than, say, between North and kota or at the Mississippi. Lib- he United States and elsewhere can afford to delude themselves about many things, but it won't do this time to fool ourselves about Russia's push for power.

Still, if we can remember what we Americans were thinking about even as recently as ten years ago, our very presence in Korea is fantastic. Ten years ago we were approving a neutrality act which in effect said that we would be unconcerned regardless of what happened anywhere in the world. We followed that detached line, more or less, until the Japanese took our words too seriously and blew up our ships in Pearl Harbor. We could not repress our basic faith in right when the Japanese and the Germans challenged us, and so we are in Korea. We don't like it very much.

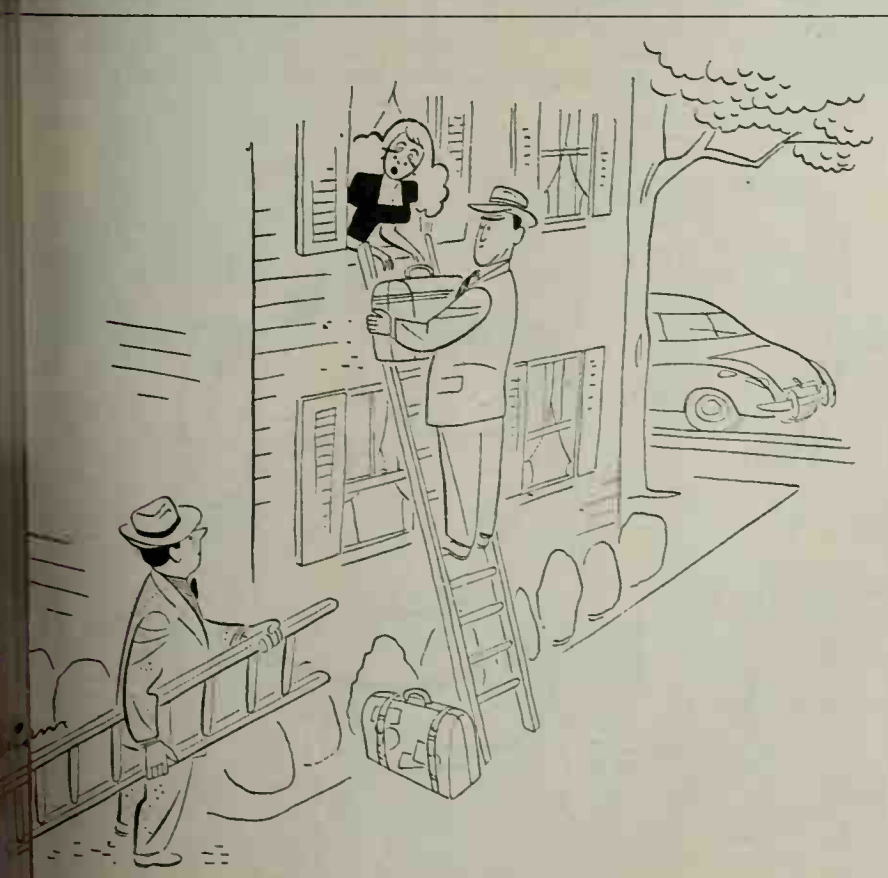
Hard Jobs for Teen-Age Soldiers

We are in Korea and we are sending over boys of eighteen, nineteen and twenty years to do exceedingly difficult work. We don't give them much chance or time to learn their jobs. I saw boys who doubtless were eighteen, but who seemed hardly sixteen, doing work they would never be expected to perform in the United States. They were doing their best as cheerfully as they could in a not too friendly atmosphere, and in circumstances that are confusing at best.

We are in Korea specifically because the Japanese surrendered. The Japanese had been masters of Korea by conquest for a generation. A week after the Japanese surrender, Lieutenant General John R. Hodge was ordered to move into Korea. He received the surrender of about 200,000 armed Japanese, and took charge of the former Japanese protectorate.

Four months later the United States and Russia worked out the Moscow agreement, dividing Korea in two parts. The United States promised to act as a trustee for Korea south of the 38th parallel, and Russia volunteered to run affairs in the interest of the Koreans north of the border. Both we and the Russians promised to set up an independent Korean government within five years. The arrangement looked fair and reasonable. We seemed to be doing good to an exploited people.

We have been in Korea some two years now. The two years have been a time of trouble for all concerned. We set up a Korean native government in our zone. The Russians began to communize the northern area. Apparently



"Didn't you get my note?" HANK KETCHAM

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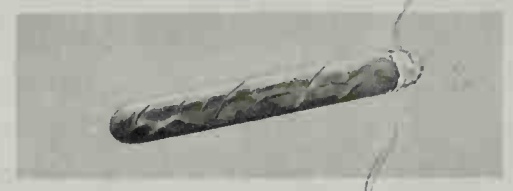

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the Koreans north of the 38th parallel don't like the Russian rule too well. Two million of them have moved south to escape the Russians. There is a steady stream of refugees moving south through the American zone.

Americans do not stop these wanderers at the border. They are allowed to march in a few miles. They are stopped for medical examination, and vaccines to prevent diseases are given. Farther down the road they are divided into groups and sent to various sections. Seoul, the capital, can't absorb them all. Nor can it provide work for these uprooted peasant farmers.

There is little communication between north and south Korea except for this migration of the northern peasants southward. No travel in the Russian zone is allowed. American ships may not land at north Korean ports. Newspapermen are never received.

Russians Can Turn Off Power

Most of the mines and industries are located in the Russian zone. The population at the end of the war was estimated to be about 10,000,000 in the Russian zone and 20,000,000 in south Korea. Electric power as well as coal comes from the north because the mines and the water power are there. So, whenever the Russians please, they can turn off the power. It is cut off frequently but this is probably not due to Russian mischief making, I was told, despite rumors to the contrary.

The Russians have set up a People's Committee government in their zone after the Communist pattern. All authority goes back to the committee, a Communist agency, controlled by the Russian military commander, Colonel General T. F. Shtikov. On the American side, an interim Korean government has been set up. This follows the American pattern, an executive, a legislature and independent courts. The interim government is, however, under the control of an American military government commander.

It was expected that north Korea and south Korea would have been combined under a joint government long ago. The Russians, however, won't agree to anything except a Soviet government, south as well as north, regardless of the will of the Koreans. Most of the Korean leaders say that in south Korea the Communists are a very small minority although at this writing no election has been held. The fight has centered over the issue of what Koreans are to be consulted as to the formation of a government. The Moscow agreement said that the Korean Democratic parties cial organizations should be c The Soviet Commission, how fused to permit anyone except nists to be heard.

The argument became as fines medieval theological discussion. is that the joint commission does because the Russians say that ev except Communists is not acce them.

Whether this provocative cour Russians is deliberate or just t of their own confusion and unce the Russian policy in Korea irr American representatives. W joint commission meets, Ameri parties for the Russians, and sians return the courtesy. T tional Russian notion of a goo to outdrink his guests. Vodka drink to American throats. W peppered—that is, flavored with per—it becomes still harder fo cans to swallow. In Korea the put pepper in the vodka th Americans. Our boys don't like say the atmosphere in Korea too heavy for successful practi

The Koreans themselves are easy for their deliverers. Onl small minority have any educat best-schooled were refugees f Japanese. Some of them, such man Rhee, lived in Washingto the long years of Japanese con Japanese did not permit muc tion and they allowed no polit ings of any sort in Korea. If as three Koreans met for dinner, a policeman had to be present. S 30,000,000 Koreans, only a much educational or political ex The lack of leaders experience ernmental jobs and in the vari niques of industry has been help.

The Moscow agreement that l an independent Korean governr vided for a trusteeship by Russi United States during a provis riod of not more than five ye Koreans don't like the word tr Japanese domination was calle ship. So the Koreans are agains is, all except the Communists. Moscow agreement was first an mass meetings of all varieties o groups were staged. Suddenly, the Communists got word that t to approve the Russo-Americ ship. They did. The parties of and the moderates did not.

Syngman Rhee, the most ex the so-called right leaders and the most widely known poli Korea, is still violently against

COLLIER'S "Okay, madam—it's your money" HANK

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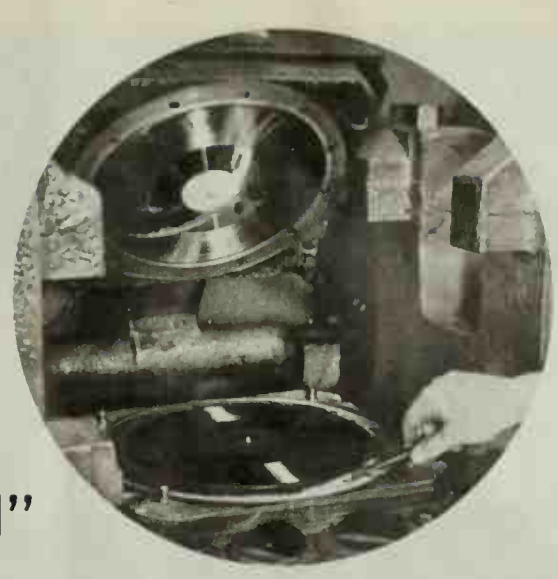

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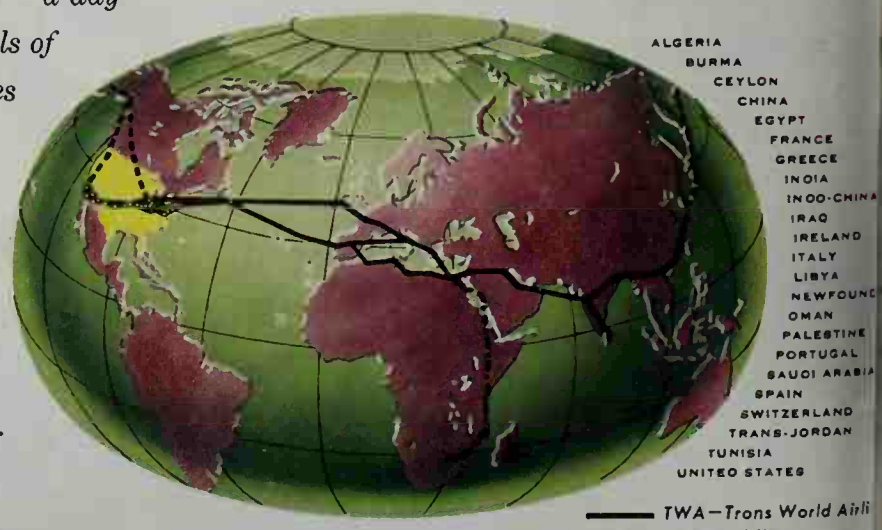

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steeship. Dr. Rhee is an old man a young wife, an Austrian who rly was his secretary.

Americans think that his irrecble attitude of hostility toward he most benevolent and temporary steeships is determined by his wife. er these suspicions so frequently are correct or not, the unyielding le of Syngman Rhee is working out benefit of the Russians who in their ashion are also uncompromising. sulting confusion has increased the lties inherent in establishing a reptive government in a land that laims over 400 separate political and groups.

Force Couldn't Stop Invasion

orthern Korea the Russians have ed an army numbering 150,000 000 Koreans—estimates differ. In erican zone no army has been or- although General Hodge has a relatively small police force of 8,000. Consequently the Russians position to send southward this n Korean army and have them h a Communist government over rea. General Hodge has not troops to stop such an invasion vent it should be ordered.

dy provocative incidents have d. Riots, Communist-led, are ed from time to time in south Among the two millions of refum northern Korea it is very easy eal a fifth column. One of the l leaders who was co-operating e American command was murhis summer by a young man from sian zone. At the same time a nt announcing the prospective of five other Korean leaders was posted. We talked to some of aders marked for murder.

of them, Charlie Kim, who had peach grower in Ridley, Californre he had been induced to rehis native land, was pathetically return to his peach orchards in ia. He said he did not want to and that he did not understand Among those also on the pubst were: Dr. Kim Kiu Sik, pres- the legislature; Hong Myung novelist and a politician of lib- ws.

ugh the Koreans in the Ameri- quarrel about trusteeship, to a y want the United States to re- Korea. They think we can pron against Communist aggression. o want the cash that is spent by ricans.

ope your power protects us ungrow powerful" was constantly us both by politicians and jour- Doubtless they mean it. For the in the south, where they are now choose, do seem to be thoroughly hi from Communist ideas.

This is significant because from the early 1920s until the Japanese collapse, the Korean underground operated through the Russians. In northern Korea, I was told the Russians took last year as much as 75 per cent of the rice crops raised by the peasants. These farmers are accustomed to give the landlord or the government a share of their crops. The Japanese, I was informed, used to take as their share 50 per cent of the rice. In the American zone the interim Korean government takes only 25 per cent as a tax.

We feed our own soldiers, however, while the Russians try to live on the country. So the 75 per cent share of the rice crop they took did much to alienate the peasants.

Korea is not a rich land, nor has it a highly developed industry, although its civilization is very old. In itself it is not important enough to justify Russia attacking the United States, in the judgment of some military leaders familiar with the situation. When the Russians decide to take over southern Korea by force, if ever they reach that decision, they are expected to use the northern Korean army they have trained. The police force of 28,000 in the American zone would not be able to withstand a well-trained army of 200,000.

Japan Fears Soviet Ambitions

If Russia decides to order the Koreans to attack the southern zone, the American troops would doubtless be removed as quickly as possible. But unless the operation could be concealed as a Korean native revolution, much more than Korea would be involved in such a gamble. Russia could take Korea but at present Russia could not take Japan. The defeated Japanese think that Russia looks with covetous eyes at Japanese land, resources and man power. That is the basic reason the Japanese want the United States to continue the occupation for a long time to come.

So we remain in Korea performing a disagreeable and dangerous task because it seems for the moment to be interwoven with the larger problems of thwarting the Communist effort to subdue all that is left of a free world. If we could find a formula for getting out of Korea without thereby persuading the Russians that it would be safe for them to pursue us further and incidentally to take over Japan, Americans would like to leave Korea to the Koreans, and quickly.

The Koreans don't want us to go, but doubtless we shall move on as soon as it seems safe to do so. The answer to that question will hang on what sort of deal we make with Japan and to some extent with China. What defenses we can create for ourselves in the Far Pacific will do much to decide our own future as well as the duration of our stay in Korea.

THE END

"At least in baseball they know enough to come in out of the rain!"

GEORGE WOLFE

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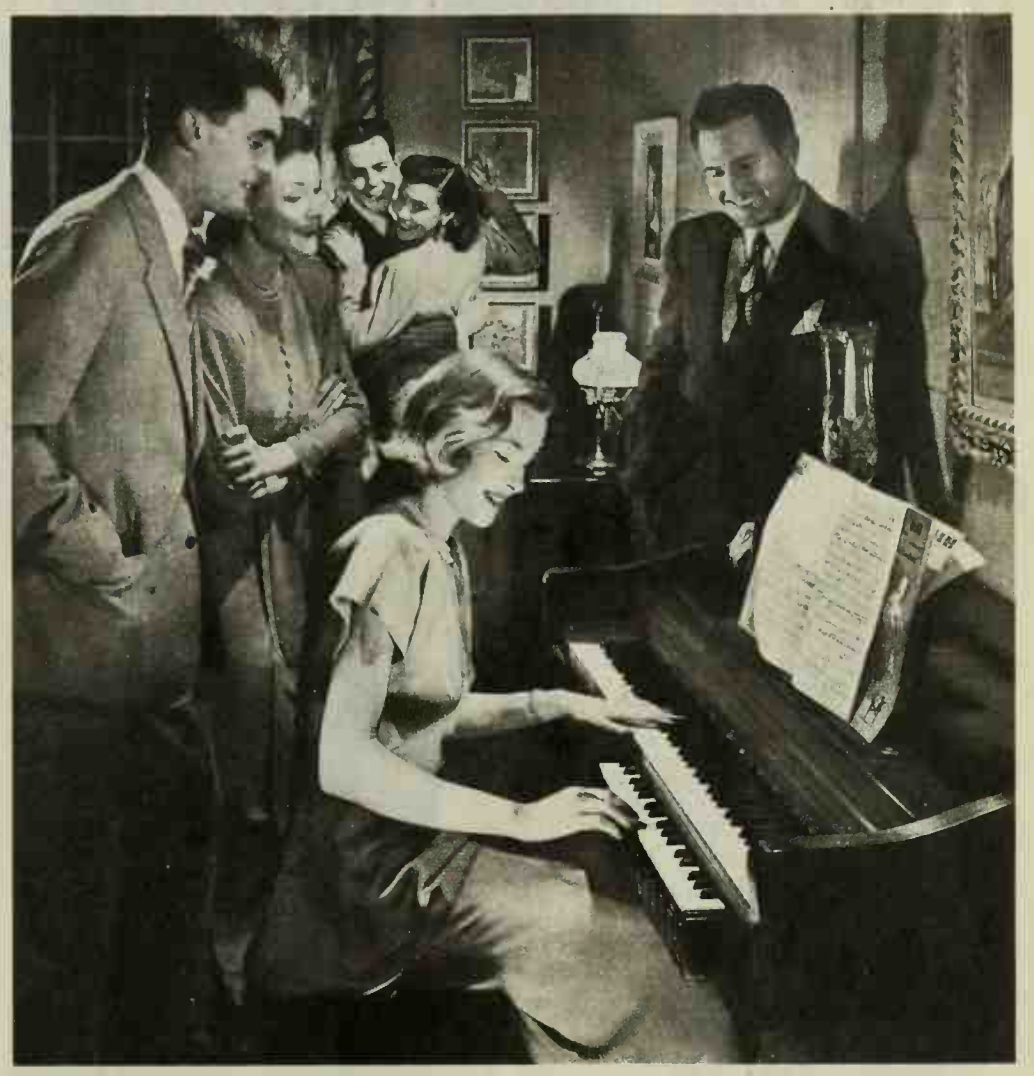
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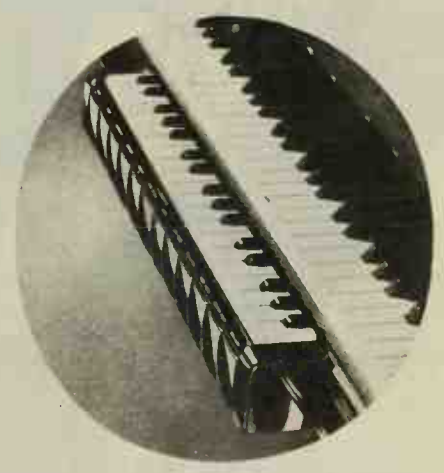

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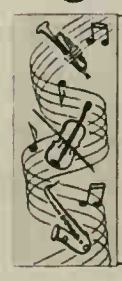

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THE OUTCASTS

Continued from page 19

"d why *our* house?" Wallace asked. Sh was a lovely shadow of the dusk. ice was smiling. "Because we're est ones here, and the Newhouses They know we think the same ey do."

unched forward, staring at the floor, uncomfortable and re- it. He had been sitting there wishing all mankind well, and a dim dislike of Benson for in- him in this. After a little while, "You know anything about these "

's shoulders moved up lightly. thing."

habitual line between his near- eyes narrowed a little. "Do you eir name?"

I don't."

n't matter—the name, whatever They were not suitable neighbors. discomfort deepened.

went on. "I told Katherine she k whoever she wanted to. We'll e cocktails."

ghed and cast around for some- anchor his mind on. "Arthur will be coming, won't he?" If ame, it was all right. The entire ment had once been the rolling the Hearn family estate, and cool and caustic and alert, set munity pattern, without caring he set it or not. What suited assured mind should suit any of

said, "I hope so, but I think he . Hearn are still in Canada. It matter. We know how they'd

e nodded. "Well—"

crossed in back of his chair and ver to put her cool cheek against moment. "It's awkward, of ear," she said, "but we have to our neighbors. It's just a matter s, like zoning a residential district against night clubs or something."

"People aren't night clubs," he said thinly.

"No, of course they aren't." Her voice was disarmingly quick. "But you know what I mean. It isn't just these people. It's what it starts. They bring their friends. They're—pushing." She sounded gentle and reasonable.

He nodded again and put up his hand to draw her closer. This was her home and their children's, and those three—so infinitely precious to his vulnerable heart—must have what they wanted. His own role was safely passive; it was the Newhouses who had suggested this meeting. He said, "When are they coming for our famous cocktails?"

"Day after tomorrow. Saturday. You're sweet, Wally."

IT WAS dark now as he turned and reached up his arms to her. She responded for an instant, and he forgot the dim confusion she had waked in his mind. This was all his, his love to hold and the soft night to hold her in.

For a moment, neither of them spoke, and then she gave a little shiver against the cool air. "I'm going in, darling." The door opened to light from the hallway, and closed again behind her.

He sat there, looking out at the darkness and listening to the small night noises. A cricket was tuning its tiny violin of sound somewhere in the soft grass, and from beyond, there was the sleepy twitter of a robin protesting the dark. After a moment's listening, Wallace got up, hands in pockets, and walked slowly down the steps and onto the grass.

Around him, the night bloomed, tender and blessed.

He was thinking of Saturday. Saturday had a sharp edge in his mind. He pushed it back and tried to listen to the robin. Wallace hunched his shoulders up in sudden irritation. He was being childish. All

"It's an adorable dress, Angela. I had one just like it when I was your age"

FRANK BRANDT

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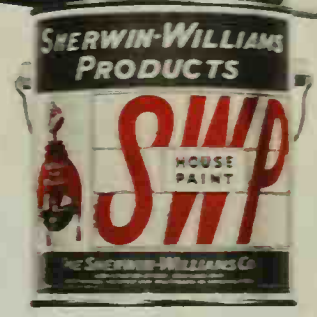

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s involved was a simple, legitimate
ent between neighbors—people
d bought their homes in a district
would stay as they wished. These
these people who wanted to buy
es place, need never know that a
d been deliberately closed in their

tared miserably into the darkness.
what if they did know? What if
re, in fact, rather dreadfully used
How did it feel to be shut out,
of your name, because of your

um," said Wallace Adams, aloud.
his neighbors had bought and
r certain things. There was noth-
e ashamed of in wanting to keep
ntity of their own community
Helen saw the values much more
than he did. She had said, "We
consider our neighbors."
ave to consider our neighbors.
did it feel to be shut out? What
ke to find there were two sides to
nd to be on the wrong side? How
e feel it if were himself and Helen
ir children?
ad a sudden, frightened glimpse
ded cruelty, of human hands
to hold security, of men walking
that narrowed and narrowed.
ind leaped to safety. Good God!
making mountains. It wasn't that
nt. The whole thing was perfectly
forward and simple. It had
been understood that the district
stricted development. Restriction,
n. What were the walls of a
wn house but restriction and ex-
What was a property line? You
ound by the rules of your own

membered, with satisfaction, how
John Newhouse had become.
mbered that it was to Helen that
e Newhouse had turned. He
ered that Vee was out dancing
nice Hutchins boy.
was what he wanted for his
that sureness. He had no right
rb their peace with impractical
ions. By Sunday morning, the
ing would be over, pleasantly.
n't being anti-anything in his
ence. Put on a business basis, he
tecting his investment. Put on a
basis, he was safeguarding his

what?
pped at the edge of his lawn.
hat?
ind stiffened, pushing away the
. He retreated into the safety
wn world. He was only an ordi-
ddle-aged man with a family—
ary, middle-aged man, standing
in his garden and indulging in
s.
all tremendously unimportant.
himself it was unimportant.
ird's lament had stopped. The
s quiet. Wallace crossed the
d walked slowly up his front

Hutchins and his wife were the
rrive, the Tom Brents just behind
iff's hearty voice shouted a greet-
everybody, as the men followed

"I object! The prosecution's method of obtaining answers is highly unethical"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

their formal patterns of hand-shaking, and the women touched cheeks with bridge-table affection. Wallace excused himself to mix their drinks, glad of a task which took his mind off the purpose of the meeting and made it possible to cling to the role of passive host.

Helen joined him briefly. He looked up from counting glasses, and said, "How many more?"

"Just the Atkinsons and Madge Hennessy. And the Newhouses, of course."

He said, "They know why they're here?"

"Naturally."

NATURALLY. He mixed a Scotch and water for Cliff Hutchins and carried it over to him. Cliff gave one of his rather hearty, meaningless laughs and said, "Quite a crowd," sounding gratified. Wallace looked at his guest and disliked him. He disliked his laugh and his light blue eyes and his big pudgy hands. For a passive host, Wallace felt unreasonably quarrelsome. If he had been drinking himself, he could have put it down to the liquor, but he had not been drinking. He said inanely, "Beautiful summer."

They discussed the weather, unable to get away from each other, until the arrival of the Atkinsons with Madge Hennessy churning behind them. Madge dropped her gloves and bag on the nearest chair, pulled off her hat and fanned herself with it briskly. "I like this room," she announced, and added, with apparent inconsequence, "When does the jury sit?"

It would be childish to pretend he didn't know what she was talking about. Wallace said stiffly, "We're waiting for the Newhouses."

"Oh. Of course."

He gave her a sharp look, but her broad face was as placid as a cow's. "Court's in session," she said suddenly, jerking her head toward the door. He thought: She's enjoying this, and despised her for it. If an unpleasant thing had to be done, it might at least be done decently. He excused himself and crossed the room to shake hands with the Newhouses, more than a little flattered by the genial warmth of the big man's welcome. John Newhouse made the room seem suddenly crowded and important. There was the usual hum of greeting, and edging forward of chairs. Wallace said, "What's yours, John?"

"Rye, I think." Newhouse glanced at his watch. "Hope you people don't mind holding the meeting up a little. There's a chance Arthur Hearn will be coming."

Helen made a soft little sound of pleasure. Wallace said, surprised, "I thought he was in Canada."

Newhouse smiled. "He was, but I happened to know of a business matter he might be checking on personally, so I called his office. They said he flew in by private plane this morning."

Helen said, "Oh, that's wonderful, John."

Newhouse nodded gravely. "He was out when I called, but I explained to his secretary that this meeting concerned his property interests, and she said she was sure he'd do everything possible to get here. But of course he might be late. He's a busy man."

Wallace looked down at the floor. The little flicker of pleasure he had felt because the sought-after Arthur Hearn might be a guest in his house died out abruptly. Property interests. Enough big guns were lined up already for that imperishable cause; Wallace hoped Hearn wouldn't come.

The guests waited, their talk desultory. Conversation in the room lifted, then dragged out. Newhouse glanced again at his watch, then shook his head and walked over to the fireplace, where he stood with an elbow on the mantelpiece. From that position, he dominated the room. Wallace, finding himself next to Madge Hennessy, with an unclaimed glass in his hand, shifted his feet uneasily. Madge patted the arm of her chair, and

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he set the glass down on the floor and perched reluctantly beside her, feeling clumsy.

Newhouse cleared his throat and looked benignly around the room. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting here. We've been hoping that our good neighbor, Arthur Hearn, could be with us." There was a little innocent patter of applause at the name, promptly hushed. "However," said John Newhouse, "I don't think we should wait any longer. And of course we know he would feel as we do about this meeting." He straightened his shoulders against the mantel. "I don't think this need take much time. You all know why we're here."

There was a polite hum of assent. Everyone was very polite. John Newhouse went on. "You all know that Benson has had an offer on the Stiles property. The—people involved don't seem to be suitable." He gazed around him calmly. "I think we're all agreed on that?"

Wallace stared down at his feet. If he wanted to say anything, he knew this was the time to say it.

Newhouse's competent voice continued. "We felt the pleasantest way to handle the matter was simply to appoint a committee to see Benson and express our wishes." He gave a small, deprecating laugh. "It all seems rather formal, of course, but actually the matter should never have come up. As you all know." He looked at them paternally. They all knew.

WALLACE was conscious that the palms of his hands were sweating and clammy. John Newhouse's voice deepened a little. "The reason for this—formality is that we wish to establish a clearer precedent in Benson's mind. We are all property owners here. We chose our lovely district for its neighbors as much as for its land, and we naturally want to maintain it. We are thinking in terms of the future, as well as the present."

Wallace thought: He's talking too much.

The words went on, firmly. "I think a committee of three would serve us best," said John Newhouse. "And I would like to propose our host as the chairman."

It was a moment before Wallace realized whom he meant. Then his heart gave an uncomfortable little jump, and he looked across at Helen. She was looking back at him, proud and eager over this confirmation of their position in the community.

When he heard his voice say "No," it was almost as much of a surprise to him as it was to his guests.

Newhouse's heavy eyebrows went up slightly. "I know you're a busy man, my dear fellow, but you and Helen have our interests so much at heart—"

What in God's name had Helen committed him to, in her talks with Katherine? All he wanted was to be left alone. He said unhappily, "I just don't feel that I want to—" Helen was looking at him incredulously.

Newhouse's voice was as pleasant as ever. His eyes were a little hard. "Aren't you with us?" he said.

Wallace folded his arms across his chest, because his heart was pounding like a schoolboy's. Something harsh and permanent in him said, *No.*

He got slowly to his feet, sliding off the arm of his chair. He felt stupid, standing, like a youngster called on to recite, but he couldn't stay perched there. They were all waiting for him to say something. He hunted rather desperately in his mind for some graceful way out, a way that would neither alienate him nor make him responsible for what was done later. A comfortable way, which would insure his neighbors' good will and his own self-respect.

"Well?" said John Newhouse, heavily.

Wallace said, "No. I'm not with you."

There was a slow, sluggish silence in the room, unstirred for a moment because it was unaccepting. Only, his words were an echo, and echoes stay. Newhouse's voice was suddenly harsh. "This is rather unexpected," he said. "I thought we could assume—"

Wallace kept his eyes carefully away from his wife. "I know," he said. "Everybody assumes. That's just the trouble. I'm sorry, John, I—"

He tried to find the words for his protest. But what does the sheep say when it leaves the herd?

There was another short silence, while Newhouse looked at him expressionlessly. His voice when he finally spoke was untroubled. "Well," he said, "we seem to have made a mistake in our choice of chairman. I'll propose another name."

Helen said quickly, "John, I'm sure Wally didn't mean—"

Her voice brought instinct back, superseding reason. Wallace tried to soften what he had said. "I only meant that we ought to know more about these people."

"I like to talk while I read. It gives me something to think about!"

COLLIER'S VIC H

He sounded humble, and he hated it. "I only meant—"

John Newhouse told him what he meant. "You only meant," he said politely, "that our wishes and yours are not the same. The—welfare of our community doesn't interest you. I don't think we need trouble you for any other explanation, my dear chap." My error, said the bland tone of his voice. I thought you were one of us. My error, my dear chap, my error.

Newhouse glanced around the room. "As for knowing all we need to know about Benson's clients—"

Wallace interrupted, bluntly. "What *do* we know about them? Except that they're Jews?"

It was too blunt, too harsh. But he had named it, and the conspiracy of silence fell apart. It was no use pretending any longer that this was a gentlemanly affair of business. The real reason for the meeting was out in the open.

John Newhouse looked at him, and through him. His voice was the voice of the well-bred host, covering a guest's unfortunate social blunder. He said firmly, "We are all agreed. We are here by agreement." It was as easy as that. Newhouse's deep voice reassured them. The word "Jews" might never have been said.

And, abruptly, Wallace Adam very angry. He knew that anger only weaken his position, but he w for the moment, a reasonable ma was an angry man. He was sic anger.

It loosened his tongue, that m strument which had never full Helen he loved her, or the childre cherishing. This was love too, they hated him for it, it was still l

He said, "All right. I agreed to I don't want to agree to it any lo don't see what right we have to ke one out, when we don't know a about them. If they're undesir people, it's reasonable. But you're me these people are undesirable a

Newhouse put his broad sh back against the mantelpiece. H were opaque, but his smile was st patient. "I think I'm only being r my dear fellow. These people very nice, but it's what follows. once drop our—agreement—"

"Why not drop it?" Wallace su

He was ignored, the way a ignored. "It makes too difficult tion for everyone, including th comers. They bring their frien relatives—"

Wallace said, "I bring my frie relatives. That's what a home is f

Newhouse's voice rose. "I hav terest in this community. I inten tect that interest."

The room was very quiet. An its wings in the air between the t Wallace said, "I don't want any it. If it's nothing else, it's dar manners."

Newhouse snapped, "I don't t etiquette is part of this discussio face was brick-red. "After all, if to manners, I'm here as your gu

Wallace couldn't answer that, say it was Helen's invitation, After all, he had acquiesced, and the root of the whole matter. like himself, who, believing o accepted another.

He looked down at his hands vaguely surprised to find that th shaking.

Newhouse pushed his advanta flush died out of his face, and calmly, "You're overexcited, After all, there are other homes

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uy. Let them live in their own ies. We don't ask to come into , do we?"

had no answer. All the sym- the room was flowing away like water. There was almost e cruelty about it, and he was look at his wife. And yet he as right.

d Newhouse say smoothly, in l voice of the majority, "I with- uggestion about the chairman. agreed, except Wallace—"

Hennessy's brisk, deep voice s sentence. She sat forward in "John, you'd better count me ce."

se looked at her; Madge stared dden hope lightened Wallace's heart.

vent on, implacable as a tank. ting the people buy the place." a heavy silence. "I don't really Madge Hennessy, "why Jews ve as neighbors with—what is shioned term?—Christians."

an instant, there was a hollow Newhouse. Then abruptly, up the reins of control. He his own chair, and Hearn waved him back.

Newhouse said, "I'm glad you could come, Arthur. We're just choosing a committee chairman."

"Committee for what?"

Newhouse explained, easily. "Just a group of three, to call on Benson."

"Oh." Hearn nodded. "Well, don't let me interrupt. I understand it's merely a matter of protecting our property interests here?"

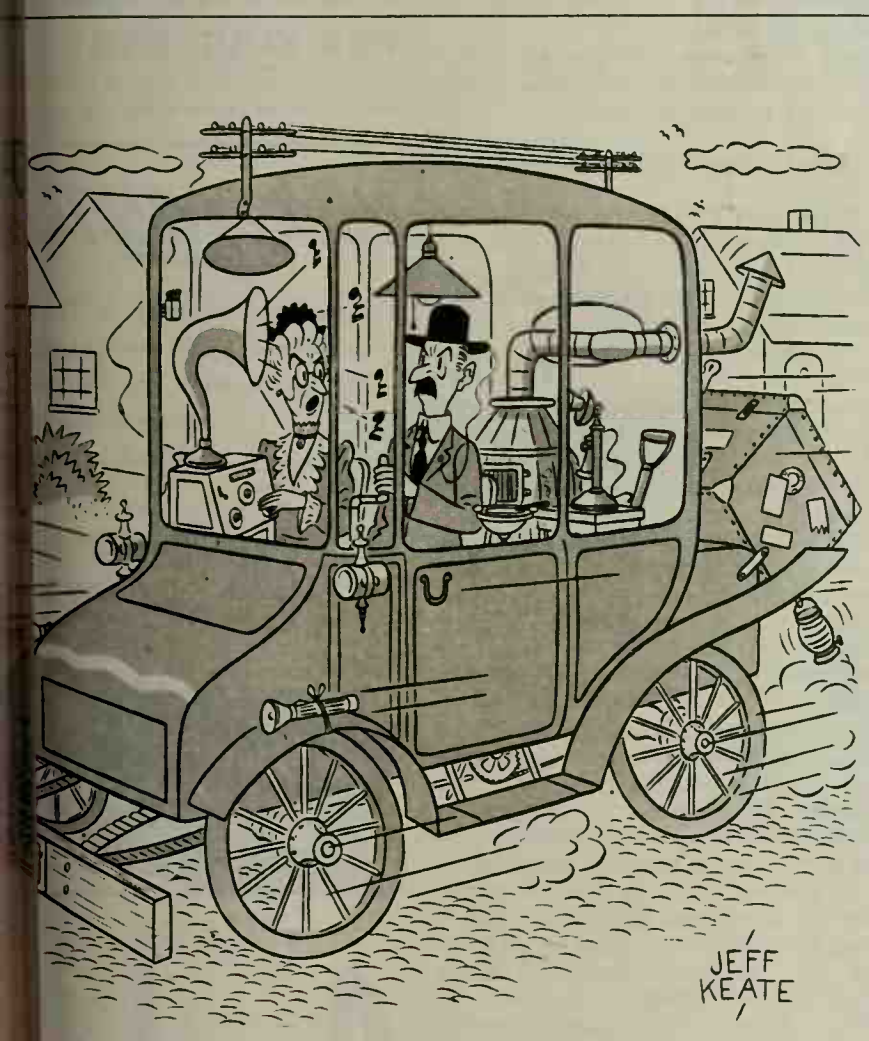
"That's right." The two men looked at each other casually, over the heads of the group, understanding each other. Newhouse went on, elaborating. "It's very simple, Arthur. Benson is anxious to sell the Stiles property to clients we consider undesirable. We're being formal about this meeting because we want Benson to realize just how we stand."

Hearn said, "Naturally," approving.

Newhouse looked pleased. "Of course, we'd be delighted if *you'd* take the committee chairmanship yourself, Arthur."

Hearn said, "Certainly. Glad to."

Relief in the room was almost animate. The final touch of sanction blessed the meeting. Wallace's hands tightened, each



"All right, it has all the latest gadgets, but wouldn't it be easier to just buy a new car?" JEFF KEATE

"Two is hardly a majority. rest of us are in complete He looked around the room. e, and Newhouse nodded in

of property was safely in the . The wan little hope of had fallen at the first fence. nds hung slack at his sides. m the doorway said, "Meet- er, is it? Sorry I couldn't re."

turned as a unit. Helen rose quick, welcoming hostess. " she exclaimed. "I didn't ne in."

was open, my dear. I just gh." Arthur Hearn nodded llace, turned to Newhouse. Jol. I got your message rather ow the meeting going?"

hur, fine." Newhouse's man- and perceptibly.

ssed the room, held Helen's and took up a position be- Hutchins half rose, offering on the other. Let it go, he thought. Let it go. The majority rules.

Newhouse dropped his hands, safely relinquishing the reins. "You want to choose your own committee, Arthur?"

Anger had drained out of Wallace, and he closed his eyes, waiting for Hearn to make his choice. He had done what he could, and it would never be enough.

He thought suddenly: I will not let it go. He heard his own voice, dogged with the tired patience of defeat. "Mr. Hearn."

"Yes, Mr. Adams?" Hearn was quick, courteous, just faintly impatient.

Wallace pressed the knuckles of one hand into the palm of the other. He said slowly, "John hasn't explained everything, quite. He hasn't told you that he offered me the chairmanship, and I turned it down."

Newhouse said abruptly, "We've been over that, Wallace."

Wallace ignored the warning. "The only thing we know about these people," he said, "is that they're Jews. We don't know anything else about them at all."

Hearn said, "That right, John?" He frowned slightly.

Newhouse glanced resentfully at Wallace, then shrugged in acquiescence.

Hearn said, "It's always been understood that this district is restricted." The brief anger that had touched Newhouse's face smoothed out completely. Wallace looked at the two of them, impregnable, sure of themselves, their world the only world. He had tried twice, and he had lost twice.

Hearn went on. "Restricted, that is, against undesirable people." He looked at Newhouse. "They've got money, I suppose? They could finance a property as big as Dick Stiles' place?"

Newhouse looked slightly surprised. "Well, of course. But that's beside the point."

"Not to me it isn't," Hearn said briskly. "I'm very much interested in the cash angle. We don't want that property bouncing back on the market again. Looks bad for the neighborhood. People start thinking a district is running down when you can't sell the houses in it."

Newhouse put in sharply, "They'll think it's running down even more if we let—" He stopped, and Hearn finished for him.

"If we let Jews in?" He said the word "Jews" as if it was just a word. "That depends on the Jew. I know a lot of Jews I'd be glad to have for neighbors."

HEARN looked around the room. His manner said, more plainly than words, that what was good enough for Arthur Hearn was good enough for any of them. No one spoke. The heads that had turned toward him turned back to John Newhouse. Newhouse hadn't moved, but the fingers of his right hand, casual against the mantelpiece, pressed down so suddenly that the knuckles showed blue-white.

Hearn went on. "Seems to me what we need to know about these people is what they're like, and what their background is. That's what this committee ought to be finding out." He nodded at Wallace. "I should think you'd be pretty good at the job, Mr. Adams. If you'd care to serve with me, I'll be glad to have you."

Wallace said, eagerly, "Certainly. On that basis."

Hearn raised his eyebrows. "What other basis is there?" He studied the room, his eyes resting briefly on Cliff Hutchins, then moving on. He looked at Tom Brent. "How about you, Tom?"

Wallace glanced at Brent and saw him struggling self-consciously to his feet. "Why—yes. Yes, of course. Glad to." His voice was suddenly very small and hurried. "I never liked this business much, anyhow."

Perhaps none of them had liked it much, thought Wallace. They had only wanted the assurance that they were right not to like it. He looked quickly, anxiously at Helen and saw that she was smiling. Mr. Hearn had given his approval; her own husband was on the committee. She was pleased, he knew, for the wrong reasons, but it didn't matter. She was his Helen, and he smiled back at her.

Hearn's voice picked up the meeting. "Fine," he said. "That's settled then." His voice was easy, crisp, disinterested. "Wallace, Tom— I'll give you a ring, and we'll get together to see Benson. Great pleasure, Mrs. Adams."

He moved toward the door. There was a general stir in the room. The meeting, as a meeting, had suddenly ceased to exist.

John Newhouse, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, stood unyielding against the mantelpiece. The group he had called together broke up into people, but he didn't see them. He was staring straight ahead, at nothing.

Wallace felt a sudden and intense pity. The lost, he thought, are not the outcasts. The lost are those who cast them out.

THE END

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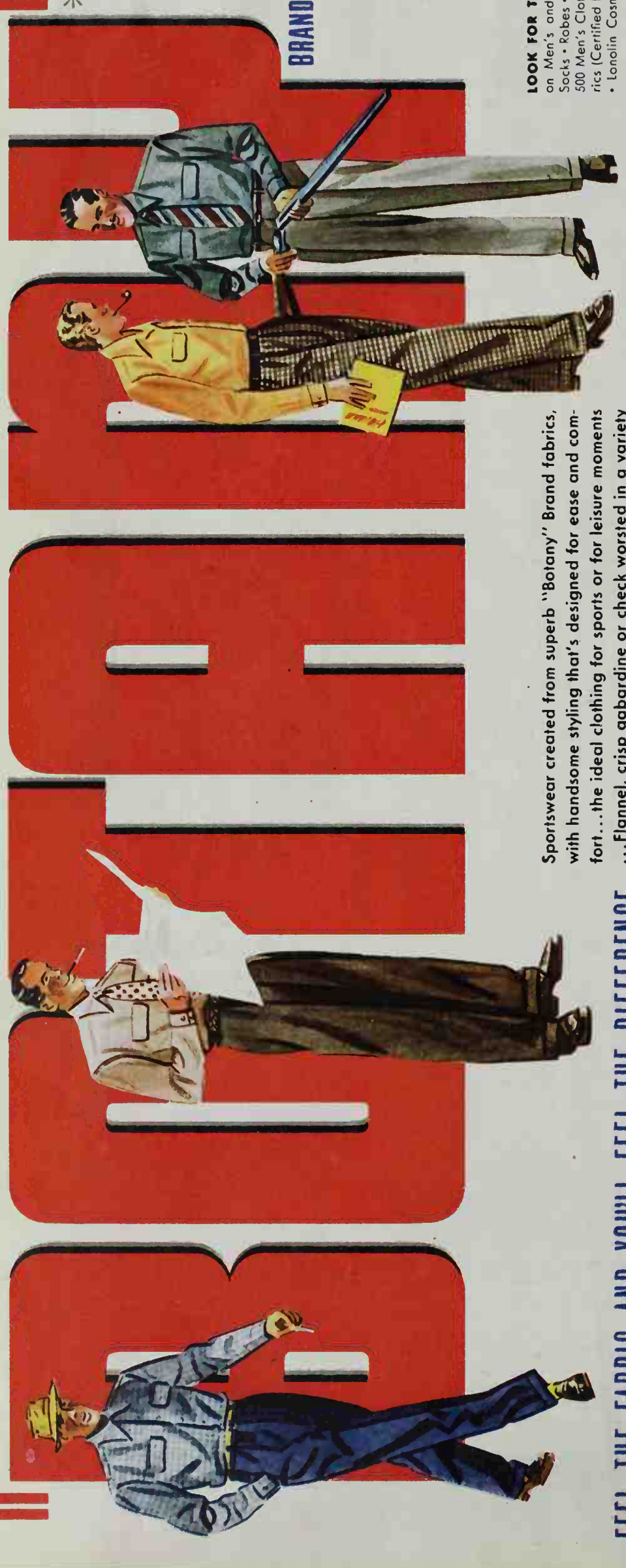

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THE G.I. VILLAGERS

Continued from page 13

for an intricate system of dovetailed classroom hours, so that either husband or wife can stay with the baby.

Mrs. Einar Nelson, a nurse, is working for an M.A. in personnel work, while her husband takes a premedical course. In order to take care of their two-and-a-half-year-old Kathy, they sometimes pass her from hand to hand between classes on the campus. These two arise early and go to bed late, being careful to use every minute of Kathy's afternoon nap time for study.

At sundown they usually work in their vegetable garden—one of the plots the university assigns to any villager who wants it. Neither of them, however, takes part in the village's daily coeducational softball games.

Practically all of the men—92 per cent of them—supplement their $90 a month allowance by taking part-time jobs. But one man had to refuse a raise on his night watchman's job, so as to keep his income below the $200 maximum allowed by the village.

Many wives also work part time, perhaps in the village housing office, or in the near-by grocery store.

Clinics Are Well Patronized

A Well Baby Clinic, run by the Minneapolis Community Health Service, aided by funds from the federal Children's Bureau, is well patronized by the villagers. The cost is ten cents for registration. Soon there'll be a prenatal clinic as well.

In matters of sanitation, those same lady aldermen who passed the spanking resolutions are stern. Residents who are careless about garbage or slop buckets are spoken to firmly. The swamp back of the village requires frequent spraying, and rats must be controlled. These precautions were particularly important last summer, during Minneapolis' polio epidemic. Only two village children contracted the disease. Neither suffered lasting effects.

The place is now managed by Henry Hester, a former hotel man who does his utmost to keep everybody comfortable and happy. He is forever wangling extras from the university for his villagers, such as the garage where the co-operative grocery is housed, and garden tools and shrubs to plant. But his biggest job is pushing through construction of an additional 236 dwellings—for the village waiting list is very long.

Minnesota is an enormous university, the third largest in the country. An enrollment of 30,000 is expected by next October. Of these 60 per cent will be veterans and of the veterans 32 per cent will be married. Practically every married veteran will try for the privilege of living in the village, but veterans with children get priority. Hester is glad that up to now he has been able to find a place for every family-man veteran who applied.

As the village hits its stride, these young families keep figuring out new ways to save money. The community sewing machine is a help. This was the idea of Nancy Summers, village secretary-treasurer.

Out of village dues (15 cents a quarter) and other cash oddments, the aldermen bought a sewing machine, which they rent out at 50 cents a day, three days maximum. The vegetable gardens help cut grocery bills. And a children's clothes exchange has sprung up spontaneously. One day two pairs of very small shoes appeared on a shelf over the laundry tubs, with a sign: "If you can use either or both pairs of shoes you are welcome."

THE END

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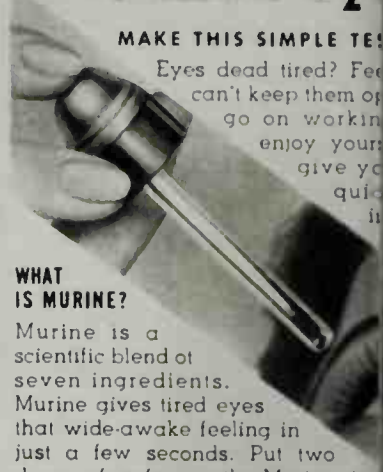

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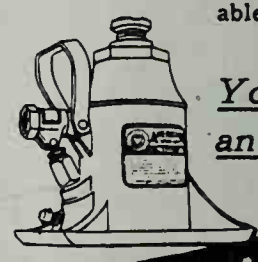

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

…r, calculated the orbit of a still …ant planet. On March 13, 1930, …s of painstaking search, Pluto …vered. The discovery of these … planets was a tribute to the …he men who performed the nec…culations.

…MES M. DWYER, Paterson, N. J.

…RAWKCAB ME' TNIRP

… a problem—the serials. I have … that time of life when it's con…se to ask one's doctor's advice …ting a new one. Sooner or later … a serial that I won't be able to … leaving a forwarding address …elpful. Take one like Man Run…ndinger—I'd hate to lose out …ish of a story like that. "Let …mulate, and then go to town," …hat's okay for those who can …serials, or leave 'em alone. An …title, a snappy picture, and I … nibble) at the first chapter, and …d living from week to week … about printing the darn' things … The gals would love it. They … to read the last chapter first. …re built of sterner stuff. We … till all installments were in.

W. H. MELSOME,
California Hot Springs, Cal.

…INCONSISTENCY

…: Your editorial page for …13th carried four brief and to…litorials. One, entitled Transla…e, held forth against all writers …ish language who inserted for…s and words—mentioning espe…k, Latin, French and German … translations.

…rial next to it, Uniting West…, used the phrase *quid pro* … to my uncultured eye looks …ike Latin—and used it with…ation! Will you tell this curi… two things: Was it a slip, or … kind of check on editorial…ship?

… LIGHTFOOT, JR., Ass't Libra…ouisiana Polytechnic Institute

…ramus.

…MAY B. SOHW!

…R: I wonder where threatening …k O'Hare" (The Week's Mail, …t his rather suspicious name. …k Hank could possibly be any … Mimi O'Graph, Mike R. … Miss Fitt?

… HARLES FRANK BOND JUSTICE,
Betsy Layne, Ky.

BRADLEY'S BATTLE

DEAR EDITOR: Re Can General Bradley Win This One? (Aug. 30th): We are informed that 74 new veterans' hospitals have been authorized, of which only seven have been begun and only one completed. To complete the astounding picture of confusion, skulduggery, stupidity and waste, the writer should have listed the scores of splendid, large Army and Navy hospitals which were built during the war and now stand vacant all over the country. I know of one, within 25 miles of this point, substantially constructed of white brick at a cost of about $12,000,000 and designed to take care of 1,500 patients plus medical staff and other personnel. There are no doubt at least 74 other similar installations lying in idleness here and there across the country. All of them are, or recently were, completely equipped.

What is the answer? What are the alibis? I pose the question as a challenge from a John Q. Citizen whose respect for his potbellied, bureaucrat-infested government is running mighty low.

HENRY GORDON, Ogden, Utah

BANG! BANG!

DEAR SIRS: Poor little Eve! If Selwyn Jepson's heroine, in Man Running (Sept. 6th installment), fired that revolver as illustrated by Wendell Kling, she would really burn her left hand.

F. R. ANDERSON, Sierra Madre, Cal.

. . . How is it possible for the girl in the picture to be able to hold the barrel of the revolver in her hand as she fires it? A few of the fellows here would be greatly interested in your answer to that one.

CLARENCE S. STUBBS, Fort Sill, Okla.

Big-shot police authorities, consulted beforehand by Artist Kling, agreed the pose is nondangerous.

MAN OF NOTE

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for Condon's nostalgic Brother Jazz (Aug. 23d-Sept. 6th). How I wish Brother Jazz Condon could have lived in the deep South during the early twenties.

Peg Leg Johnson's band that traveled out of Memphis, Tennessee, was a band that was even better than the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. I have heard them play from nine in the evening until three o'clock in the morning, with "nary" a piece of music in sight. Interpolation that this group could conjure, aided and abetted by Arkansas white mule (corn whisky), was something! Likewise Phil Baxter and his group that played solely for the love of music and cold cash. Phil is still tops in my book for entertainment next to Ted Lewis.

I enjoy every issue of Collier's, having been a reader for about twenty-five years.

W. T. HUTCHINSON, Coleman, Tex.

IT'S A TOSSUP

DEAR SIR: Re the blanket tossing cover (Sept. 6th), there has been a long and heated discussion as to just how that picture was taken, among the people I work with.

Some say she was actually tossed up and the picture taken from above and others say she is placed on a glass with the men under her, taken as a still picture.

EDNA SCHWARTZ, Pontiac, Mich.

As to trickery, picture at left speaks for itself. Photographer Peskin is stationed atop bridge of special contraption the agreeable Warner Brothers constructed on their lot in collusion with Collier's. The even more agreeable Miss Vickers is doing one of her several backflops, without the use of plate glass, double exposure, or mirrors.

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EASE
N LIFE

were a lot of people around, but they were afraid of the fire. Then a jalopy came tearing up and a little Italian jumped out and ran straight into the flames

BY ELIZABETH METCALF

N a couple of benches inside the wire-fenced courts at the tennis club, four men sat to rest in the middle of their . Three were old friends. The was a congenial new acquaint- an energetic doubles partner. day was a lake of cool air under ndent sun. The four men pulled kets, and as the lively stranger led into his sleeves he glanced preciatively at the sparkling sky t the rolling green hills which nded the club. With a deep he relaxed, stretching his arms the bench, eyes closed.

was smiling. It was a smile more seen on the open faces of eager an on the set faces of men in irties to whom the sun and the d the green hills and a good have become matters of fact. other players, twisting about to garettes from their jacket pock- lanced at the stranger. They at one another and grinned.

e day," one said understand-

man with his head back opened s and straightened.

u can drink that sun." He d back. And he reached for a ed cigarette with a nod of as he leaned forward with the

man who had offered the ciga- eld out a lighter.

a fine day," he repeated. "And e of my damn' business, but I o know how you can serve a ball like that with about half . How the hell do you hold a man?"

new man dragged on his ciga- d answered through the smoke. at you really want to know," , "is how I had the little fin- d half the ring finger burned right hand." He stretched out . "And why I have those graft n my legs. And why," holding arette in his mouth, putting a ger on either side of his right nd kicking the lower leg slowly, had a silver pin through here."

And he dropped his fingers to show a smooth, round nickel-sized scar on either side of the knee.

The other men moved awkwardly, but before a protest or an apology could be phrased the scarred man said quietly, "It doesn't matter. I'd want to know the same things if one of you'd been bashed up. I wouldn't be out on a tennis court in shorts if I were sensitive about my legs. And I wouldn't be holding a racket, either, if I hadn't been so crazy about tennis that after the accident I worked for years to develop a new grip with a thumb and two and a half fingers."

The other men relaxed.

"It was just another of those accidents that happen to too many college kids who drive too fast," the scarred man continued. "My roommate and I were coming back from a football game. I didn't see a train barreling down on a crossing—"

He took a deep drag on his cigarette and glanced up at the liquid sun.

"In the collision, my roommate was thrown clear of the car and was killed. I was trapped inside, the gasoline drenched me. Car caught fire."

The other three men shifted restlessly.

One spoke shortly, "How'd you get out?"

"I didn't, for a while," said the man, turning his hand and looking at the half a finger and the much narrowed palm. "I was stuck in there and I was on fire. I mean my clothes were on fire and my hair was blazing and my fingers were burning off and my legs were frying.

"There were a lot of people around, too, they told me later. It was a village crossing and a couple of dozen people ran out when they heard the crash, but they were afraid of the fire. They could see me in there, but I was practically unconscious and I guess they thought I might be dead."

He flipped the end of his cigarette toward the fence and looked out over the rolling hills for a moment. "Then," he said, "a car came tearing up. A jalopy. Came faster than hell, and a little Italian was out of it before it stopped and running straight into the flames. He jerked open the door, pulled me out and flopped me over on the grass. He threw himself on me, put me out before the others could help."

One of the tennis players absentmindedly put his own hand down on the burned hand.

Another leaned over to look at the scarred legs and the knee that turned on a silver spike.

The third man looked out through the wire fence at the rolling hills. And as he lifted his face to the sky his two friends and the scarred stranger lifted theirs, too, and all four drank in the miracle of the sun.

The man beside the stranger took his whole hand off the burned one. He laced his fingers between his knees as he leaned well forward and seemed to watch the taut, eager couples running back and forth across the courts.

"What's it like, Jim, to play a couple of sets of fast tennis and then sit in the sun and smoke a cigarette and tell that story? How does it feel," he went on deliberately, "to know that you'd be dead if one man hadn't had the glory in him to save it and give it all back to you?"

SOMEHOW the poetic words didn't seem at all strange on the lips of a middle-aged insurance man.

"Do you know where he is?" the insurance mán pursued. "Have you kept in touch with him?"

"Sure," said Jim with a touch of surprise. "His name's Giuseppe Donato. I call him Joe. Giuseppe's Joe in Italian. He has a vineyard in upper New York State. My folks set him up with it, in fact."

"Fine," the others murmured.

"My folks came East when I was in such bad shape," Jim went on, "and they looked him up. They brought him to see me in the Boston hospital, a dark little undernourished Italian. When we tried to thank him he threw his hands out and said, 'Please! The boy hava fine life now. Thatsa glad for me. No thanksa *please!*'

"Dad wanted to give him money but he wouldn't take it, so the folks found out about him. Those were the bad years, and instead of selling apples on a street corner, Joe'd been bootlegging. Running wine down from Canada. He was on his way from the border when he found me.

"Repeal was in sight and he wanted a vineyard, so my old man fixed it up for him in that New York wine country. He wouldn't take the moncy, but he couldn't resist the vines. He has an Italian wife, a yardful of wonderful black-eyed kids—and his grapes. I've seen him there a couple of times."

Four other tennis players, tired and sweating, strolled off a center court, and the foursome on the benches began to peel jackets and gather up rackets and balls.

"I write to Joe every once in a while," said Jim, trying his strange strong grip on the handle of his racket, "and always when something happens. Like when I got married. And when our daughter was born. And when I set up my own business. And the first evening in our new home. Anything that's fine, I write and tell him what's happened to me because I'm alive."

The four men had started toward the empty court. They were enormously refreshed and the air invigorated them at every step.

"Does Joe answer?" one asked.

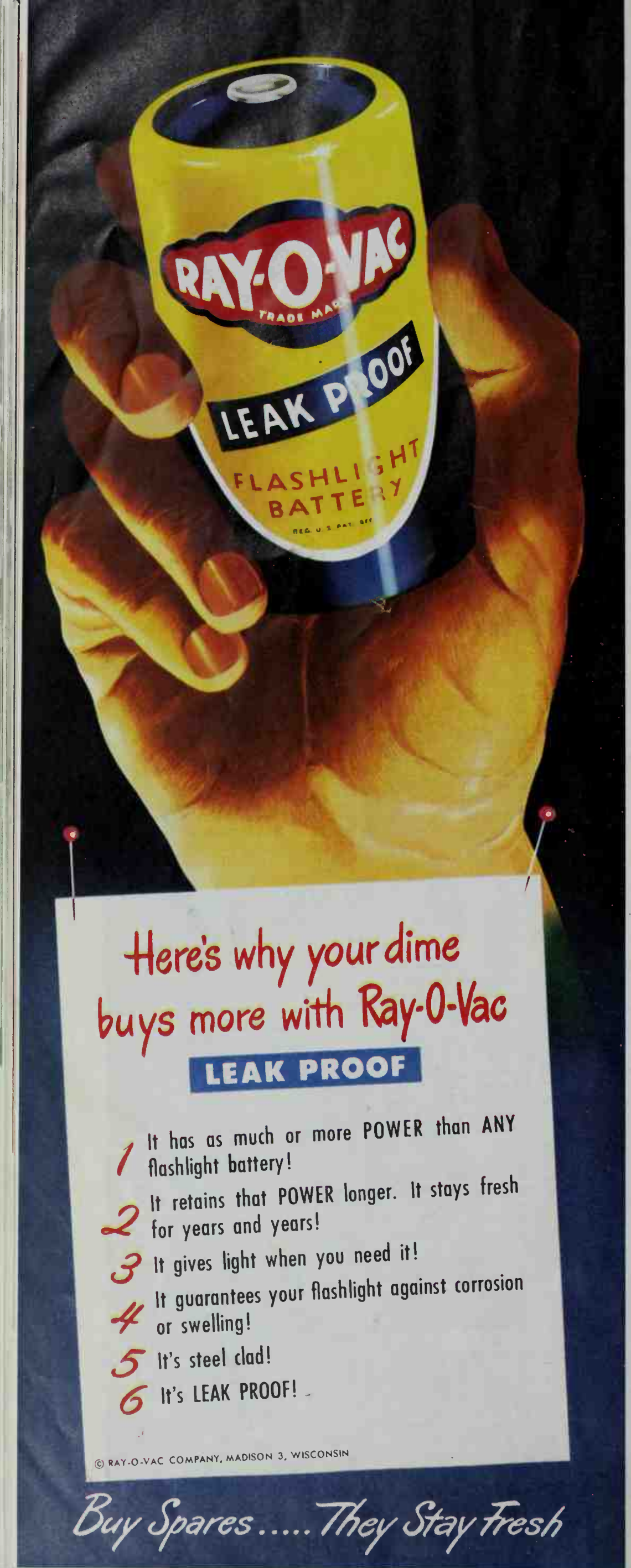
"Sure," said Jim, making a backhand chop with his racket and watching the swiftness of its shadow on the flat playing surface. "He always answers. Just a line or two, though. Like—he'd say it this way—'Dear Jim, Thatsa glad for you, thatsa glad for me. This year I make fine wine again. Best damn' wine you ever taste.' "

The insurance man faced his new tennis partner with the same smile that Jim had turned toward the sun.

" 'I was thirsty,' " he recalled wonderingly from the depths of memory, " 'and ye gave me drink.' "

Then he leaped the net like a boy and took up his position in the forecourt. "Your serve, Jim," he cried. "Ace him!"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE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LOOK, STEPHANIE

Continued from page 11

right," he says. "If you won't teach her anything, I'll have to protect her myself. From now on she's to be in at ten o'clock every night. And she's not to go out unless Karen is along. And she's to get a job. Today!"

Mama goes on knitting, quite calmly. "What sort of job?" she asks. "Baby sitting? Being a movie actress? Or would you rather have her washing dishes someplace, or scrubbing floors? Stephanie's not equipped—"

Papa sits down heavy, like he had not thought of this. "Why," he says, "I don't know—maybe—dammit, there must be something she can do!"

Mama shrugs. She smiles. "You think so?" she asks. "What?"

I AM late for school then, so I do not hear the rest. There is not much more anyhow, because I hear Papa stamping down the stairs as I am going out the front door.

After school that day there is basketball practice, and then we all stop at Miller's for sodas, and the track team come in, and what with one thing and another, I am five minutes late for dinner.

"Well, Karen," Papa asks, "where have you been? Are you running the streets now, like your sister? No dessert."

"But, Papa," I say. "I was only—"

Papa glares. "And where is your sister?"

"Stephanie?"

"Have you got any other sisters?" Papa roars. "Where is she?"

"I don't know, Papa," I reply meekly.

"And you," Papa asks Mama. "Don't you know where she is either?"

Mama shakes her head.

"I told you not to let her go out without Karen!" Papa says.

"Karen was in school all day," Mama points out quietly. "And you told Stephanie to get a job. Is Karen supposed to traipse along after her older sister when she's out looking for work? You know that doesn't make sense. More carrots, dear?"

"A fine thing," Papa tells her. "Talking about carrots when your first-born is running the streets after dark, her dumb innocence exposed to heaven knows what perils—"

Mama laughs right out loud. "It's only six thirty. They're glazed just the way you like them, dear. The carrots, I mean."

My sister Stephanie slides into the dining room. She is wearing the tight yellow sweater, and her face is flushed. She is so beautiful with the color in her face that even Papa does not say anything for a minute, just looking at her.

Then she beats him to it. "I've got a job."

"A—job?" Papa sounds a little weak. He thinks for a minute. "Selling something, maybe?"

Stephanie smiles tolerantly. "I'm a private secretary."

Papa goggles. He chokes. "But you can't even type!"

"Everyone has to learn, don't they?" Stephanie asks reproachfully.

After a while, Papa recovers enough to ask for particulars. Stephanie gives them to him. She is currently employed as secretary to Mr. Thomas J. Briggs, president of the Kiddy-Krib Manufacturing Company, at 2213 Lincolnwood Drive. She works from nine to five daily, excluding Saturday, and receives the salary of forty dollars a week.

"*Forty dollars!*" Papa repeats it almost under his breath. "To think the manpower shortage has come to this!"

That evening, Stephanie breaks three dates. She tells them all the same thing, that she is through with the more f lous things in life. From here on ou is a career woman.

She spends most of the evening v ing on her hair and her nails an clothes.

"For business," she tells us, promptly at ten o'clock she gets int

The next day she goes to work, home in time for dinner, and spen evening the same way as last night cept for a couple of times that she work overtime, the whole week i that.

At the end of the week Stephan has the job of secretary to Thom Briggs. Papa cannot understand it questions her about it almost night.

"This Mr. Briggs," he says cauti "Is he old? Hard of hearing? Does very well, maybe?"

Stephanie wrinkles up her for with the effort of thinking. "Wel Papa," she says. "I wouldn't say h that."

"Mr. Dionne—I mean Mr. M lone—I have great news for y

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEAR

Papa tries again. "You do lette him?"

"Of course, Papa."

"But you don't know shorthand! can't type!"

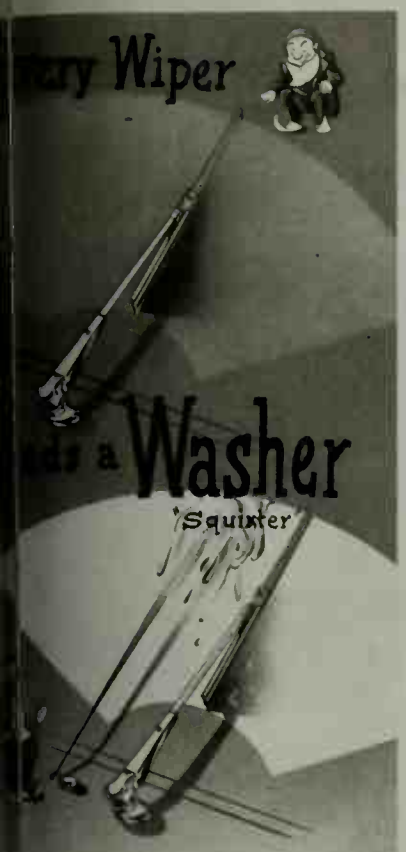
"Mr. Briggs," says Stephanie, "p to train his own girls."

Papa moans. "He sees the letters

"He signs them," Stephanie poin gently.

AT THE end of the second Stephanie gets a check for e odd dollars, including overtime, Papa makes her hurry right dow bank with, for fear they will chang minds. Papa is very happy about anie's earning the money. But is beginning to worry again. B Stephanie is working overtime every night now, and going to b other nights at ten o'clock, and re all dates.

"Look, Stephanie," Papa says, don't want to—overdo this, you Girls like you have to get married have to meet men and go out with With Karen along, of course."



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Stephanie's lovely eyebrows go up, just looking at me, and she says scornfully to Papa, "Wolves."

"Who?"

"Men."

Papa glares. "Who told you that?"

"Mama."

Papa decides it is time to put some coal on the furnace.

Things go on like this for another week. Stephanie works every night, almost, but the rest of the time she is around the house. She just sits, staring into space. She makes Papa nervous. She makes him so nervous that he takes to bringing home young men from his office, and from our church. My sister Stephanie will not look at any of them.

"Wolves," she explains.

And then one day she goes to work the same as usual and does not come home. Not just for dinner, or for the evening, but all night. She does not come home at all. Papa is frantic. He calls the police. He offers a reward. He tries to call the governor.

But the next morning my sister Stephanie comes home. A car stops in front of our house and a big brown-haired young man with a mustache lifts Stephanie out and kisses her. She kisses him back. She is wearing her polo coat, and under it something pink and trailing.

Papa just points at the pink thing. The sounds he makes are expressive, but they aren't words.

"It's all right, Papa," Stephanie tells him. "You said I could take presents if we were married. We are. This is Mr. Briggs. Mr. Thomas J. Briggs."

Papa looks at Mr. Briggs for a long moment. Mr. Briggs looks back, smiling. For the president of the Kiddy-Krib Company, Mr. Briggs is a nice-looking young man. He keeps on smiling at Papa. But Papa does not smile back. Papa sits down, heavy, as if he is thinking about things.

"I should have known," says Papa. "Forty dollars a week!"

He looks at Mr. Briggs some more. "Thomas J. Briggs—what does the J. stand for?"

There is a little silence. Stephanie opens her beautiful eyes very wide and leans over and kisses Papa. "Jack," she says.

FOR the first time in my life, I almost wonder about Stephanie's dumbness. Two pink negligees, both given her by men named Jack. . . . It is just a coincidence, of course. Looking at Stephanie's blank face, I am sure it has to be. Pretty sure. . . .

Papa is wondering about Stephanie's dumbness, too. He gets red. Very red. But just then Mama starts to cry, and then Stephanie does too. And afterward everybody has to kiss the bride, and Mama gets out a bottle of grandfather's red wine and for a while everything is all right.

It is only after Stephanie and Jack have gone that Papa begins to walk up and down and think about things.

"He probably just married her to get her out of the office," he says. "She couldn't have planned this. She's too dumb."

Mama has her knitting. She goes on knitting, sort of smiling to herself.

Papa pats me on the shoulder. "Anyhow, I have one intelligent daughter," he says.

Mama shakes her head, like she is worried about me. "Plain," she murmurs. "Definitely plain." She spreads out the wool and beckons to me. "Come over here, Karen. I want to measure. Sweaters aren't the thing for a trousseau, so this one will be for you. . . ."

Papa gets mad again, watching Mama. He stamps his foot. "A fine business!" he says. "Another poor fellow—"

"Yes, dear," Mama says, calmly. And she fits the sweater very tight.

THE END

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Marciolo Tacusa and Maria Mamani are a man-and-wife team of very successful humbugs operating in a little shack on the outskirts of Cuzco

MEDICINE MAN

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

Many South American Indians still rely on medicine men and witch doctors to cure their ailments, even when modern M.D.s are easily available

MY FRIEND, Doctor Hector D. M clinic chief at a Buenos Aires h helped me find, in the highlands c another doctor—Simon Ccana, a seventy-y Quechua Indian. Dr. Munoz uses his spa ments studying new methods in his pro Doctor Ccana chews his coca leaves and foll medicine-man technique handed down fr father, his father's father—*ad infinitum*. Bot men, contrasting practitioners, have the sa in life: to alleviate human suffering.

My modern friend admits he is stymied i cases because his profession has not yet disc all the answers. My Indian friend admits o there is a handful of ailments worth consid —a hurt in the head, an ache in the ston broken bone, and a thing called pneumon treats these according to medicine-man "l and, if the patient refuses to survive—the matter for the gods to worry about.

Esteban Huaman combines fortunetelling with his practice of medicine. Instead of cards he uses coca leaves and his hands

thousands of Indians today believe in their e men" in preference to the modern, scienion. But most of them can be classed as nt humbugs. They cure by suggestion as anything.

olo Tacusa and Maria Mamani are a man- team of very successful humbugs operatlittle shack on the outskirts of Cuzco. She s in "woman's sickness" and broken bones. s care of all the other human ailments. hat happens if you are an Indian suffering ain in the chest. You go to Marciolo and about your trouble. He diagnoses it and u packing off to the market.

you find Indian women sitting on the ehind neat little piles of pharmaceutical -ground-up bones, herbs, powdered un- and human embryo, dried animal dung, trings, gunpowder and condor blood. You "mato-pilo," the milk of a tree resembling rubber, and some "torrongil" leaves. The doc rubs your back with the "mato-pilo" and cooks up a potion of "torrongil" tea for you to drink. Then, if you're still alive after seven days, nature will break your fever and you will be okay anyway.

Some combine fortunetelling with their practice of medicine. Instead of cards Esteban Huaman uses coca leaves. Picking them up in his hands, he blows on them, turning toward the north, then east, south and west. After a bit of singsong chanting, he lets them fall through his fingers onto the poncho spread in front of him. He reads your fortune from the position of the leaves. "Outside this country, you have family. One of them is angry with you, and the others are quite well. Business will be good for you. You will make a lot of sols (Peruvian currency)."

The medicine man has a blood brother called the "witch doctor," who deals with the spiritual side of life. One of his chief functions is to put a "hex" on people. If a man has an enemy he wishes to put out of the way for good, he goes to the witch doctor for bad. He must bring with him a piece of the man's clothing, or even a few strands of his hair, stolen preferably, without the enemy's knowledge. The doc builds them into a doll which is supposed to represent the poor fellow. Then a bit of gibberish is called for, pins are stuck into it, and the guy is as good as dead.

It is also possible to make the victim lose an arm or have ceaseless headaches by placing the pins in the desired parts. Occasionally, the "hexee" discovers that he is being put on the spot. Often then, he is able to buy back his life from the same witch doctor. If not, he goes to another, and will survive the ordeal if his "witch" is stronger than the other fellow's. My witch doctor, of course, denied ever having killed anybody by this means—but he knew a man who had done away with as many as twenty. ★★★

arket place Indian women sit on the ground behind neat little piles of pharmaceutical sup- ound-up bones, herbs, unborn calf and human embryo, dried animal dung and colored strings

Doctor Simon Ccana, 70-year-old Quechua Indian, chews his coca leaves and contemplates the past

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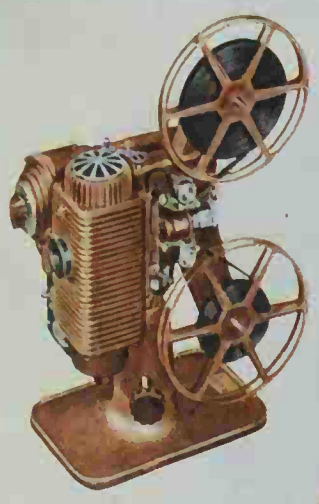

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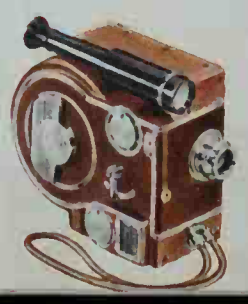


Revere "70" Magazine. New, easy loading camera with F 2.8 Bausch & Lomb coated lens, $127.50

HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR INCOME

Continued from page 25

How did we manage to get a home? In 1939 we built a house for $500 down plus an FHA loan. We sold it in 1944 when we moved to another town, and with the equity we had in it plus a little profit (it was just at the beginning of inflation) we had $2,000 to reinvest.

We bought a twenty-five-year-old house in the new town. It had been rented for seventeen years and was greatly in need of repair, which allowed us to buy it at a reasonable price. We had to sand and refinish the floors, redecorate the walls and woodwork, install new light fixtures, mend and paint screens, refinish the outside of the house, plant grass and shrubs, rebuild the fence, put new foundation under the garage and paint it, and trim the trees. We did all the work ourselves, but we were well repaid. When we sold it two years later, we made $1,500 profit. So now, with $1,500 savings, we have $5,000 cash to put into a new house.

This past year we moved to yet another town, and we want to build a house which would cost about $20,000 at present prices. Normally it would cost around $11,000 or $12,000. We have moved into a four-room-with-bath apartment which we rent for $50 a month and we shall stay in it until building prices go down.

But even when prices go down we do not intend to pay $12,000 for our house. We are collecting a group of friends and acquaintances who also are waiting to build until there is more of a buyer's market. There are nine families already in the pool, and we hope to get others before the actual building time comes. By contracting for materials in a group, we hope to save between 10 and 15 per cent at least on their cost.

Barter is going to be the means by which we eliminate other items of expense. We have drawn our own floor plans, and my husband is going to trade voice lessons for the making of the blueprints. He will landscape a friend's yard in exchange for the cabinetwork. We will do all of our own painting and decorating of the walls. And my husband will also help to do the carpentry as the house is being built.

Recently my young nephew, Bill, who is a sophomore in high school, got his first job, and his love of the money he received was something to behold. When his girl's birthday drew near, he approached his mother on the subject of donating some money to the cause of getting her a present. She reminded him, "Son, you're making your own money now, and you can use that for Marilee's gift."

"But, Mother," said Bill, his voice was hollow with agony, "I *worked* for that money."

Quality Merchandise Bought

Not quite to such an acute degree, that is the way we feel about our income, not about giving, but in spending it in general. Therefore we buy quality merchandise and take care of it. The children may not lean the dining-table leaves up against the piano to make an indoor slide, nor do they practice swan dives from the davenport to the big lounge chair.

We do not consider it wastefulness, though, to give gifts or to obtain the best in medical care. We believe that if there is any place where recklessness in spending is justified it is in buying something for someone we love or for obtaining the best possible care for him when he is sick. Hospitalization insurance helps us out in major illnesses.

Many rich people attribute their financial success at least partially to the fact that they were willing to sacrifice in order to save money until they got a start. We believe in this too. In the depths of the depression of the '30s we did w lot of things that would have be have in order to save about a each year's salary. Almost an vestment, like a car, an electric a home, takes some capital. And lot of money through the be able to pay cash for an item and not have the expense of charges.

Yet strict budgeting has never to us. To earmark every cent f that would give us a terribly feeling and unhappily emphasi minds the low state of the exch the beginning of the month w out the grocery money and pay and such items as insurance ar ments. The rest can be drawn bank as needed. If I want to little on a "formal," or if my sees a sport coat that catches neither of us has to feel that h possibly get it because the bu allows us a certain amount f this month.

As shown in the accompany our budget has an item, which Floating Fund, which gives the flexibility. At present our Float

FINANCIAL NOTE

There's no long green
In slot machinery;
Only a crackpot
Expects a jack pot.

—Frank Morris Mid

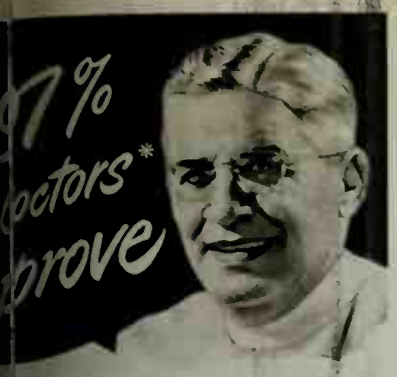
amounts to $72, roughly one th salary. When we were first m amounted to one half our salar we did not carry so much life and did not have the two childre first two years, we saved enough from the Floating Fund. In four years, we "managed" th organ.

In the succeeding nine yea furnished our house, yielded payment for our home and th quired for the new cars beyond in value of the old ones, and traveling expenses. In the futu yield money for the children expenses because many of the we use it for now will not have placed.

Most of the $80 a year that on books, records, concert ti magazines comes from the first of the Floating Fund. This pa apportioned approximately thu $25, concert tickets $30, books $ zines $10. We spent less than books because of the problem space which our apartment When we lived too far from a pl a concert course was given, more for books and records.

For current best sellers w upon the public library and money for books of more tha interest. Once, in a secondha store we obtained a leather-bo edged set of Dickens (11 books because A Tale of Two Cities ing. Once we found leather-b tions of Ibsen, De Maupassant others on sale at a department 69 cents each. So by canny b have achieved a library of be and 650 volumes.

Now that we have matured s we profit by a mistake that w the second year of our marria we went to the Century of P Chicago in 1933, we figured ou



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so closely that when we had four tire punctures in one day on our way home, we had to drive 1,000 miles straight through because we had to spend our night's lodging money for tire repairs. We have since come to realize that not only in motoring does the unforeseen come to pass, and so we keep a backlog of savings.

Naturally any hermit could save money. But we enjoy having a lot of company. Entertaining, however, does involve expense, and this is how we manage to do a lot of it without wrecking the family finances.

At our dinner parties I stress attractiveness of the table setting, out-of-the-ordinary place cards, and interesting center pieces. In such a setting the food need not be expensive. I often have one main dish, a salad, and dessert, augmented by homemade rolls and a tray of relishes. A favorite dessert of ours is ice cream, for which I have concocted a recipe which costs about 35 cents for three quarts.

ICE CREAM

Scald one pint of milk. Add two tablespoons of gelatin that has been softened five minutes in one-half cup of water. Add one quart of cold milk, one cup of white corn sirup, three fourths of a cup of sugar, a dash of salt and flavoring. (For chocolate ice cream, add one third of a cup of cocoa to the scalded milk at the beginning of the process and one tablespoon of vanilla. For mint ice cream, add three drops of oil of peppermint and five drops of green or pink coloring. For lemon, vanilla, or pistachio ice cream, add one tablespoon of the desired flavoring.) Freeze in the refrigerator until solid. Whip in electric mixer until smooth and fold in 2 cups of cream, (taken from the tops of four bottles of milk) that has been whipped.

I serve the mint ice cream with chocolate sauce made as follows:

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Cook one cup of sugar, half a cup of water, and one third of a cup of cocoa for two minutes. Remove from the stove and add one cup of white corn sirup and one tablespoon of vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

With the ice cream, we pass a tray of sirups and fruits, chopped nuts and marshmallow cream and let the guests make their own sundaes. Homemade cookies for afternoon tea, popcorn and apples for the casual evening caller, or, if it be summertime, homemade root beer provide the hospitable touch without straining the budget. And when Junior and Sissy bring home friends to meals, we just set on an extra plate or two.

Typically American, we like to go places. When spring rolls around and the train whistles blow, we get the wanderlust. And so we have been from coast to coast, and from Chicago to Florida. Chicago and New Orleans we have visited twice. Arkansas four times. We have roamed the Rocky Mountains up and down (vertically and horizontally). And when you travel as we do, you cannot afford to stay at home.

Often friends go with us who share car expenses, we lodge at modest-priced tourist courts or tourist homes, and we usually prepare our own meals. Breakfast and lunch generally consist of fruit and sandwiches and milk which we eat in the car as we drive along. It breaks the monotony of hours in the car and helps out on the mileage that we can make in a day. We are going to Europe someday, the children are going to college, if they want to, and when I am old I am going to have cut flowers from the florist in the winter time. We will have these things. I haven't a doubt of it. And we won't need to demand more salary to get them. It is a wonderful feeling to know that you can make your salary stretch.

THE END

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BUT THE PATIENT DIED

Continued from page 15

that Mrs. Baron couldn't have been in more competent hands than Dr. Andrews."

The sophisticated-looking woman gave a short, brittle, bitter laugh. "That's an old one," she said. "The operation was successful, but the patient died."

"Mrs. Baron's death is just as mysterious as it is tragic," Dr. Coffee said. "Mr. Baron, will you give permission for an autopsy which may clear this up?"

Baron was sitting with his head in his hands. Without looking up, he said, "No. You've done plenty already. Let her alone now. Don't touch her."

"But, Mr. Baron, you consented to an operation. An autopsy is just another operation, in a way."

"No," the husband repeated.

Dr. Andrews said, "Margery, you want to know why your sister didn't pull through. Surely you'll consent."

The girl with the white scarf around her hair opened her lips but did not speak. She turned her blue eyes toward the sailor, as though seeking an answer in the jutting angle of his square, tanned jaw. Whatever she saw there seemed to frighten her. Her eyes widened. Then her lips closed again with some new-found strength. She was no longer plain-looking. She was suddenly mature, resolute, even beautiful; it was the beauty of character.

"If Jerry says no," she said quietly, "I think you should respect his wishes."

"In that case," said Dan Coffee, "I shall advise Dr. Andrews to refuse to sign the death certificate."

Baron's head bobbed up belligerently from his hands. "What does that mean?" he demanded.

"In event of unexplained death, the law of this state requires that the coroner be notified. The body cannot be released to you until the coroner is satisfied as to the cause of death. He will probably order an autopsy."

ON THE way back to the pathology laboratory, Dr. Coffee asked Dr. Andrews, "Who's the woman with the dead foxes and the ice cube? I've seen her somewhere before. Is she another sister?"

"Diana Price," Dr. Andrews replied, "is a girlhood chum. Went to some Eastern finishing school with Mrs. Baron. Career woman. When the Price family moved to California, Diana stayed here and opened her own real-estate agency. She's made quite a bit of money and evidently spends it all. Café society."

"Something's wrong with her," Dr. Coffee said. "Did you notice the skin around her eyes? And her lips?"

"I couldn't see beyond the beauty-parlor layer," said Dr. Andrews.

"What does Baron do for a living?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Stocks and bonds. Customers' man, I think. Dan, is the coroner going to do us any good?"

"I think so."

"Of all the coroners I ever knew," said Dr. Andrews, "about one in ten was capable of performing an intelligent autopsy."

"Make it one in twenty," said Dr. Coffee. "Our local boy is one of the other nineteen. Dr. Thomas Vane, Northbank County coroner, is just beginning to accept the idea that some diseases are caused by bacteria, and I doubt if he believes in viruses. But he has one great advantage: He's lazy."

"You mean he'll let you do the autopsy?"

"If I work it right," said Dr. Coffee.

Doris Hudson was lifting a steel rack of slides from a xylol bath as the two doctors entered the laboratory. She wiped her fingers on a towel, brushed a tendril of dark hair from he and smiled. She was tall an wore her white smock as tho been custom-tailored.

"Your wife called, Dr. C said. "Your Aunt Mary is dinner. She said to tell you to because she finally got her han of those Delmonico cuts you manding for so long."

"Thanks, Doris," Dr. C "Will you call the police stati I want Lieutenant Max Ritter.

An instant later Dr. Coffee ing into the phone. "Hello, said. "Dan Coffee. We've thing here at the hospital whi something for you, or it may Anyway, I want to make a cor of it. . . . Well, a woman die ously after an operation, and t refuse permission for an auto the coroner will insist on doi topsy himself? . . . That's r it's Wednesday—the coroner' night. . . . The woman's nam riet Grey Baron. . . . Oh, you Sailor? Yes, there was a sail day. . . . Okay, Max, I'll be w

DR. COFFEE grinned as h "Max is bringing the co sonally—just to watch. Th won't stay long."

"What did he say about a s Andrews asked.

"Let me tell you about R Dr. Coffee. "Max is a Northb son of a junk dealer. He ha high school in his third year— and he had a mother and sister —but he's smart. Worked youngest lieutenant in the de reau."

"And the sailor?"

"I'm coming to that. M went to high school with a Steve Forest who was engage Harriet Grey when he went the Pacific for three years. Steve Forest just came home ago."

"And he found his fiancée Mr. Jerry Baron?"

Dan Coffee nodded.

Coroner Thomas Vane, a la triple-chinned gentleman, e white-tiled autopsy room. He shorter and two paunches th the slight, dark, curly-haired of detectives who accompanie coroner shook hands with Dr. then waved away the white rubber gloves that were offere

"This is your party, Coffee "And what's the idea, anyhow me in, when you've got a who full of doctors to sign the certi

"Unexplained death, Coro Dr. Coffee. "You authorize ahead?"

"Sure, go ahead." The cor pate gleamed rosily as he nod I think you're wasting your tim

Dr. Coffee said nothing, but lip protruded. He glanced at hair cascading over one end o less-steel table in a frozen tor he picked up his scalpel.

"Great stars!" he said a mo "Look at this."

Dr. Andrews grimaced. "G he exclaimed. "The poor g death internally."

"Just as I thought," said th "Surgical shock and intern rhage." He winked at Dr. Coff ing criminal here. Nobody to just sign the death certificate."

"Don't you want to wait t ished?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Not necessary," said the co leave the certificate with you.

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mmunity and nation must join to help de- nace of fire . . . it is a mighty effort in- our citizens, requiring the expenditure of ms of money and covering every area of nd economic life . . . fire, all men realize, trolled if the economic structure we have be free from the threat of recurrent de-

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

ace an enemy, as real, as powerful ad as destructive as our enemy in r II. It threatens the lives of our must be dealt with—as we dealt

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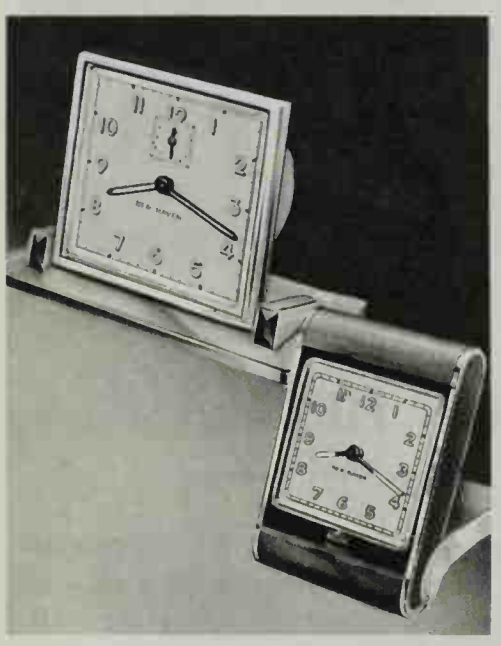

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run along. Glad to've met you, Andrews."

When the coroner had gone, Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter asked, "Why did she bleed to death, Doc?"

"I won't know for a few hours yet," Dan Coffee said. "I've got to take samples of the blood to my lab. But it's homicide, Max."

"Why, Doc?"

"Lab tests showed Mrs. Baron in good physical shape this morning," Dan Coffee said. "Her blood clotted in the normal time of three minutes. A few hours later her blood just wouldn't clot at all, so that she bled to death despite a technically perfect operation. I've got to find out what happened to her in those few hours. It—may have simply been a nurse's error with a hypodermic."

"You can rule out the nurse's error," said Dr. Andrews. "I gave her the preoperative morphine myself. I'm sure it was correct."

"Look, Doc," said Max Ritter. "Why don't I do a little leg work while you make with the test tubes? Maybe Doc Andrews can give me a list of people who saw Mrs. Baron today."

Dr. Andrews obliged with the names of the nurses, an intern, Jerry Baron, Margery Grey and Diana Price. He did not know the name of the sailor, but Ritter said it was Steve Forest.

"How late do you think you'll be cooking with the Bunsen burner tonight, Doc?" Ritter asked.

"Probably until around midnight," said Dr. Coffee.

"I'll drop in," said the detective.

THE hush of night had settled over the surgical wing of Pasteur Hospital. An occasional nurse moved silently down the corridor in response to the mute appeal of a red call light. Behind some closed door a patient moaned in his sleep.

Inside the laboratory there was no sound except the sibilant breath of the Bunsen burner and the faint tinkle of thin glass as Dr. Coffee replaced a test tube of pinkish liquid in its rack and took up another tube. He added a colorless solution, drop by drop, counting the drops. He shook the tube and chuckled to himself. Then he said aloud, "It checks. I was right. It checks."

"What checks, Doctor?" said a pleasant feminine voice behind him.

Dan Coffee turned, startled. "Oh, hello, Doris," he said. "Why aren't you home in bed?"

Doris Hudson placed a paper bag and a cardboard container on the pathologist's workbench. "I thought you could use a trained lab technician," she said, "and also some coffee and a sandwich. You always forget to eat—even when there's steak for dinner."

"Great stars!" Dr. Coffee looked at his watch. "I was supposed to go home for dinner tonight, wasn't I?"

"I phoned your wife," Doris said. "I told her you'd been detained by an important autopsy."

"Thanks, Doris. Was she furious?"

"She was as sweet and resigned as usual, and a little wistful over the prospect of entertaining your Aunt Mary for a whole evening."

"I've spent my evening titrating against Mrs. Baron's blood with protamine sulphate," said Dr. Coffee. "I've found heparin."

"Heparin? Isn't that what they use in blood transfusions?"

"Sometimes, to prevent clotting. Heparin is a powerful anticlotting agent."

Dr. Coffee was unwrapping his sandwich when the door opened, and Margery Grey came in. She was dressed in black. The bloom was gone from her cheeks. She was very pale and seemed much older. She leaned against the doorjamb, breathing rapidly.

"They've arrested Steve Forest," she said when she had caught her breath. "Nobody will tell me where he is. I've got to find him. Where's Lieutenant Ritter?"

Dr. Coffee shook his head. "Why do you come here, Miss Grey?"

"I've looked everywhere else. Anyhow, you started all this. You brought in the police. Why did you do it, Doctor? Why?"

"Because your sister was murdered, Miss Grey," said Dr. Coffee. "Deliberately, cleverly and diabolically murdered."

"But how, Doctor?"

"With an injection of heparin that made her bleed to death after her operation."

"Steve Forest didn't do it." Margery Grey looked Dan Coffee squarely in the eye.

"Did Lieutenant Ritter arrest him for murder?"

"No, he— Lieutenant Ritter said he was arresting Steve for obstructing justice and destroying evidence."

"What evidence, Miss Grey?"

"Well, when Lieutenant Ritter came to our house, Steve and I were going through poor Harriet's things. We were tearing up some old letters Steve wrote to Harriet from the Pacific. The lieutenant said we were destroying incriminating evidence. Maybe some of the letters did *seem* incriminating—"

"Did Steve ever threaten your sister?"

"Well, in one letter, the one he wrote just after Harriet threw him over to marry Jerry, Steve said he'd strangle Harriet with his bare hands if he ever saw her again—but that was a year ago, and— Oh, I don't know, Doctor, but if *I* wanted to kill somebody I hated for hurting me . . . Well, I think I'd want them to know I was doing it, to hear what I had to say. But the way you explain it, whoever killed Harriet planned it carefully so he'd never be found out. It just couldn't have been Steve. It couldn't."

"How can you be so positive, Miss Grey?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Because . . ." The girl's voice faded almost to a whisper. "Well, because Steve didn't love Harriet any more. He told me so. When he came back and saw her again, he knew it was all over."

"And he loves you now?" suggested Dr. Coffee.

Margery Grey blushed. "I can't answer that. I don't know—truly. But I do know that I love Steve—I've always loved him, even when he was in love with Harriet, before he went to war, when I was just the dirty-nosed kid sister. And I've got to help Steve. Wher

"You'll have to ask the poli Dr. Coffee. "My only functio matter is to report scientific your friend Steve— Oh, here's ant Ritter now."

Max Ritter kicked the door hind him with his heel. He pu gray felt hat to the back of his sat on the edge of a desk. "Hel tiful," he said. "Why don't y yourself very scarce and invi want to talk to Doc Coffee."

"If it's about Steve Forest, leaving," Margery said.

"Let her stay," said the patho

"Okay." Ritter shrugged. "W score now, Doc? Did you find hit the lady?"

"Yes," said Dr. Coffee. "It arin."

"Could she swallow heparin tasting it?"

"She didn't swallow it, Max. have been injected, because hep integrates in the stomach. As of fact, I found three needle Mrs. Baron's arm. One was o the point at which blood was t lab tests this morning. The sec made by the preoperative op

COLLIER'S "I don't care what Clark Gable did! You're fired!" ROBER

third must have been the hepa c.c.'s of heparin, no matter wher it was injected, would completely the power of the blood to fo after about half an hour. More surgeon wouldn't notice it durin eration, because he would clam stats on the blood vessels bef even started to bleed. But a when the incision was closed . .

"Steve Forest," said Max, "wa macist's mate, first class, in th He'd know about heparin and handle a hypodermic. And liste Doc." Ritter took some letters pocket.

"I told Dr. Coffee about the said Margery.

"Here's one they didn't get to the detective continued. "'And in Northbank tonight, instead here on the other side of the w like nothing better than killing my own hands. Yes, you and t less lap dog you say you love s Looks like Steve wasn't fooling

"Steve hadn't the chance to thing to Harriet, even if he'd wa Margery said. "He came to the with me."

"Now, beautiful, don't try t your story. You told me he

gee whiz,

how long it fizzes!

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flowers and you left your sister's room to get a vase. So Steve was alone with your sister for at least three minutes."

"He did have the opportunity, then," said Dr. Coffee.

"Opportunity," said Ritter, "*and* a hypodermic. Look what I found in the pocket of his pea jacket." There was a gleam of glass and chromium as the detective produced a syringe from a Manila envelope. The syringe was empty, and the needle was snapped off. "Any way of telling what was in this baby?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Coffee. "Doris will make a solution from inside the barrel, and we'll titrate for heparin. Hello! This is one of our hypos. See? The name of the hospital is stamped in the ring at the top. Maybe I'd better see if I can find something on the outside, too."

Carefully the pathologist ran the tip of a tiny brush around the circular crevices between the metal mountings and the glass cylinder of the syringe. With infinite pains he dusted the grooves onto a thin rectangle of glass the size of two postage stamps. He slipped a thinner and smaller square of glass on top of the first. Then he stepped to his microscope and sat down. For two silent minutes he twisted the focusing knob.

"Max," said Dr. Coffee at last, "what did Steve Forest say when you found the syringe in his pea jacket?"

"He couldn't explain how it got there. He said he didn't even know it was in his pocket." Ritter sighed. "Doc, it's no fun putting the pinch on a guy I went to school with, particularly when I'll probably catch hell from my chief for sticking my long eagle beak into something that ain't even officially a crime. Wait till Captain Hall reads the coroner's report on this. Boy, boy!"

There was another long silence while Dr. Coffee shifted the glass slide under the microscope. Then he asked:

"Max, are there swans in the islands of the Pacific?"

The detective cocked his head to one side and stared at the pathologist as if questioning his sobriety.

Dr. Coffee continued to squint into his microscope.

AT NINE-THIRTY next morning Dr. Dan Coffee paused opposite the blackboard in the main corridor of the surgical wing to read the list of operations chalked up for the day. A dull day was in prospect for the pathology lab: routine tests. He proceeded to his laboratory around a jog in the corridor. He said good morning to Doris Hudson, took off his jacket, and had one arm into his white coat before he saw Lieutenant Max Ritter sitting on his desk, smoking a cigarette.

"Hi, Doc," Ritter said. "You're late."

"I stopped off at Northbank College on my way down," said Dr. Coffee. "I wanted to talk to the professor of ornithology—about swans."

"Swans!" the detective echoed. "Say, what the hell is all this bird talk, Doc?"

"Maybe nothing," said Dr. Coffee. "Anything new, Max?"

"Plenty," Ritter replied. "Last night while I was working on Steve Forest, a couple of my boys were keeping tabs on the widower Baron. They waited outside the Midtown Mortuary Chapel while he was fixing up a nice funeral for his wife. They followed him to a Southside bar where he met the lush and lovely Diana Price. Mr. Baron and Miss Price drowned their sorrow for a while and then departed, with my boys right behind. The bereaved husband drove the sorrowing Miss Price to her home on the Heights. They went in and turned on a light. My boys say that after one minute and twenty seconds of the first round, Miss Price broke the clinch, went to her own corner, and pulled down the shade."

"Very interesting," said Dr. Coffee. "Particularly for Steve Forest."

"I don't say this gives Steve an out," Ritter said, "but a grief-stricken widower who makes like a tomcat on the night his beloved wife conks out sure as hell better think up some good answers. Look, Doc, I asked the boys to bring Jerry Baron up here. Also the Price dame, Margery Grey and Steve Forest, but separate. I hate moving in on you like this, Doc, but—"

"I guess I invited you to this one," Dan Coffee said.

"If that tightwad City Council would come through with a few nickels for a police lab, I wouldn't have to bother you," the detective continued. "There's nothing like a little high-class science to scare hell out of a wrong guy."

"Let's get Dr. Andrews in on this, too," said the pathologist. "After all, it was his patient."

"Sure, get Doc Andrews, if he'll help bust this open in a hurry," Ritter said. "Because—well, to tell the truth, Doc, I ain't on this case officially any more. In fact, I was yanked off it this morning with pin wheels and Roman candles. Captain Hall says, 'The case is closed. It shouldn't never of been opened. The coroner says the Baron dame died from surgical shock.' So I says, 'But Doc Coffee claims it's a plain case of homicide.' Then the captain blows his top. 'Listen,' he says. 'Are you taking orders from me or from that quack up at Pasteur Hospital? Now lay off!' They're all afraid of hurting the coroner's feelings, specially in an election year. The chief is a political buddy of the coroner's."

DR. COFFEE frowned. "But if you're off this case, Max—"

"Look, Doc, today's my day off." Max Ritter grinned. "I'm on my own time. Nobody can say anything as long as I use your lab for headquarters, and as long as I can prove the coroner wrong." The grin vanished. "Say, Doc, you ain't going to let me down?"

"I'm sure we're right, Max," Dr. Coffee said.

The little laboratory was crowded. Doris Hudson was as busy as a bird dog in an aviary, shooing plain-clothes men off the centrifuge, the microtome, and the electric oven in which she was melting paraffin.

Dr. Coffee was reappraising the four people he had met in the waiting room the evening before. He was contrasting the bland, smiling, freshly shaven Jerry Baron with the touseled and bewhiskered Steve Forest who had slept in his clothes at the police station and looked it. Margery Grey seemed not to have slept at all. Diana Price looked impeccable and imperturbable. Dr. Coffee glanced at her suède handbag, and then at the smaller bag of woolen broadcloth in Margery's lap. He wondered if Max was going to crack this alone, or if science would have to step in.

Max Ritter spoke briefly and somewhat ungrammatically about the miracles of science in crime detection. He asked Dr. Coffee to explain how he had discovered that Harriet Baron had bled to death as the result of an injection of heparin.

"So you see, folks," Ritter said when the pathologist had concluded, "it ain't possible to hide anything from the doctor. Does anybody want to come clean now, or do we have to sweat it out?"

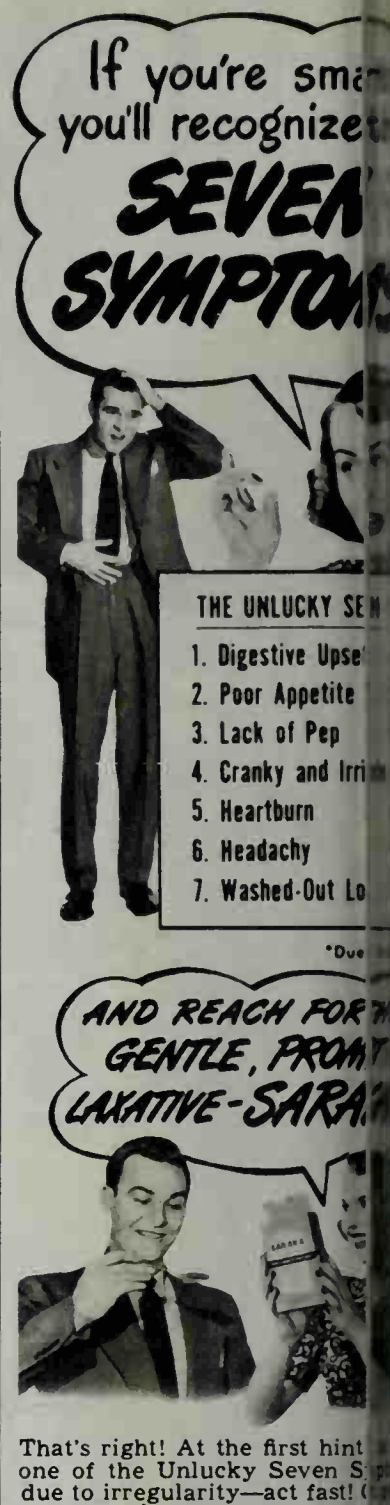
There was no response.

"Okay, so we get to work," said Ritter. "When your father died last year, Miss Grey, you and your sister Harriet came into quite a piece of change, didn't you?"

"Father left us a considerable estate, yes," Margery said.

"Who gets Harriet's share now? Jerry Baron?"

"Unless my sister changed her will in the last month or so," Margery replied, looking at the floor, "the estate was to go into a trust fund. Jerry was to get the income from it so long as he didn't remarry."



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SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUG

offee was watching Diana Price. her pause in the act of lighting a She stared hard at Jerry Baron e flame of her lighter.
offee leaned forward suddenly er to Doris Hudson, "Doris, go ead nurse to come in here."
Grey," Max Ritter went on, r sister know that Jerry Baron timing her with Diana Price?"
see here," Baron interrupted. ll a lot of nonsense. Diana and y old friends."
o old you don't have young tter said. "What were you two t night?"
't know what you mean," said ndly.
ome, Jerry," said Diana Price. t go through the motions of my reputation. I told you we g followed last night."
it true, Baron," Ritter pursued, wanted to get rid of your wife uld marry Miss Price?"
rse it's not true."
you ask your wife for a di- nd didn't she refuse to give it

r asked Harriet for a divorce," d. "I didn't want a divorce. I riet."
ow that you're a free man, I figure on marrying Diana 't you, Baron?"
o," said Baron. He smiled. "I ntention of remarrying."

OFFEE was watching Diana again. He saw a faint ripple her pointed jaw. Her eyes xpression.
ore question, Baron," said Rit- e you alone with your wife shortly before the operation?" id Baron.
Jerry darling, you forget," . Her voice, too, had changed. tallic now, higher pitched, al- . "You were alone with Har- arrived. Remember?"
right, I guess I was," Baron "I was with Harriet when Dr. ave her a hypo. When he left, one with Harriet until Diana that time Harriet was getting y, so Diana and I went to the om. Diana went to the pow- on the way, but she joined me f minutes later."
had plenty of time, Baron, to wife a shot of heparin before ved," Ritter said. "And while she was in the powder room, you slipped the hypo in the pocket of Steve Forest's pea jacket in the waiting room."

"I did nothing of the kind," Baron protested.

"Okay, clam," said Ritter. "I guess Doc Coffee has ways of getting the truth out of you. What about it, Doc?"

"I think it would help to clear up matters," said Dr. Coffee, "if Miss Price would submit to an A-Z test."

Diana Price stiffened in her chair. "I? An A-Z test? Why?" she demanded.

"To confirm—or disprove—what the naked eye seems to tell me about you," said Dr. Coffee. "From certain external symptoms which are not completely reliable, I should say you were about two months pregnant, Miss Price. Shall we make a test?"

"Decidedly not." Diana spoke through lips that were tight against her teeth. "Not only is your proposal insulting, but I can't see that it has any bearing on poor Harriet's death."

"I can," said Dr. Coffee. "If the father of your unborn child was in no hurry to divorce his wife to marry you, you may have taken other steps to secure his freedom. Oh, hello, Miss Green."

Doris Hudson had just returned to the laboratory with the head nurse. Dr. Coffee addressed the buxom woman in white: "Miss Green, you know Miss Price, don't you?"

The head nurse nodded pleasantly. "Indeed I do. Miss Price was one of our most faithful nurses' aids during the war. She hasn't been quite so faithful recently, although she did come in again last week."

"Last week? In uniform? On a regular tour of duty?"

"She put in a full afternoon. Miss Price has always shown a great interest in her work," said the head nurse. "Are we going to see you more often now, Miss Price?"

Diana's only reply was a slight contraction of her nostrils.

"Did Miss Price ever assist at a blood transfusion," Dr. Coffee asked, "one at which heparin was used?"

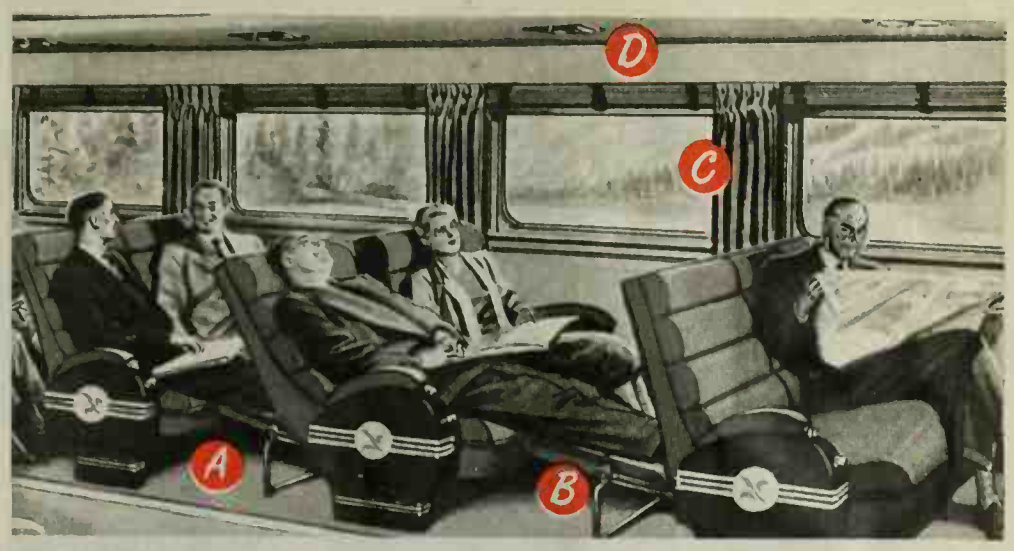
"Let me see. . . . Yes, I believe she did."

"So she would have access to the hospital's heparin and hypodermic syringes," Dr. Coffee said. "Dr. Andrews, do you remember when Mrs. Baron made up her mind to be operated?"

"I'd been urging the operation for the past month, after she'd had a slight flare-up of a chronic condition," Dr. Andrews said. "But she made her decision

's simple, Rodney. One generation pays the last genera- on's debts by issuing bonds for the next generation to pay!"

HARRY LAMPERT



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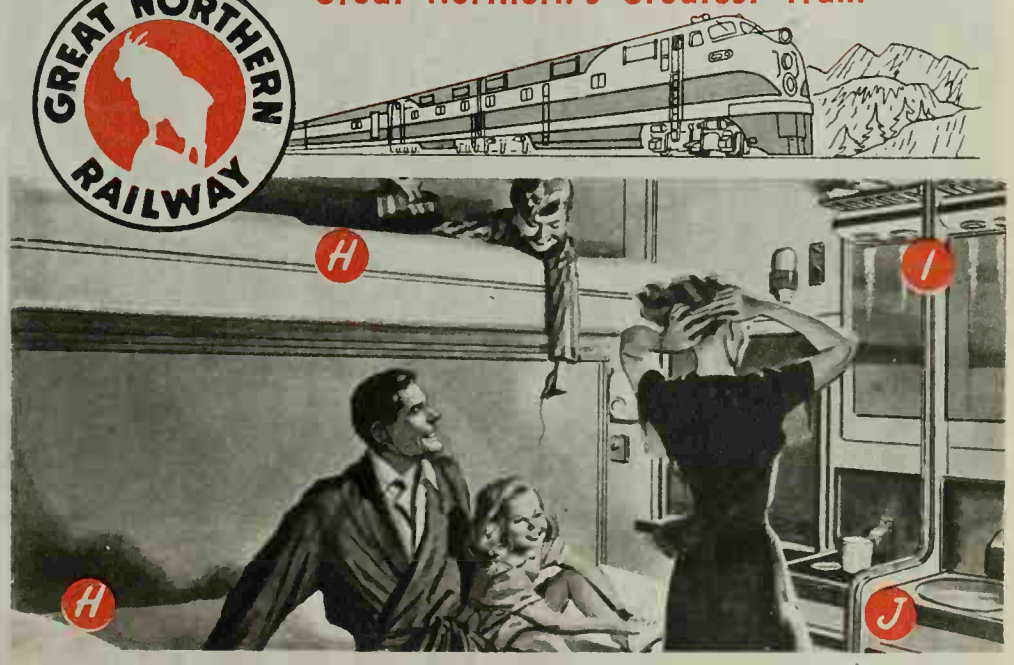

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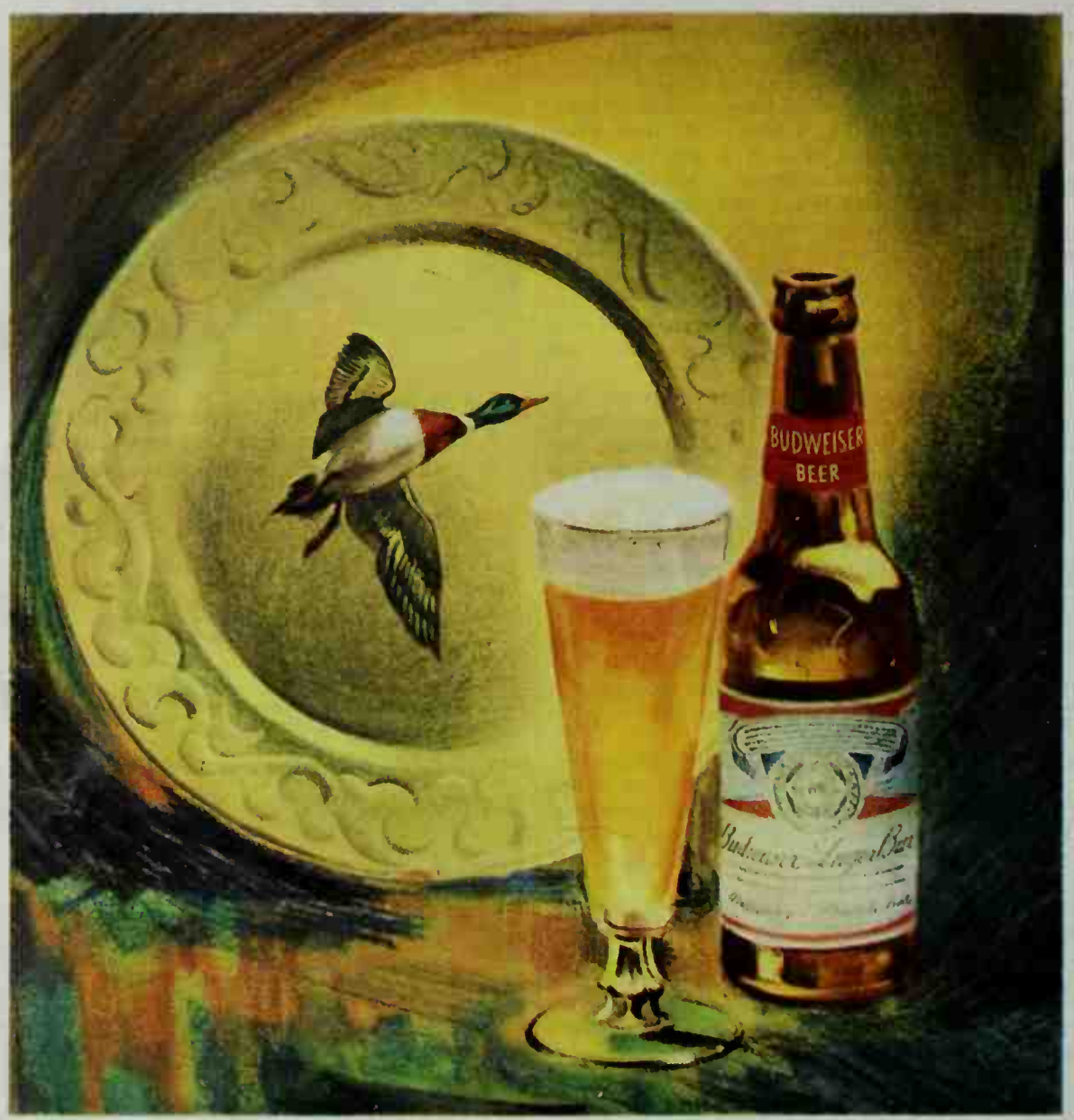

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lays ago. She came to my of- Miss Price and told me she'd gs over with her husband and have the appendix out."
ys ago. And three days later, e came to the hospital in her f nurses' aid to filch a syringe eparin." Dr. Coffee turned o Diana. "Miss Price, you o the powder room when you aron for a moment yesterday You returned to Mrs. Baron's ause you knew she was alone wsy from drugs that she would that you were injecting hep- er arm."
p it, Doctor." Diana was des- cular, but her smile stuck to "Lieutenant Ritter just said it who put the hypodermic in 's pocket."
as mistaken," said Dr. Coffee have evidence to show that rmic was carried in a woman's efore it went into Steve For- . Max, would you please con- s Grey's handbag—and Miss want the compacts—and the ffs."

ITTER pounced on the two ags, and Dr. Coffee held his the powder puffs were alike, k.
Grey's compact was small The powder puff was a tiny sh. Diana Price's big round ll compact contained a large ff. Dr. Coffee breathed again.

ht I made a microscopic ex- f the dustings from under the s of the syringe found in ket. I found particles of rice d feather fragments. The gments have been positively swan's-down. The best pow- ke Miss Price's, are made of n.
guess you can consider that swan's-down as a feather in You can count on my testi- but right now I've got all of operations to diagnose. So if you could move your three-ring circus out of my lab . . ."

For several seconds no one spoke. The only sound in the laboratory was a long sigh as Margery Grey buried her face in the rumpled bosom of Steve Forest's jumper. Then Max Ritter put his hand on Diana's shoulder.

"Diana baby," he said, "let's us go down to the detective bureau and watch Captain Hall's face when we tell him how you and the coroner both slipped up on a few drops of blood."

A moment later Dr. Andrews said, "Dan, I can't begin to thank you. I'm sorry it turned out to be such nasty business. You know, for a minute I was almost sorry for Diana Price—when she first realized she'd planned the nearly perfect crime for nothing, that her poor dumb playboy wasn't going to marry her anyhow, and she tried to pin it all on the handsome brute."

"I might have been sorry," said Dr. Coffee, "if she hadn't tried to involve the sailor."

The phone rang and Doris Hudson answered.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask," said Dr. Andrews. "About those visual symptoms of second-month pregnancy—just what are they, Dan?"

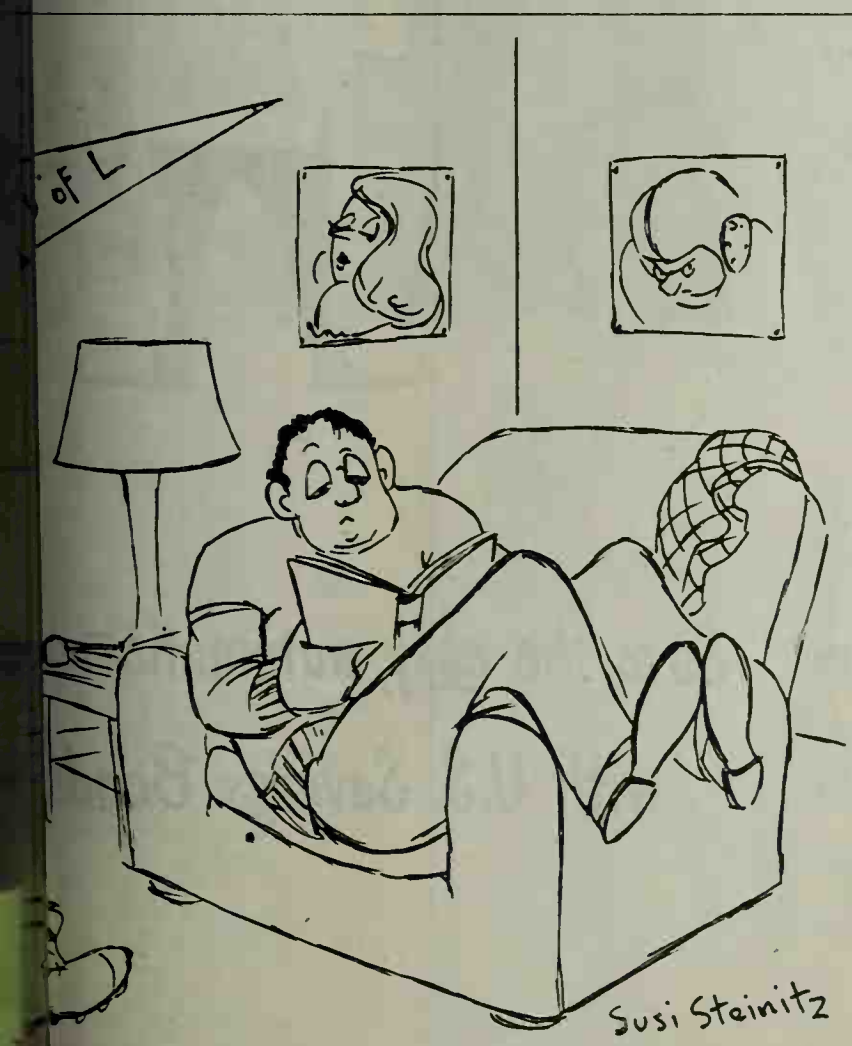
Dr. Coffee laughed. "Unless you take the lady's clothes off," he said, "there aren't any, except occasionally a slight thickening of the lips, the nostrils, and the skin around the eyes. But you know as well as I do that's nothing to go on. I just made up that part to get Diana's reaction. What is it, Doris?"

"Your wife just called," Doris Hudson said. "She wanted to know if you'd be home for dinner. She has a duck."

"Great stars! It's nearly noon and look at that stack of slides. I'll be here till Christmas."

"Roast duck, stuffed with wild rice, and basted with brandy and bitter-orange peel. Your favorite duck, Mrs. Coffee says. I told her you'd be home for dinner," said Doris. She sat down beside the microscope and opened her notebook.

THE END



dergraduate with an eager mind, paleontology, which is the study of ains, can be one of the most fascinating subjects in the curriculum"

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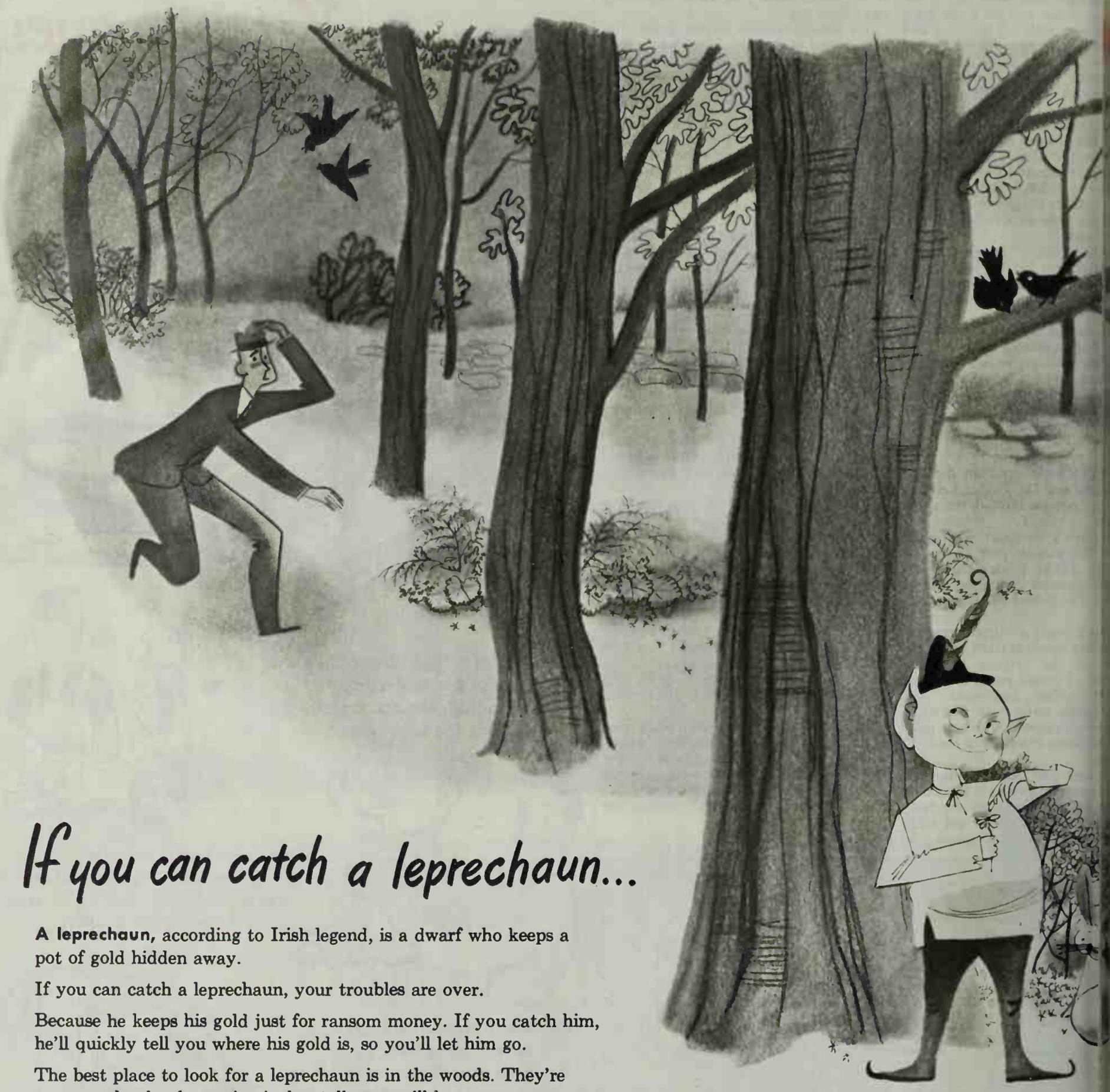

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HIS HARD-ROCK HONOR

BY JIM MARSHALL

George Watson, mayor and total population of Romantic Alta, Utah, one hop from heaven, explains what's wrong with America

Mayor Watson clears a path to the entrance of his city hall, one of the world's unique municipal buildings

CLYDE ANDERSON

E WERE sitting in the main tunnel of the Great American Prospectors' Associa- adquarters, under 12 feet of Romantic Alta, an old mining ,500 feet up in the middle of satch Range southeast of Salt ity. The only way to get into ding was down a ladder spiked ide of a 12-foot shaft, the top h was level with the snow sur-

e in its lifetime Alta was a rip- camp; millions of dollars' f silver came from its mines. ck men died in droves to the a .44 and the echoes from the gleaming high and chill in nlight. Once a railroad fought p there.

lta died—as did many a min- p in the Rockies. Today no s there, except one of the hap- s on earth who still knows the p will come back—and make lions. George Henry Watson. ell you what is wrong with ," said blue-eyed, white- raggy-faced George Henry, a hard-rock miner who is Chief f the Prospectors. "But first e the honors as mayor of Ro- Alta. Come into City Hall."

cked into City Hall through doorway into a room lined, d ceiling, with magazine cov- ch folders, pictures of movie cribed with some warmth to son, and assorted newspaper . The mayor doffed a miner's with an acetylene lamp in had been wearing as Chief nd donned an even dingier bearing campaign buttons ck to the McKinley era and g "a Full Dinner Pail."

ve us the old prospectors' ds shoulder-high and thumbs like a burro's ears.

me to Romantic Alta," said atson. "I would give you the city, only some pilgrim, af- the altitude here, threw it nwood Creek nine years ago ity council, after due deliber- d the hell with it. And now, ceived our official city wel- me into my home and let me informally."

pped through another low and sidled into a room al- of empty bottles, the labels proclaimed them as having, e past fifty years, been filled y brand of liquor produced estern Hemisphere.

re," said Mayor Watson, ive years the place will be lock with bottles and I'll uild an annex. Being under et of snow like we are ten year, you can't toss the bot- f a window. Along in Au- n the snow sometimes gets ow window level, it's too de to waste time in bottle- Let me mix you an Alta Special."

Pine Snow Special is made g a pint mug with pine ling the mug with snow and ng in straight bourbon. The or Watson uses are of tin, videly sold in Utah in 1897, rking the fiftieth anniver- the advent of Brigham d his Mormons into Salt y. Vigorous scenes in Mor- y are shown on the mug.

a small pine bough into the garnishing, and handing it ayor said, "And now let me hat is wrong with America. fore we go into that," he

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, "you may be interested in our
r the development of Romantic
a city of homes, wealth and
Come into the map room."
nned a pair of glasses, stuck a
ehind his ear and led the way
still another low doorway. Ta-
e spread with maps showing a
the future Alta, with generous
f territory reserved for a civic
m, schools, a de luxe hotel, mo-
s, a stadium and theater. A sec-
rved for residences was marked
ne Vista. The contour lines fig-
t 9,200 feet altitude, under 25
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mountain goats and mad heli-
erators.
needs a road and few months'
bulldozers to make it the gar-
of Utah and one hop from
said City Planner Watson.
out another Alta Special? Pine
ll right, or would you like a fir
vo instead?"
about the matter with Amer-
sked.

zzling Reindeer Steaks

we have a smidgen of food,"
r promised. He went to the
red up the oldest range in the
d produced sizzling steaks.
er," he explained. "We had a
k writer, a Walter Davenport,
ome years ago and fed him
lad sandwiches, which he
ere sissy for hard-rock men.
we have fed all writers rein-
s."
rouble with America?" we
n we were once more back in
uarters of the Great American
s' Association.
uble with America," he said,
ren't any old prospectors any
prospectors, no new ore dis-
No new ore, no metal. No
civilization. The prospector is
r of civilization. Let us toast

d our mugs and Mr. Watson
w bars of My Darling Clem-
he mouth harp.
said Scribe Watson, "there
specting again in this depres-
running into. It's a depres-
ry. No jobs, so people who
ething about geology and
k for ore will go out into the
art looking."
ter of fact, he admitted, about
at strikes in the Rocky Moun-
from Montana to Mexico
made not by prospectors, but
and mules, and occasionally
ry often the prospector's bur-
ed away at night, and he had
fter them in the morning.
ing the strays, it was the cus-
up float rock and heave at the
his brought specimens of the
als to the prospector's atten-
frequently located ore bod-

ining camp has its story of
thing. "Dutch Jake" Goetz'
mule kicked the Coeur d'Al-
me. A rock-throwing pros-
le the $2,000,000 American
in Utah. In 1900, Jim Bishop
llion-dollar strike near To-
ada, while chasing a stray

t American Prospectors' As-
ns to get people prospecting
tains again, with burros. The
was formed some years ago
cludes some 1,800 writers,
, editors, engineers, mining
d even a few authentic pros-

iation is practically the only
ill fights for the free and un-
age of silver in the ratio of
ne with gold. Most people
rgotten that up to the 1870s
the world was on a bimetallic money standard. But in 1873, under British pressure, Congress destroyed silver values by setting up gold as the only monetary standard. At a ratio of sixteen to one, silver would now be worth around $2.20 an ounce and it would pay to mine it.

George Watson was born in 1883 in Hancock, a copper town in northern Michigan. He became a hard-rock miner at five years and four months, when he was given a hammer and chisel and lowered by rope into the upper workings of a local mine and shown how to whack off specimens of native copper and silver ore, by candlelight, for the tourist trade. This work, carried on later during school vacations, gave him spending money and taught him most of what there is to know about mining.

There was considerable mining excitement in Utah around the turn of the century and several of the Hancock boys proposed to immigrate to the Salt Lake country. They hadn't enough money, however, and pooled their cash, drawing straws to see who would go. It turned out to be George. He got to the mining country around Park City in 1903.

He came up over Grizzly Pass one day on a prospecting trip and looked down into the Alta Basin in the Wasatch. The old town, which had boomed to 5,000 people in the seventies, was almost deserted. A black hole and a gray dump were all that remained of the famous Emma mine.

Few people now remember the Emma, but in its day it almost started war between England and America. It was located late in '68 by a prospector's wife going after a bucket of water from Cottonwood Creek. She picked up a piece of float and on the strength of this four miners sank a shaft. They went through 93 feet of blasting rock before they hit the silver vein. But *when* they hit it!

The first 4,000 tons of Emma ore were rawhided down the canyon by mule teams. The Mormons drove beef cattle up to the diggin's, where they were slaughtered for food. The hides were then filled with ore, sewn shut and dragged down the 12 miles of gulch to the flat for wagoning. By long, slow transportation the ore finally arrived at Swansea, in Wales, for smelting.

In 1869, the Emma could have been bought for $6,000. A year later one-sixth share in it cost $30,000. A year after that a half interest brought $750,000. A few months later shares were selling for $150 apiece—and then trouble exploded.

British Capital is Invested

The first shipments to Swansea yielded such high returns that British capital became interested. The British peerage and finally the royal family got in on the bonanza.

English operators took over management of the property and began to gut it. They did little exploration work—and one day the vein suddenly disappeared. It had faulted—and where it might start again no one knew.

On the London exchange the stock crashed to nothing, and the noble stockholders at once set up a cry of "Swindle!" Hotheads called for war against the Yankee crooks. The British royal family called off a world trip it had been planning on the potential Emma dividends. Boatloads of lawyers came over and Congress held an investigation which, in the end, disproved the swindle charge.

When George Watson came down Grizzly Gulch into Alta in 1903, he decided that was the place. He's been there ever since, making a strike now and then and building a modest fortune. He took his profits from various mines like the Alta Quincy and started buying up abandoned holes. By 1913 he had made good. The town of Alta had been rebuilt, 700 men were working and ore was flowing down the canyon from 21 Watson mines.

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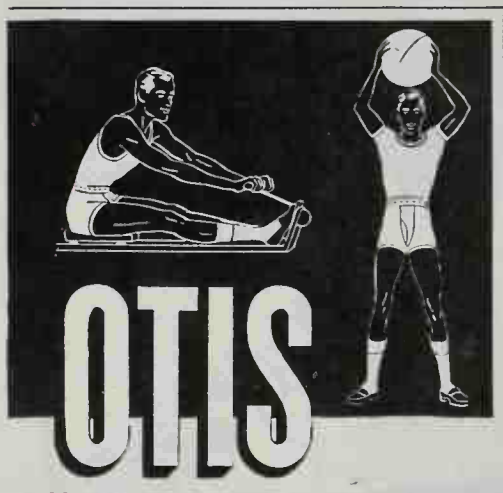
STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1, 1947. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and president are: Publisher, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Walter Davenport, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Joe Alex Morris, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; President, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; that the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock are: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, Wilmington, Delaware; Shaw & Company, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 2,831,046. (Signed) A. E. Winger, President. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1947. (Seal) Michael J. Ducey. (My commission expires March 30, 1948.)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Forty boilers, fired with fir and pine made steam for power.

Slumps and booms came along, but the big crash in 1929 almost finished Alta. Metal prices dropped—silver to 24 cents, copper to five cents, zinc to four cents. The miners drifted away and one day George found himself the sole survivor; owner of 34 working mines, 120 miles of ore tunnels—and no market. He dug in, down in the canyon.

Slowly the winter snows crushed the town. Some shacks burned. The store fell down. The saloons sagged and crumbled. The post office collapsed. When the population was down to one, George held an election, voted himself in as mayor and moved into City Hall. Painstakingly he dragged over other shacks until he had five or six spiked together.

George consolidated his 34 mines into one concern, did a mite of prospecting to locate new ore bodies and sat down to tough it out until metal prices came back. For a quarter of a century, winters, he had been getting about on skis, which he regarded as a tough and ornery system of transportation, fit only for prospectors. During one long winter in his snow-buried shack he came across a magazine and was astounded to discover that some people—obviously deranged—regarded skiing as a sport. He dismissed the thing as another example of the softening of the human race.

But each succeeding winter he read more and more about the "sport," and in 1937 sat down and wrote a letter to Roger Langley, president of the National Ski Association, asking if it were true. Yes, replied Mr. Langley, several hundred thousand Americans regarded skiing as a sport. He sent George the names of 200 ski experts all over the world.

Mr. Watson, still skeptical, wrote 200 letters, asking for all the dope on this strange pastime. In each letter he enclosed a dollar bill and, thus encouraged, most of the 200 experts wrote long letters describing skiing, ski bowls, slaloms, *Sitzmarks* and what to do about skiers who broke arms and legs coming down at 90 miles an hour.

Digesting all this literature, Mayor Watson one day climbed up the shaft from his home, looked around and discovered he was living in the middle of not one, but three ski bowls—and that, furthermore he owned 2,100 acres of them. He went down the canyon and began to talk skiing in Salt Lake. Some of the boys there got together a the Salt Lake City Winter Spo ation to develop Alta.

George then gave away, than 1,800 acres, turning it o Forest Service for developme area. He cannily reserved th rights, and so did Bill O'Con U.S. Smelting and Refining also gave some land. After a timers thought, this ski stuff passing fad—and they might back to hard-rocking again so

Anyway, the sports associ lodges and ski lifts and every and more people went to Alta son, over 100,000 of them dr long paved highway, built ov railroad right of way, to ski in

Free Prospecting Clas

In 1932, early in the Long D Mayor Watson realized there prospectors and hard-rock more. So he went down to Sal started free prospecting classe Eighty people joined at once, time more than 300 were lea to judge float rock, run pros and chase burros. The mayor stress on the necessity for chas

"I guess about 90 per cent dents are serious about it," said. "The rest are doctors, de chants—they wanted a hobby. we've turned out a few hund tial prospectors—and you'll s through the mountains wher scarce in cities."

The embryo prospectors g the mountains on ore hunting although none has as yet str they've all got that old min You never know whether yo from a million dollars—or a n from one dollar.

Always abreast of the tim Watson has also given some the possibility of atom-bomb and has set aside his 120 mile doned mine tunnels for the Safe-T-Kaves, a nonprofit or conceived by a man named strong, of Los Angeles. The to be reserved for members of American Prospectors' A Thus, after the war is over, ther residue of prospectors to fin velop minerals upon which to s civilization.

THE END

"Instead of me seeing it three times can we all see it once each on the same ticket?"

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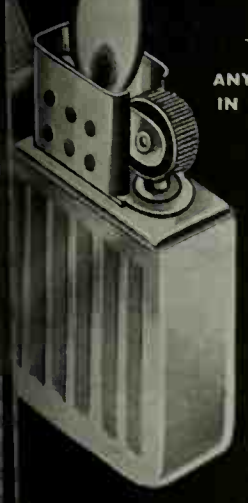
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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CHARLIE

Continued from page 21

"bringing salvation in a hurry." His only accident occurred when he ran the car into a post, hit the windshield with his head and busted it. The windshield.

When he gets a penalty in a game he always explains it afterward by saying, "I didn't mean to hold, Coacher; they made me."

He also has advice for the coaches on how he should be handled. "You see me come out of that huddle and I ain't dancing up to that line, take me out till I get my breath."

There was some concern lest irreverent opponents take the Lord's name in vain in an endeavor to upset Charlie, but he isn't worried. "I just don't hear 'em; I don't hear anything when I'm a-playin'."

Without making a paragon of Charlie, it must be added that he has humor along with his seriousness. When asked about his experiences in Germany he said, "I went to Heidelberg." Then he paused and added solemnly, "Football coaching school."

His opinion of some of his comrades in his outfit is less than laudatory. "When they got too bad," he reports, "we sent 'em back to O.C.S. (Officers Candidate School)." He was wounded in action but his luck in other respects was good. "Me, trench feet? Never had time for it," he explains. "I was always back gettin' the grub."

Harry Gilmer Will Be Back

The Alabama boys are pretty heated up about the present football season. Harold (Red) Drew is the new head coach because Frank Thomas has now ascended to the throne of athletic director and they have the fabulous Harry Gilmer back to pass the opposition dizzy.

They insist the fates were against them last year when they lost four games, getting every bad break in football, but they claim Gilmer never was better and this year will be another matter.

They had spring practice in which Charlie bumped the lads about gaily and a later summer session for the freshmen who will be eligible for the team. There will be sad hearts on the Warrior if they don't fight their way into some bowl game.

Charlie has a Biblical text that explains his football playing. It goes: "This one thing I do. Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." This is from Philippians, chapter three, verses thirteen and fourteen. There is also a reference in Hebrews, chapter twelve, verse one, which we haven't looked up but which also contains Charlie's thoughts in the matter.

We may close on a note about Charlie's qualifications as a preacher.

"I don't believe in that whoopin' and hollerin' and stompin' about God," he says. "I just talk to them practical. I take the gospel and then I bring it right down to right now. We all of us got plenty of troubles of our own and that's what I talk to them about. If I can help that feller over there or this lady here—that's what I call bringing God to them."

The only exceptions to this are quarterbacks about to pass, halfbacks trying off-tackle slants and foolhardy fullbacks trying power drives through Mr. Compton. These will not be helped.

THE END

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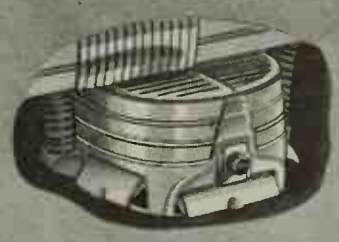
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DON'T MISS THE FREEDOM TRAIN

ONE of the greatest shows in the history of the United States, and all free, is now getting under way. You are urgently advised not to miss it.

We refer to the Freedom Train.

This caravan of American history is to visit some 200 cities and towns in a year, starting this month. The tour, and the elaborate patriotic program surrounding it, are sponsored by the American Heritage Foundation. The idea was Attorney General Tom Clark's to begin with, and the Advertising Council, which did such a notable job of public enlightenment during the recent war, took it up as a most valuable and worth-while peacetime project.

The fact which inspired the Freedom Train is this: Most of us have been hearing all our lives about the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and various other paper landmarks in U.S. history, and many of us have read printed copies of them, but few ever have seen the originals.

Aboard the Freedom Train, for all comers to look at, are these originals. Among them are the Declaration, a draft of the Constitution with annotations by George Washington; the 1783 Treaty of Paris, which wound up the American Revolution; the Bill of Rights (first 10 amendments to the Constitution), and President Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, declaring all slaves in the United States free as of that date.

Among later documents riding the Freedom Train are to be the German surrender papers of May, 1945, Emperor Hirohito's famous August 14, 1945, masterpiece of understatement in which he told the Japanese people that the war had turned slightly against Japan and therefore he was calling it off, and the Declaration of the United Nations.

All told, about 100 original documents of top historical importance and interest will be on view on the Freedom Train.

The train's visit to each community is to be emphasized and pointed up by a celebration of a Community Rededication Week, so called. In these observances, newspapers, radio stations, advertisers, veterans' groups, labor and religious organizations, etc., etc., are to do a lot of explaining of what American liberty and racy really mean, and why we'd be a lot than we've ever yet been if we should trade for some kind of totalitarianism.

Along with these local community prog go a big national publicity campaign cond the Advertising Council.

The main thing, though, we'd say, is t American who can possibly do so to take a trip through the Freedom Train and have look at these originals of the most import ments in our history as a nation. To see t paper on which John Hancock or Abraham planted his own signature with his own l far different and more exciting experie reading the same set of words in a book, you a much more intimate and informe about the great story of your own country

To repeat: Catch the Freedom Train if sibly can. We don't think you'll ever se inspiring exhibit.

BETTER THAN BOMBS

WE'RE duly impressed by the U.S. Forest Service's current and promising experiments in fighting forest fires with water- or chemical-filled bombs or auxiliary fuel tanks carrying proximity fuses to make them discharge their loads at treetop level. It's a most interesting peacetime use of one of the more dramatic and deadly devices developed in the recent war. We would suggest, though, that a still better way to cut down this country's enormous annual forest-fire damage would be simply to have fewer fires.

That can be best accomplished by a combination of education of the woods-roving part of the public in fire prevention and jail sentences or fines rigorously dealt out to all persons who can be of negligently or deliberately setting th ablaze anywhere.

Let's not snoot anything science has t this line; but let's not drop the educa prosecution methods, either. Science can work all by itself.

IT'S JUST NOT SMART, BOYS

FAR be it from us to decry efforts of labor leaders and union members to have the Taft-Hartley labor-curb law modified or repealed, so long as they go about it peaceably and with due regard to the rest of the laws.

We do think, though, that some of the boys are being pretty stupid and ineffectual when they refuse to file sworn statements that they have no Communists as union officials. The Communists are in very bad odor with Americans nowadays, for the more than sufficient reason that they are loyal to a foreign power instead of to the nation from which they get their livings and their liberties.

When a labor organization refuses to file a non-Communist affidavit, it lays itself open to the suspicion that it is run by Reds. Maybe it the suspicion remains, and can only hurt and make its members uncomfortable, i worse, in their communities.

Let's have some sense and shrewdnes attacks on the Taft-Hartley Act. Fooli boy tactics currently being displayed will back at the unions.

GOODBY, PLEASE, "MUTT"

WE MOVE that the word "mutt," to designate a dog, be dropped from the American slang vocabulary.

"Mutt" isn't funny, for one thing. For another, it is a contemptuous term, deriving from "muttonhead," and therefore it is an ungrateful and inappropriate word to throw at these animals who guard homes and children, frequently perform deeds of the highest heroism and selflessness, have more sense than many a person, helped importantly in winning the late war, and most flatteringly regard the human race as a tribe of gods.

Let's tie the can to "mutt," and find a p more fitting slang term, if "dog" is too Americans with their love of picturesqu And, incidentally, if anybody wants to c female dogs bitches, that will be very sa to us, too.

Collier's

OCTOBER 25, 1947 TEN CENTS

HAT'S WRONG WITH U. N.?
RANK GERVASI

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t the British into our confidence
yhave given us a trimming"

—from the MORGENTHAU DIARIES

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VUS ROY COHEN
is a tense Hollywood thriller

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ROBERTA JONAY—See page 20

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COLLIER'S

October 25, 1947

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"GREEN DOLPHIN STREET"

LANA TURNER

VAN HEFLIN · DONNA REED · RICHARD HART

FRANK MORGAN · EDMUND GWENN

DAME MAY WHITTY · REGINALD OWEN

GLADYS COOPER

Screen Play by.....SAMSON RAPHAELSON
Based on the Novel by..ELIZABETH GOUDGE
Directed by.....VICTOR SAVILLE
Produced by.....CAREY WILSON

We are writing this review of "Green Dolphin Street" after witnessing a preview designed to test audience reaction. This is a special technique that M-G-M employs to find out how great a public appeal a picture has. "Green Dolphin Street" scored the highest audience reaction in the history of previews, according to statistics of the Motion Picture Research Bureau. Yes, ninety-two per cent of the audience thought the picture was either very good or excellent. And we were one of the ninety-two per cent!

"Green Dolphin Street" is a picture with bigness. Elizabeth Goudge's magnificent novel (which won for her the coveted $125,000 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Annual Novel Award) showed early promise of being a hit of staggering proportions. And M-G-M has fulfilled the book's spectacular promise. You live through an earthquake and a tidal wave that make Jove's thunderbolts seem like junior's toy drum. Stately frigates plunge through storm-lashed seas; the globe spins and you are in the Orient, then among the warring tribesmen of New Zealand.

"Green Dolphin Street" is epic stuff, possessing a power and a grandeur rarely achieved in motion pictures. It tells of a curious and wild romance that carries its lovers to distant and exotic ends of the world. It presents Lana Turner in a daring and new kind of dramatic role and a cast that includes lovely Donna Reed, rugged Van Heflin, a talented and handsome newcomer, Richard Hart. And there's Frank Morgan, Edmund Gwenn, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper.

We stand in awe of the men behind "Green Dolphin Street" — director Victor Saville, producer Carey Wilson, and the whole legion of film-makers who have translated adventurous words into breath-taking entertainment. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has once again done itself proud.

THIS WEEK

FICTION

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 11
The Serial Story. The first of four parts.

BERNIE AND ME By WILLIAM FULLER 18
I'd wondered what Wild Man Bernie was like outside the Army.

THE GREEN BOUGH By FELICIA GIZYCKA 22
Roxie was unspoiled by secrets, unawakened by love.

THE OTHER MIND READER By OGDEN NASH 26
The Short Short Story.

"PIPE DUH MARY" By HENRY STEIG 50
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THE WEEK'S MAI

INCONGRUI ERAMUS

GENTLEMEN: Seems to be a conflict tween editorials in the Sept. 13th issue Uniting Western Europe you use phrase "quid pro quo" without translat Translations, Please, is a ridicule of wr who use foreign phrases without footn or explanations as to the English meani Nothing like self-criticism, is there? *A invidia!* JANE LEE REESE AND DON J. ANDERS, Grand Rapids, M

Grati sumus!

. . . Pardon me, but your slip is show G. MORGAN, Rosemead,

. . . What in hell does "quid pro q" mean? WILLIAM KATZ, Dallas,

Something like sine qua non with a sl touch of ne plus ultra.

. . . *¿Qué está* quid pro quo? CURT C. HARTWIG, Dayton, C

Algo como sine qua non con un poq de ne plus ultra.

. . . Sept. 13th issue carries an edit Translations, Please. Page 13, same is War Bride, Quentin Reynolds, sec paragraph down: *"Du bist viel zu hüb und verständig für einen General. .* Translation, please! FRANZ R. WAGNER, Richland Center,

"You are too handsome and intelligent a general."

. . . I was on the verge of awarding it Pulitzer prize until on the same page, "q pro quo." Well, *coûte que coûte,* I kr only English. A Prior ULMONT E. IVES, Minneapolis, Mi

. . . You make reference to "quid pro qu Ye avalo sattam pott'irukruthu? Pes'ir ren. A. C. M. BROOK, Vancouver, Can

We give up. Translation, Please!

. . . I am thoroughly *en rapport*[1] with *Einflüsterung*[2] in *kau*[3] recent *leading a cle*[4] that the *autore*[5] should avoid *phrases étrangères*[6] which might *horu*[7] *mente*[8] of the *lector*[9] into a *toimu* Here is the *segreto*[11] of *gut*[12] *escritur D'abord la clarté; puis encore la cla et enfin la clarté.*[14] . . . *Jovio!*[15]

1. French: "in harmony." 2. Germ "suggestion." 3. Hawaiian: "your."

(Continued on page 46)

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HOW WE DENY OUR CHILDREN

by **A. N. SPANEL**

President of International Latex Corporation

America's children have returned to school again. They are facing a deplorable condition brought about by the shameful neglect and indifference of their parents who stood idly by while more than 350,000 school teachers quit the teaching profession since 1939. The figure is staggering. It represents over one-third of the total number of school teachers in America. The loss of these teachers has weakened our schools to a frighteningly low level. The harm to America's children is beyond calculation.

The situation is getting worse. Nobody wants to be a teacher. Young people turn to other occupations. In colleges, where teachers are trained, the seats are empty. There is no one to take the place of the teacher who is leaving the profession.

The war greatly increased the birth rate. Soon these war-born children will appear at the schoolhouse door. Many of them are children of veterans. Increased enrollment will reach a peak in 1952. There will be more pupils . . . and fewer teachers . . . inferior schooling for millions of our youngsters.

Condemning Our Children to Inferiority

Teachers are quitting the profession because they are underpaid. There are many teachers whose pay is less than $900 a year. They are victims of our short-sightedness. The high cost of living has wiped out their savings. Jobs outside the schools offer better pay. The teachers are taking them. They will continue to do so until the American people decide to pay teachers a living wage.

This nation cannot afford to continue short-changing its teachers. American wages for all others have been raised substantially in recent years. The national income has increased 300 percent since the war began, yet teachers' incomes have been raised only twelve percent. It's as crazy as it is shameful.

A Crazy and Shameful Condition

It is a miracle that there are good teachers in this country who sacrifice themselves and their substance to remain in the profession. Some of them are forced to work at outside jobs after school hours to remain on the ragged edge of respectability. Must we sit back, doing nothing, until these teachers are forced to *strike* for a living wage? Can we afford to let that happen?

In the meantime, American children are being robbed of a fair start in life. Five million of school age are not in school at all. Millions of others are herded into huge classes where there is little chance to learn.

Kids Headed for Jails

Idle children are roaming the streets. There is a rising tide of juvenile delinquency. Juvenile courts are over-burdened . . . youth on the skids to jail.

America cannot afford to waste its children. They *are* America.

Right now we are denying America's children . . . and America itself. The situation is completely out of hand, and what has developed into a serious condition is now becoming a national catastrophe.

What We Can Do About It

No citizen, no man or woman, can afford to let this catastrophe engulf America. The time for action is now . . . work through your Parents and Teachers groups . . . call on your superintendent of schools and the mayor of your town or city and volunteer to help meet this threat to democracy.

Presented as a Public Service by

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION ★ PLAYTEX PARK ★ DOVER DELAWARE

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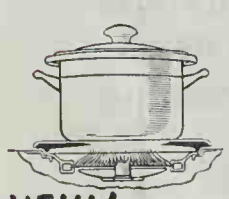
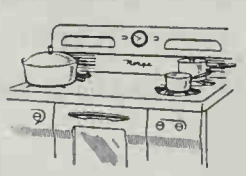
It's the new NORGE gas range. And no wonder it's a national sensation —it's so filled with functional advantages and niceties of appointment that it establishes a new standard of value for gas ranges! Only on this Norge will you find double-action Concentrator burners, 14-position broiler with smokeless grill, vertical utensil compartments, Modi-Fire oven burner, divided top, large center oven, "look-in" oven door, embossed control panels, electric clock with Minit-Master, recessed top light, electric appliance outlet, automatic top-burner lighter, safety oven lighter, dial-type Hi-Lo click simmer valves, balanced oven heat, porcelain-enameled tank-type oven, one-piece top and back-rail, and flush-to-wall construction with toe-recessed base. Its new "contour" styling will make your kitchen *sparkle* . . . its new efficiency will make all kinds of cooking easier, *pleasanter.* You owe it to your family to see this amazing new Norge . . . you will find the nearest Norge retailer by consulting the classified section of your telephone book. Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan.



NEW! *Double-action Concentrator burners* produce a faster, more efficient flame, concentrating the heat on the *bottom* of cooking utensils.



NEW! *Divided top* separates burners, makes it possible for two persons to use range at the same time without any interference.

NEW! *"Look-in" oven door,* together with oven light, enables one to inspect oven contents without opening the door.

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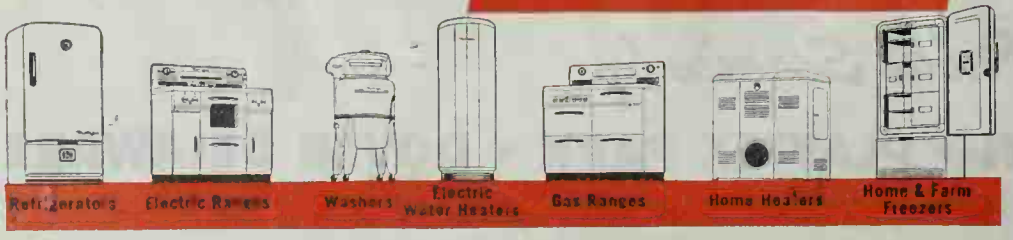

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The secret address of many a wanted man has been obtained by detectives by sending him, at the home of his nearest relative, a telegram or a registered letter marked "Deliver to Addressee Only." As neither a Western Union cap nor a postman's uniform is cause for suspicion, the unsuspecting relative often discloses where the fugitive may be reached.

One of the strangest cases in recent medical literature was that of a young Australian woman who, when seven months pregnant, was accidently shot in the abdomen. While the shock caused her to give birth to her baby five days later, the infant, although premature, was normal in every way —except for a bullet hole through one leg.

Since the Atlantic was first crossed by air in May, 1919, by Lieutenant Commander A. C. Read and his crew of five U. S. Navy men, approximately 95,000 flights have been made across this ocean.—*By Margo Perez, Santa Barbara, California.*

In New York City in 1885, or ten years after the founding there of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 41 per cent of all persons arrested were charged with brutal treatment of their children.

During the past 57 years, or since records have been kept, mobs in this country have lynched 57 Negro and 13 white women.

Rockefeller Plaza and about 100 other streets in New York City are the private property of corporations or individuals who must close them to the public from sunset to sunrise one day each year to maintain their ownership.—*By Eloise Ray, Atlanta, Ga.*

An American whose hobby is making works of art in miniature has produced an oil painting, a winter landscape, only 1-65th of a square inch in area, or so small that it had to be painted with a brush consisting of a single human hair.

For about 150 years, a h… locked mausoleum in a churchy… Sutton, England, has been ins… annually to see that the bodies … it have not been disturbed. Th… been done in accordance with t… of the last member of the family … died when Britain's leading crim… body snatching, or the steali… corpses from graves in order … them to medical schools for … tion.

One of the latest and most am… automatons is a "rat that le… Started at the entrance of a maz… metal animal moves along in … of its goal in the center, retrac… steps, like a live rat, when finding … in blind passageways. As thes… takes register on its mechanical … the rat, after completing one e… mental trip, is able to go directly … the entrance to the goal.

In a recent demonstration … power of suggestion, a man wa… into a hypnotic trance and tol… within 24 hours fever blisters … form on the right-hand side … lower lip. When he returned t… demonstration hall the followin… ernoon as requested, he had a … of these blisters on the right s… his mouth.

Since 1940, George Phillip… evangelist in Tacoma, Washi… has sealed religious tracts in som… 000 bottles and had them dr… from ships at sea so they cou… carried to distant lands by … currents. Evidently a large n… has been found as he has re… mail from more than twenty … tries, including New Guinea … South Pacific and Morocco in … Africa.

For a number of days after … human infants are totally deaf.

Ten dollars will be paid for each … cepted for this column. Contribution … be accompanied by their source of in… tion. Address Keep Up With the … Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York … N. Y. This column is copyrighted … items may be reproduced without per…

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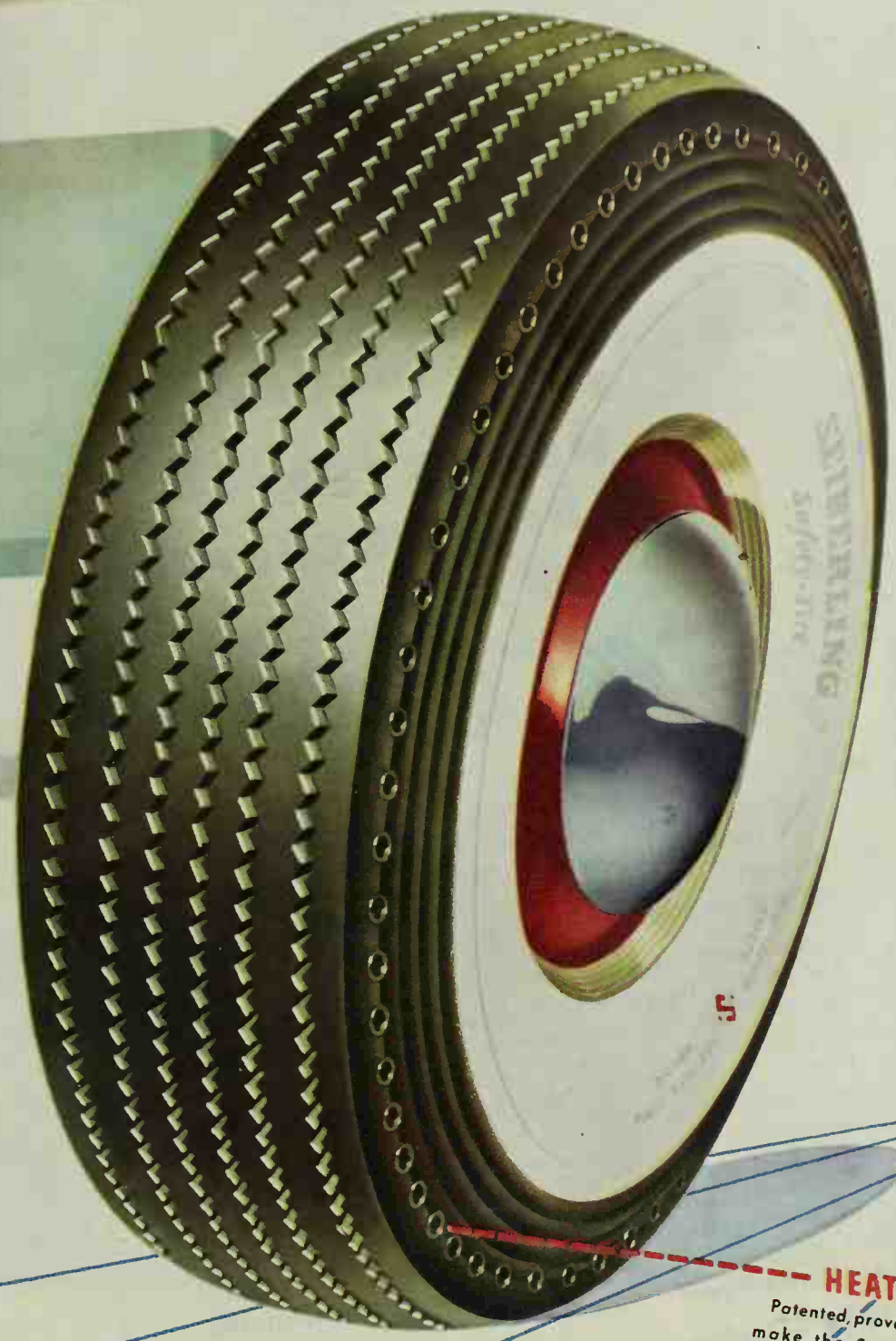
First!



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HERE'S THE "WHY AND WHEREFORE" OF A

Fall Tune-up

Now that the hot summer months are over, your car needs certain checks and adjustments to prepare it for the cold weather ahead. A good fall tune-up is good common sense.

Let's start with your car's cooling system. The radiator should be reverse-flushed, and all hose connections (including car heater connections) inspected for leaks before adding an approved anti-freeze. A change from warm-weather lubricants to cold-weather lubricants is in order, and the carburetor may need adjustment for winter operation. Spark plugs and distributor points should be cleaned and spaced, distributor timing checked, and generator, regulator and battery inspected. It's a good idea, too, to have brakes adjusted for smooth, even stops when the going is slippery.

For a well-planned fall tune-up—for satisfying automotive service the year round—go to your friendly United Motors Service station. The familiar orange and blue United Motors sign is your assurance of *competent mechanics, latest service methods and original-equipment parts.*

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

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DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

Frying Friar George Karger assures spectators his anachronistic w won't show in the picture (p. 104). At right is Photographer Ernie

THE day pachydermous Photographer George Karger elected to take the part of the monk in the "Kargertoon" on p. 104, the thermometer stood at 93.6°—a new record for the date in New York City. By the time Karger lugged equipment and props to a Gothic doorway outside Townsend Harris Hall at the College of the City of New York, the thermometer began to sizzle and spurt. What the temperature was inside the flannel robe and tight wig encompassing the statuesque Karger, no one knows. Karger opines, however, the picture adapted from a drawing by Cartoonist Ralph Newman is the hottest gag of the year.

As Karger rendered in the sun, Cartoon Editor Gurney Williams juggled smoking flash bulbs and turned the custom-made hourglass which ran out every 13 minutes. Ernie Pal, a Karger assistant, took the picture. Two hundred students kibitzed, and it all took two hours to perfect.

I had hoped to give you the low-down
on Mister Ogden Nash,
Whose story The Other Mind Reader,
on p. 26, makes quite a splash—
Of his birth, education, trials, tribs.,
early perspicacity,
Give you his hat size, shoe size,
weight, height and beer capacity.

How he was born in poverty a veritable illiterate,
Worked as a stevedore, chow mein
cook, and fought in the Civil War
as a Confiderate,
Picked slate in the jute mills of S.W.
Chinah,
Studied at night and became a good
union minah.

Eventually graduated with honors, a
beautiful wife, and four letters (a
great forward passer)
From Harvard, Yale, Shurtleff, Ox-
ford and Vassar,
Learned to write at the feet of Wm.
Makepeace Thuggery,
Poems attacking social hypocrisy and
other forms of skulduggery,

In which unmetered lyrics overcame
publishers with hysterics over their
versical dizziness,
And soon landed Og at the top of the
poetry bizziness—
And paid off in cash,
Something that matters to everyone
including Hedy Lamarr, the King
of Siam, Stokowski, Joe Louis, Joe
E. Lewis, Sinclair Lewis, John L.
Lewis, Lewis and Clark;
Clark, the desk clark at t
more, Ted Shane and
Nash—.

I had hoped to, in other word
a story filled with passion,
interest, drama, comedy and
Nashional levity,
Laughter, tears, ups and dow
versa, versa vice and how
suffered when the dentist fi
first cevity—

Except when I wrote the blok
few autobiographicalities,
He passed up the request as
life's trivialities.

"INVARIABLY I feel like talking about myself," wri tavus Roy Cohen from Los A (His new exciter, My Love Black, starts a career on p. 1 there's anything that might m as different, it might be the u ness of my chief hobby. I play

"That's the game correctly *pelota vasca.* I've been an *afic* for more than twenty years, a cause I have a lot of friends w professionals, I've managed t tice with them in a good many Havana, Barcelona, New Yor it was played there one seaso ami, and most recently in th *frontóu* in Tijuana, Mexico. I an approach to decrepitude, I to get around and have a lot of

"Don't get the idea I play only play well for an America game is exciting and dangerou had two major operations as th of injuries while playing. But common sense, I keep going b more."

Mr. Cohen is now in his fifty year.

This week's cover: Wind-blow berta (Dimples) Jonay, lovel heavy of the new medical Allegro (Broadway Sortie, p. from Philadelphia, started ed her feet at ballet school at seve acting at fifteen via a scholar New York's precocious Nei hood Playhouse. Graduate "tab" shows, dancing-singi acting her way to Hollywood Paramount put her into seven in four years. Under loan to the Guild, Roberta has had little t anything but work, knitting, r Dave Peskin Kodachromed. . .

TED S

CRYSTALS THAT GROW FROM A SEED . . . *This color photograph shows EDT (Ethylene Diamine Tartrate) Crystals growing in glass jars at Bell Telephone Laboratories. Each is started from seed (a piece of the mother crystal) and revolved continuously in a solution. Little by little, day and night, they grow and in three months reach the best size for telephone needs. Thousands and thousands of small plates, cut from the large crystals — then gold-plated and mounted in glass bulbs — are used in filters in Long Distance circuits. . . . By sorting out each telephone conversation from the others, they enable 480 conversations to go over one coaxial circuit at one time.*

Crystals for Conversations

more Long Distance telephone coaxial in urgent demand, can be built next cause of Bell Laboratories research elopment on synthetic crystals.

s of quartz are ordinarily used in the wave filters of these circuits.

he demand has increased—the price has gone up—there will not be enough quartz available to build all the filters needed next year. The shortage is serious.

A long time ago, Bell Telephone Laboratories foresaw a shortage in natural quartz; hoped to find something even better. They devoted years of study to the physics and chemistry of synthetic crystals. They now have one that can replace quartz in filters. Western Electric is growing them in the factory.

Here again Bell Telephone Laboratories' idea of making things better at lower cost helps to give you the best and most economical telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Why Ed Wood didn't hear the score till 11 p.m.

ONE FRIDAY NIGHT last month, Ed Wood had intended to see his son help the high school basketball team win the biggest game of the season.

Then, just as he was pushing his chair back from the supper table, the phone rang.

"This is Tom Reynolds' brother," the voice said. "Tom was in a car accident this afternoon. He's at the hospital now, and I thought that you, being his Travelers agent, ought to know about it."

Instead of heading for the high school gym, Ed Wood went to the hospital. He found that Tom was pretty badly hurt, but the doctor thought he'd come through all right after quite a spell in bed.

Ed Wood was allowed to see Tom just long enough to let him know that a report of his accident would be sent in that very night. Since Tom's wife had already left the hospital, Ed stopped at the drugstore on his way to the office to phone her. Told her all she had to worry about was Tom's getting well. His accident insurance would take care of the doctor and hospital bills and pay him an income until he was on his feet again.

It took only a few minutes to phone the nearest Travelers adjuster to give him the details of the accident and make sure that he'd be on the job the next day, helping Tom Reynolds. But when he looked at his watch as he finished the call, Ed Wood saw it was too late to go to the game.

So he went home and waited to learn the score. At eleven, he and his son were still re-playing the game over a couple of glasses of milk.

Ed Wood could have waited until after the basketball game to do something about the Reynolds accident . . . but he didn't.

He knew how a man worries when he's hurt. He knew, too, what a help it is to a man in a hospital to know that the money he and his family need while he is flat on his back is alrea the way.

Throughout the country there are hundr Travelers insurance men like Ed Wood. Th men known for their devotion to the needs o policyholders . . . for an extra kind of servi goes beyond the delivery of an insurance

The Travelers man who lives and does bu in your community would like to tell you about what Travelers service does for you i of need.

MORAL: INSURE IN

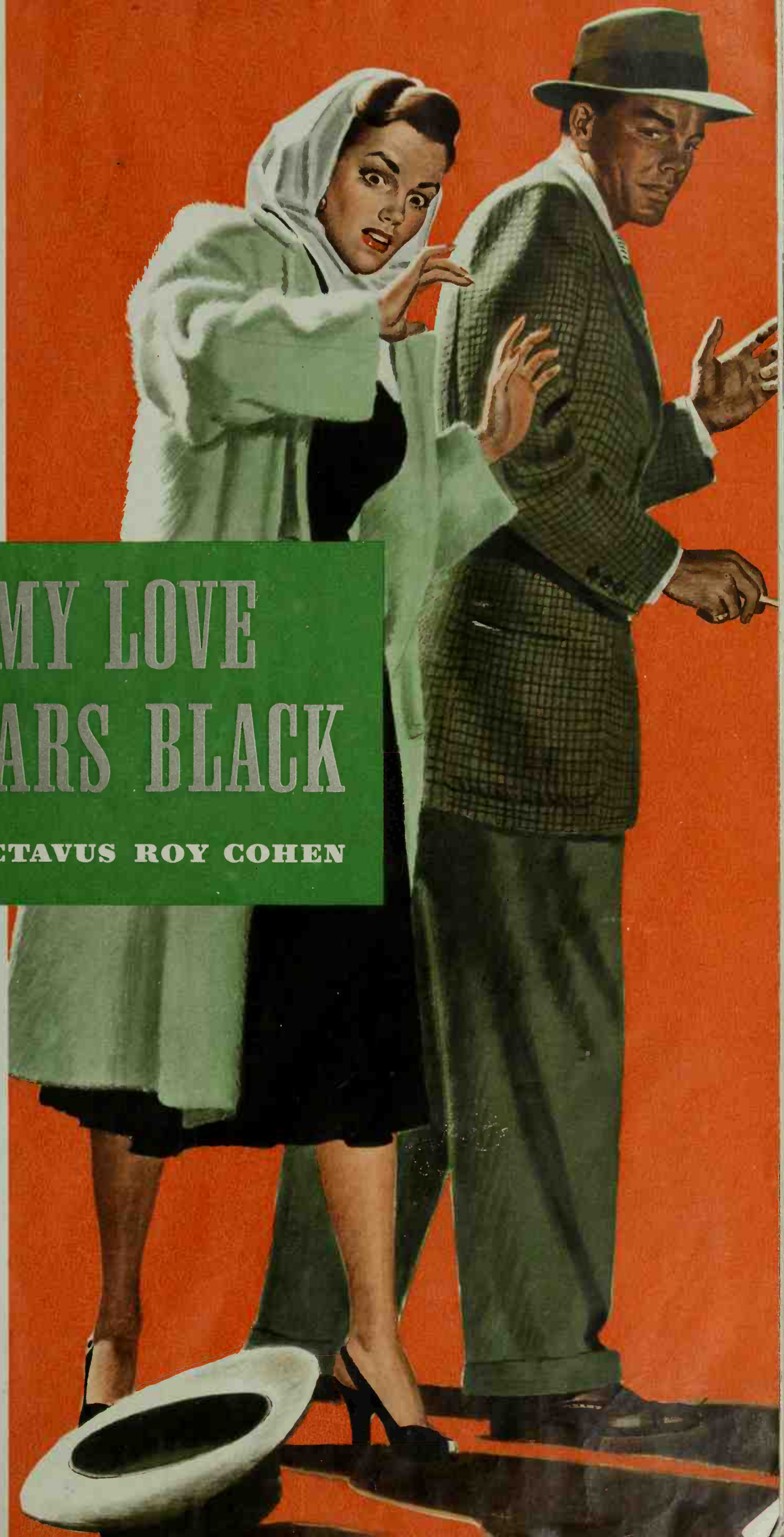
The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY B

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Tr Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Ins Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Co Hartford, Connecticut. Serving the insurance p the United States since 1864 and in Canada sin

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



Everyone knew that Jean Rutledge was the hottest thing in motion pictures—but only four people knew that she was a widow, that her husband had been murdered. And in Hollywood, even a corpse can have a stand-in

Part I

THE morning newspaper was spread out on the desk. Across the top, in fancy letters, were the words, *Amusement Section*. In middle of the page was a picture which gave a y fair idea of what made it amusing.

was the reproduction of a girl's photograph. was lounging in a beach chair at the edge of a mming pool. She had interesting features, inter- g eyes, interesting legs and other attributes h were also on the interesting side. She was ing, and you could see the little crinkle across ridge of her nose which always showed when smiled. She was twenty-four years old and ed younger. The caption over the three-column tated that this was Jean edge, sensational star lympus Pictures, who ld, in all likelihood, be ious candidate for the Academy Award pro- her new picture, Lady aiting, was even half the studio publicity rtment promised. Then ntinued with a few ed-over details about oung lady in the bath- uit. It was all old stuff all interesting. Espe- to me.

looked through the window and got a eyeful of the Santa ica mountains. The telephone rang and ed the receiver off its le. I said, "Ingram and eton. Bruce Ingram ing." Very business- as though the real- e business was still oning as it had through of 1946.

voice said, "Bruce?"

s a nice voice, an awful nice voice. Warm and and with an intimate undertone which I ted to believe was my exclusive property.

looked again at the paper spread out on my . The voice belonged to the picture and the ire to the voice. I said, "Is this Miss Jean Rut- e, who is being seriously considered for the 1947 clemy Award provided her new picture—"

e said, "Hold it, sweetheart," and the endear- did things to me. It always did. I could never n rstand what America's Number One glamor aw in a mug like me. I almost missed her next ls. She said, "I want to see you—right away."

hat makes us all even."

low about grabbing a bite and then picking me t the studio a little after one?"

e was keeping it light, but there was an unmis- ble urgency in her voice. I said, "It's a deal. is just for fun, or is it important?"

mportant," she said. "Fred is in town."

aid, "Oh!" The gay mood flew right out of the ow. "Fred?"

es—" She let it hang there for a moment, and added, with cheerfulness, "It might be good."

aid, "It better be. See you at one on the sharp."

here was a brief hesitation and she said, " 'By, ng."

ut the phone back where it belonged. I took

rd Jean's choked cry and looked around. Some- g lay on the rug in front of the couch . . . a man. He wasn't moving. He would never move again

another look out of the window. The mountains were still there, looking slightly more formidable. But I wasn't thinking about them. I was thinking about Fred Wilson. About Fred being in town after an absence of three and a half years.

Fred was Jean's husband.

I walked through the reception room and told the girl to take all calls and to tell my partner Danny Singleton that I'd be back when I got back. I tried to make it sound like a business deal, but I think Helen knew better. She was wearing the sort of guilty expression which indicated she had listened in.

I got in my car, rolled it away from the curb, went to the filling station on the corner and tanked up with gas. Then I headed for the outskirts of North Hollywood where the Magna and Olympus studios sprawled across the California landscape. It was all Magna, really. Olympus was a subsidiary. It was a tight, extra-special little company built around Jean Rutledge. Olympus production: Magna release. Jean was that important.

The special officer on duty at the gate was tough and efficient. He had to be. This was the entrance and exit used by the studio luminaries. Usually the street outside was packed with autograph hounds. Today it was clear, which was by way of being a miracle. I parked where I could watch the gate. I turned off the ignition, lighted a cigarette and sternly told myself not to be impatient.

I'd been doing a lot of thinking on my way over the pass. Maybe the fact that Fred Wilson was in town was good. Maybe he could be talked into letting Jean and me get married. That idea sounded good. Almost too good. I'd been wanting it so much and for so long that I knew I was a dope to start hoping until I had more information.

THE studio was unimpressive from outside. Picture studios always are. They look like a bunch of warehouses chucked into the middle of nowhere. Above a piece of wall you could see the skeleton backs of some outdoor sets which would have looked screwy anywhere but in Hollywood: a piece of an ocean liner, the roofs of a row of houses in a Belgian village, a patch of too-blue sky with improbable white clouds painted on it, gaunt scaffoldings.

Inside the main gate you could see people walking around. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry, nobody seemed to be doing anything. I'd seen it all a thousand times. I was always impressed by its lack of impressiveness; always amazed that finished pictures were actually manufactured here: that this studied casualness cost fortunes and made fortunes.

The door opened and Jean Rutledge appeared. She was wearing a sport coat over her costume, her hairdo was protected by a hood, and she had on dark glasses which were calculated to shield her (a) against the glare of the sun and (b) against the onslaughts of any autograph hounds who might be lurking in the shadows.

I sounded my horn three times, started the car and opened the door. She got in, said, "Prompt, aren't you, sweetheart?" and I said I'd been waiting for hours, which was what it seemed like. I said, "Whither away?"

"Monterey Canyon."

I blinked and made a U-turn so that I was headed back toward the mountains. "The house?" I asked.

She said, "Yes, the house. But drive slowly. I want to talk."

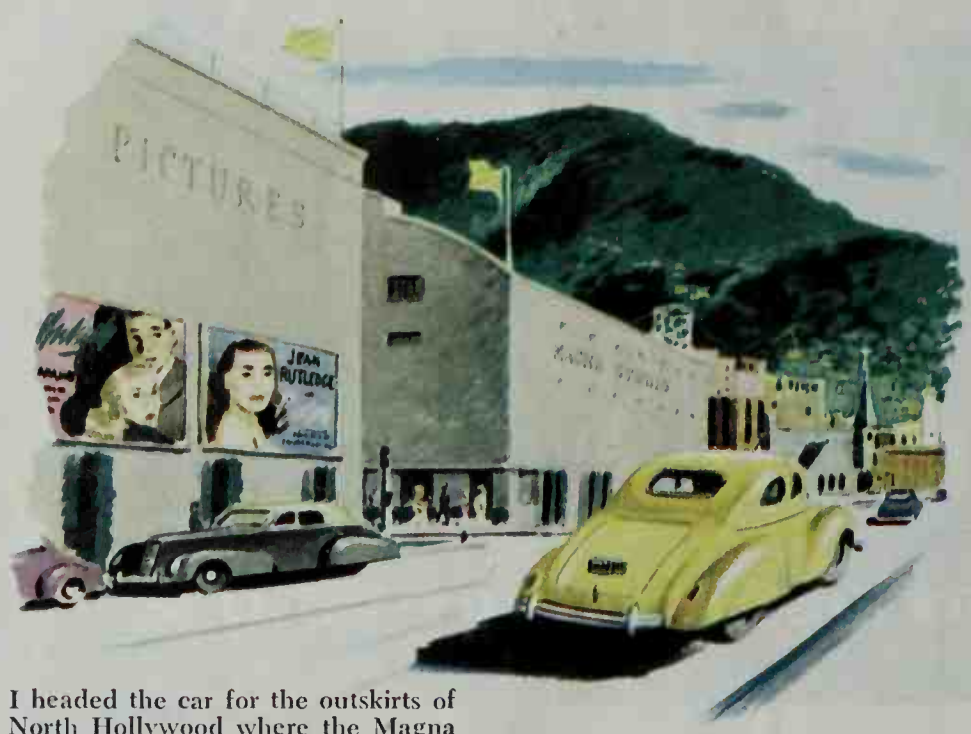
I took the outside lane and throttled down to twenty, which is practically standing still on a road like that. I glanced at her and grabbed myself a fresh thrill. Not because twenty million people in the United States were loco about her as an actress, not because she looked glamorous in her studio make-up, which actually appeared grotesque in the brilliant sunshine, but because she was the girl I was in love with and hoped someday to marry.

I waited for her to take the ball, and finally she did. She said, "I didn't want to go into detail over the phone."

"I caught that."

"Fred is meeting me at the house at two o'clock. He said it was very important."

She always said "the house." It had been Fred's wedding present to her in 1942, when she was a rather discouraged extra girl who worked out of the Central Casting Bureau. Jean didn't live there. No one did. It had been vacant since their marriage had gone on the rocks six months after it got started. She explained that it was too



I headed the car for the outskirts of North Hollywood where the Magna studios sprawled across the landscape

big, too far away from things, too lonely, and those were all good reasons. But I always thought the main reason was that she wasn't too keen about living in the house where she'd gone as the bride of a much older man, where she had stayed until disillusionment was complete and he had walked out.

I said, "Tell me about Fred's call."

"He said he wanted to see me and that it was important."

"Divorce?" I suggested hopefully.

"Could be. But I wouldn't bank on it." She looked at me through the dark glasses. "I never really knew Fred," she stated. "But I thought I understood him. Now I know I was wrong there, too. He has consistently refused to give me a divorce. I've offered to pay well for it. The answer remains no. Arnold just got back from New York. He tried to get in touch with Fred there. No soap. Fred simply wouldn't see him. He's still playing it that way."

"What does that mean?"

"He insisted on seeing me alone."

"You flatter me. If being with me is being alone—"

"Shucks! Fred didn't mean you. He doesn't even know about you. What he meant was that he didn't want Arnold Travis trailing along. He doesn't like lawyers or financial advisers or fixers of any sort."

"What are you planning to do—hide me in the car?"

She laughed. "No, silly. I'm going to walk right into the house with you. I'm going to introduce you as the man I want to marry."

"Do you?"

She hesitated, but only briefly. "Yes," she said.

She said suddenly, "You'll like Fred."

"I'll adore him."

"He's got charm and personality. That's how he's always lived, you know."

I knew. I knew everything Jean had told me about her husband, and lots of other things I'd been able to pick up elsewhere. He'd been a gambler, a con man, a player of angles. He called himself (so I'd been told) an opportunist. I'd heard he could sell anybody any bill of goods. He had sold himself to Jean, he'd done well enough for himself in California and still managed to remain within the letter of the law. I'd met others who belonged in the same category. Nice guys. With faces you'd love to punch. I said, "When's the last time you saw Fred?"

"December, 1942. That's almost five years ago."

"Been in touch?"

"Only through Arnold."

"Travis knew him?"

"I met Arnold Travis through Fred. When I got my break in pictures—after Fred had left me—Arnold started handling my affairs. He's a good lawyer. He came up the hard way, so he knows the ropes. I'm fond of him."

"He's okay," I conceded. Then: "Have you told him that Fred called you?"

"No. Just you." Her fingers tightened over my hand. "Maybe Fred's broke. Maybe he'll let me have a divorce—for a price."

That was a sour note. I said, "I don't like the way that sounds."

"I don't either. But it's the way things are likely to be. You never know about men like Fred. When he and I got married, he was rolling in money. That's when he gave me the house. Then, suddenly, he was broke, and I didn't even hear from him for months. I wasn't having an easy time, either. Not then."

"Why didn't you sell the hous
"I always regarded it as his.
"He ever ask you for it?"
"No."
"Since you became famou
framed my question as tactful
possible—"has he ever made a
for any of your money?"
"No." She hesitated, then we
"That's one reason I wanted
along. Fred always has an
Maybe you'll see something th
miss."

WE HAD turned off Ventu
this time and were swi
through the canyons. At first ther
been signs which said, Monterey
yon Road, but those had disappe
Where we were, there wasn't a
but a two-lane road bisected by
of white paint. We were in the
of deep, uninhabited ravines,
and scrub growth. I said, "If I k
you, would the make-up cau
permanent stain on my lips?"
"I don't know," she answ
"You might try."
I stopped the car and tried. I
hard. It was breath-takingly
factory. Made me feel like a ver
portant person. It was Jean
pulled away. She said, "Mister!
didn't have to try *that* hard. It
denly struck me as a trifle indece
pause for love-making when we'
the way to meet my husband."
"Husband!" I shrugged it off. "
haven't been married—except le
—in so long, you've forgotten
it's all about."
I started off again. Driving
tricky. The mountains in the
Angeles area are odd. You're al
close to modern, compact, thr
communities—yet a mile or so o
wrong road and you're in the w
country you ever saw. There we
neighbors within half a mile o
house and darned few even the
house built in the days when it
considered ultra-ultra to live in
tude.
We rounded a curve and
within sight of it. It was on the
side of the road. There was a
stream separating the grounds
the highway, and you had to
across a little bridge and up a
acclivity to reach the turnarou
front of the big garage.
It was a big place: four bedro
three and a half baths, servants'
ters, patio, barbecue—all the
trimmings that appealed to the
estate man in me. It had prob
cost $30,000 originally, could
been sold at the height of the b
for $55,000 and would certainly
$40,000 on today's market.
The architecture was nice.
style was rural English: fields
concrete and tapestry brick. It sp
all over creation and yet was sca
visible from the main road. I sa
still don't get it. Just the two o
out here."
"He liked to entertain."
"Who?"
"Characters. Smooth gents
flashy ladies. Race-track pe
Underworld upper crust. I was
zled until I began to understand."
I turned into the driveway.
man who kept the grounds in
had done a pretty good job.

(Continued on page 28)

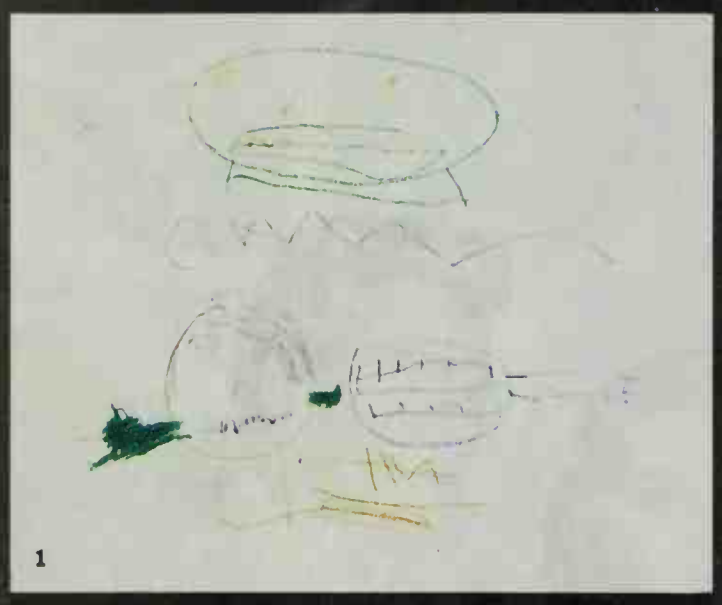
**Danny had talked. I had talked. J
was just finishing. Travis looke
us speculatively and said, "Yo
really loused things up, haven't y**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Los Angeles Times
Hundred Mex
Stars in Film
Start Home

YOUR CHILD'S PICTURES CAN TALK

BY JULIAN BACH, JR.



1

Archie drew this self-portrait, emphasizing teeth, during just the period when he was trying to bite other children

2

A child's concern with bathroom problems is frequently reflected in tendency to smear and use brown or green. As interest in bowel control decreases, paintings change

Parents who throw away the messy daubs their children make are missing a chance to learn what makes the young hopeful tick. After 10 years of study, Chicago educators have found the answers. Here they tell of their findings

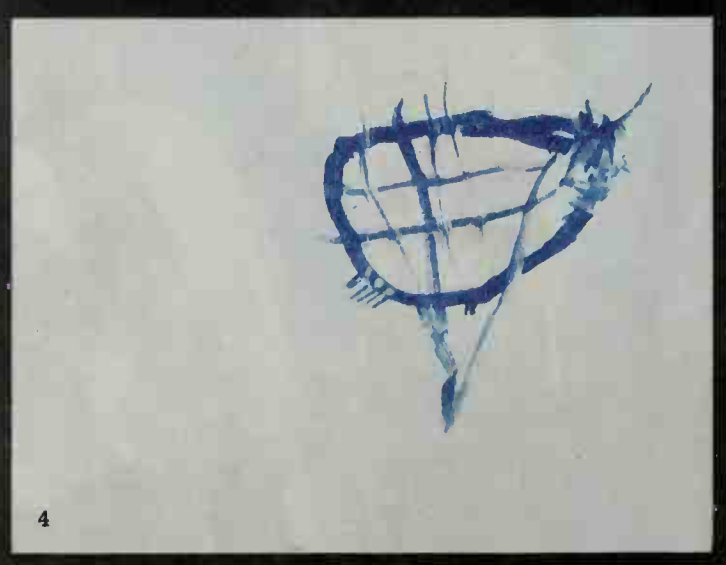
WHAT do you do with those shapeless blobs that your Pride-and-Joy, age four, smears on paper with paint or crayon, then proudly brings to you with a bright-eyed, "See what I made?" If you're normal you say, "Why, that's lovely, P-and-J. Ah—what is it?" After he's finished telling you that it's a big horse and a fire truck and a house with a moon and has gone back to create another masterpiece, you chuck the soiled paper into the nearest trash basket. That's where you make a mistake.

Children have been painting and parents have been chucking for hundreds of years. The dustbins, ash cans and old attic trunks of the w[orld] are filled with the dots and blobs, smears [and] masses that children paint and which their [par]ents toss aside as meaningless.

Ten years ago in Chicago, however, two l[ead]ing child educators had a hunch. From [their] experience with very young children, Rose[tta] Alschuler and Dr. Laberta W. Hattwick b[egan] to have the suspicion that the crazy quilts [chil]dren draw might actually have meaning. [Maybe] each painting tells a story about the child [who] made it. With the energy of scientists, [they] began to track down these possible meani[ngs]

3

Each time her mother was pregnant, Angela's paintings changed. During first pregnancy, she drew red masses



4

After her mother's miscarriage she drew five structural designs, choosing blue, showing a relaxation of tension

5

Seven months later, when her mother was [pregnant] again, Angela reverted to masses over her

After 10 years of study, Mrs. Alschuler and Dr. Hattwick discovered that youngsters give themselves away through paints. What seems to be a hodgepodge is actually a mirror that reflects the true nature of the child. By studying their children's paintings, parents, with the aid of a knowing instructor or a child psychologist, can profitably engage in some rewarding detective work on what makes their children tick.

The Chicago educators began by collecting the paintings of 149 unselected children, all under the age of five and a half, in eight Chicago and Winnetka, Illinois, nursery groups. With one exception, the children were never told to paint. Easels, brushes and at least six different colors were always available at all times. When a youngster wished to play with paints, he simply took brush and paintpot in hand and smeared to his heart's content.

While all this freely-produced painting and daubing were going on, careful notes were being kept by teachers and trained observers on the behavior of each child. At the same time the family doctors and parents of the various children were periodically interviewed to learn something about each child's activities at home.

By cross-checking each painting with everything else that was known about the child, the two women educators were finally able to make sense out of the seemingly gaga swirls and splotches. So spectacular are their discoveries that the University of Chicago Press has recently published them in two volumes, entitled Painting and Personality: A Study of Young Children.

As the title suggests, children's paintings and personalities are two sides of the same coin. Crybabies express themselves with tears. Little Venuses, whose mothers commented too much about their beauty, sometimes painted themselves as princesses. Archie's self-portrait, done when he was just past three, featured teeth—at the very same time that Archie was going around biting other children (Painting No. 1].)

But usually, very young children do not paint realistically. They paint not what they see, but what they feel. This is particularly true of children under five. They do not have sufficiently developed vocabularies to express their deepest feelings in words. Instead, they paint out their emotions and problems. (Paintings 3, 4 and 5.) Yellow, used persistently, indicates nervousness. Blue strongly suggests tension and anxiety or, as a child grows older, successful self-control. Widespread employment of greens and browns almost always occurs among just those children who are most concerned with "going to the bathroom." (Paintings 2 and 6.) Parents with children who stress red are being flashed a storm signal. Their offspring are not budding Commies, but are emotionally excited. (Paintings 3 and 5.) Children most often turn to red during those periods when it appears they strongly feel affection and love, hostility and hate.

These are not glib generalizations flicked off some theoretician's wrist. The association between yellow and happiness, for instance, is backed up on three scores. The happiest children favored yellow. Many children who showed striking ups and downs turned to yellow on those days when they were happiest and turned to black, purple and other somber shades when they felt unhappy. Finally, the least happy children seldom chose yellow. When they did, it was always after a particularly satisfying experience, such as their own birthday party (when they were the center of attention) or at Christmas.

If your child is three or four and *insists* on blue, it may be that he is painting out inner tensions. At those ages anxieties are normal enough, since most three- and four-year-olds are struggling with their first conscious efforts to "grow up." As they are trying hardest to gain control over their eating habits and bowel movements, they quite often turn to blue. Some children who rarely touched blue suddenly picked that color following visits to the dentist or after an illness, or during relapses when they wet themselves and suffered from nightmares. As the tensions eased, so did their use of blue.

Among older children, however, blue is frequent and natural. It suggests that a child has succeeded in "growing up" and is now operating at a less infantile, more easily self-controlled level.

A Fear-Ridden Little Man

Edward, whose name, like all others used here, is fictitious, is a striking example of a three-year-old boy who was preoccupied with blue during the entire year that his parents were trying to make a little man out of him too quickly. He was tense, burdened with fears and stubbornly refused to join in the fun. Often he voiced his fears for no apparent reason, such as warning others: "Don't put your face up to the window! The glass might cut you. . . . You mustn't hurt the guinea pigs. You mustn't say boo. It would scare them. . . . I'm not going to scare them. . . . I'm just going to sit and listen to them talking."

Edward's paintings, like his behavior, were correspondingly somber. He talked about blue more often than any color. Sometimes he even painted so intensely that the brush cut right through the paper. The part that was cut was always blue.

Several months later, as Edward overcame some of his fears and began to play with his group, his paintings also changed. The blues became lighter and he drew more open designs.

The next year, when Edward was four and better able to cope with the high standards set by his family, he completely lost his strong urge to paint and overpaint with blue.

In contrast to blue, red symbolizes strong emotions. Had Aileen's parents paid attention to the red circles she drew, they might have pondered why their child cried so much.

Her parents, having divorced, had both remarried and Aileen was shuttled between both sets of homes and was shunted to her grandmother's as well. In a sense, she had three homes. In a deeper sense, she had no home at all. Given such confusion, it is not surprising that Aileen lived in tearful turmoil. The extent to which she was upset by her vagrant status became quite obvious during her play with paints.

With the consistency of a metronome, Aileen drew large red circles. What did they mean? She herself gave the answer by calling them "house" or "home." The fact that no fewer than 133 of the 187 paintings done by Aileen in a single year consisted of these red circles speaks volumes to indicate how her abnormal home life preyed upon her young child's mind.

The clue to one child's tears may lie in red circles. The clue to another child's unhappiness may lie in purples, blues and blacks. By continually comparing changes in paintings with changes in behavior, the meaning of color and design can be uncovered. Phoebe was a dejected little girl, whose stepmother once told a teacher: "I wanted a daughter but I have a witch." When her hostile mother was at home, Phoebe painted with purple, blue and black. But when the mother left Chicago, this gave their family housekeeper a chance to lavish affection on Phoebe. Almost immediately the child's pictures changed. Somber tones gave way to warmer ones. After four weeks the mother returned home. Only two days passed before Phoebe was back to her usual purples, blacks and blues.

Color, however, is only one part of the picture. Parents would indeed get a distorted picture if they sized up their children's drawings on the basis of color alone. As a matter of fact, most children use several colors at once. Usually they place the colors on top of each other in a scramble that resembles an Irish stew. But such colorful stews are not pot luck.

These overlays suggest the child may be covering up true feelings. Just as adults cloak their feelings with words, very young children often camouflage their real desires with paints. In such cases the color that starts out on the bottom most often reflects the true feeling of the child.

Ann Reveals Her True Self

For four months Ann continually placed yellow on the bottom and then covered it with blues and greens. Then one day she no longer bothered to cover the yellow. At that same time she became what many parents would call "a changed child." Her long periods of silence ceased; she became talkative and scrappy. Now that she was acting in harmony with her basic wishes, Ann felt no further need to cover up—either in behavior or painting. (Paintings 7 and 8.)

Then there was Bert, an exceptionally submissive boy. Perhaps you wouldn't call him a sissy, but the influences at home were distinctly feminine. He saw his father only once a week. The rest of the time he was with women. In the nursery Bert's behavior was restricted—he kept his own company and talked to himself most of the time. His play at the easel showed a corresponding lack of emotional warmth, characterized, as one might expect, by the relative absence of red.

When Bert did use red, he covered it with cooler colors the first five times. He even commented one day, "I'm covering red," as though the color stood for a side of his personality that he preferred to hide. When playing with blocks, the red blocks also occupied a special place in Bert's scheme of things. He always used it for a traffic light, remarking, "Red block says stop." Apparently red, which Bert associated with "Stop" and which he covered with less emotional colors, symbolized the barriers that were preventing him from becoming a more carefree boy.

One day Bert smeared red over the page and, instead of covering it, let it stay, saying with some feeling, "I want it to say go." He only used red once more that year. Then, for the first time, he placed red *on top* of other colors.

It is significant that from this time on, Bert's behavior also went into reverse. From having been submissive

(Continued on page 90)

Child's interest in elimination problems de-clines as blobs replace smears—showing more control

Ann hid yellow under blue and green for three months, and during this same period she was silent and tense

Suddenly she became talkative and friendly, revealing her true self, and she made no attempt to hide yellow

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.N.?

ELEVEN men in plain business suits sat at a long curved desk that looked like a polished segment from a gigantic wagon wheel. Fluorescent lamps concealed in the ceiling poured a blue-white light down on them. Before each lay a green blotting pad, papers and pencils and a well-thumbed copy of the Charter of the United Nations. Before them all lay a problem—how to stop the war in Greece before it became a bigger war.

It was an old problem. The gentlemen had wrestled with it for months. They had the power to solve it in those 111 complicated articles of the Charter, a legal mechanism intended chiefly to keep peace. As members of the Security Council of the United Nations they were, if they could agree on what to do, the most powerful group of men in the world. They could stop wars and punish those who started them.

But they could seldom agree. When they did, they made French troops get out of Syria and Lebanon and obliged Russian soldiers to evacuate Iran. But this Greek affair was different. The gentlemen of the Security Council couldn't make up their minds.

They were tired and bored, approaching the end of another inconclusive session. They had held 60 meetings on the subject. Only one, when they agreed to send a commission to Greece to investigate the causes and effects of the Greek civil war, had produced results. The investigators reported that what had started as a rebellion of left-wingers against a duly elected but right-wing Greek government now threatened peace in the Balkans and, perhaps, the world. Greece's neighbors—Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria—the investigators found, were helping the antigovernment forces in Greece. Military meddling in the internal affairs of a neighbor was a violation of the law of the United Nations.

The gentlemen of the Security Council, really lawyers acting as diplomats, had before them two suggestions for settling the Greek dispute. One was by the Australian member calling on all parties concerned to quit fighting and arbitrate their differences among themselves. The other was in tougher American language. It blamed Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria for disturbing the peace and ordered them to stop helping the Greek guerrillas. It was time for the Council to vote, but the eleven knew beforehand what the result would be.

The press knew too. Of the 200 seats in the press gallery less than 20 were occupied. A Chinese correspondent played ticktacktoe with an American colleague. A few reporters made desultory notes. Others wandered in and out of the gallery like casual spectators at a six-day bike race.

But the men and women who occupied nearly all of the 600 spectators' seats in the public gallery, between the press balcony and the semicircular diplomats' table, listened to every word. They were attentive even when they didn't understand the French and Russian delegates. They strained for the translations. They watched every move, every expression of the eleven weary men on the stage of the amphitheater below them. Some of them, too, knew what would happen but obviously hoped it wouldn't.

The Australian resolution came first. Nine of the eleven approved. One, the Polish delegate, abstained from voting. The other, Andrei Gromyko of Russia, voted against it. There was an audible sigh of disappointment from the spectators. The press gallery rustled as reporters moved about, checking the results of the vote with one another. The Chinese correspondent wrote a cable: "Gromyko vetoed Australian resolution . . ."

Faris El-Khoury, the white-haired Syrian, who would yield the chairmanship of the Council to Gromyko in a few days under the rotating system which gives every member a chance to preside, was plainly exasperated. He looked at Herschel Johnson, the American delegate.

"We have another resolution," he said. "I don't believe its fate will be different. Do you want it discussed?"

"I do not think it necessary," Johnson replied with a tight jaw, "to take the time of the Council with any further arguments which would be in the nature of phonograph records. Let us proceed with the vote, please."

The Council voted. Gromyko vetoed. The Security Council had failed to halt the Greek civil war. Out of it might grow a Balkan war and out of it, as has happened before, another world war.

A Record of Failures

The Council's dismal performance in the Greek crisis was one of a batch of failures comparable to the futile record of the old League of Nations. The Council had also failed: (1) to pacify the Indonesian war, (2) to agree on disarmament, (3) to set up an international military organization to enforce a United Nations peace and, worst of all, (4) to internationalize atomic energy to ensure its use for the advancement rather than the annihilation of mankind.

This last was the Council's—and the United Nations'—most depressing failure although it did not, by any means, exhaust the record of deadlock and futility compiled in the brief two years of its life. What was wrong? Was the United Nations headed, like the old League, to collapse? Was One World a mirage?

Men have tried for 300 years to find workable ways of living together without periodically slaughtering one another with new and more destructive weapons. When muskets and cannon replaced swords and crossbows back in the seventeenth century Europe's thinkers came forward with plans for abolishing war. There were the schemes of Emeric Crucé, Hugo Grotius, William Penn and the Abbe Saint-Pierre, the spiritual ancestors of Wendell Willkie. English King Henry IV's "Grand Design" for a federated Europe even included an international police force.

The advent of the airplane, which shortened distances and gave the words "world" and "war" new meanings of smallness and of horror, impelled men to make a first effort at organizing the human race into a peaceful society of the League of Nations. This died as a noble but unworkable experiment. Peace remained a coveted luxury. World War II, long before it was over, realized all the horrors of that new weapon, the airplane, and men determined to try again to organize a workable world society with the United Nations.

Then, one day, atom bombs killed Nagasaki and hushed Hiroshima in the time it takes you to blow out a match. Peace became an indispensable necessity. Two billion survivors of World War II hailed the United Nations with the enthusiasm they might have accorded the arrival of the millennium.

The new and all-inclusive League of Nations promised not only to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war" but to protect fundamental human rights, promote a better life for everybody and establish justice and respect for international law. But has the United Nations realized its lofty ideals or achieved its irreproachable aims?

If so the facts are not apparent to the plain man, who knows only what he reads in the newspapers or hears on the radio. These tell him of violations of human rights in Poland and elsewhere, of famine in Europe and bankruptcy in Britain, of disregard for international law in Yugoslavia and of bloodshed in Greece and Indonesia. And the stories from Lake Success, on Long Island, where the United Nations is temporarily housed in a glitteringly functional building which was once ominously a factory for making warplane parts, do nothing to dispel his fears.

When he adds up what the headlines and the commentators say the average American is compelled to conclude that the U.N., like its predecessor at Geneva, Switzerland, is perhaps only a Utopian dream. Nevertheless, the average citizen isn't prepared to give up his dream. His enthusiasm for the idea of having a world organization to settle disputes between nations is as strong as ever. This is borne out by George Gallup's frequent public-opinion polls in which Americans, including the historically reluctant internationalists of the Middle West, voted for continuation of the U.N. and our participation the

But there is growing dissatisfac with the way in which the U.N handling the world's business. G lup's most recent poll showed that of every 100 Americans questioned the subject 50 were decidedly unha about the U.N.'s progress, only were satisfied, 24 had no opinion

What Americans say about U.N., according to Gallup's inv gators, reflects dissatisfaction e more pointedly than the statis They look upon the diplomats at L Success as "a bunch of politici playing out their own little gam They complain of "too much dis sion among the delegates."

Public Opinion Speaks Out

Who's to blame? Our citizens as sure about this as they are ab their dissatisfaction. "The Russia they told Gallup's doorbell ring "are trying to push everybody around" and "are trying to get a with too much."

On the other side of the fence, Russians blame the failures of U.N. on America. A recent disp from the Russian news agency, T which was published in Mosc newspapers charged:

"Everything bears witness to fact that American policy with reg to the United Nations more and m is pointing to two alternatives—eit unconditional subjugation of United Nations to the line of White House or direct liquidation the organization. . . . A great ca paign is waged with the intention distracting world opinion from rea which is not pretty, and to direct work of the Assembly to a false pa The 'veto question' is being drag out of dusty archives, a tattered sc crow."

Regardless of such blanket ind ments by either side, not all of blame for the dissension inside U.N., however, can fairly be laid the Russians. Although the strug for power between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. dominates the scene, ot battles caused by the conflicting int ests of the nations of the world fought out on the same stage.

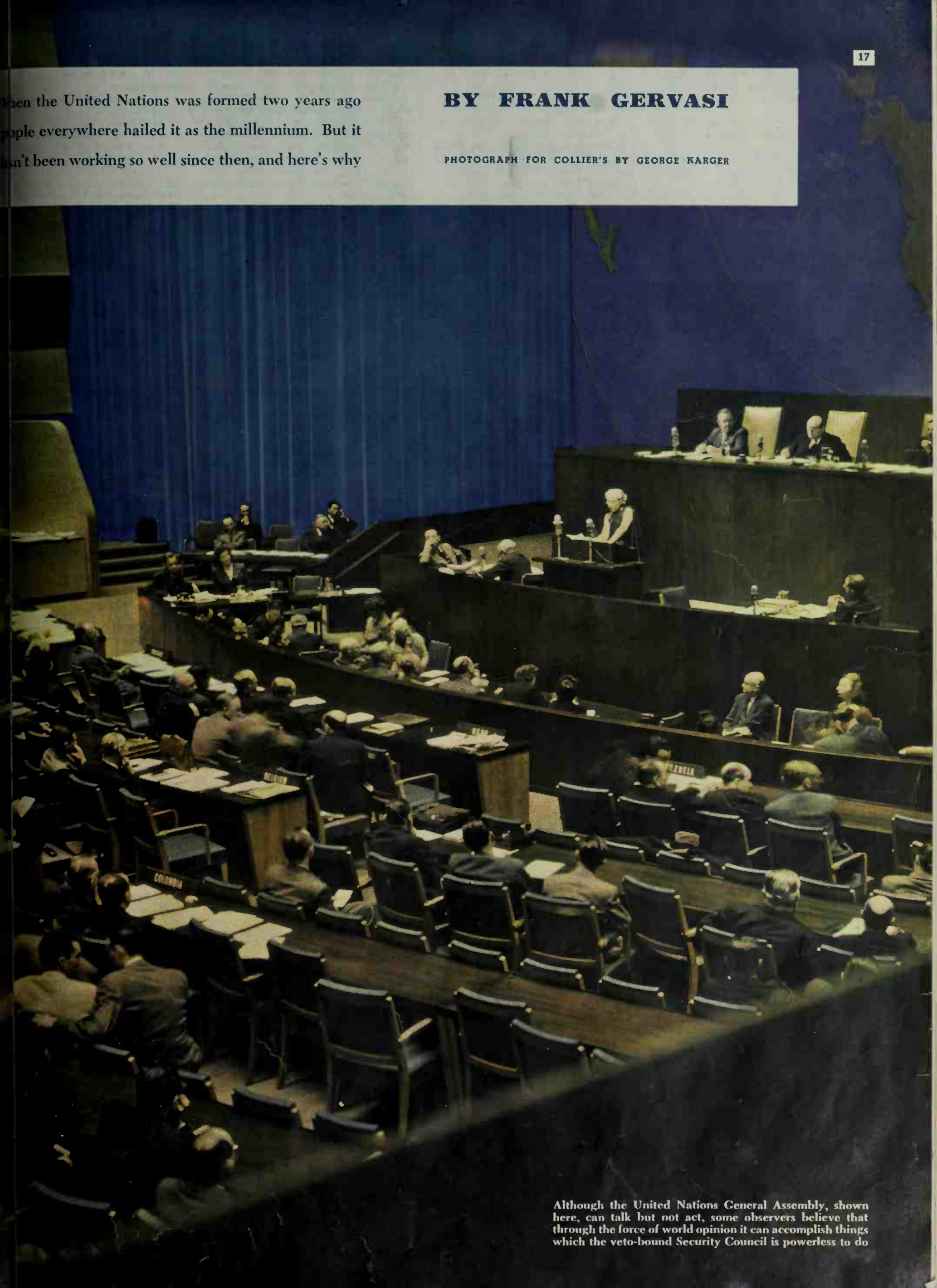
It was not Gromyko, for instan but the Frenchman Alexandre Par who snarled at least one major eff to settle the Indonesian disp America and nine other nations s ported a Russian resolution empow ing the Council to send an eleven-m commission to get the facts on spot, as was done in the Palest dispute. Parodi, as counsel for colonial power, supported the int ests of another, the Netherlan France may need Dutch help in p venting liquidation of France's int ests in Indo-China, where the nati also demand freedom. By this act Parodi wooed that help.

(Continued on page 69)

hen the United Nations was formed two years ago
ople everywhere hailed it as the millennium. But it
sn't been working so well since then, and here's why

BY FRANK GERVASI

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



Although the United Nations General Assembly, shown here, can talk but not act, some observers believe that through the force of world opinion it can accomplish things which the veto-bound Security Council is powerless to do

Sometimes it seems like there's one guy who was with you in the Army you just can't forget, like he's a symbol for all the wonderful things that happen to you. You forget the bad and remember the good. That's the way it was with

BERNIE AND ME

BY WILLIAM FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

LIZ—that's my wife—is a very pretty woman. "Okay, Liz," I said, "so I'm late for supper again."

"That's all right, hon," Liz said.

I moped around the kitchen door, not looking at her.

"Johnny's in bed. You go sit in front of the fire and relax. I'll bring you a nice drink."

I sighed and went into the front room.

Liz came in with two highballs, some cheese and crackers. "Cheddar," she said. "Your favorite cheese."

"Yeah," I said.

"Take some."

"I don't want any," I said.

When Liz spoke, her voice had that thin, hopeful tone I was beginning to get used to hearing. "I got a good steak today, hon. Sirloin. I'll broil it rare. Just like you like it."

"Steak," I said. "I'm sick of steak." It wasn't true but I was fidgety.

Liz stared at the gas log.

"I wish Bernie was here," I said.

Liz sighed.

I had some of the drink. I thought for a while about old Bernie and I started feeling a little more cheerful. "Old Bernie," I said. "Did I ever tell you about the time we were in training? Out at Fort Riley? And Bernie kicked out the glass door of this Chinese restaurant in Junction City? And this cocky little MP came along to arrest us, and Bernie and I kidnaped him and tied him in an empty stall out at the stables?"

"Yes, hon," Liz said, "you sure did."

"Some Bernie," I said. "That's some boy."

"How were things at the shop today?" Liz said.

"Old Bernie just didn't care. This first sergeant in the training troop, he was an old-timer, see? He was Regular Army from way back. Anything he hated, it was a second lieutenant. Bernie would ignore the second lieutenants whenever possible, but one man he'd always 'sir,' and salute, and that was the first sergeant. The sergeant loved it. He thought Bernie was the finest recruit he'd ever seen. The first sergeant, of course, practically ran the troop—guard roster, duty roster, all the details and even company punishment—and old Bernie, he took it pretty easy."

"Cute," Liz said.

"Cute! Why, that boy—"

Liz interrupted: "Things go any better today?"

"Ah, Liz," I said. "Forget it. Forget the shop, will you? The old grind. The salt mines. Six days, a day off—six days and a day off. It's awful. And the old man's still dishing out that tired malarkey: I was in today to tell him about some parts we needed for that custom-built job I been working on, and he says, 'Jack,' he says, 'you're the fastest man I got on the floor, and the best mechanic.' He says, 'Now don't forget what I been telling you about that assistant manager's job. You're the next man in line. Now keep up the good work, son,' he says."

"Why, that's swell, hon!" Liz said.

"Swell," I said. I slumped in my chair until my chin rested on my chest. "That's just dandy. Nine to five. Back and forth. Two weeks off in the summer. Plug, plug, plug. Year after year. Where in hell does it get you?"

"Ah, Jack, darling—what're you saying? It would be a wonderful, responsible job—"

"A good job? A good job, so what? Old Bernie, for instance; old Bernie and me, we used to talk. That's one of the beautiful things about the Army, Liz: plenty of time for batting the breeze. You have a couple of beers and you sit around and you bat the breeze.

"Bernie used to say, 'Jack,' he'd say, 'this old grind on the outside, that's strictly for the birds. One thing the Army's taught me, and that is this: A man's a damn' fool to knock himself out for the other guy. Now, I been a grease monkey for this character back in Pittsburgh since I got out of high school,' he'd say. 'When I get back I'll see this guy and he'll start handing me that stuff about how proud he is of me. He'll feed me that gook about how nothing is too good for Our Boys. He'll tell me the old job is waiting for me, and they've even saved my locker for me. He'll tell me he expects to see me on the job at eight o'clock the next morning. Now,' Bernie says, 'you know what I'm going to say to this character, Jack?' I'd shake my head, uh-uh, and Bernie would say, 'I'll say this: I'll say, *Blow it out your barr bag, Jerk!*'

"That's the kind of a guy Bernie I told Liz.

"He sounds charming."

"I'll never forget the time—"

"I'd better start the steaks," said.

Well, I'd got to thinking about nie—I'd been thinking about hin day—and I didn't want to stop. like this: You meet a lot of guy the Army and sometimes—and is the way it was with me—there's guy you can't forget. There's guy who just happens to be with when you're hitting the high spot your Army service. And from on this guy is all mixed up with becomes sort of a symbol for—al wonderful, important, half-ba shining things that happened to during your hitch; and when think of him you forget all the in-between stretches of misery, b dom, griping and fear. It's like a —it's like maybe Stardust: You Stardust a few times when you' kid, when you just happen to feel enough to grab stars out of the s and from then on, or until you slapped in the face with the truth, ery time you hear Stardust. y think of how happy you always as a kid.

"Let them go," I said to Liz. the steaks go for a while and mak another drink."

When Liz came back with the f drinks I let her have it. I'd been w

n up to it, and now I let her have it: "Maybe you've been wondering why I as late getting home today?"

never worry about you, hon."

ike a barking dog don't bite, she ne:r worries about me. I let it go. "Yu know that garage out on Frank- ir was telling you about? The one o sale?"

Let's see," Liz said sweetly. "The r last week was on Wilson. The two ere that were on Central. I'm a t mixed up."

You know the one I mean," I rvled. "Well, I went out there to- a with this real-estate feller. I ed it over good. Then I got down brass tacks. Ten thousand will lle it."

Didn't you decide once that the ion was bad?"

Maybe I've changed my mind."

That's your privilege, hon."

ot up and started pacing. "I could e it pay, Liz. I know I could make y! I'd be my own boss. No more ng away for the other guy. Time when I wanted it. I'd start living,

couldn't see Liz' face. All of a en I slowed down. "Ah, honey, I know what's the matter with me. n't know why I'm getting all in a r. Ten thousand bucks is all the y in the world. Ten thousand s—even with what we've saved a G.I. loan—is twice too much." ied. "Maybe," I said, "maybe the man will give me a gold watch n extra day off when I've worked for him fifty years. Just maybe." And I made a very dramatic exit.

I went into the kitchen and made another drink. The weight of the world was on my shoulders. I wondered if I'd said too much about Bernie to Liz. Then I wondered if I'd said enough. Anyhow, I got to thinking about old Bernie again. I got to thinking about old Bernie and the time I ran into him in Manila, just after the war. After Leyte, he'd been transferred to another outfit. He'd gone somewhere south and I hadn't heard from him since he'd written me from Sydney telling me how wonderful the Australian girls were. So one day I walked into this grogshop in Manila —and so help me, there was old Bernie. The same old Bernie.

"The house is pinched!" I yelled.

Bernie whirled, ready to do battle, and he saw me.

"Why, you shanty Irish gold brick!" he shouted.

"Old Satchelfoot!"

We clapped each other on the back. We razzed each other about our stripes and our ribbons. We argued about who had won the war, and we had a hell of a fine time. Then a couple of Aussie noncoms came in with a couple of those Dutch girl-soldiers. Bernie said, "Watch this."

He moved in. The Aussies were drunk, and the girls didn't speak English. The most thing an Aussie loved was a jeep—and the rest was a pushover. Bernie just traded his jeep to the Aussies for the girls. The Aussies took off in Bernie's jeep after some more girls. It took Bernie two minutes to report the theft of his jeep. It took the MPs thirty minutes to spot the jeep and return it. We loaded the girls in the jeep and took off for a cockfight. We spent the next two days teaching those Dutch girls how to speak English.

I stood there in the kitchen for a while working on that drink, and thinking about old Bernie and all the laughs we used to have. Then I thought of the bright color of that water out in the Pacific. I thought of that beautiful, hot Philippine sunshine. I thought of how a man never felt cooped up, and beaten, and small-time and hopeless out there in the Pacific—the way he felt back here, with a wife and kid counting on him to make the grade. And with the grocer and the landlord breathing down the back of his neck. And with the job—the dirty, gray, miserable, immovable job—leering in his face all his waking hours.

I finished my drink and went into the bedroom—being very careful not to wake Johnny—and I groped around in the back of the closet until I found the old G.I. blouse. The ribbons and the stripes were a little dusty, the buttons a little tarnished. But the old blouse looked pretty good. I slipped her on and buttoned her up. I stood in front of the mirror and snapped to attention. I handed myself a snappy highball. "Sergeant

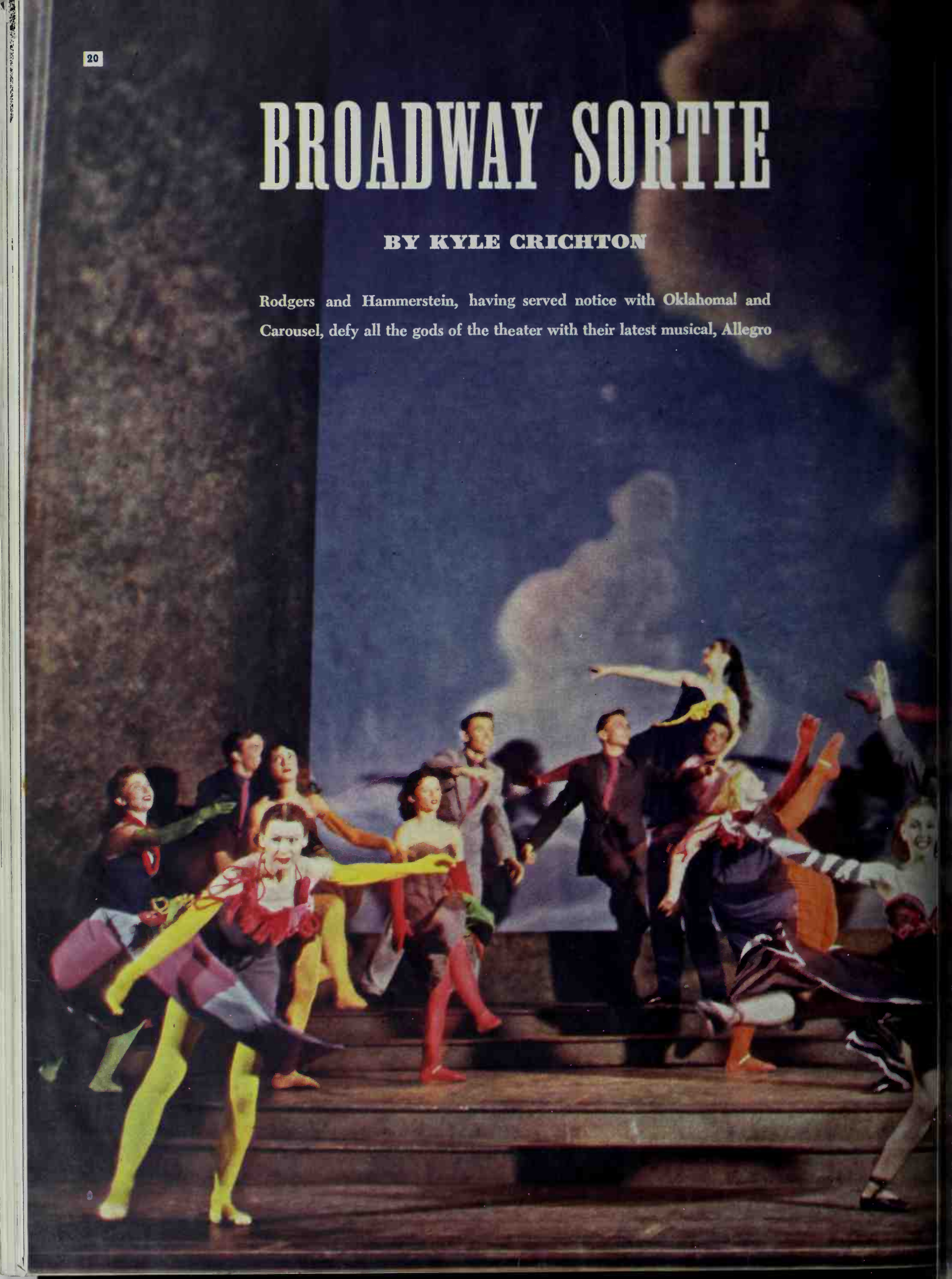
(Continued on page 87)

"Just a minute," I yelled. "Hand me the screw driver, Liz." I took Herman and spread him on the floor. I put my foot on his chest and tried my hand at the gadget. It was a tight fit

BROADWAY SORTIE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Rodgers and Hammerstein, having served notice with Oklahoma! and Carousel, defy all the gods of the theater with their latest musical, Allegro



SOMETHING over eighteen months ago Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers decided that musical shows were in a rut. Having excavated rather elaborately in the region themselves with such successes as Oklahoma! and Carousel, they were in a position to know the truth. They also suffered slightly from Alexander complaint: nothing more to conquer in their own field. They had fame, as much money as the government permitted and a sense of frustration. In this state of mind they sat down and wrote Allegro, the new Theatre Guild show.

When it opened in New Haven early in September such members of the Yale faculty as were alive at the moment sat in eager conclave and viewed with interest. What was it—opera? The Guild issued a hasty disclaimer, perhaps on the theory that Americans are equally unhappy with the opera and the porcupine, but offered no further assistance. Was it pageant, tableau, whimsy, whamsy, satire, burlesque or merely words with music?

The latter would have handled it nicely if it hadn't been for the Greek choruses. At intervals groups of young men and women found themselves clustered about the premises, intent on lecturing the cast, instructing the audience and heckling characters in the plot who wavered ineptly. This was undoubtedly confusing to those audiences in New Haven and Boston whose previous knowledge of Greek aesthetics was confined to the vaudeville appearances of George Givot, and it was not too effective with learned gentlemen from Cambridge who had known Sophocles as a boy. It was finally agreed that Allegro was a special mercurial substance comparable with the olive. You either liked it or didn't like it and rarely had adequate reasons for either judgment.

Not to be too mysterious about it, Allegro retails the plain story of one Joseph Taylor, Jr., who is born, grows up, goes to college, gets married, becomes a doctor like his father and finally sets up as a society physician at the insistence of his ambitious wife. This lady begins as a charming little creature (well played by Roberta Jonay), graduates into a vixen and ends as a thorough bad egg. As you might know, Joe solves his problem by deserting his elegant psychotic Chicago patients and returning to join his father in a small town happily full of broken legs, uneasy appendixes and honest extroverts. This is all; but it makes for a full/long evening.

"We got tired of that old type of show," says Rodgers. "A scene, a song, a dance, a scene. . . . We just took a story and worked it all in together. Best fun I ever had in my life."

The first hearing of the score comes as something of a shock to the casual listener. It may not be operatic and it may not be contrapuntal but it certainly isn't Broadway. The theme song, Allegro, is a fine buxom bouncy number with a cakewalk rhythm and it will probably catch on first. It may be found, as with Oklahoma!, that the numbers overlooked originally become the later favorites. There are some little heart-tuggers like I Know It Can Happen Again, A Fellow Needs a Girl, and Come Home, Son, Come Home.

The stage is full of attractive young people directed by Agnes de Mille and they do a lot of charming galloping in a freshman dance and later in a psychiatric ballet. In the freshman dance the young folks are going through the ballroom wrigglings of the period circa 1925 (in Boston the man next to us whispered to his companion in a scathing voice: "Princeton!") and then the dancers change into what they imagine they are, very beautiful females in draperies floating through the air in the arms of what seemed in Boston to be exclusively Harvard men.

Under analysis, the show proves to have dozens of high points. It starts slowly and it looks for a time as if Joe is never going to get out of his cradle. (This reminds us of what a Missouri friend said to Augustus Thomas, as he was about to write his autobiography. "Git growed up quick, Gus," he said.) But it gets rolling with the college scenes and there is a good comedy hit by Wilson Smith as the football coach. This is followed by drama and even tragedy. Jennie wants Joe to get through college and go into her father's lumber business; Mama wants Joe to be a doctor. They quarrel; Mama has a stroke and passes on. Since Mama is played by Annamary Dickey, this prompted an auditor in Boston to say glumly, "There goes the best singer in the show."

But this gentleman counted without Mr. Hammerstein. Mama may be dead, as Grandma Taylor was before her, but they both keep coming back. Hammerstein is insistent that these parts should not be played as ghosts or wraiths but rather as "presences" and the audience soon comes to accept them as *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

There are greed and lust and neuroses aplenty in the frantic Allegro ballet, whose characters do not toil, but how they spin! The cluster of doctors avariciously eyes potential patients

THE GREEN BOUGH

BY FELICIA GIZYCKA

My mind is getting spoiled, thought Roxie, like all the other girls'—spoiled with secrets and with love

SHE did not sense disturbing change. There was nothing to warn her. This Sunday morning seemed like all the others. And she herself did everything the same old way.

The church bells sounded through her mind before she was awake. And then she lay there, as she always did, listening to them, knowing that it was six o'clock in the morning. Then she stretched luxuriously, and said: "Roxie Anderson, it's time to get up." Saying it out loud, like a ritual.

She rose, and stood in the room, and stretched once more, like a tawny animal. Her red-brown hair was long and straight, and she was sunburned to match her hair.

The bells were still ringing, and she could almost feel the golden grating vibrations in the room. The early sun made a huge warm patch on the wall. It was all just the same, all wonderful, all specially made for her enjoyment. In the whole town, only she and Andy Hamilton, Mike's lame brother, were awake. He was up there in the white steeple, ringing the bells.

She stood in the bathroom scrubbing her face with hot water, then with cold. She thought of her bicycle out there in the shed, and as usual she could hardly wait to start riding. People thought she was good-natured, running errands for them all day in the week and even on Sundays. They didn't know that speed was a special sort of freedom. From school, and from any thought of the future. Graduation next year, then business college! Ah, she couldn't think of it. She didn't think of it. When people said, What are your plans? she didn't listen, she only smiled and answered vaguely. The same as she did when they said, "You are pretty."

She thought about this now, and stared into the mirror with a sudden look of surprise. She could see nothing but a face, her own, and dully familiar.

She wasn't pretty at all. Pretty! That was a label. People wanted to call you things, and thus own you. In a small town like this they all knew you. They wanted to advise you and make plans for you. They wanted to tie you down to life with all sorts of loves and hatreds, the same as everybody else.

These thoughts might have been premonitions. But now her mind was innocent, devoid of worry. Clad in shirt, blue jeans and moccasins, she ran out of the house. The morning was a wonder of deep colors. Everywhere you could hear the birds, and see them too. The white houses, the green lawns, the street almost black in the elm shadows—these things were sharper, as though they had acquired new dimensions.

She rolled the bike out and felt the tires. Think of staying up all night at an old dance! She could just see Nancy Webster asleep next door. She'd be asleep all morning in an airless room with her clothes strewn around. Roxie's dance dress was put away in the closet. She always came home early, after just enough dancing. She was a wonderful dancer and she tired herself in the first hour, every Saturday. Then she would walk home slowly from the club house, often as not without a boy.

She walked down the drive[way] ing the bike. She thought about Webster. How they'd been friends all their lives. And well, now they'd grown apa[rt] was all. Nancy was silly and [all] about nothing but boys.

She hopped on the bike and slowly, luxuriously, down the green tunnel of summer. There end was the white frame church ple and beautiful, with its little As she passed the church to start aling up the great hill she ra[ised] arm into the air, a salute for He always saw her go by; it game they played every Sunday this morning she turned her h[ead] surprise. She could hear voices there. Someone with Andy could it be? Perhaps the premo did come to her, then. She was turbed for a minute, as though thing had interrupted her day she had to laugh at herself. D[on't] a goop, she thought. Your life have to be the same, down t[o] smallest detail.

At the top of the hill she stood

ing down at the town. It was white and toylike, with tufted greenery in squares. The church was a white, simple toy in the early sun. With the open belfry, it was old-fashioned and beautiful. People said it was hard on Andy, having to climb into the old bell loft and ring the heavy, ungeared bells. But she knew that this was Andy's secret pride, his joy. His reason for living. The bells were something that he loved and understood, something that he put every ounce of effort into. This was his career, and it made him like other boys in spite of his lameness.

Andy, the church, the beautiful bells—these things would always be the same. And she would always drift along, secure in this sameness. She would always go through these darling familiar streets and have everybody say, Hello, Roxie, and smile at her. She would always run in and out of people's houses and have them all glad to see her. All equally glad. But she would never get too close to any of them. Never.

She gave a great push and jumped on the bike. She raced down the hill, going faster and faster; the wind brought tears to her eyes. This was the moment of joy, the freedom of the week. The best thing. No traffic on the road, nobody to see, nothing. The houses, the lawns, the first elms darted past her like weapons hurled through the air. She was at the corner. Too wonderful, no stopping now, she must race on as far as possible.

And then, like lightning, it happened. The truck coming round the corner. Almost too late it honked noisily, like a great gray goose. She turned, reversing the wheel on itself, and she and the bike jounced over the curb and spilled on the church green.

The truck driver leaned out, his face pinched with fright. Then seeing her unhurt he bawled with fury and relief: "Whyn't you look where you're going? Coulda gotten killed!"

He changed gears harshly and roared up the hill. She stood staring down at her scratched legs. Then she looked at the bicycle and saw it was all right.

The church door burst open suddenly. Andy limped out, looking pale and concerned. Right behind him came somebody else. It was Mike, his brother.

(Continued on page 74)

There it was, what she had suspected. She could see the whole thing, the answer to why the bells were out of tune

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

When Wallace referred to a $300,000,000 loan as just a paper loss, Morgenthau said, "You don't run your own home that way"

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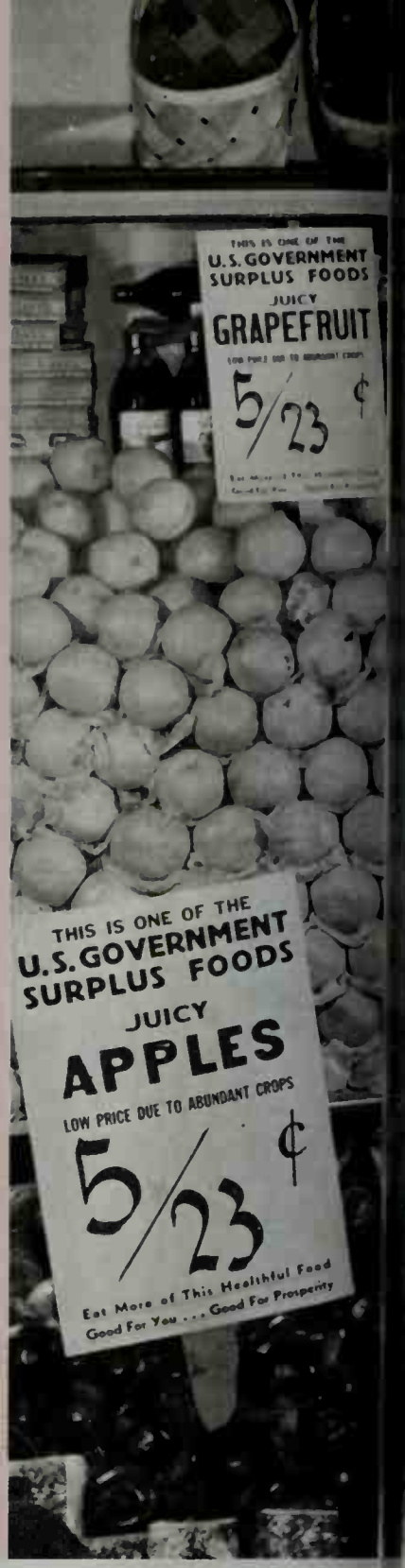


THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

V-THE PARADOX OF POVERTY AND PLENTY

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

Morgenthau: "Franklin, when Wallace gives these long economic talks, do you understand what he's talking about?" F.D.R.: "Absolutely not!"

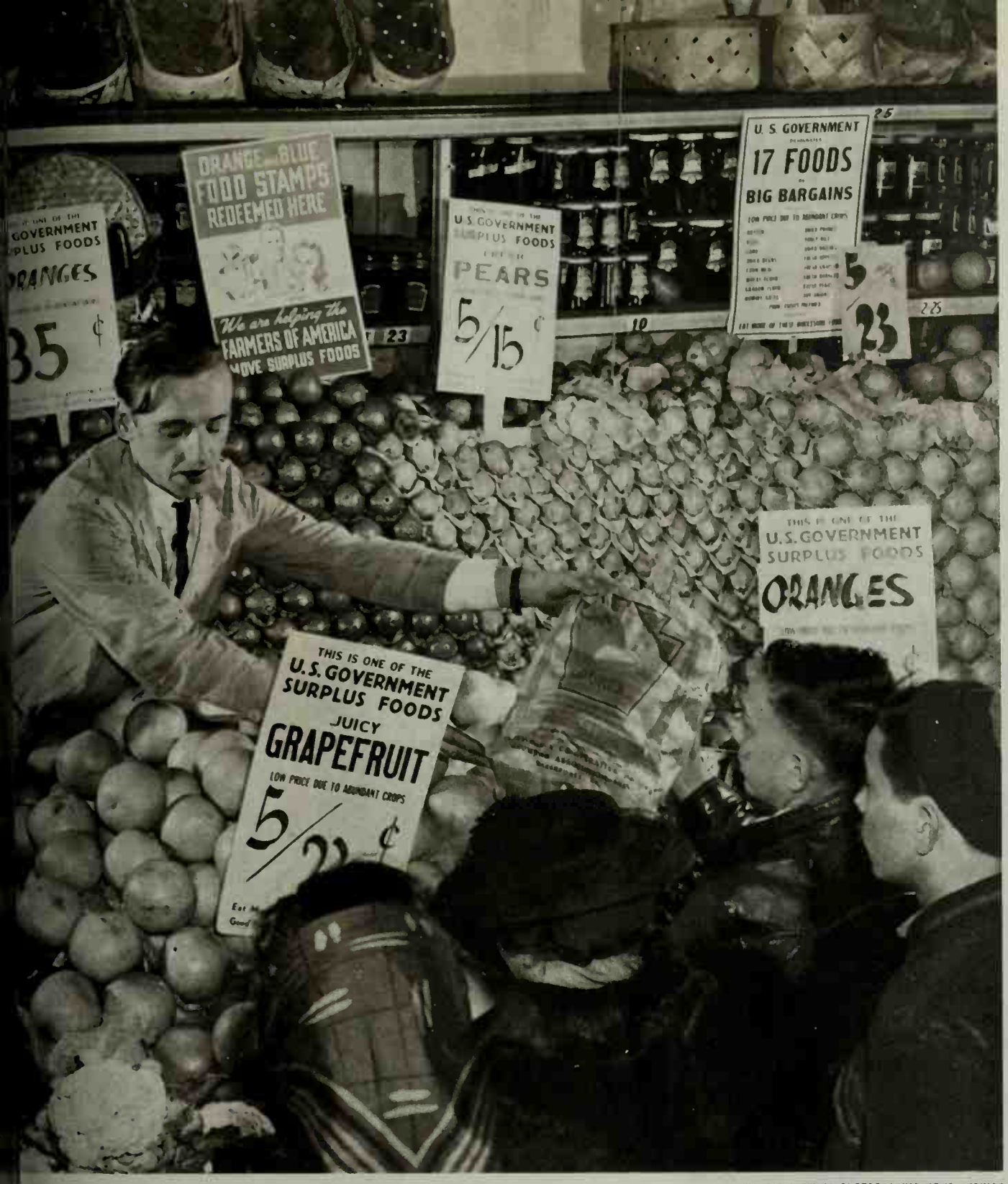
OF ALL the economic dilemmas which periodically confront us, the farmer's dilemma is one of the most terrible and, at the same time, one of the toughest to solve. When the farmer does not grow enough to satisfy the demand, prices rise, he makes a good living—and millions of people do not have enough to eat. When he raises too much, the bottom falls out of the market, he cannot keep up payments on his mortgage, and his crops wither in the fields. The problem of the agricultural surplus is a tragic irony in the very center of our economic system.

We are in the boom period at this moment, where everything the American farmer raises can be sold at a profit in the world market. But in a year or two, given a couple of bumper crops, given the revival of agriculture in Europe and Asia, we are going to be confronted by a world surplus again—not, of course, in terms of capacity to consume, but in terms of ability to purchase. We cannot afford ever again to meet this situation by an artificial creation of scarcity. If we burn wheat in South Dakota while babies die in France and China, we will be hated and reviled through the world. We must develop some means of bridging the gap between domestic surpluses and world hunger.

This is not precisely a new problem. What we face today on an international scale is essentially what we faced in the early years of the N Deal on a national scale. We then, staring us in the face, that g paradox of poverty in the midst plenty—of surpluses rotting on farm, and stomachs empty in the Some of us worked and groped devise ways by which the twain co meet without wrecking the syst

The farmer hit bottom in 1 Wheat had plunged 63 per cent be its 1929 price; cotton 67 per cent. Hoover Administration, of cou held out no hope, and the farmers started organizing themselves to vent prices from falling any lo The obvious way was to keep f products off the market until scar caused the prices to rise. The tional Farmers' Holiday Associa found eager response in its camp to organize farmers' strikes.

The smell of revolution was in air. We had to do something al farm prices and about farm cr and we had to act fast. This bec a top priority on that day in when Franklin Roosevelt bec President. Soon after March F.D.R. made me chairman of Her Hoover's Farm Board, with orde liquidate it, and then establi a consolidated independent c agency to replace the hodgepodg bureaus charged with relieving farmers' burden of debt. This wa



HARRIS & EWING PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS SERVICE

The Food Stamp plan relieved the farmer's surplus and also provided a balanced diet for those on relief

Credit Administration, and I
e its first governor.
immediate responsibility in the
ob was to save the farms. All
gh the land they were passing
very bang of the auctioneer's
er from the men who farmed
to banks and insurance com-
. In many parts of the country,
of 10 farmers could not meet
ligations on their first mortgage.
d about two billion dollars in
tty with which to stall off the
I set up Farm Credit in five
ns, each to handle one of the
s types of loans which a farmer
need, and we fell to work as
we could. In its first eighteen
s Farm Credit refinanced about
cent of the total farm mort-
ebt in the United States.
hope was that Farm Credit
eventually become a farmer-
, farmer-operated credit enter-
which could borrow from the
on favorable terms and pass on
nefits to farmers by lending at
able rates of interest. We made
in this direction. I remember
Garner turning to me one day
inet meeting and saying, half
y, half not, "Damn you old
bags. Until you came along
Garner and I averaged 16 per
ear on our money, and now we
et better than 5 per cent."

Garner's attitude was in striking contrast to that of Marvin Jones, who managed the Farm Credit Bill in the House. Jones, a sharecropper's son, had seen his father and mother struggle helplessly against high-interest notes until it killed them.

But Farm Credit was never allowed to develop along the lines I had in mind. After I left, the Department of Agriculture absorbed it and converted what should have been an independent credit enterprise into just another unit in its system of controls.

But our activity in the realm of farm credit did not touch the big problem in the summer of 1933—the general level of prices. The Administration was mobilizing on all fronts to get prices up. I well knew that, if we could get farm prices up, we would reduce the weight of debt in terms of purchasing power and thus lighten the debt burden as effectively as direct mortgage relief. But, if prices should fall any further, then the whole farming community would be threatened with bankruptcy, and no one could foretell what violence might ensue.

The President had had a brief success during the first Hundred Days of the New Deal. Prices shot up, in the first wave of enthusiasm. But the rise turned out to have been mainly speculative. In July, prices began to sag. By the beginning of October wheat had skidded down to 90 cents. Twelve days later it went below 70 cents and seemed to be still on the toboggan.

The President was gravely concerned. The malady threatened much more than just the farm belt: The whole recovery program was jeopardized by this galloping palsy. F.D.R. needed action to stop the landslide. At this crucial time the Treasury Department was playing a nonco-operative role. So, during the fight to get prices up, the President had to depend more and more on people outside the Treasury, particularly on his men in the two key credit agencies—Jesse Jones in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and myself in Farm Credit.

We experimented with propping up prices through government lending. The Commodity Credit Corporation, established in October, 1933, offered a higher loan to cotton growers for every pound they withheld from market than they could realize by selling the cotton. In this fashion we induced them not to dump their cotton and drive prices still lower.

This proved a useful stopgap. But the collapse in wheat prices was too severe to handle in that way. On the night of October 16th, as I was spending a quiet evening at home, the telephone rang. It was the President.

"We have got to do something about the price of wheat," he said, strain and weariness apparent in his tone. "I can't take it any longer. . . . Can't you buy 25,000,000 bushels for Harry Hopkins and see if you can't put the price up?"

Henry Wallace, I knew, had the machinery for buying; and, if Hopkins would agree to take it off my hands for relief distribution, I would be certain not to get stuck with loads of surplus wheat.

I started in on the buying game first thing in the morning. Wheat was perched precariously at $64\frac{7}{8}$ when I placed the first order for 1,000,000 bushels. By the end of the day we had worked it up 10 cents.

"Squeeze the life out of the shorts," F.D.R. said to me, with the old fight in his voice, "and put the price up just as far as you can."

Gold and Commodity Prices

But a more basic program to meet the commodity price situation was the attempt to raise the price of gold by government purchase of gold at high prices. This program was based on the theory of Professor George Warren of Cornell that if the price of gold were to increase, commodity prices would rise again. With the emergence of Warren and the gold policy, the Treasury Department team settled back even more firmly on the bench on the side lines from which it had watched the bulk of the campaign against low prices.

William H. Woodin, the Secretary of the Treasury, was a frail, elfin man, who had been ailing ever since the exhausting days of the bank crisis eight months before. His subordinates were mostly men whose constitutional timidity and whose orthodox monetary views disqualified them from cooperating with the President's bold innovations. F.D.R. had brought in Dean Acheson, an able and brilliant government servant, to strengthen the department; but Acheson as it turned out, regarded the whole gold-buying program as unconstitutional.

"I am opposed to our buying gold," Acheson stated coldly. "The President has ordered me to do it. I will carry out his orders."

The President announced the gold purchase campaign in a fireside chat on October 22d. I had a telephone installed in the Cabinet room to keep track of the purchases. F.D.R. was in a grand humor.

"I have had shackles on my hands for months now," he said, "and I feel for the first time as though I had thrown them off."

Every morning Jesse Jones and I would meet with George Warren in the President's bedroom to set the price of gold for the day. Franklin Roosevelt would lie comfortably on his old-fashioned three-quarter mahogany bed. A table stood on each side; on his left would be a batch of government reports, a detective novel or two, a couple of telephones. On his right would be pads, pencils, cigarettes, his watch and a plate of fruit. Hearty and refreshed after a night's rest, he would eat his soft-boiled eggs while the three of us reported to him on the behavior of prices.

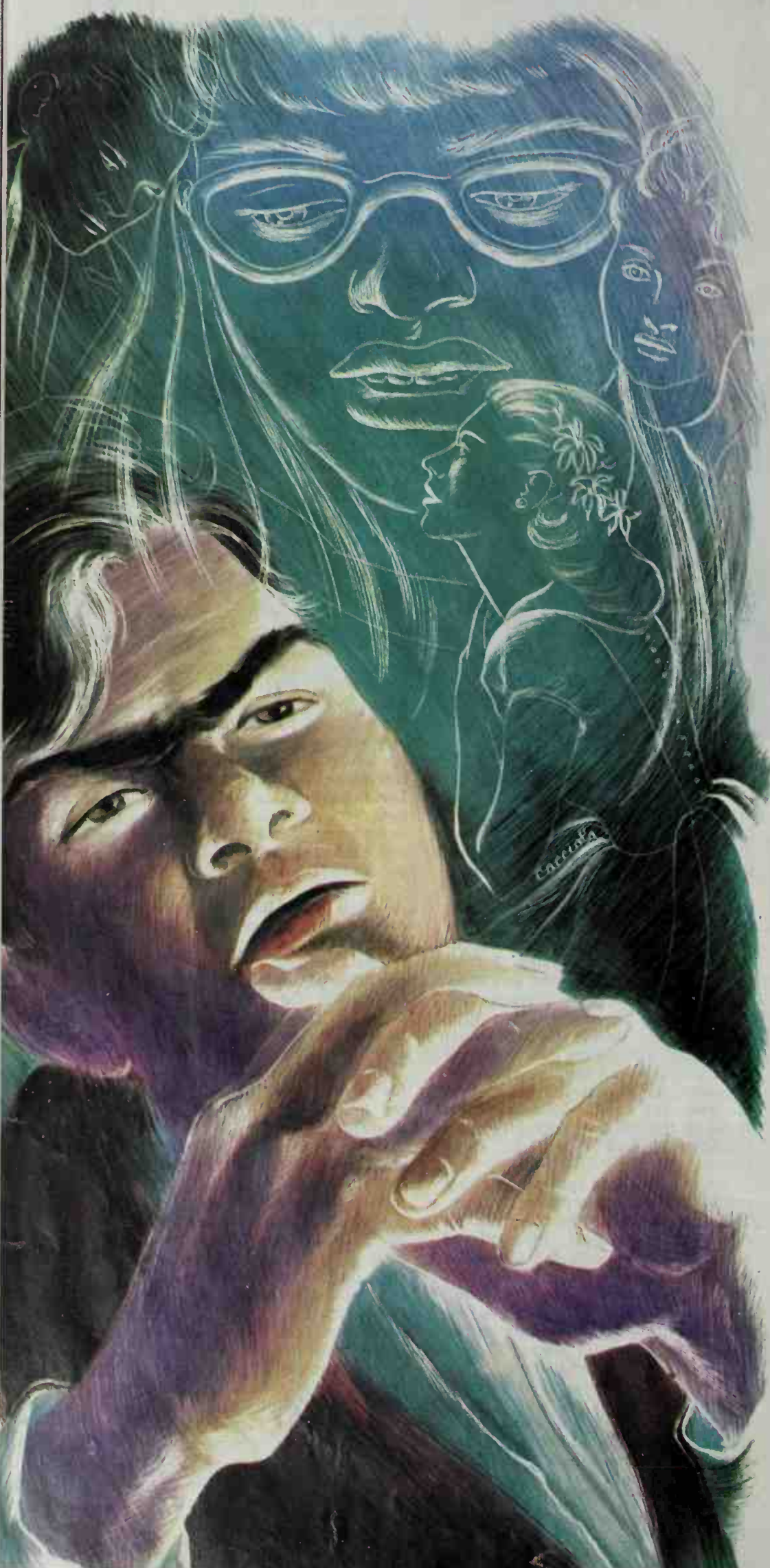
The actual price on any given day made little difference. Our object was

(Continued on page 83)

THE OTHER MIND READER

BY OGDEN NA

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



NATURALLY it never occurred to Brander Gillis that sudden death would be his either to give or to receive.

He was not a shyster, but a professional man of open mind who presumed his clients to be innocent until after the acquittal; not a usurer, but a friend of man, always willing to rent part of his hard-earned money to the needy for what it might be worth to them; not a blackmailer, but a discreet and reasonable trustee of distressing information. In his home he was neither a miser nor a tyrant, but an unswervable advocate of economy and discipline, two virtues the lack of which had deposited so many deplorable examples in the hard chair facing the light in his modest offices.

There was not an ounce of jealousy in his body—as indeed why should there be? The wistful light that glowed in the eyes of his wife and his partner when they dared glance at each other was easily extinguished by a mere twist of the wrist, the slightest pressure of the thumb on the nerve center.

And if his wife's sister occasionally gave him a look that no one could like, it did not affect her efficiency as cook-housekeeper or her devotion to that strange girl child of hers with the thick lenses and the thick speech, that child who, as he was careful to remark with commendable frankness when the roast beef was overdone, would perhaps be far better fed in an institution.

As for Burger, soft-footed Burger, butler, chauffeur, handy man, door mat, he knew which side his bread was buttered on, as well as which side of stone walls he wanted to eat it on. No, Brander Gillis had nothing to fear from man or devil, and his thoughts did not often turn to God.

Why, then, on one particular week end did this good man with nothing to fear remove the bed of his unprotesting wife to a guest room and take pains to lock himself in alone each night? Why was he careful never to turn his back to his partner? Why did he wait, spoon poised, to taste his soup until his sister-in-law had swallowed hers? Why did he continually flick Burger into cringing hysteria with one sharp, almost inaudible phrase?

Perhaps the episode of the roller skate had disturbed him, though it was plainly attributable to the slovenliness of a backward child. But this fall after stepping on the skate at the top of the stairs had been a severe one, aggravating the pain he still felt from his previous fall in the bathtub, a mishap he could not understand. He, who, proud of the luxurious remnants of his the plump resiliency of his be flesh, used nothing but the whit Castile, had trod on a cake of pin nearly invisible against pink porc

Still, if accidents really ca threes, he should have nothing m worry about, and certainly ther nothing mysterious about the misadventure. True, he could sworn that the car was in the way when he dozed off after so fully guiding it home from the apartment of a cherished client, had been a surprise to awake t himself behind the wheel in the g with the doors closed and the r running—but a man gets used to discrepancies when he likes a drink once in a while.

PERHAPS his apprehension with the book. It was called to Be a Mind Reader. The dar gainly child had been absorbed for days, so the reasonable res the roller-skate business was i fiscation. Unreasonably, she ha been upset. "I know everything she declared with complacence, read every mind in this house. tain someone wants to kill you, Brander. Someone besides me added reflectively.

Gillis was a hardheaded ma that was the night he banished hi and the first of the nights that him hunched over How to Be a Reader; scoffing, then compre ing, finally believing. It was at S supper that he suddenly l through the smooth, uncomm tive foreheads of his wife, of his ner, of his sister-in-law, of Burg butler—and Brander Gillis kne identity of the certain someone.

He locked himself in his room and because his need for the boo past he did not miss it from the b table. Brander Gillis sat in his all night, not awake, not aslee dreamed a dream.

It's kill or be killed, dr Brander Gillis, *kill or be killed.* being a hardheaded man, he with dreamed the unsuspected, t detected, the undetectable, the murder.

He was smiling when he wo glanced at the door, well honestly locked. *Let me just ru it once to make sure,* he thou *seem to forget some of the points. . . .*

"Never mind," said a hatef familiar voice behind him. "I r ber."

Gillis locked himself in his room and sat up in a chair all night, not awake, not asleep, and dreamed a dream

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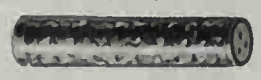

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MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

Continued from page 12

I parked outside the garage. One of the doors was up and there was a car inside, a rather dilapidated coupé of prewar vintage—considerably prewar. That meant that Fred had gotten here first.

Jean and I got out and approached the house. I wasn't feeling too happy. Meeting the husband of one's fiancée isn't conducive to nonchalance.

We walked up some stone steps and across a huge veranda. There was no sign of Fred except the little car parked in the garage.

Jean halted at the front door and called.

There was no answer. She looked at me and I looked at her. That didn't seem to buy us anything, so she stepped inside. I followed.

We entered a large reception hall. There was a decorative archway. Just beyond it was a gracious living room. Off to the right I could see the dining room, its furniture dust-covered and neglected.

Jean led the way into the living room. We walked toward the piano, which was in the far corner. That took us around a huge couch which sat stolidly in the middle of the room.

Jean saw it first. My first intimation was a choked cry from her.

It lay on the rug in front of the couch. It was a man. He was on his back, staring at the ceiling. He wasn't moving. He wouldn't ever move again.

Jean said, "Oh, my God! It's Fred."

I looked down at the body stretched out on the rug in front of the sofa and thought: So this is Fred Wilson. This is Jean's husband. Then I thought: This is a hell of a way to meet.

YOU can't measure time in a situation like this. You think fast, but not too coherently. For a while you do nothing except try to adjust yourself to something incredibly fantastic.

I slipped an arm around Jean's waist. It was a lovely waist, but at the moment nothing registered except that I was making a two-bit attempt to bolster her morale.

Details impress themselves on you at a time like that. Even in death, with his eyes staring sightlessly at the ceiling, I could see what Jean had meant when she said Fred was an attractive man. He was about six feet tall, and looked even taller than that the way he was lying. He was neatly dressed in an Oxford-gray suit, pale gray shirt and maroon tie. His hair was thick and black, and there was a vivid white streak running through it just to the right of the part. It gave him a distinguished air. Except for the stain near his heart and the wide-open eyes, you'd have expected him to jump up, shake hands and pour a round of drinks.

Jean was having a tough time. One hand was pressed against her lips, as though she were trying to make herself believe something which could not be believed. Then she slipped out of my grasp and knelt beside the body. I followed suit. I felt for a pulse that wasn't there. I slipped my hand inside his shirt just on the off chance that the heart might be going, but it wasn't. I said, "It must have just happened. He's still warm."

She said dully, "Nobody knew he was here."

"You knew it," I answered. "I knew it. And at least one other person."

I'd been overseas during the war. Air Force. I'd seen dead men, and men who were dying. But this was different. This was my first contact with murder. Then an idea hit me. I got up and started looking around. I looked everywhere within a radius of perhaps ten feet. No gun. No shell. No suicide. It had to be murder, and with a revolver.

I clamped my fingers around Jean's arm and hauled her to her feet. She stood rigidly for a moment, then she turned to me and started crying.

It was a terrible sort of crying. Quiet, repressed. It was an outlet for shock. There was probably a strong element of grief in it, too. So they hadn't made a go of their marriage, so they didn't belong on the same team, so he had walked out on her when she was broke and hadn't seen her for three and a half years! He had been her husband. They must have been happy for a while. They had shared memories which belonged only to them. And now he was lying dead in the living room of the ornate, overdone house he had given her as a wedding present. That marked a line I couldn't cross, a line I'd never cross.

She was getting herself under control. I asked a question that might have sounded foolish, but wasn't. I said, "You're sure it's Fred?"

"Yes. He hasn't changed a particle. Except that white streak in his hair."

"What about it?"

"That happened since I last saw him."

I said, "Sit down, honey. There's nothing you can do for him."

She looked at me, her eyes asking a question. I said, "I'm going to search him. Maybe we'll get an idea what it's all about."

She said, "Aren't you supposed to leave things like they are until the police get here?"

"I suppose so. But I'm going to look anyway."

"Why?"

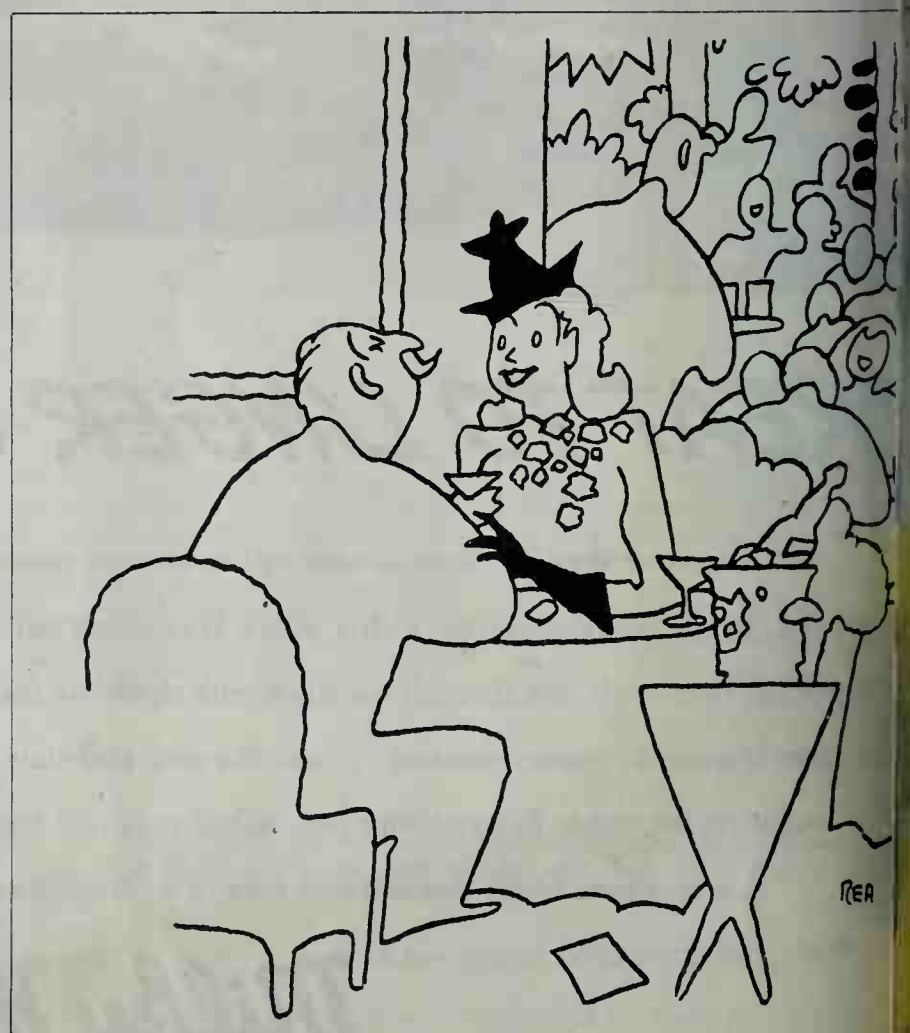
I hesitated, then handed it to her straight: "You don't know why Fred came to California. You don't know why he wanted to see you. It's just possible he's carrying something that would make things look bad for you."

She didn't put up an argument. She sat in a big, overstuffed chair not too far from where Fred Wilson lay. Not too far and not too close. She had taken off her dark glasses, and I could see the stricken, unbelieving light in t eyes which were usually so soft ar and friendly. She wasn't doing swift job of orienting herself. was natural. You don't stumble murdered body of your estran band and take it in stride.

I made a slow, careful search clothes. The pockets of his yielded two sheer linen handker bunch of keys, a ring holding t keys, a handful of silver, six o bills, and in the left hip pocket which contained something o hundred dollars in fives and tens, return half of an airplane ticket f Angeles to New York. I show to her, and commented that it gav name of the line he'd flown out could easily check his arrival tim

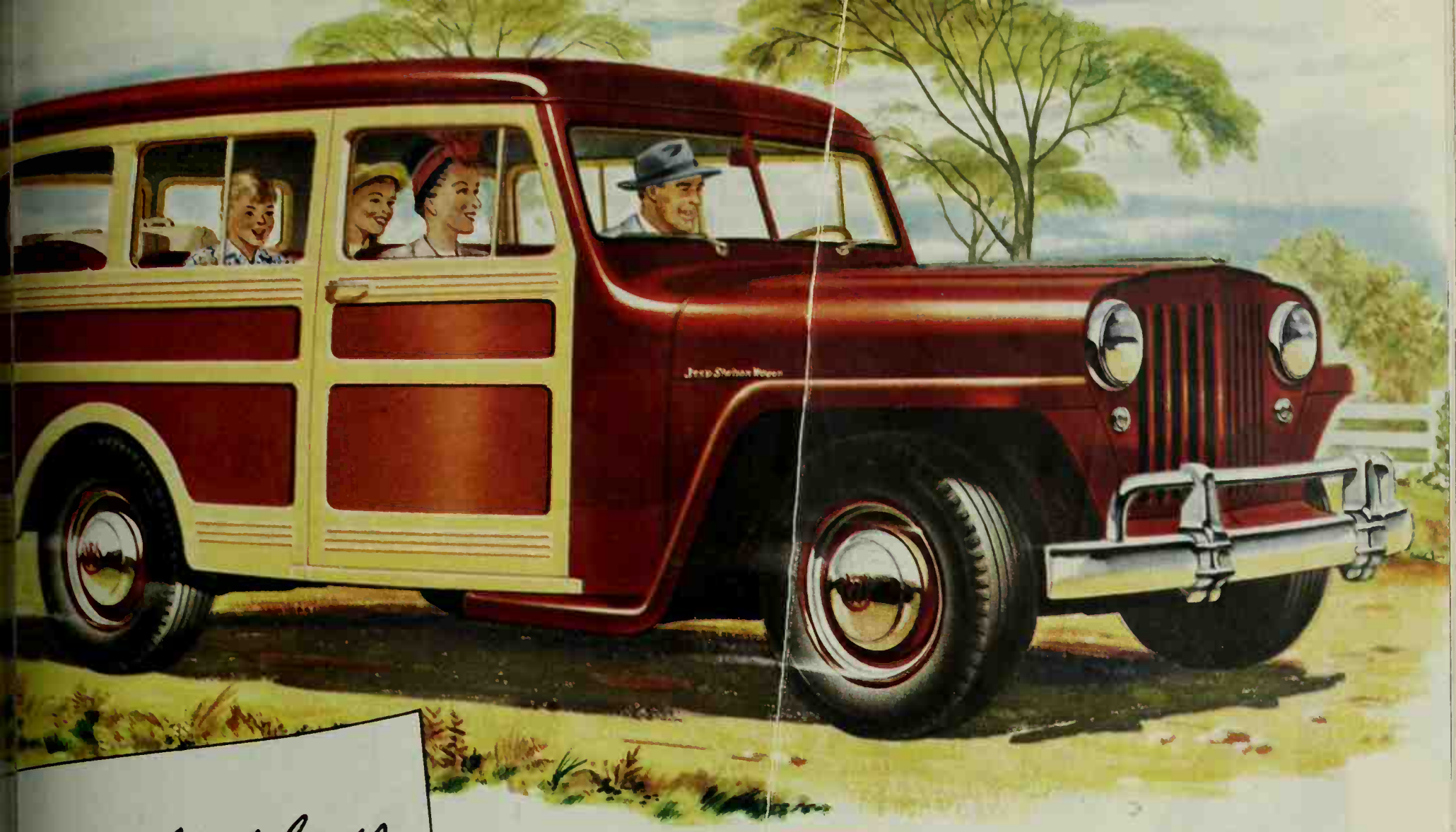
IN THE inside pocket of his co was a long, flat wallet. In i hundred-dollar bill and six dollars' worth of traveler's check were signed "Fred Wilson" in th left-hand corner. There were a fe which could have meant anyt nothing: his draft-registration ca from tailors and haberdashers York and Miami, four or five tickets from race tracks, which were worth nothing, a couple of r bills—both in small amount pictures, no letters. But, carefull in the inner compartment I foun gram. I opened it, read it and handed it to Jean. It was da Angeles, January 17th. Today twentieth. It read:

NO WORD FROM YOU GARDING OUR REC TALKS. UNLESS YOU AC IMMEDIATELY TO FOL COURSE OUTLINED I SH BE COMPELLED TO T CERTAIN INFORMAT OVER TO THE PROPER THORITIES. DO NOT BEL YOU WOULD LIKE THIS.



"You know, Mr. Tummings, you're the only man I've ever met who isn't

COLLIER'S



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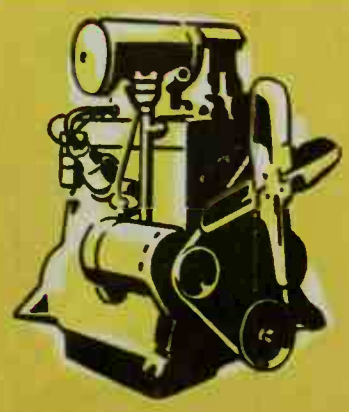

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GEST YOU CONTACT ME BY LONG-DISTANCE WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

Below the message was a telegraph-company notation: "Name and address of sender requested but refused."

I asked, "Does that mean anything to you, Jean?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

I reread the wire. I said, "Maybe he needed money. Lots of money. In a hurry. The telegram was from Los Angeles. He could have owed the money here. That would explain lots of things."

"What sort of things?"

"This is sheer guesswork, but he might have intended asking you for it. But who would be putting the bite on him?"

"He was always having money or owing it. I'm not sure, but I think there had been some trouble with Rick Madigan just before he left me. I believe his sudden leave-taking was connected with that."

I didn't have to ask who Rick Madigan was. I knew. Everybody in the L.A. area who got around at all knew Rick. He was one of the big shots of the gambling world, operating gambling rooms whenever there was a chance of getting away with it, popular with the movie colony, bearing a reputation for fair dealing. I said, "You mean Fred might have owed money to Rick?"

"It's possible. I don't believe Madigan would forget something like that."

I said, "If it was a gambling debt, Madigan couldn't collect legally. And he speaks here of turning the information over to 'the authorities.' All we're sure of is that this telegram was probably behind Fred's sudden trip out here, and his desire to see you." I thought a moment and then said slowly, "But it doesn't fit."

"What doesn't?"

"Rick Madigan as a killer. He's never had that kind of a rep. He's smart. He's never led with his chin."

I REFOLDED the telegram in its original creases and slipped it back into the wallet. I returned the wallet to Fred's pocket.

I said, "Look, honey, we've got to talk. Let's go out on the veranda."

She didn't need much persuasion. She got up and started for the door. I leaned over and took the edge of the rug in my hand and commenced pulling it. She said, "What are you doing, Bruce?"

"Covering him up." She understood what I meant. It seemed indecent leaving him where he was, staring at the ceiling. I knew I wasn't supposed to do anything like that, but then I wasn't supposed to have gone through his pockets, either. And you always have an instinct to do something for a dead person.

We walked out onto the veranda. It was long and wide, and the tiles were clean. A mountain rose behind us, towering over the patio and the garage.

I pulled up two porch chairs, dusted them with a handkerchief and pushed Jean into one of them.

Her expression was drawn and strained. She didn't seem too steady yet, but she hadn't broken, either. She must have read my thoughts because she looked at me and spoke softly.

"It hit me hard," she said simply. "I'm shocked—and frightened."

"Were you in love with him?"

"At first, perhaps, but not for long. Looking at him just now I felt as though we were strangers. Except that we weren't. . . ."

"Is there a telephone here?"

"Yes. I've kept it in because it was impossible to get a new one." She looked at me sharply. "You're going to phone the police?"

"Of course. When something like this happens the police have got to be told. I'm going to notify them. But not right now."

"What does that mean?"

"Look, honey—and think as straight and as hard as you can. You've got to be kept out of this."

She looked puzzled. "That'd be pretty difficult, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, you'll get a lot of unpleasant publicity. Your fans have been told a thousand times that you're Mrs. Fred Wilson. The studio department has even glamorized the separation and the unoccupied house. Now the police are about to learn that Fred returned to the home he shared with you, and was killed here. That's a tops story in any language. But if it becomes known that you had an appointment with him here, that you came out to meet him with the man all your friends know you'd like to marry—and that he was found dead—figure it for yourself. They'll think one of us killed him. Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle. If we could do Fred any good, I'd be for it. But we can't. You've got a right to protect yourself. If the public hears this story, you'll be crucified."

"How?"

"Wrong publicity. The assurance that certain groups will campaign for your scalp. In a situation like this, there's always some publicity hound on the D. A.'s staff who will go after you. I don't think they could ever indict you—though there's always a chance of that, too. What *would* be certain to happen is that there'd be so much smoke you'd never be able to put out the fire. In other words, Miss Jean Rutledge would be completely washed up in pictures. And for what? A career which you've earned would be shot to pieces without justification."

She said, "But you said you intended to tell the police—"

"Of course I tell the police. I tell them everything. They get the whole story—minus one detail which you know, and I know, has nothing to do with the case anyway. What I hold out on them is that you helped discover Fred's body."

"Who did discover it?"

"Me. And a nice, reliable witness."

"Who?"

"Danny Singleton."

"Why should he be involved?"

"First, because it would be much healthier if I were not alone. Second, because Danny would love it. He's a screwball. And my best friend."

"That looks like passing the buck."

"Oh, be your age. We're not concealing anything important. You'll be questioned. You won't hold back any evidence. You'll tell the truth, straight across the board. The publicity won't help you, but it won't hurt, either. I'm in the middle in any event. If you stick, it doesn't even help me."

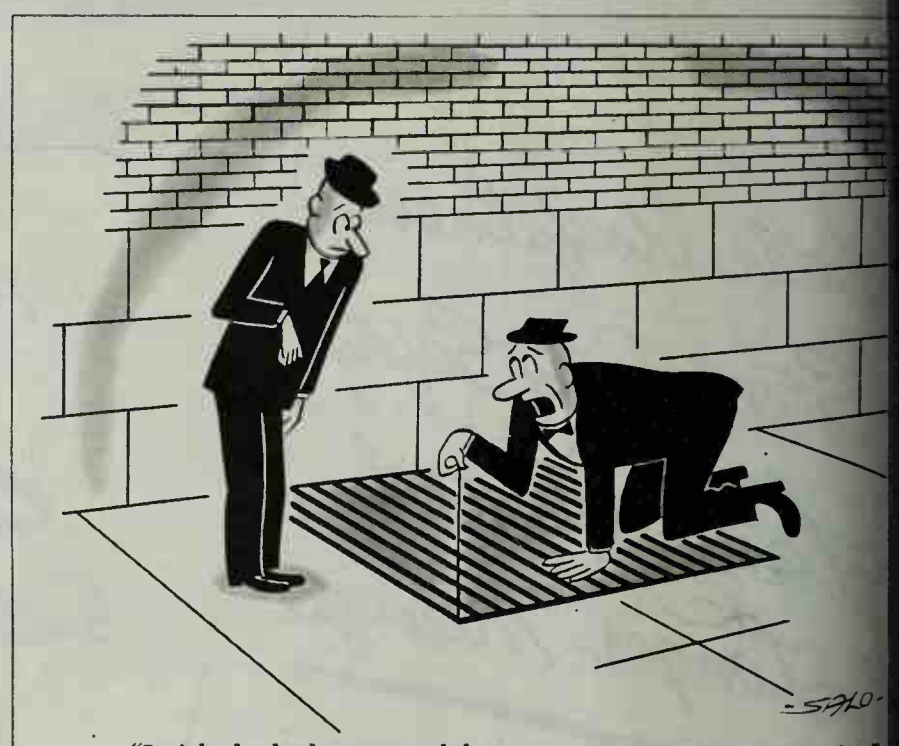
She said, "I can't go for it al Bruce. I've got to know more

"Okay. Here's how I plan know I'm right: I drive you b studio. Then I go get Danny and tell him everything. He ch he doesn't, just as he wishes. swer is yes, he and I drive back bring paper and pencils and w you asked us, as your real-esta to make an inventory with the you might want to sell or rent, What I'll tell the cops is that in the house and found a bod even know who it is. I can pr enough that I never met Fre never even met you until long and Fred had separated.

"So what happens? They exactly as they are. An hour is all the difference. We don' investigation, we help all we position is better than if you involved—and you're in the cl for publicity which can be d dled. What's wrong with that?

She said, "Nothing. Except selfish."

"Show me one thing we'd g stayed in. Just one teeny, tiny be worse, all round. Help no wreck you. Where's the percen



"I picked a bad spot to ask her to return my engagement ring"

COLLIER'S

I got up and drew her up af put my arms around her. She crying. She was bewildered, to least she hadn't thrown my p back in my teeth.

I turned it on full force then what I had suggested was lo sensible. The cops were going just as they'd have gotten it in place, except that Danny would substitute for Jean Rutle seemed to come out on the plus body hurt. Lots of people help cially Jean.

She didn't say yes in a hurry me back to the beginning and go over it again and again. I wa with that. Each repetition made seem more right. And in the en

Before leaving, I went back living room. Fred was still ly the rug, with only his feet sh closed the front door, picked helped her into the car and ro the curving driveway, across t

I turned east on Sunset, a back into the valley along Bev Boulevard. It was the long way, how I wanted it. By the time we to the outskirts of North H Jean was steady enough, consi told her not to worry. I said touch with her as soon as p told her that if she could creat

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pression that she hadn't been off the lot, that would be so much the better, but not to work too hard at it.

We waved at each other and I started back over the mountains, this time via Sepulveda, which was the shortest route to the real-estate office of Ingram and Singleton in Brentwood. I'd done all the thinking I could about Fred Wilson. It was only natural that my thoughts should hit another angle.

It was a nice angle. It came to me suddenly, and—now that the die was cast—pleasantly.

It occurred to me that Jean was now a widow. She was free.

DANNY SINGLETON was my real-estate partner, and my closest friend. He was long, tall and gangling, and could be nuttier than a fruitcake when occasion demanded. This, I figured, was the occasion.

Danny was two years younger than I, which made him all of twenty-eight. I'd first known him at UCLA, where we had made stabs at getting educated. I'd gotten close to him in Europe, where he had piloted the big bomber on which I was navigator.

We'd had a lot of fun together, seen a lot of danger. Our business partnership had worked beautifully, though in those early postwar days selling houses was the easiest thing in the world. We occupied the two apartments in a neat little duplex, never stepped on each other's toes, and knew each other's secrets. I trusted Danny implicitly and knew that there was only one thing in the world he was afraid of: a woman. Any woman, provided she was attractive and unattached. Jean Rutledge was all tied up, so he wasn't afraid of her. They were crazy about each other, which was one of the things I was counting on.

He was in the office when I got back. Our office was a little white building standing all by itself on San Vicente Boulevard. There was a nice reception room equipped with easy chairs for clients and a desk for Helen, who was secretary and general office girl. There were twin rooms at either end of the building. These were furnished identically. Danny was waiting in my room, sitting in my swivel chair with his long legs stretched out and upward and his feet scratching the top of my black walnut desk. I looked him over, returned to the reception room and sent Helen over to Westwood to attend to a few things. They weren't necessary things, but I wanted her out of the way for a while.

When I went back, Danny was regarding me sadly. He said, "How's Fred Wilson?"

I blinked. "You get around," I said.

"I sit right here and learn everything."

I got it then. "Did Helen listen in?"

"Sort of. Enough to hear he was in town. When I arrived, she was busting out all over. She swears she didn't listen in, though. Said she heard your end of the conversation with Jean."

I didn't like it. I knew Helen was loyal. I believed she could be trusted. But, in view of what had happened, the fewer people who were in on this clambake, the better it suited me.

I drew up a chair, tossed a cigarette to Danny, fired up one for myself and started talking.

I threw the book at him. I started from the beginning and went through to the end. He regarded me placidly, but I thought I detected a certain gleam in his eye. When I finished, he drawled, "And you've always said I was nutsy."

I said, "What's wrong with my plan?"

"Nothing. Except trying to put one over on the law."

"But I'm not. Fred is cold as a mackerel. There's nothing anybody can do for him. You and I go out there to take inventory. We walk in, discover Fred's body, telephone the police and tell all. We haven't stepped out of line except maybe we've delayed the investigation a couple of hours. We're not concealing a thing except that Jean helped me find the body. Nobody's toes are stepped on, and while she'll come in for a lot of publicity—it won't be the ruinous kind."

He sighed gently. "You make it sound good, Bruce."

"I thought you'd see it that way."

"You knew I would. But that isn't saying I like it."

"What would you do, throw Jean to the wolves? Some smart assistant D.A. would pin her against the backboard and start throwing darts at her. When it was all over, her career would be wrecked, and we wouldn't have gained anything. As it is, we're shocked at finding a body in the house. We're twice as shocked when we find out who it is."

"I'm twice as shocked already." His eyes were thoughtful. "Sure nobody saw you out there?"

"Positive."

"Will Jean be able to play it this way?" He smiled. "Of course she will. When do we start?"

"Is now too soon?"

"It isn't soon enough. Let's go."

It wasn't far from our place to the house in Monterey Canyon. We had equipped ourselves with inventory sheets and pencils. We talked the thing over from every angle and the more we talked the more logical it seemed. We weren't hiding anything from the cops except that Jean had been there, "And," proffered Danny, "the fact that Fred telephoned her for an appointment. That could come out, you know."

I looked at him sharply. "Maybe I shouldn't have dragged you in."

He said, "Nuts! But simply as a matter of interest, why did you?"

"Because my friends out here all know I'm engaged to Jean. They know Fred was the stumbling block. If I went there alone and discovered his dead body, it wouldn't look too good."

He was silent for a moment, and then he said thoughtfully, "There's another item it would be healthy for you not to forget."

"What's that?"

"There's a murderer somewhere in the background. You're playing hide and seek with him."

I said, "I'm not forgetting it, Danny. That's about the most important reason why I don't want it known that Jean was with me when I found the body."

The road became more curvy, the background wilder. No traffic. No houses. No nothing. I swung off the road, crossed the little bridge for the third time that afternoon, and eased up to the parking place in second. The dilapidated little car was still in the garage, forlorn as ever.

Danny had seen the house a times. He looked around and "Looks okay," he conceded.

We got out, and I led the w We walked around the coucl thing was in order. The rug where I had left it. The feet wer out, pointing to the ceiling. I sa to look?"

"Thanks, no."

I said, "So we've found a b my duty as a citizen to report police."

He said hesitantly, "Suppose out later that Jean was here w

"They couldn't. I'll tell th with her around lunchtime seems necessary. But there's n knowing that we came out here

"Okay," he said. "It's Fred's

I picked up the telephone a Michigan 5211. I said I w Homicide Bureau. I felt a littl little uncertain.

A deep, husky voice said with a rising inflection. I aske this was the Homicide Bureau voice admitted that it was, with ing too excited about it. He gav Sergeant Something, which me ing. So I gave my name. I told h I was and who I was with. Something said, "Well, what'd Homicide for?"

"There's a dead man in the h

"No kiddin'." The voice alert now. "Who?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. completely dead, and I think murdered."

"Hold it."

THERE was some quick talk other end, then a new voice me. A hard, crisp, metallic vo as a razor's edge. "Lieutena speaking. Let me see if I've straight." He checked over the just handed the sergeant.

I said, "That's the way it is, ant. What do I do now?"

"Stay where you are, both Don't touch anything."

I told him I'd wait. I put phone. Danny and I looked other. Danny said, "This is The chips are down."

The cops got there within f utes. They had done some fas The police car whirled off the up the driveway. Two men They were in plain clothes and aged to look very official.

There was a small, wiry m big, placid, pink-cheeked one. looked too reassuring. The sm walked up on the veranda. I was like the crackling of paper. "Ingram?"

COLLIER'S

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"That's me."

"I'm Marty Walsh. Lieutenant. Homicide Bureau. This is Detective Pete Bowman."

I said I was glad to meet them, and knew I wasn't telling the truth. But I also knew that I'd be twice as unhappy, seven times as scared, and a thousand times as worried if I hadn't managed to check Jean Rutledge out of it.

I introduced Danny Singleton. I explained that we were partners and started my song and dance about how we happened to be there. Marty Walsh said, "Yeah, I know. Where's the stiff?"

I had never met Fred Wilson. I had seen him only in death. I had no interest in him as a person. But to refer to him merely as "the stiff" seemed a trifle too informal. Lieutenant Walsh didn't seem to share my views. He was walking toward the open front door, with Pete Bowman at his heels.

Walsh looked efficient. He was maybe thirty-three, and he weighed perhaps 140. He was compact. His eyes were dark brown. His hair matched his eyes. He was wearing a nice blue suit and smart haberdashery. He looked dapper, not at all like a detective. That should have reassured me, but somehow it didn't.

He stepped inside, and made straight for the living room with the instinct of a buzzard. He circled the couch and looked down at the pair of toes pointing upward. Then his eyes got cold and he swung them in my direction. He said sharply, "I told you not to touch anything."

I said, "I didn't. Not after you told me."

"You covered the body."

"That seemed the decent thing to do."

"What else did you touch?"

"The body itself. I saw him lying there, and didn't know for sure he was dead."

"You're sure now?"

"Yes."

WALSH wasn't impressed. I didn't believe he would ever be impressed. His eyes held mine tight while he fired the next question: "This house belong to Jean Rutledge?"

I blinked. The guy was fast. I said yes, it belonged to Jean Rutledge—and pulled my guard up a little higher. I told him she was a client of mine.

He jerked his head toward the body. "Who's the guy?"

"I don't know."

"Never saw him before?"

"No."

"You look for a gun?"

"Yes. Danny and I both. We didn't find anything."

Marty Walsh said, "All right, Pete. Let's give a look."

Pete's round, pink face was expressionless. He stooped down and took the corner of the rug between the thumb and forefinger of one big, powerful hand. He flipped it back with an impersonal, nonchalant gesture.

Maybe I made a sound. Maybe I didn't. I'll never know. I do know that I heard a sort of a gasp from Danny Singleton, and Danny hadn't anything to go on except my description of Fred Wilson.

The body was lying stiff and straight. It was still on the rug and it was still a dead body.

There was just one thing wrong with the picture.

This wasn't the body of Fred Wilson.

It was the body of a man I'd never seen before.

Go up against something that's bigger than you are, something you don't understand, and you get odd reactions. I got a queer one this time.

I felt hurt. Looking down at the body of a perfect stranger, I got a little bit sore at Fred Wilson. I figured he had no right to do me this way—come all the way from New York, make a date with Jean, get himself murdered, and then walk out, leaving someone else to double for him. It wasn't sporting. The old school tie wouldn't like it. I didn't like it myself.

This impostor, this lad who was stretched out on the rug where he had no right to be, looked utterly unlike Fred Wilson. He was about five ten, and on the skinny side. Couldn't have weighed much over 140 with his clothes wet. He was dressed very Hollywood: sport coat too wide in the shoulders, pale gray woolen shirt buttoned at the neck. No tie. His complexion looked sallow and unhealthy, but I reckon a dead man has a right to look that way. There was only one thing in common between him and the Fred Wilson I'd seen a couple of hours before: Each of 'em had a red stain over the heart.

I was standing closer to the body than Danny Singleton was. I couldn't see Danny, and didn't want to. I had anticipated a lot of things, but not this. This was grotesque. It was inconsiderate. I didn't like it. Detective Lieutenant Marty Walsh didn't like it, either.

There's something about a good cop. He can sense when something is wrong. Walsh was sensing it now. He said, "All right, Ingram. Let's have it."

"Let's have what?"

"Don't play cute."

"I haven't done that since they cut my curls. Age three."

"Wise guy, huh?" No getting Lieutenant Walsh off the track. "You look surprised."

"I am surprised."

"At what?"

"Wouldn't you be surprised if you walked into an empty house and found a dead man lying on the rug?"

"I wouldn't be knowing." He fished a cigarette out of his pocket and put it in his mouth. "He look just like he did before?"

"Before what?"

His voice was charged with irritation: "Quit trying to outthink me, Ingram. You know I mean the last time you looked at him, before you cover up with a rug."

"Sure," I said. "Why wouldn't"

"I'm asking the questions."

"And I'm trying to answer."

"Trying is good." He swu Danny. "Look the same to you, ton?"

Danny's drawl sounded norm said, "Not exactly the same. there's a little more *rigor mortis* took a hell of a long time to get h

Detective Pete Bowman spok voice sounded hurt: "Ain't it to Lieutenant, when you get a cou smart guys together. I bet they p double-talk by the hour when busi bad."

I said, "I don't know what you'r ing at, Lieutenant."

"Neither do I. But I'm driv something."

THEY knelt beside the body stranger and did a quick, thc job. They came up with things ir hands. The usual things. Wallet, p knife, a little packet of medicine, letters, some small bills, a hand loose change, a bunch of keys.

Walsh said to me, "Either of yo him?"

"No."

"Didn't move anything?"

"No."

Pete Bowman said, "I think I knc guy."

"Who is he?" I asked.

Marty Walsh answered. "Name' Ellison. Lives in Sunshine T Apartments, if we're to believe the in his pockets. It's a jernt. He's a bit hustler. Hasn't found grifting sc lately. Small-time."

"Why would anybody want to der him?"

"You love to ask sixty-four- questions, don't you? Me, I'd li know why, and who. Also when."

Danny asked, "How long has he dead, Lieutenant?"

"Maybe you know the answer tc

LARRY REYNOLDS

SPORTING ODDS

The score was 3 to 2 in the top of the ninth, the Little Rock Travelers leading the Memphis Chicks in a 1940 game, with two outs and runners on second and third. Alpha Brazle, now with the Cardinals, went in to pitch.

The grass and the dirt of the mound were wet from a heavy dew. Brazle took a short windup, slipped and fell flat on his back, balking in the tying run from third and sending the winning run to third. The manager and the catcher charged out to the mound and after a long conference the game was resumed. Brazle wound up again, both feet flew straight up, and down he went a second time, balking in the winning run.

And that's how the game ended, 4 to 3, for the Memphis Chicks.

—Benny Craig, Little Rock, Ark.

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e. You're holding something back, th of you."

'Why?"

'Listen to that, Pete." Walsh turned vard Pete Bowman. "He's carrying fight to me. You think that's nice?"

'It ain't nice, Lieutenant. It ain't nice ll. What's more, it ain't smart."

t struck me that Pete had said a uthful. We were getting Marty sore, I that wasn't good.

Valsh started firing questions Why l we come out there? What time? w soon after arriving had we discov- the body? When did we phone him? gave straight answers, just as it would e happened if it had happened that . We sort of neglected to mention this was the wrong body, that Mr. t Ellison had horned into something re he didn't belong.

larty snapped an order at Pete Bow- n. He told him to take a look around. dn't like that. I could tell by Danny's that he didn't like it, either. Looked dollars to doughnuts they'd stumble Fred Wilson somewhere. I figured would be just dandy. Bodies all over place. Each one plugged neatly ugh the heart. Sort of an epidemic. o far there hadn't been any sign of a . Fred Wilson murdered. Bert Elli- murdered. Same technique. No pon. Just happened. What passed my brain was doing tricks. I figured be they'd killed each other, disposed e gun and then matched to see who ld get the rug while the other just ed off and disappeared.

WHILE Pete was having his look- see, Walsh poked around the body, circled the living room. He spoke once. He said, out of nowhere, "It d be just the way you guys tell it. it ain't. Something stinks."

e couldn't argue that one. I don't v what I looked like. Danny looked y. He usually smiled, but now he wearing his Sunday grin. Too wide, genial. Keep the old flag flying—sort of thing. Also, he was a trifle around the gills. I was feeling e than he was. This was my fault. I dragged him into this. Nothing to st wanted him to help me discover ad body. Well, it wasn't my fault t was a different body.

arty swung into action again.

eal-estate agents, huh?"

es."

liss Rutledge wanted to rent or

ither."

ow come not long ago?"

don't know."

ou know Miss Rutledge well?"

'e both do."

rictly business?"

ocially, too."

pread that out a little."

id some fast thinking. No use hold- ack stuff he'd find out easily enough. , "I'm in love with Jean Rutledge."

in't she married?"

es, to a man named Fred Wilson. ey've been separated for years."

nodded. "I know. Con man. Gam- Got in Dutch with Rick Madigan ome debts he couldn't meet. Took vder. Was that the last she ever f him?"

s far as I know, yes."

nd now you're the fair-haired boy,

id, "Don't be that way, Lieutenant. e to marry Miss Rutledge if she ot free. I think she feels the same bout me."

said caustically, "She couldn't have l a lovelier man." He backtracked arted over. "Sure you never saw ug?" By that, he meant Bert Elli-

ot till we found his body."

e doesn't mean a thing to you?"

ot a thing."

hat does?"

"You want to know? You think I've acted peculiarly." I was feeling pleased with myself. I had just had an idea which didn't seem too crummy. "I've been thinking about Miss Rutledge. This is her house. There will be a lot of publicity."

"It won't hurt her—if she's in the clear," he said. "When's the last time you saw her?"

"Today." I answered that one quick. No use stalling. A lie would be certain to be discovered. "About one o'clock. I picked her up at the studio and took her for a ride."

"Like you're trying to take me for a ride now?"

"This was different," I told him. "I bought her a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

"And then?"

"Back to the studio."

Danny broke in: "What gives now, Lieutenant?"

"Routine. I'll get guys from the D. A.'s office, technical men, photographers, have the medical examiner look Ellison over. Dust for fingerprints."

"And us?"

"I'll probably let you go. But you got to stay where I can get hold of you."

"What do you think of the setup?" Danny asked.

"Cheap killing in a peculiar place. Just one thing about it keeps me from labeling it that way and letting it slide."

"What?"

"The way you and Ingram looked when Pete pulled the rug back."

"How did we look?"

"Surprised. And you didn't have any right looking surprised. According to your story, you had found the body, decided it was dead, covered it with the rug, telephoned in and waited for me. But when you looked at the guy, I saw something wrong."

Danny said easily, "You're imagining things, Lieutenant. Looking at a body is always a shock. Maybe I was just wondering whether he belonged in the inventory."

Marty said sadly, "You give me hysterics. But not so much hysterics that I like it. That cute crack is a cover-up, too."

"You could be wrong, couldn't you?"

"Hell, I been wrong a thousand times." He smiled at the pair of us with engaging candor. "But you know something funny? I got room to be wrong. Any cop has. Maybe that's something you fellows don't know. How many times we're wrong doesn't make any difference. What's important is that we've only got to be right one time. Just once. Think it over."

I did think it over. The idea made me feel uncomfortable.

Pete Bowman came in with his report. "Lots of nothing, Marty," he said sadly. "No gun. No shells. No sign of anybody who might of killed Ellison, provided these two lads didn't do it."

Marty Walsh said, "I saw a car in the garage when I rolled up. Let's go have a look. You two come along."

Danny's eyes met mine briefly. We were thinking the same thing. This wasn't going to be so good. The car in the garage was the car Fred Wilson had driven out in. It'd be a cinch to trace. They'd find out who had rented it. That would throw Fred right into the middle of it.

We followed the two detectives to the garage. It wasn't much of a car. Older, dirtier, more dilapidated than I had imagined. Marty nosed in under the wheel and started looking around. Pete Bowman took the back. They were pretty thorough.

Finally they slammed the doors. Marty Walsh looked disgusted. And he said something which made me blink.

"Nothing new," he stated disgustedly. "It fits."

"What fits?" I asked.

"The car. The certificate of ownership is hanging on the steering post, right where it's supposed to be. It belongs to Bert Ellison."

Detective Lieutenant Marty Walsh, Homicide Bureau, Los Angeles Police Department, was wrong. Definitely wrong. I was sorry I couldn't tell him so—he'd been so right about everything else. The fact that the busted-up little car in the garage belonged to Bert Ellison didn't fit at all. It had been there when Jean and I first came out. It had to be the car that Fred Wilson had driven out in.

Of course, Bert Ellison could have been with Fred—but that didn't make things any easier. They were both dead.

Marty Walsh said there wasn't any use holding us. He said, "I ain't in the mood for any more fairy tales. You guys beat it."

I started to say I'd like to stick around, but then I got an idea. I wasn't sure it was a good idea, because none of the thoughts I'd had for some time had worked out well.

Then I got a glimpse of Danny Singleton's face. His mournful eyes held an appeal, an appeal to get away from there as fast as we could.

I made a bright remark about this spot seeming to be a good time to make my inventory, and nodded to Danny. We said goodby to Lieutenant Walsh and Detective Bowman. They grunted, but I couldn't detect any cordiality in the grunts.

Danny and I clambered into my car. I went down the driveway nice and slow, crossed the tiny bridge for the fourth time, turned right and rolled sedately in the general direction of Brentwood. But once around the curve I clamped my foot down on the accelerator.

Danny said, "Hey! Look! Two dead men in one afternoon is enough."

I didn't slow down. "What I want is a gas station," I explained. "One with a telephone."

"Why?"

"Jean. The way she'd tell it, she hasn't seen me today. I told Walsh I'd taken her to lunch. She has to say the same thing."

WE FOUND a gas station. I got Jean off the set. She told me no one had called her, no one had told her anything. That sounded like our first good break. I said, "Hold your hat, honey—and take this in stride, in case anybody is watching your face. Set?"

"Set," she said, and I started handing it to her. I don't know what she looked like at her end, but I could imagine. She said, "Talking guardedly, Bruce—what does it mean?"

"That's one I can't answer, sweetheart. But it's got to be the way I told it to the cops. Whatever they tell you has to be news. Savvy?"

"And you?"

"Worried and bewildered — which probably isn't any novelty. Look, honey, this isn't the time to talk. I'll pick you up at the studio this evening. We'll talk then. Right now, go back to the set and carry on. You're a real trouper. Here's your chance to prove it." And I hung up.

This time I drove more slowly. Danny was looking at me, and after a while he said sadly, "You fooled me, Bruce."

"Huh?"

"You said it was Fred Wilson."

"It was." I shook my head. "I can't figure any part of it."

"Easy enough," he said cheerfully. "Probably Fred got tired of waiting, and hired this lad Ellison as a sitter."

"Funny guy, aren't you?"

"Spoken like our friend, Walsh. Keen baby, that Walsh."

"Just my luck," I commented bitterly. "All my life I've been believing fiction where they say cops are dumb. And the first one I ever meet professionally turns out to be sharp as a stiletto."

"He didn't like your story," said Danny.

"It was a good story."

"Swell. Just not his type. What do we do now?"

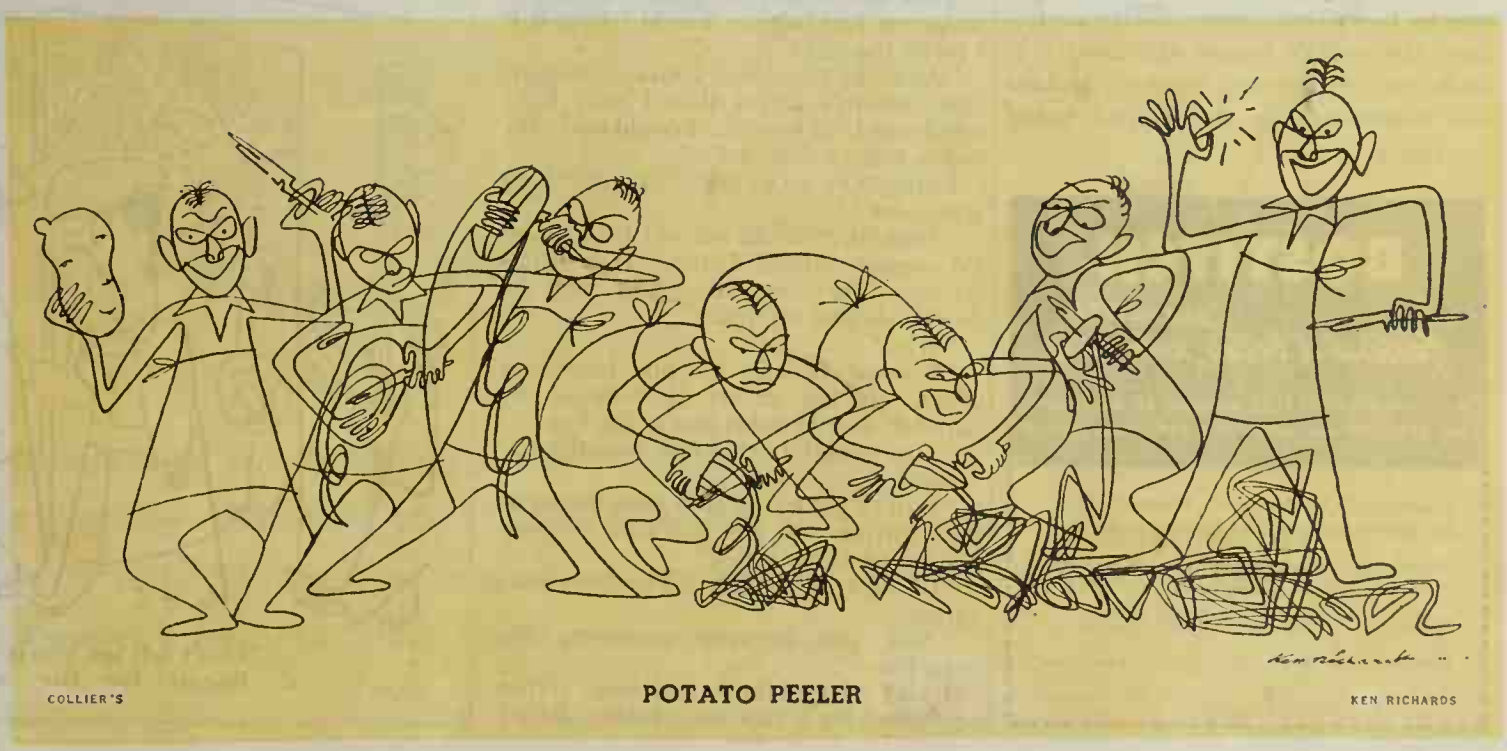
"We carry on, old top. Also we try to use what passes for brain."

He asked, "How's Jean?"

"She took it right. I'm seeing her this evening."

He said, "Include me in. I've got to know what's happening."

I shrugged. It was okay with me. Two



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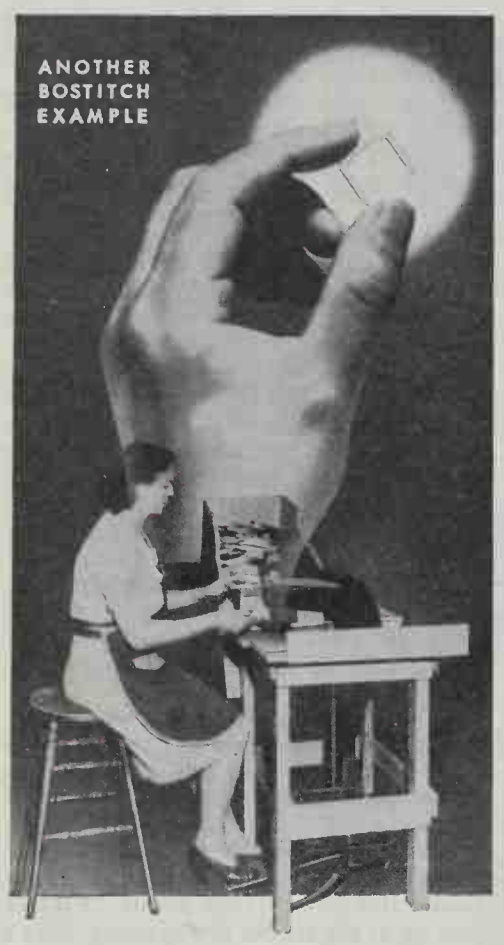

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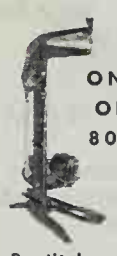

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boneheads might be better than one. He said, "There's somebody right in the middle of this we haven't figured yet."

"That's not news."

"Someone who had a grudge against both Fred Wilson and Bert Ellison. If you can tie those two up, and find out how they fit—anyway, you're in a peculiar spot."

"Meaning what?"

"Jean's a widow. She knows it, and you know it. But what does that buy you?"

I began to get it. I said, "I never thought of that."

"Start thinking of it now," he suggested brightly. "And you can bet your ultimate nickel that whoever trotted off with Fred's body has hidden the late Mr. Wilson where he won't be found until never."

I nodded. "So—?"

"That puts you and Jean right behind the matrimonial eight ball. You can't be a widow unless your husband is dead. To prove he's dead, you've got to say you saw him. Jean can't do that. The pair of you have conspired to make a sucker of the law."

I said, "I'd better go to the cops and tell them the truth."

Danny laughed. It was a nice bright laugh from a nice bright kid. "Now you're really missing on five cylinders," he said. "If there's one thing in the world you can't do now, it's to spill the works."

"Why not?"

"Don't play dumb. If you were Mister John Q. Public, instead of a brilliant, though erratic, young real-estate man, how would it sound to you? You killed Fred because you wanted Jean to be free so you could marry her."

"What did I do with the body?"

"That's what they'll be asking you. Nobody, no widow. No widow, no marriage. And then there's Ellison. Don't kid yourself. You'll have to work on Jean so she won't go emotional and tell all. You've got to make her see that that would gum up the works more than anything else she could do. The play has been taken away from you, Bruce me lad."

"Lovely prospect."

"Not too pretty. Romance that can never reach fruition. A sharp cop who already has you pegged as a wrongy. And if I make it sound bad, remember it's only because it really is that way."

WE WERE dropping down toward Brentwood. I said, seriously, "I'm sorry as hell I got you into this, Danny."

"Hell!" he said, "Forget it. I was just the little guy who happened to be there. I never saw any corpse except that of Mr. Bert Ellison. I haven't a worry in the world."

That was Danny, all right. Trying to make me feel better. Could I help it if I loved the guy?

"And," he continued conversationally, "you mustn't forget that I may have murdered Fred myself. I could make the police believe that easily."

I said, "Oh, go to hell!" Then, "What gives now?"

"Tonight, you and me and Jean. And I'd suggest Arnold Travis. He's Jean's lawyer. He's shrewd. And he'll be double shrewd on this."

"Why?"

"Because Jean is his one important client. If her career is wrecked by scandal, Arnold holds part of the bag."

"You want me to tell him everything?" I asked.

"You've got to. You'll need hunks of legal advice. So you can take my suggestion or leave it lay."

"I'll take it," I said. "Provided Jean agrees."

"And, just between ourselves, this situation—"

I said, "I can finish that one. What your thinking is that this situation hasn't a chance of getting better unless I can find out who killed Fred Wilson and Bert Ellison—and why it was done. Is that it?"

He said, "That's it."

It wasn't a very happy prospect. It sounded impossible. I said so.

"Of course it's impossible," agreed Danny. "But you've still got to do it." . . .

Jean Rutledge lived in Brentwood, a graceious and indeterminate subdivision sprawled between Westwood and Santa Monica.

She lived in a white bungalow which looked like nothing at all from outside and was lovely inside. There were seven rooms and two baths, and it was typically California.

Back of the kitchen, facing the patio, was a cute little room paneled in knotty pine. Mary Gregg lived there. Mary was Jean's cook and maid. She was a quiet, pleasant-looking girl with a creamy chocolate complexion, and she was devoted to Jean. On Thursday and Saturday nights she drove—in a jalopy owned by Jean and loaned to Mary—to stay overnight with her family in Long Beach.

Jean owned the little Brentwood house. It was refreshingly different from the great, sprawling Monterey Canyon home which also belonged to her and in which she hadn't lived since the day she had become a deserted wife.

The sight-seeing busses never pointed out the bungalow as the home of the famous Jean Rutledge. The tourists wouldn't have liked it. They demanded something huge and showy, a place which would conform with their preconceived ideas of the luxury in which movie stars reveled.

Sitting in the living room were Danny Singleton and Arnold Travis, Jean's lawyer. Jean and I were sharing the long, comfortable couch.

Travis sat under one of the three-way reading lamps. I had often sat here with him, but this was the first time I had been so conscious of the fact that he was her lawyer as well as her friend. His long legs were stretched out, there was a smoking stand at his elbow and he was puffing contentedly on a fragrant Havana cigar. For a long time—ever since the dinner dishes had been tucked away and Mary Gregg had vanished—he'd been listening.

You couldn't tell from his expression what he was thinking. For one thing, he didn't have that kind of face. He was a big man, fully six feet in height, and weighing around 180. Despite his 41 years, his figure was still trim. He had nice features, and fell just short of being handsome. He'd been around Hollywood a long time, and knew all the angles.

I had talked. Danny had talked. Je was just finishing. She said, "So decided to tell you everything. Arno There's more than a chance that we going to need you."

Travis looked at all of us speculative Then he said, bluntly, "You've rea loused things up, haven't you?"

I pleaded guilty. "It looked logi enough," I argued. "I hadn't any int tion of gumming up the police. I thou it'd be a simple, uninvolved way of p tecting Jean. What would you ha done?"

"Same thing you did, I suppose." chose his next words carefully. "You got me on the spot," he said quietly. I help you cover up, I'll be compound a felony."

Jean said quickly, "We're not sugg ing—"

TRAVIS interrupted: "Skip it, Je I'm dealing myself in. Oh, don't tha me. I can't afford to have anything h pen to you. But if and when the c learn the truth, they're not going to l it. I am not what you'd call one of leaders in my profession. Until Je elicked, I was just another sharp law hanging onto the fringe. I had, and s have, some unsavory characters as ents. I can afford to drop them, bu won't. They stuck with me when I nee them, and I won't chuck them n Which isn't Hollywood, but still happ to be the way I play it."

I said, "Knowing a lot of odd people that might be good."

"Might. Provided I'm not disbar for helping out on this mess." He smi broadly and waved a hand to st Jean's protestations: "Cork it up, Jean. wouldn't miss it for a million. But I still saying we've got to play it smar

I said, "Do you know Marty Walsh

"The Homicide Squad boy? Yes know him. Just our luck he gets case. He's smart."

"I found that out. All he's got i hunch, but it's a dangerous hun What'll he do?"

"Keep plugging. He's the type."

Danny Singleton said, "There's thing in our favor. Walsh doesn't kn anything about Fred Wilson being de He'll be looking for the murderer of B Ellison."

I asked Arnold whether he knew E son?

He grimaced. "Used to be one of clients. Probably thought he still wa

"What sort of a man was he?"

"Strictly a punk. A cheap, two- chisler."

"Did he know Fred Wilson?"

"Probably. Ellison was always su ing around big shots. Fred was tha

"Don't tell me you're going to be Humphrey Bogart for the next two weeks now"

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when he was in the chips. You can't really be certain about men like Ellison. They meet everybody, glad-hand everybody, always looking for angles. You can't snub 'em."

Jean said, "Fred wasn't cheap. From what you say of Bert Ellison—"

"That's the way it is, Jean. I know these characters. Better than I should, perhaps. High or low, they talk—basically—the same language. For instance, take the two extremes: Rick Madigan and Bert Ellison. They were friends once."

THAT surprised me. Rick was a tops guy, a rich one. Maybe he was crooked, but it had never been proved on him. He operated gambling houses whenever and wherever the law was in a mood to look the other way.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Variation on the usual theme," answered Travis. "This was several years ago. Rick Madigan had a girl. A cute, cuddly little trick who worked at a club of his on the Strip. Everybody called her Babe. We didn't know her last name and didn't try to find out. She was Rick's personal property.

"Bert Ellison was working for Rick then. Sort of general do-nothing around the gambling rooms. Pension job. He was cheap and flashy. He made a play for Babe."

"Wasn't that dangerous?"

"Could have been. And I'll probably never know the truth, but it seems that, like a lot of big men, Madigan has a sentimental streak a mile wide. He knew Ellison was a punk, but he thought this was love. He thought they wanted to get married."

"Did they?" asked Jean.

"Babe did. Ellison didn't see it that way. He grabbed Babe away from the big boy, but he forgot the wedding ring. Since then, he hasn't worked for Madigan."

"What about Babe?"

"She's working for Madigan again. But working. Not playing. Ellison has stayed on the outside, looking in. But Rick Madigan isn't the sort to kill anybody. Putting it another way, if he'd wanted Ellison rubbed out, it'd have happened long ago. Not today."

I asked, "Did Madigan know Fred Wilson?"

Arnold looked surprised. "Didn't Jean tell you? Fred welshed on a $7,000 debt he owed Madigan. He left California because of that and hasn't been back for the same reason."

"But if he did come back," I suggested, "and if Madigan heard about it—he'd be sore, wouldn't he?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Would he kill Fred?"

Again that slow shake of Travis' head. "My guess is no. He doesn't play it that way."

Madigan seemed to fit into the picture too neatly to be ignored. Bert Ellison had stolen his girl and forgotten to marry her. Fred Wilson had welshed on a $7,000 gambling debt. Both Ellison and Fred were dead.

Arnold Travis glanced at Jean. "Think carefully," he suggested. "In your conversation with Fred over the phone, did he give the slightest hint of what he wanted?"

She shook her head. "No. In fact, he was very careful not to."

I said, "Jean and I thought he might have been broke, and was willing to let her have a divorce—for a price."

Travis didn't go for that one, either. He said, "It doesn't add up right."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"I just got back from New York. I talked to Fred. On the phone. I tried to see him. He wasn't having any. I let him understand that Jean was willing to pay a fancy price. I told him she was 25 per cent of Olympus films, just to give him an idea."

Danny Singleton horned into the conversation. He said, "Look, Travis. This I don't get. Why couldn't Jean have gotten a divorce from Wilson long ago? One of those quiet things."

"It couldn't have been kept that way," stated Arnold. "It can stay hush-hush only when both parties to the proceedings want it to. I haven't seen Fred since before he walked out on Jean years ago. He was using a friend's address. I'd write or telephone him there. The message would be relayed to him, and then he'd call me at whatever number I left."

"Why the fancy stuff?"

"Maybe he was afraid of Rick Madigan."

I said, "If he was that afraid of Rick, why couldn't he have put the bite on Jean, and have bought his way out?"

Travis said, "That's one of the questions I never could answer. He might have been covering something else."

"But he came to California day before yesterday."

"Yes. Secretly."

"Ellison knew. Fred must have driven out to the house in Ellison's car."

"Not necessarily. He could have gone in a taxi. Ellison might have followed."

"Why?"

"I wish I knew." He turned to Jean again. "Fred specified that he didn't want to see me?"

"He said he didn't want to see anybody. Didn't want anyone to know he was in California."

"Did he specify me?"

"Yes."

Travis said, thoughtfully, "He might have been afraid of being served with a summons."

Danny Singleton said, "We got off that other subject, Travis. About why Jean didn't divorce Wilson long ago."

The lawyer smiled ruefully. "I tried that attack, Singleton. It didn't register. Fred said he'd fight it. For some reason, he was unwilling to play ball. Don't ask me why, because I don't know. He could have filed the wildest counterclaims. He could even have charged infidelity. He couldn't have proved what wasn't true—but by the time the smoke had cleared away, Miss Jean Rutledge's career would have blown up in her face. I advised her to play it safe."

"I think he was right," Jean interjected soberly. "Call me silly, if you want—but aside from the career, I didn't want my marriage to Bruce to have that sort of background."

I REACHED for her hand. It was a nice, warm, responsive hand. We'd been over the same thing a hundred times. We'd always wound up in the same place. I said to Travis, "What do we do now?"

"Sit tight. But don't kid yourselves. The cops won't give you much rest."

"They might. Bert Ellison wasn't important."

"That'd be true," explained Travis, "if they believed your story. You say Marty Walsh didn't. So far, however, there's no bad publicity." He pointed to the evening paper which lay spread out on the coffee table. "It isn't important. Ellison means nothing, newswise."

I could see the point. Even the local story hadn't achieved much space, and this was a town where they made the most of murders. They reported what had happened, speculated vaguely about it, mentioned that Jean was a great picture star and that the body had been found in the house built for her by her husband, Fred Wilson, from whom she had been estranged for several years and whose present whereabouts was unknown. . . .

I telephoned Jean at the studio the following afternoon and told her that she and I were going for a long ride. Just the two of us. I reminded her that this was the maid's night off, and that she wouldn't feel like fixing dinner, anyway.

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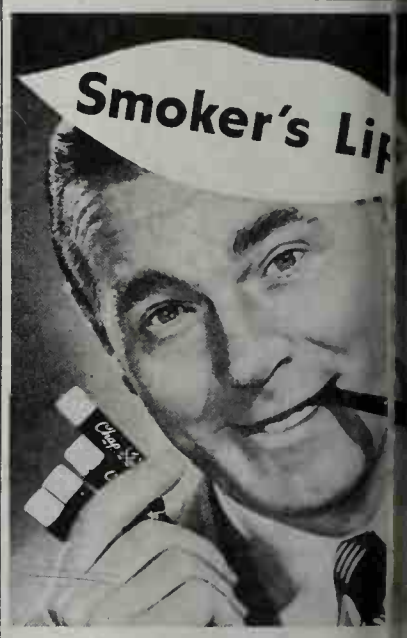

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aid okay.
n minutes after five she came out
studio and slipped into the seat
ne. She looked as though she
lept much the previous night. She
as though she'd like to do a lot
g and didn't quite know where to
She looked lovely.
ve slowly, cutting across the
ins to Sunset, and thence to 101
te, which is a gorgeous four-lane
irting the Pacific Ocean. This
n the sea was just that, calm as
cept for the ground swell.
un sketched fantastically brilliant
on the ocean and the cliffs that
uptly on the right of the road.

ROLLED through Malibu. I got
e idea that Jean was pleased I
topped there. Too many movie
lived at Malibu; we'd have met
o would have wanted to talk.
ced at her. She was leaning back
the cushions, her eyes half closed
the glare of the setting sun. She
a lot younger than you'd expect
ook when you figured that the
e held had been dealt off the
of the deck. She looked as though
relaxing, and since that was pre-
hat I wanted her to do, I con-
o say nothing. It was she who
e long silence. She said, "Well?"
, "Anybody bother you today?"
w reporters tried. I wished them
Vera." The faintest ghost of a
yed briefly about her lips, mak-
look extremely kissable. Jean
, "That Vera, she's a wonder."
s right. Vera Bradley was twice
r. She was a short, dumpy,
ed little woman on the pleasant
rty. She was officially employed
ublicity department at Olympus,
been assigned as public relations
o Jean Rutledge. She didn't
write publicity; that was a run-
ine job which was handled by
the lower-salary brackets.
task was to stand between a
al new star and an intrusive
It was Vera's job to see that
n did anything in public, it was
thing; to protect her; to act as
nd governess. In any other
n, that might have seemed like
signment. In pictures, it was a
ed thing, requiring infinite tact
jence; a vast knowledge of
nd picture personalities; a keen
the difference between good and
city—and infallible instinct. In
of Vera Bradley and Jean Rut-
other element had been added.
ip. They liked and trusted each

I said, "What does Vera think of it, honey?"

"Unfortunate. And she isn't even sure of that. I wonder what she'd think—"

"—If she knew the truth?" I shook my head. "That'd pose a problem even for a gal like Vera." I lighted a couple of cigarettes and passed one over to Jean. "Our little playmate bother you?"

"Lieutenant Walsh? Not exactly. He came out for a chat. He can be nice when he works at it."

"Still suspicious?"

"I think so. However, he simply said he'd missed a bet, that there was something about this case he couldn't understand."

"I'll say there is."

"He wanted to know whether I knew Bert Ellison. I said I didn't think so. I told him that I might possibly have met him when I was living with Fred. Then Walsh wanted to know whether I could figure what Ellison might have been doing at the house, whether he could have known that you and Danny were going out there to take inventory. He wanted to know when I made up my mind to rent or sell, after waiting all this time. He asked a lot of questions."

"Scatter-shooting," I said.

"What does that mean?"

"Asking any question that popped into his head. Watching your reactions. Looking for a lead. Trying to make up his mind whether you knew anything more than you were telling him."

She said, "Ellison and Fred must have gone out there together."

"Why? How about the—the third person? How would he have gotten away? That's an awful long walk, and he wouldn't have hitchhiked if he'd just committed a couple of murders. No busses in that canyon, and we mustn't forget that Fred's body was carted away. That's bound to mean another car as well as another person."

She winced. "He—it might still be there."

"I don't think so. Walsh and Bowman gave the place a thorough going-over while we were still there. The technical boys must have looked around, too. My vote would be against the body still being there—unless there's some sort of a secret room."

"Nothing like that," she said. "But the country is so wild around there—"

I understood, all right. Drive along any of the secondary highways in the canyon country north of Hollywood or Beverly Hills or Bel Air, and you could roll a dead body out of any car, and no one would find it for months. The slopes of the canyons are deep and sharp; they're covered with scrub growth. A

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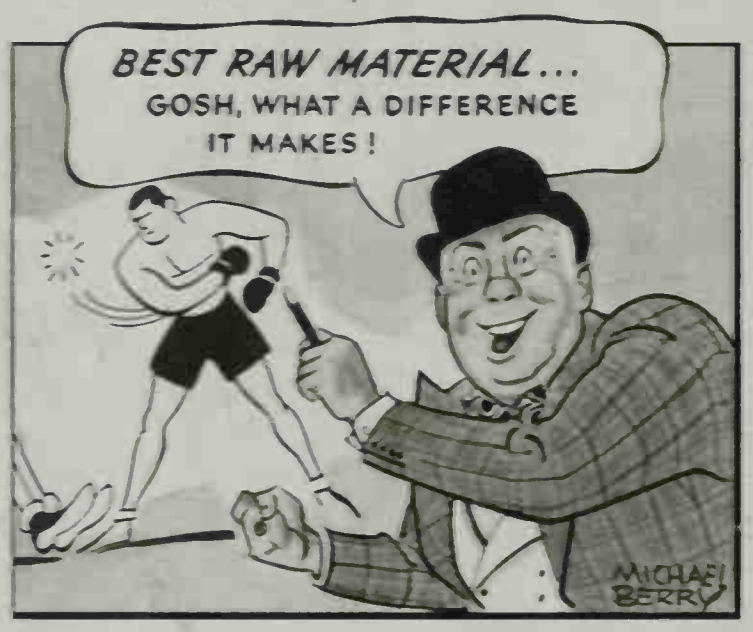
by Berry

I'm laborin' eighteen hours a day tryin' to find me a champ . . .

An' Phooey! What do I get? Just a parade of palookas . . .

I'm goin' to tell the newspaper boys I'm quittin' for good . . .

When I meet up with a kid who's real raw material from head to toes.



body, once concealed, would be likely to stay that way for a long time.

I was thinking something that I hoped hadn't occurred to Jean. Fred had been murdered before she and I had reached the house; but Ellison had been killed *after* we'd left. That indicated that the murderer may have been there all the time. If that were so, he'd probably seen us. Maybe he liked what he'd seen, maybe he didn't. In any event, I sized it up as unfinished business.

I found myself wishing that the cops were on our team. It'd have been a relief to talk things over with a man who knew his business—a man like Marty Walsh, for instance. There was a guy I could like if only I weren't afraid of him.

I DROVE to a restaurant which was located just off the highway between Oxnard and Ventura. It was a colonial mansion, with good food and excellent, unobtrusive service, and it was dollars to doughnuts we wouldn't meet anyone we knew. We didn't.

We found a table in the corner, had a couple of dry Martinis, and started off—in true California fashion—with mixed green salads. Finally we sat looking at each other over the tiny rims of our liqueur glasses.

We used up a lot of time. Then we started south again. We didn't feel good, but we felt better. I drove for about twenty miles and then swung off the road onto a parking place which looked down over the water. I cut off the lights, and for a long time we sat quietly, saying nothing, doing nothing.

The night was perfect: a flawless sky with countless stars and a brilliant moon; an ocean so calm that only an occasional swell murmured as it rolled up on the beach. Behind us were towering mountains with a few houses etched faintly in yellow light.

I put my arm around Jean. She lifted her lips, and I kissed her.

Kissing Jean was always a new thrill. It even made you forget things like murder.

In a situation like that, you try to kid yourself. You make believe that because everything is lovely at the moment, there's a chance that it will stay that way. We were both under a sort of hypnotic spell. On us, it felt good.

We started off again, and pretty soon we pulled up in the driveway of the white cottage in which Jean lived.

I was hoping she'd ask me in, and she did. We walked hand in hand up the path, with its low hedge lookin silver than green in the bright mo We mounted three tiny steps to trance vestibule. Jean took out h key and handed it to me. I fitte the lock, opened the front do motioned for her to go first.

She did. Then she bumped something and said, "Oh!" sha saw something bulky on the t to the right of the front door. I inside the door and clicked t switch in the foyer.

The object over which Je tripped was a suitcase. No init tag. No visible mark of iden I picked it up and carried it ins closed the front door and turned living-room lights.

It was a nice enough suitcas out of pigskin. The outside d us a thing.

We stood looking at it, and each other. I said, "Yours?" shook her head.

I got a funny feeling inside. son for it, except that too ma things had been happening. I suppose we'd better open it, ha and she nodded.

I tried the catch. It wasn't loc laid it on its side, and threw back

It was tightly packed. A ma A suit, shirts, underwear, brushes, shaver. . . .

I looked up at Jean. She was s rigidly, eyes too wide and too b knuckles of her right hand against her lips.

She looked terrified. I scram my feet and put my arm around

"Steady, sweetheart," I said it easy."

She still didn't say anything. T pulled away from me and bent suitcase. She probed with fingers. When she straighte again, I didn't like what I saw eyes.

She said, "That suitcase—it's Those are his clothes."

I didn't ask whether she was knew she was.

Fred's suitcase. Fred's clothe on Jean's doorstep the day aft death.

I didn't say what I was think wouldn't have sounded cheerful

What I was thinking was t suitcase must have been put there murderer. There was only one could regard it. It was a war Jean. A warning and a threat.

(To be continued next wee

BUTCH

by LARRY REYN

"I never could get up th' nerve to come in in broad daylight an' ask for a girdle"

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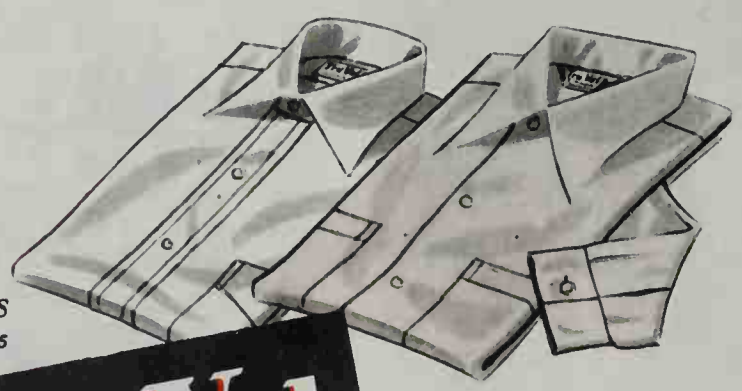

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

British: "editorial." 5. Italian: "author." 6. French: "foreign phrases." 7. Japanese: "throw." 8. Spanish: "mind." 9. Latin: "reader." 10. Brooklynese: "turmoil." 11. Italian: "secret." 12. German: "good." 13. Spanish: "writing." 14. French: "First, clearness; next, clearness; and finally, clearness." 15. Slovak: "To your health!"

FRANK COLBY, Houston, Tex.

SEEING CARDINAL RED

DEAR SIRS: After reading Ace in the Hole (Sept. 13th), I am uncertain whether Mr. Crichton came to praise Musial or to bury him. Musial lacks color, he says. Musial has a hitting style "as unorthodox as they come" and has already run the gamut from haughty to humble—per Mr. C. Yet Stan the Man has played in 152 double plays as of September 4th, and in spite of his under-par physical condition for practically the entire season, he is now hitting .303.

MARJORIE STEINMEYER, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . I don't know where Mr. Crichton got the idea that Stan had the big head. . . . I say nuts to Mr. Crichton.

DARRELL SIFFORD, Jefferson City, Mo.

. . . I think Kyle Crichton's article was ill-advised, ill-natured and ill-becoming to Collier's. In Mr. Musial's own words in an interview with Harry Caray, St. Louis sports broadcaster, Musial said Crichton requested an interview which he was too ill to give. Crichton did not bother to ask again.

BARBARA BROWN, St. Louis, Mo.

Sir: I went to St. Louis to interview Musial. He wouldn't see me; he promised to phone me and didn't phone; he neglected to answer telegrams. The first time the Cards were in New York I tried again. I phoned, I wired; no reply. If he wasn't swell-headed he was excessively coy. I wrote of him as I found him.

KYLE CRICHTON

FLASH!

DEAR SIR: In He Clicked for Fifty Years (Aug. 23d), Mr. Neal says there were no flash bulbs, no photoflood lamps, only daylight in the early days. As a young man in 1900, I was taking photos of miners down the coal pits at Larkhall, Scotland. The coal face would be 12 feet wide, six feet high, and I would place five three-inch ribbons, ¼-inch wide, of manganese on a prop, focus the miner by the flame of his lamp, touch a match to short piece of ribbon, light the five pieces with that flash and a good picture was taken.

ALEX CRICHTON, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Cal.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

DEAR SIRS: In Tom Siler's article, Golf's Bad Boy (Sept. 6th), he taked and praised Frank Stranahan's physique and yet no physique picture is given. Would you please print a physique photo so that I may see if what Mr. Siler says is true?

A DEAR FRIEND, Mullinville, Kans.

Dear Friend: This is as much of Mr. Stranahan's physique as he will show.

WAR BRIDE

SIRS: Re Quentin Reynolds' very i... ing story, War Bride (Sept. 13th), ... and I would like to know how F... Gerhardt managed to finagle her w... this country: (1) How did she conc... past from the Counterintelligence ... (2) How did she, 34 years old, pa... girl of 21, when a birth certificate ... of the documents necessary for a ... fiancée? (3) How did she get p... American Consulate in Munich? Y... my wife is a German national, and ... us approximately nine months to ... papers cleared. By the way, the ... most enthralled with her new hor... I quote her exact word, "*Wundervo...*

ROBERT E. MATHEWSON, Marion...

Luckily your Frau didn't run a... friendly colonel, such as the unpri... Colonel Ralph Furey in the stor... might have smoothed the way in.

USE CREAM FOR ICE CREA...

TO THE EDITOR: Ted Shane cover... grotesque ice-cream-soda field prett... oughly in his Fountain of Youth... 6th) but he overlooked a couple of ... tioners' horrors.

For instance, there's the delight... consists of seven sirups put into t... first, then topped with a quart of ice ... It's called the Upside Down S... guaranteed to do just that to you... ach.

For the adventuresome, there's th... of the Border Soda, made of butte... ice cream, covered with chile con... with tamales on the side. The wh... cream topping is flavored and col... delicate pink with tabasco sauc... there's a nest of hot peppers on t...

The Gastronome's Nightmare ... of a scoop each of vanilla, ch... strawberry, banana, tutti-frutti and ... chio ice cream, topped with Welsh ... lobster à la Newburg, dill pickle ... whipped cream and anchovy fille... stead of a cherry, it's topped with ... aschino radish. On top of this ra... the cherry.

Incidentally, the fountain that ... these brews also sets up a delicious d... decker Bromo.

ABE BURROWS, Los Angele...

. . . Over here we go for the Awful ... Sundae: awful big and awful go...

VINCENTE BALSALONE, Hoboken...

We go for the NLRB: nuts, lemo... raspberry sirup and bicarb.

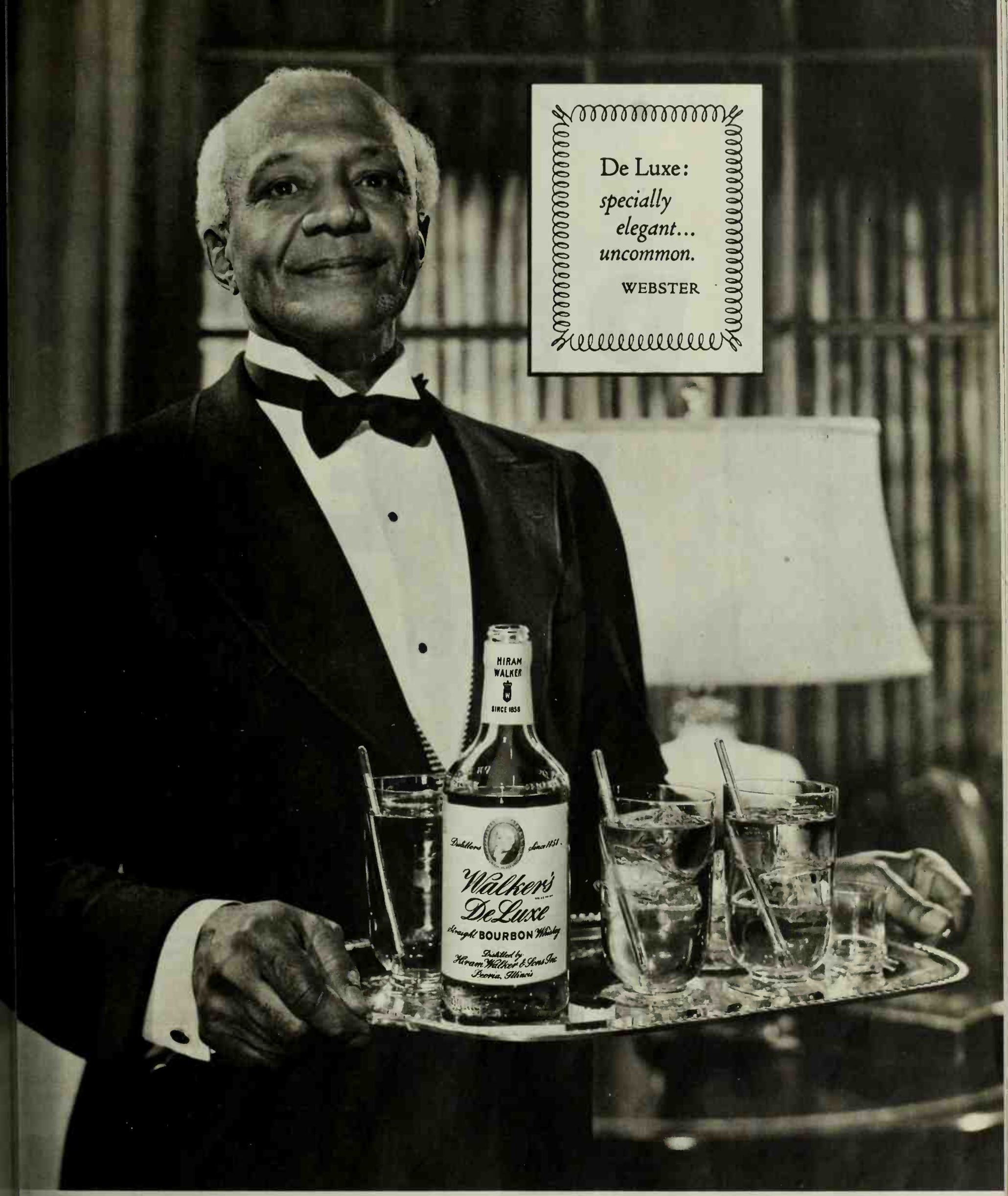
FROM GREENLAND'S ICY M...

DEAR SIRS: The boys of our sqdn... the letter about Pfc. Anthony J. F... his hardships in Korea (The Week's ... Aug. 23d). He states that G.I.s sta... there are unable to associate with t... tive women of that land. Here's a ... of what the boys stationed in Bluie ... One of Greenland have to put up ... The only women on the base are al... ried to officers. The nearest civiliza... 993 air miles from the base. The onl... possible of getting out of here is by ... gency furlough or by serving 18 m...

Our only amusements are movies ... a week; some of the movies are as ... they come. To keep from going ... wire," a fellow has to have someth... do, just about every minute. We wou... to know if we could exchange po... with some of the boys in Korea.

A lady once said that she woul... $1,000 to see the icecaps up here. ... fellow on the base would give $5,000 ... to see or hear anything of the icec... Narsarssuah.

CPL. E. A. HIRHO, Keystone Stat...
Narsarssuah, Gree...



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elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Ill. *86 Proof*

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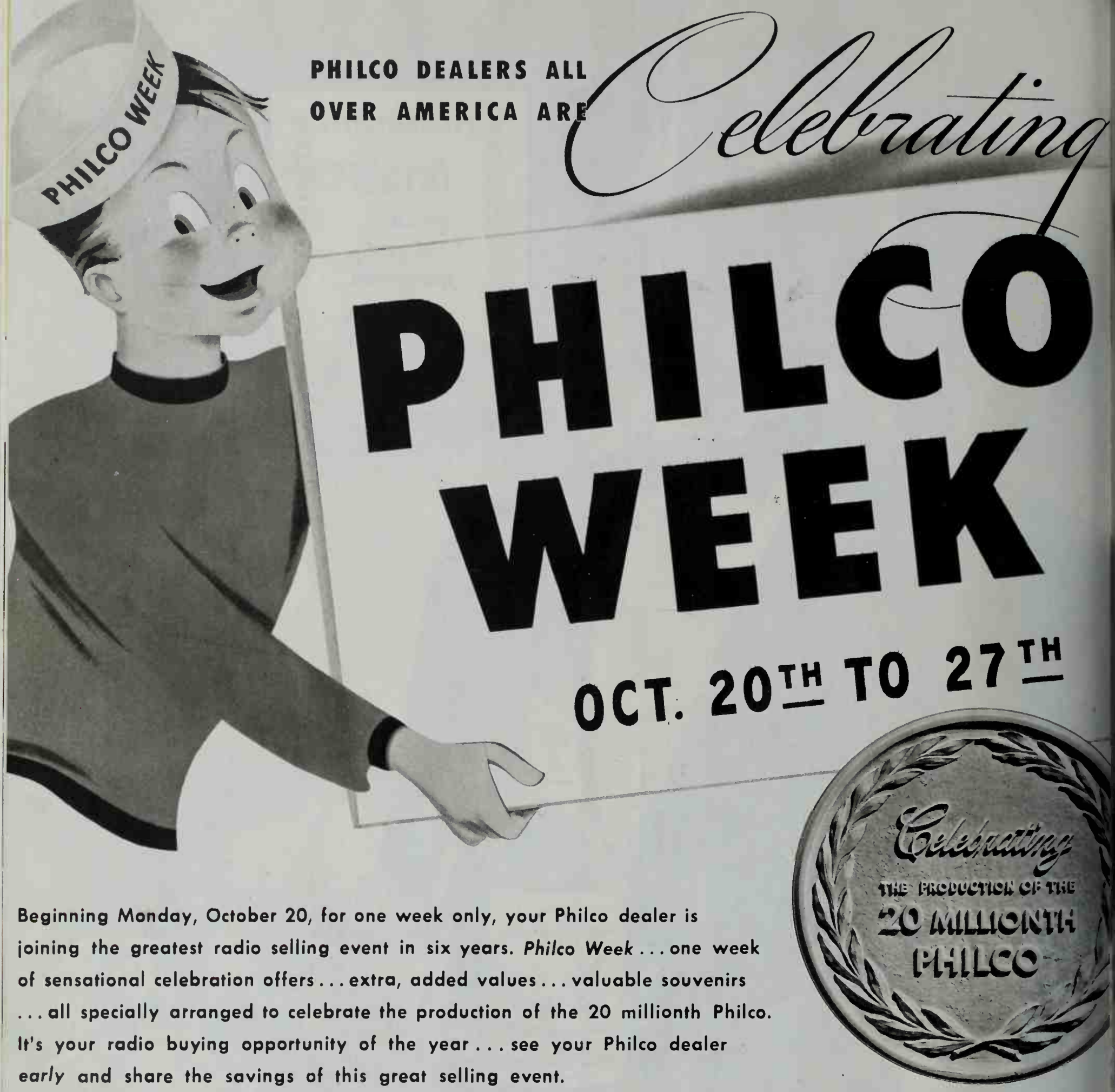
PHILCO WEEK

OCT. 20TH TO 27TH



Beginning Monday, October 20, for one week only, your Philco dealer is joining the greatest radio selling event in six years. *Philco Week*... one week of sensational celebration offers... extra, added values... valuable souvenirs ... all specially arranged to celebrate the production of the 20 millionth Philco. It's your radio buying opportunity of the year... see your Philco dealer *early* and share the savings of this great selling event.

PHILCO 1253. A feature of Philco Week . . . a quality table radio-phonograph with Automatic Record Changer at the lowest possible price. Rich, full-bodied tone. Sensitive radio. A sensational value at only **$99.95***

PHILCO 460-I. Exquisitely designed, Ivory plastic table radio. Superb tone ... extremely sensitive and selective... a champion in performance. A gem of beauty and a true quality radio in small space. With Philco Week souvenir, **$37.50***

NEW AUTOMATIC WAY TO PLAY A R

PHILCO 1201 Radio-Phonograph, on a *special Philco Week offer!* Just record in and it plays automatical fussing with lids, tone arms or n Powerful radio; full, rich tone. $

PHILCO 1260. *Special, Extra-Value offer for Philco Week* on this sensational new kind of radio-phonograph. Stunning Mahogany console with Philco's new automatic way to play a record. Gorgeous record reproduction, thrilling radio reception. A truly sensational value at **$129.95***

(Record Cabinet available on Special Philco Week Offer)

PHILCO 230. Smart as the newest fashion ! Maroon plastic with unique, latticed Ivory grille. Rich tone. AC-DC. With Philco Week souvenir, **$29.95***

PHILCO 200. Radio's greatest value in a fine-performing compact at an amazing low price. AC-DC. With Philco Week souvenir, **$19.95***

GREAT PORTABLE VALUE

PHILCO 300. It's brand new . . . Philco quality and Philco performance in a portable radio *at a new low price!* Powerful miniature tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity. Plays indoors or outdoors on AC, DC, or long-life battery. Philco Week souvenir, **$39.95***

(Less Battery)

O 1262. *Extra added value for a Week!* See this sensational radio-graph value at modest cost. Auto-Record Changer plays up to 12 ; rich-voiced tone; powerful ception . . . all in a beautifully Tilt-Front console, only **$159.95***

HILCO 472. *Great Value in FM Reception!* Gets highly fficient reception even on low powered FM stations. Amazing freedom from static. Powerful reception on AM oo. Superb tone. Operates on AC or DC. Built-in aerial for oth FM and AM. With Philco Week souvenir, **$79.95***

NEW PHILCO DISCOVERY BANISHES RECORD NOISE!

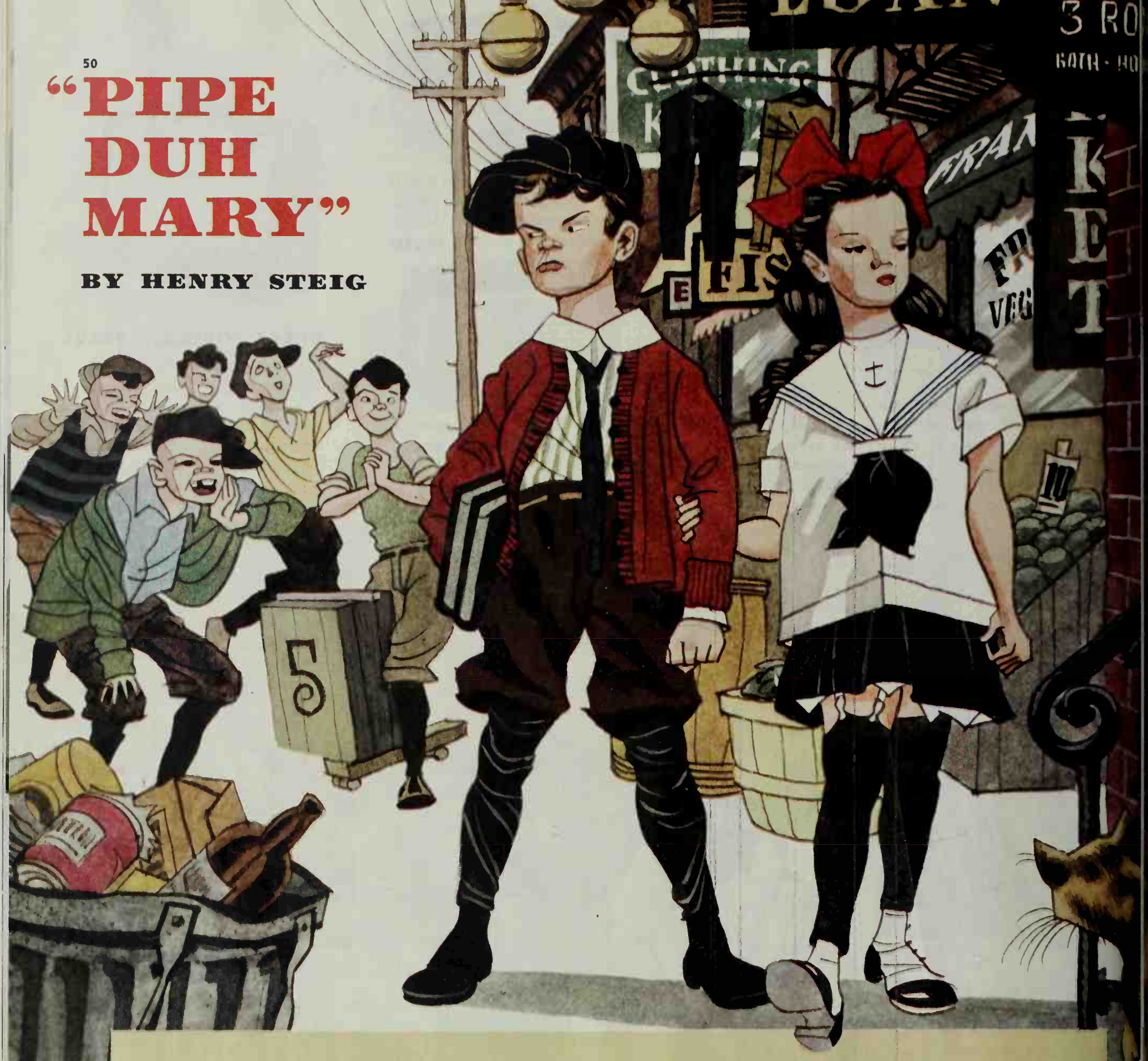
PHILCO 1270. *Amazing Electronic Scratch Eliminator*, reproduces any record, old or new, without a trace of surface noise or record scratch. Philco Dynamic Reproducer, Advanced-FM and other exclusive features for luxurious enjoyment of radio and records. Authentic Chippendale cabinet. **$359.50***

(Record Cabinet available on Special Philco Week Offer)

**Prices slightly higher Denver and West*

"PIPE DUH MARY"

BY HENRY STEIG



The guys hung around us all the way to the tenement, yelling, "Kiss me, sister," and making catcalls

About a long-hair who had the misfortune to move into a short-haired neighborhood

THE kids in the ring around us were getting bored. "Hey, how 'bout some action?" they yelled. But Foojy and I, who were of a size and equally stubborn, just couldn't fight any more. We were so tired we could hardly lift our arms. All we could do was scowl at each other.

"I guess you both had enough," said my big brother, Eddie, who was thirteen.

"Bad day fuh me," Foojy said. His square, shaved head came forward at me in defiance as he stuck out his lower lip. "If I was feelin' awright I'd'a' knocked yuh fer a gool." He hitched up his knickerbockers and started away, out of the empty lot. Some of the onlookers went along with him. A few stayed behind with me and Eddie and my little brother Paul.

"You didn't do bad, Charlie," Eddie said. "Only the footwork. You lead with your left so you have to keep that left foot out front. Otherwise you get off balance." Eddie's ambition was to be a poet, but he knew a lot about fighting, too.

"I know," I said. "The thing is, Foojy's got that trick where he steps on my toe. That's why I changed over. It fooled him."

"Charlie won, didn't he?" said Paul. He was seven, two years younger than I.

"Well, at least now everybody knows Charlie ain't no Mary," said Gus, a boy over whom I'd won a decision two days earlier. Big shot Foojy wouldn't have bothered with me at all, if I hadn't licked Gus.

"Another thing, Eddie," I said. "The hair was in my eyes. I just have to get Mama to cut the bangs shorter."

"Hard to hit a guy if you can't see him," Paul said. "Gee, Eddie, you're lucky."

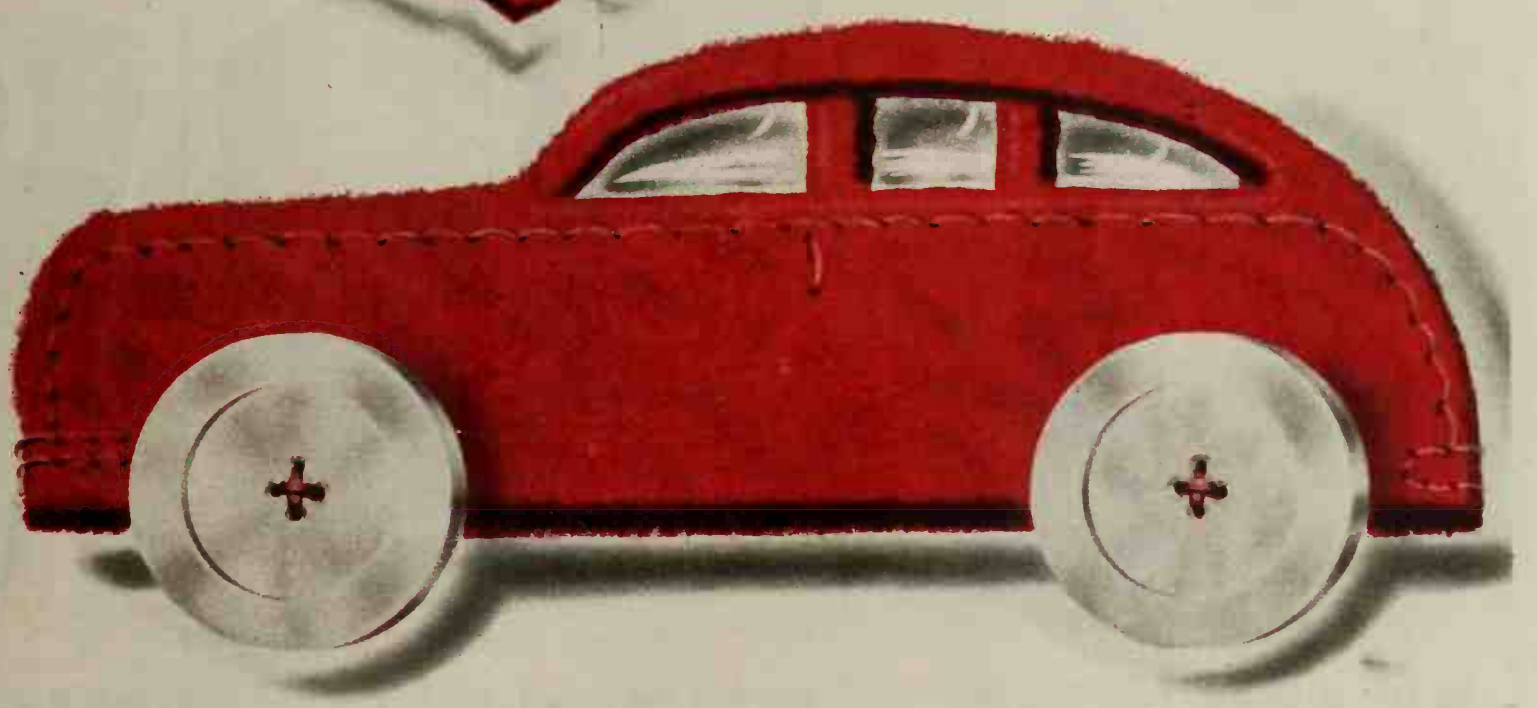
Eddie was the only one of us brothers who had a regular boys' haircut. Me, I was a ringer for the Dutch kid in the paint ads. Paul had long hair, too, but curly, like an angel's. He was an imp when he got in a scrap, though.

"Well, I had my share of it when I was younger," Eddie said.

I pulled up my black stockings, straightened my pants and blouse. "Think Mama'll get wise?"

Button up for Winter

. . . with a TEXACO Fall Check-up!



Button up **FOR COMFORT** . . . Enjoy that cushiony feeling as you drive. Get long-lasting chassis lubrication with Marfak, the tough "stick-to-it" lubricant. Applied by chart, never by chance.

Button up **FOR POWER** . . . Keep your engine "right on the button." Change now to New and Improved Havoline, the *modern* motor oil. It gives you quick starts and livelier power because it CLEANS as it lubricates.

Button up **FOR SAFETY** . . . Your Texaco Dealer will give your car a thorough inspection . . . and the services it needs to protect it against winter. He'll provide anti-freeze protection . . . and gladly check your battery, spark plugs, and tires. You'll get a real "buttoned-up" job. Drive in today.

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then into the shower, which is aluminum too . . .

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That's why there are more and better alu products . . . *today* . . . with Kaiser Alumin

Get the Manufacturers' names

For the names of manufacturers nearest you who m the aluminum products pictured above, write:

Permanente Products Company

Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakland 12, Californi

…n't know," Eddie said. "That
…n your cheekbone—"
… a lucky swing," one of the kids
…ey were beginning to get friendly,
…as about time, I felt. We'd moved
…ooklyn to that neighborhood in
…nx more than a week before.
… got to go home anyhow," Paul
… could eat a horse."
…ealized that it was getting late
…e climbed out of the lot and
… St. Paul's Place, going up Brook
… toward the three-story tenement
… which we lived. On the way, we
… the lamplighter working our
…ith his long stick over his shoul-

…n was so busy with supper and
…le Jerry that she didn't get wise
… sat down to eat and she had had
… look at me across the table.
…g again! I simply don't under-
… Charles. What makes you want
…ople?"
…'t think he *wants* to hit people,"
…d.
… thing happens every time we
… said. "The guys don't know me,
… to fight. I can't help it."
… here," Paul said.
…, meat!" cried Jerry, who was fif-
…ths old. He went wild when he
…neat cooking. "Meeeat!"
… your soup, dear," said Mama,
…a spoonful of noodles into his
…"Charles, why can't you ignore
…dlums?"
…nswered for me. "If a guy calls
…ary, he can't ignore it, because
…re he'll get a paste in the mush
… Pass the bread, please."
… in the mush?" Mama said. "A
…borhood we moved into, Dan!"
…o neighborhood would be good
…r *your* sons," Papa said.
…in the snoot," Paul said as if to
…"Smack in the kisser. Boff on
…r." It was like a chant.
…n heaven!" Mama said. "What
…at?"
… as paste in the mush," Paul ex-

…ou know," Papa said to Mama.
… Mama," I said. "I don't like to
…h. I'd rather play kick the can
… But nobody wants to play kick
…ith a Mary. Or prisoner's base.
…I have to show them I'm no

…o," Paul said.
…only gave me a haircut," I said.
…Ella," said Papa. "Life would
…more peaceful for us if you let
…harles to the barber's. It seems
…own haircuts aren't stylish any

…has nothing to do with it,"
…d firmly. "My sons are going to
… to be gentlemen. If you had your way, they'd turn out ruffians, like all the others around here."

That's the way it always went. Lots of talk about my hair but never any action.

After supper, Eddie took me to the bedroom we shared with Paul and showed me a new poem. He fished it out of the dresser drawer which he had marked PRIVATE· KEEP OUT. The poem was titled Triolet to a Lady Named Violet. I couldn't understand half the words. "Boy, that's some poem," I said.

"Bet I get a kiss for it," said Eddie.

Violet was the girl he had left behind in Brooklyn and visited by subway whenever he could raise the carfare. I thought of all that dough, wasted. "Eddie, what do you want to have a girl for?"

He smiled at me with pity. "You'll know when you get to be nearer my age."

I WAS looking out of our parlor window, a few days later, watching a van being unloaded. A girl of about nine came along with her mother and father. As they started up the stoop, the girl bent her head back to look her new home over and I got a good front view of her face. Dark curls, big blue eyes, dimples. Her mother said, "Come, Bee, don't dawdle," and they disappeared.

Beginning to think I understood about Eddie and his girl, I went down and hung around the house, hoping Bee would show up again. Gus came over with a couple of other guys. "Hey, Charlie, we're gonna have a micky roast. Dere's a wagon round duh corner wid dose new small mickies. How 'bout it?"

"I don't feel like mickies today," I said.

"You loco inna coco or sumpin?"

"We're only wastin' time," another boy said. "We better git started before duh wagon goes away." They ran off.

Bee came out of the house with a big doll. Not even noticing me, she sat down on the top step of the stoop and began fussing with the doll. I watched in a state of delicious shock. I was sure now that I knew what Eddie meant; I didn't have to wait until I was older.

"Hello there, Bee," I blurted out. "My name's Charlie."

She gave me a chilly look. "We haven't been introduced, I don't believe."

"We were so introduced," I said. "Just now."

"Were we?" She thought it over.

"Well, my name is Be-a-trice." She spelled it out. "Not Bee."

"Your mother calls you Bee and you don't have to be so stuck up," I said. "I was just welcoming you to Brook Avenue." I started to turn away.

"What's your name again, boy?"

"Charlie," I said, turning back.

She shook her head. "I shall call you Charles. Now go away. I'm busy."

That afternoon, just when I was about

"Mr. Irwin is too busy to see you today, but he's sending his private secretary to give you the brush-off"

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game of punchball with the
came out of the house and
"Charles, would you do me a

s were watching me. "Well," I
be."
you to take me to the library.
w how to get there."
to say I was busy. But it was
nce to the library, all the way
emont and Washington. She
lost. I just had to take her.
inute," I said and ran upstairs
that was near due.
ike the way the guys looked at
came down again. As I started
ee, one of them yelled, "Pipe
"
didn't I tellyiz?" Foojy said,
ll laughed.
ster," I said to Bee.
ded up. "Mary—what do they

s sissy. On account of my

s nice," Bee said. "It's very

d. "Holy smoke! Don't ever
hear you say things like that."

library Bee made application
rd, and I took out a book for
card. She chose King Arthur
ights of the Round Table. It
book but I didn't mind carry-
er. Now that I was getting to
better, she was all right, not
all.
e reached the candy store on
I remembered I had a penny
er in for a treat. We got two
," a yard of rubbery licorice
f us. "Thank you, Charles,"
arting on hers. "It's delicious."
eft the store, and found our-
to face with Foojy and some
r kids. They must have spied
.
enough he looks like a goil,"
ed. "He plays wid goils and
andy."
mind how Charles looks!" Bee
n. "*You* look like a convict."
h!" Foojy said. "We oughta
'im."
up my licorice shoelace, put it
cket, and handed the library
ee. "Hold them a minute."
alarmed. "What are you going
rles?"
ng to show that baldynut—"
led the books back at me. "I'm
at you, Charles. I'm surprised
know such low people!" Tak-
m, she stuck her nose high in
marched off with me.
d as if I'd backed out of a fight
y, who seemed to feel that the
didn't count, and since he was
, it meant I was in bad again
uys. Even Gus, the next day,
nt. Clearly, the gang had de-
t there must be something
ter all, with a guy who wore
his hair almost long enough to braid.

If I got a decent haircut, I thought, there would be one thing less against me, and maybe then the gang would take me back. It gave me an idea, involving Bee. Thinking up a little introductory speech, I went to see her about it. She was in her parlor, reading. "Bee, I want you to do something for me. A great service. There's no one else in the world I can turn to." She liked that kind of talk, I could see, and I went on to explain what a nuisance my hair was. Finally I came to the point: "The barber would be best, but I haven't got the money. You'll cut it for me, won't you?" I'd seen her making clothes for her doll and I figured she'd be handy with a pair of scissors. But the idea horrified her.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Never!"

"What's got into you?" I said.

Blushing, she showed me the book she'd been reading, about King Arthur and his knights. The champ of the outfit was a guy by the name of Sir Lancelot. There were pictures of him in the book. I looked through it. "Well—so what?"

Shyly, Bee ran her fingers through my hair. "You're my Sir Lancelot," she whispered.

Then I got it. Sir Lancelot had long hair, just like mine.

"Let's have a play!" Bee said. She hurried out of the room and returned with her father's cane and a red scarf from the dining-room sideboard. She put the cane in my hand, draped the scarf around herself, and proceeded to make me act out parts of the book with her. She was Queen Guinevere. All of the people in the book spoke a queer, sticky kind of English. It made me sick to have to say some of Lancelot's lines. Then we came to a place where Lancelot held Guinevere's hand. That was all right. I began to hope the action would lead up to a kiss. The way it turned out, though, Lancelot didn't ever get to kiss Guinevere. King Arthur wouldn't have liked that.

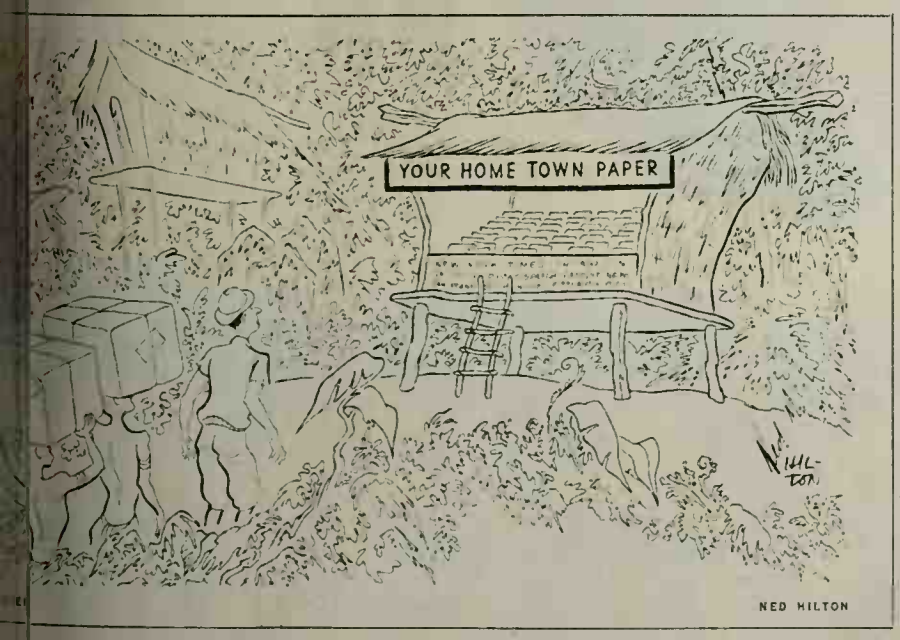
"Look, Bee," I said. "I'm going to have to get a haircut sooner or later. Why not now?"

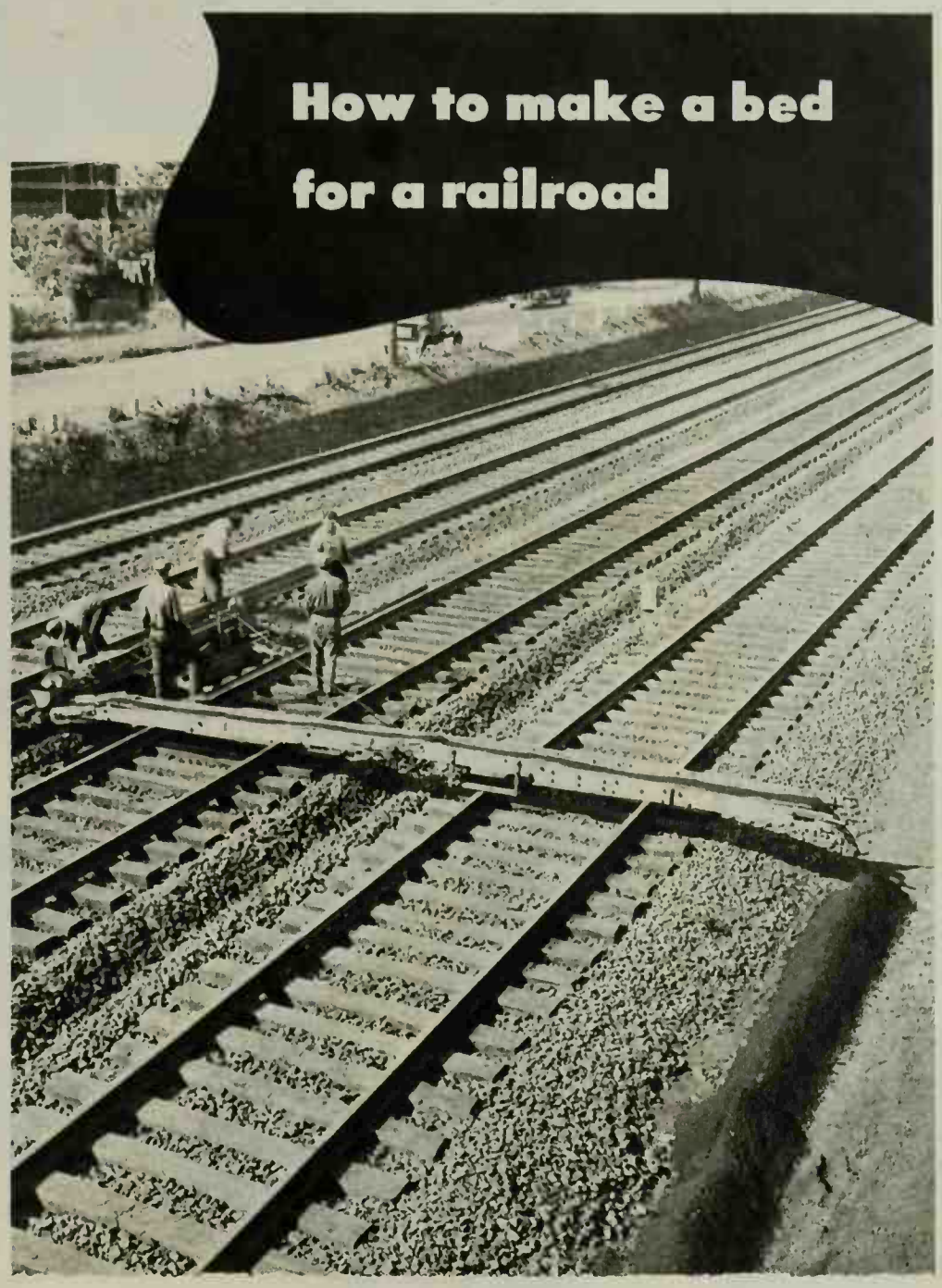
Bee drew herself up tall. "If thou ever cuttest thine locks, Sir Lancelot," she said, "nevermore shall Guinevere have word with thee again!"

SUMMER was slipping by. I was growing all the time and I began to think people were laughing at me on the street. One day, a man who had just come out of a saloon stopped me and gave my hair a hard yank to see if it was real. "Why don't you put ribbons on it, kid?" he said. I kicked him in the shin and ran home. Luckily Mama was out. Only Papa was there, stretching a canvas. It was his hobby to make copies of prints of old masters.

"You got to take me to the barber's right away," I said, half bawling.

Papa shook his head. "I'd rather not, without Mama's consent. Wait a little





YOU are looking at a "mechanical mole" regularly used to clean the ballast on the Erie roadbed.

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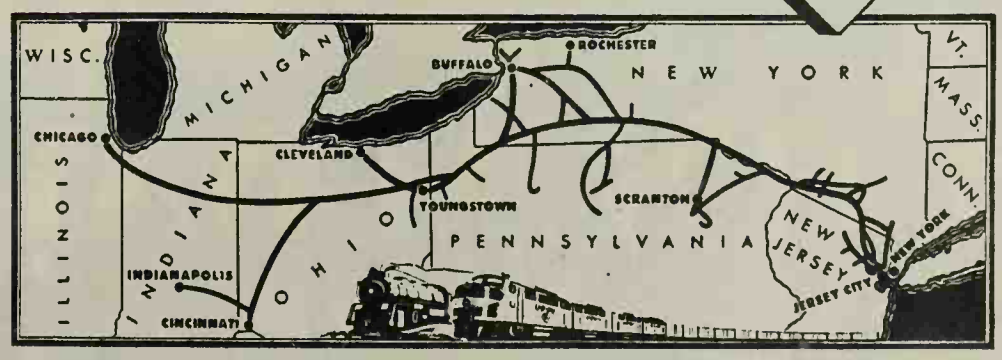

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laring. Su
$55, Sum
$45, Over

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longer. I'll do my best to persuade her."

"I'm going on ten. I *can't* wait any more."

Papa put aside the canvas and picked up his pipe. "You have my sympathy, Charles, but your mother is a very sentimental person and it's difficult to argue with sentiment. She'd like you boys to stay as you are. It saddens her to see you growing up so fast."

"School's starting next week," I said, "and it's a new school for me. There'll be hundreds of guys who never saw me before. I'll get mobbilized. I might even get killed."

Papa puffed at his pipe, coughed, smiled gravely, and rubbed his nose. I guessed he was weakening. I got hold of Mama's big sewing shears. "If you don't take me to the barber right now, I'll do the job myself!"

He saw I meant it. "Well, son, if that's the way you feel about it . . ."

WHEN we came out of the barber shop, my hair was parted on the side and pasted down with some perfumy water. I was afraid to touch it. We went home to wait for Mama.

Papa went right into the parlor and set up his easel. I sat down on the floor with a worn-out alarm clock, a screw driver, and a pair of pliers to keep myself busy while I worried about Mama. I wasn't worried about Bee. Now that the big thing had finally happened to me, I was sure she'd accept it. My growing up wouldn't bother *her*. Didn't girls *like* boys to be grown up?

Eddie and Paul came in. "Gee," Paul said. "Look at Charlie!"

Eddie was looking. "Where's Mama?" he said.

"Why didn't you take me along to the barber?" Paul asked.

"Both at once?" Papa said. "That would have been too much."

Paul studied me enviously. "You're a fine one, leaving me out of it!"

"Forget it, kid," Eddie said. *"Where's Mama?"*

"She'll be home presently, I expect," said Papa, making a careful stroke on his canvas, and began whistling. It had a thin, dry sound.

Then we stopped talking. Paul got on the floor with me and took a piece of the clock to work on. Eddie put the Poet and Peasant Overture on the phonograph and sat down next to it, listening hard.

Mama came home with Jerry and some groceries. Stopping at the parlor doorway, she set Jerry down. "Everybody peacefully occupied—how nice." She started through the hallway to the kitchen, but didn't get very far. After two or three steps, I heard her shopping bag thud to the floor. Then she was back in the parlor doorway, staring at me.

No one budged. The only thing in motion was the phonograph, blarin Poet and Peasant.

Papa put down his brushes. God's sake, Ella," he begged, "don' us on tenterhooks."

"The minute my back is tu Mama said. "Eddie, stop that mus

Eddie obeyed. "Aw, Ma, don't r seene. You'll get used to it. B you've still got Paul."

"Nothing doing," Paul whine want a haircut."

"Jerry's hair is growing fast, t pointed out.

"I'll never forgive you, Dan," said.

"Now, Ella, don't get dr Charles has been very patient—"

"You should have respecte wishes," Mama declared.

Jerry toddled over to me, gave puzzled look, and grabbed hold ear. "Chollie?" he said. "Chollie?

"Now see what you've done?" said to Papa. "The baby doesn' recognize him!"

"Nonsense," Papa said. "It's on Jerry didn't know Charles had ear

But Mama wasn't listening. came to her eyes and she hurried the kitchen.

It was warm outdoors but there chill in the house all evening. I sleep well that night. I had a dr which Mama took me to the bart demanded that he put the hair b my head. Gloom still hung over u morning. Few words were spok there was a feeling that we were a ing something in, but Papa let go fore he went off to work. "Damn don't you understand that the h the very thing that tended to mak out of Charlie?"

Mama said nothing. "Stubborn Papa. "She won't give in."

"Sometimes when Mama ge this," Eddie said, "I think it's she's the only female in the Tough, keeping her end up."

"Sometimes, Eddie," Papa said astound me."

"Female!" Mama said. "A ni to refer to one's mother."

I got out of there as soon as I thinking of Bee. A few inches wouldn't make any difference to was still the same guy, wasn't I?

I found her playing jacks on th with another girl. I was just goin hello, calmly, as if nothing had ha but she saw me and stood up wit before I could get a word out. lot is dead," she said, and dashed into the house. I went after her slammed her door in my face.

I stood still in the dim hallway fo ute in bewilderment before I went downstairs again. None of the g around, there were only some lit

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jumping rope. I put my hands in my pockets and shuffled down the street, over to Webster, up to Clay and into Claremont Park. The neighborhood wasn't built up in those days and there was a big patch of woods west of the park. I went through the park into the woods. I flipped stones in a pond till my arm ached, and then I wandered farther on, searching for acorns. I did whatever I could to keep myself occupied while I thought bitterly of Mama and Bee and the gang; I was turning gradually into a desperate character. I could feel the change come over me, a grim hardness covering the ache of rejection. The morning passed and finally I started home.

When I reached Brook, I saw some of the guys around the house. I swaggered up the block, ready for action. Here I come, fellas, better watch out, better not start anything. I stopped in front of the stoop and faced them with a leer.

"Whadaya know?" Gus said. "Charlie looks like a regular guy!"

But Foojy only sneered. "Don't let it fool yiz. He's still duh same ole Mary."

I felt my face shape itself into a grin of invincibility. There was no doubt in my mind about how this battle was going to end. But just as I tensed myself for the onslaught that was to destroy Foojy, Mama appeared, coming up the street with Jerry in a gocart and Paul in tow. Paul's curl's were missing, but that didn't make much of an impression on me with the guys waiting to see what I was going to do about Foojy. I was powerless, of course. I couldn't let Mama think I was still a roughneck, and she'd have stopped the fight anyway."

"Come, Charles," she said, "it's time for lunch," and I meekly went along.

AS I let the vestibule door swing closed behind me, I heard Foojy say, "Dat's duh second time he backed out—saved by a skoit!"

On the way upstairs, Paul made me admire him. "Ain't it swell, Charlie?" Then he showed off his haircut to Eddie, and later to Papa. We all congratulated him, and there wasn't any more talk about it.

To crow over our victory would have been tactless and indelicate after Mama's graceful surrender. All she said was, "If it makes you happy, children, it makes me happy."

But my shorn head no longer gave me much pleasure. I was an outcast from the gang in spite of it. And how could I be happy with my girl down on me? The affair with Bee was no mere crush. A crush was something you got on an aunt or a schoolteacher, a superior being to whom you gave a lot more than you could hope for in return. But w your own size: there was a sense ity, affection on even terms. To was a new and wonderful thin begun, and Bee seemed willing end! How could she be so crue

School started, and with it c feeling of fall in the air that m run wild. But there was no cops bers for me, no ringaleavio, n roasts. I played a lot with Paul, he was busy with his own younger kids, and in some t couldn't keep up with me, anyh hitching on trucks and trolley teasing the cops. One of them c all the way home, one day, bef him. I told Eddie, and he kic "What do you think you are, a or something? Boy, you're n days."

I took him into the bedroom a the door. "Can you keep a se die?"

"Sure, I can keep a secret."

"Well, I got a broken heart. ing to forget."

"Gee, kid, you're starting early said. "Why don't you get anot There's dozens of them around."

"Bee's the only one with dark blue eyes and dimples," I said. "S talk to me, she doesn't even loo Maybe I ought to write a poem

"Just like that, huh? Think easy?"

"You could give me some Please, Eddie."

"Well, okay. First thing, wri all the words you can think of tha with 'Bee.' Then you have to dec you want to say. Maybe that her so much you can't live witho He told me a lot of other stuff ab to write a poem, too.

"Thanks, Eddie. I get the idea.

"Good luck, kid. I'll leave you

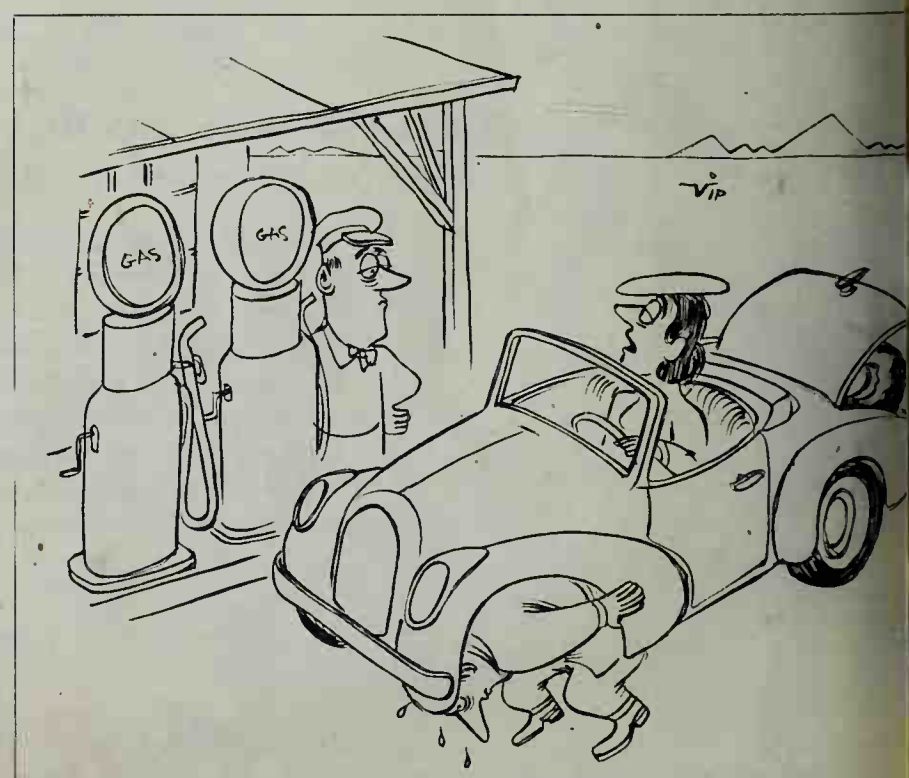
Later that day, I showed him

On bended knee, beautiful Be
I beg you to listen to my ple
I would gladly die for glee
If you would say that you lo

I'd worked hard on it and th was a good poem. My big brothe think it was so good. "You over the rhyme, kid. Not every line ha with an 'ee' sound."

"Does it hurt? I mean as lo came out that way."

"Kind of monotonous," Edd "But all right, we'll let that go. T thing is, it's not poetic enough. line has a beat missing, the sec has one too many, and the thir



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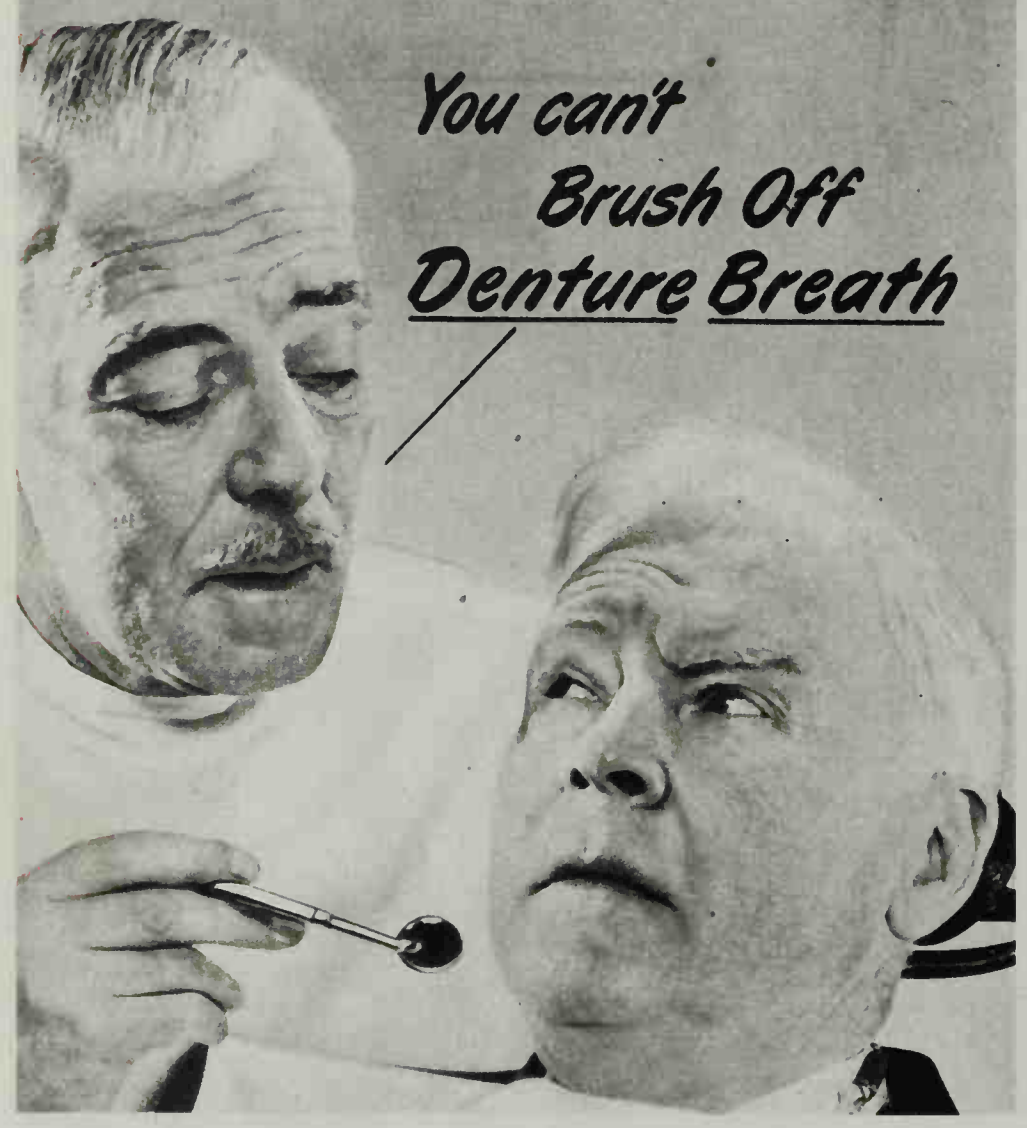

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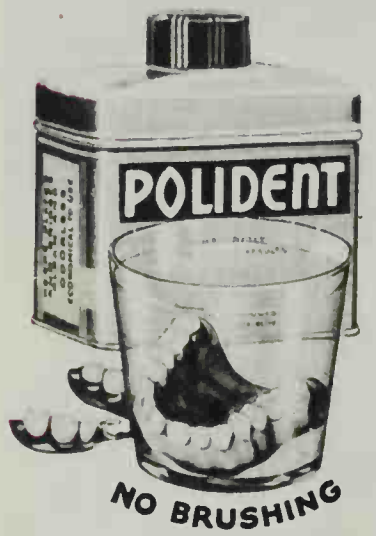

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well, it's supposed to be serious but it sounds kind of funny."

I listened carefully to his criticisms and went back to work on the poem. I sweated over it for another hour and then I had something Eddie said he thought I could get away with:

On bended knee, O Beautiful Bee,
I prithee hearken to my plea.
I would gladly die for thee
Could I but hope that thou lovedst me.

I put it down on a sheet of Mama's letter paper in my best Palmer penmanship and mailed it out.

IN THE morning, I hid behind the stairs in the lower hallway and waited until Bee came down. Then, peeping through the glassed door to the vestibule, I saw her take the letter from her letter box and read it. It took her so long, she must have read it ten times over. She put the poem in one of her textbooks and started off to school. I caught up with her at the end of the next block.

"Hello, Bee. Did you get my letter?"

She kept her eyes straight ahead of her. "Yes, I received it."

I didn't know what to make of her chilly tone. "Well, how'd you like the poem?"

"Oh, yes, the poem. It's lovely. Who wrote it?"

"What do you mean, who wrote it?"

"Copying a poem and signing your name to it," she said. "It's just like stealing!"

"Now, listen, I didn't steal anything! I wrote it myself and if you don't believe me you can go climb a telegraph pole." I started walking ahead, fast.

She ran after me. "Honest, Charles?"

"Eddie helped me a little, that's all."

"Oh. I'm sorry, Charles. Please don't go so fast." I slowed down. "Forgive me for doubting your word."

"Okay."

"Will you wait for me after school, Charlie?"

"Maybe."

Of course I waited for her, and of course she knew I would. We walked home, holding hands, and the world was beautiful, with the sun shining and sparrows twittering in the roadway. It was beautiful until we got a block from home, when I heard a vile "Yoo-hoo!" behind me.

I turned around. There were Foojy and Gus and a couple of other kids following us. Foojy put his hand on his hip, struck a sissy pose, and waggled his eyebrows at me. I felt my skin shrinking tight. I swung around with Bee again and we continued on our way. "They're so silly," she said, but her face ha red. Not as red as mine, thou guys hung around us all the w tenement, yelling, "Kiss me, sis making catcalls. As Bee and I our stoop, I looked back and sa get down on one knee and make gestures with his arms at Gus. pered and giggled extravaga rushed Bee into the vestibule. thing's going to happen that y like. Better go upstairs," I rushed out again.

I jumped on Foojy right f stoop—to hell with Queensberr and we tangled on the sidew thrashed around a while, and th sitting on his chest. He started catching me in the ribs with his I banged his head on the paven poked his thumb in my eye, so I the thumb and bent it the wr He howled, gave a great he scrambled out from under. " awright! Don't hafta bust my

I was on my feet again, go him, but he backed away, bid peace: "How 'bout a game o' Jo duh pony?"

At that I stopped, guessing th and I weren't going to have t each other around any more. later," I said, brushing myself looked around at the other gu seemed awed; no doubt I was in turned and started up the stoo was Bee, standing at the top, p excitement.

"Ooh, Charlie," she said, w

I took her inside to the priva hallway. "So you saw it," I said do you still want to be my girl?"

She gave me a melting look f der her eyelashes and nodded.

"But how do I know you me got to have proof," I said and I heard my heart thumping, through the hallway.

Then, for the first time, Bee ki She kissed me on the mouth, hand again, and led me upstai parlor. "Let's have a play, Charl

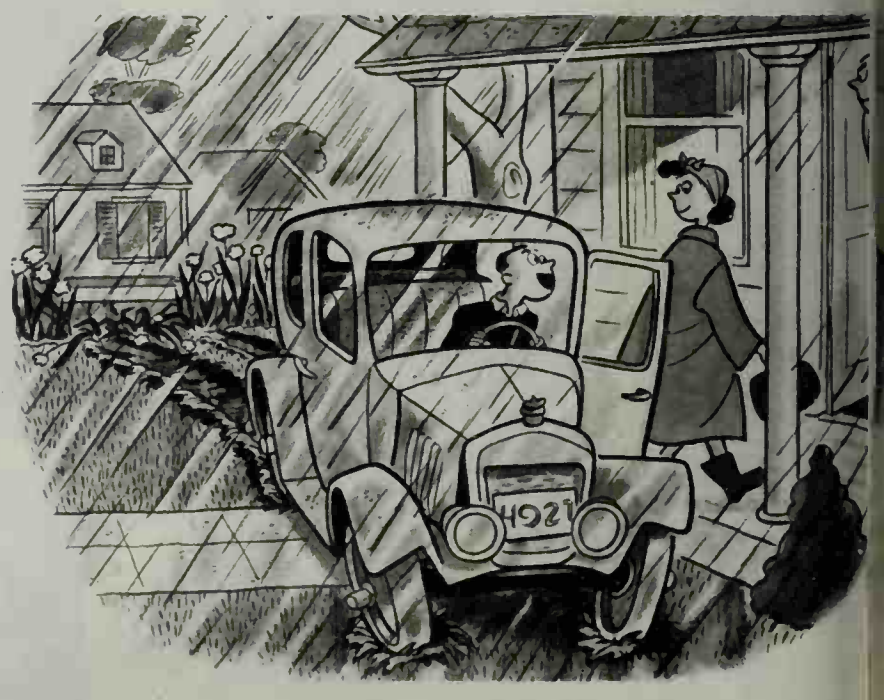
"Wait a minute. No more Lancelot stuff."

"No," she said. "I'm throu King Arthur. We'll have a play movie I saw last night. It was ab boys."

"Well," I said, "that's different

"There's a gang of horse thi they kidnap the girl, and Bror Anderson goes after them- Bill, he's wonderful!" Bee gave look again from under the e "And do you want to know so Charlie? You're just like him."

THE END



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BROADWAY SORTIE

Continued from page 21

conventional characters. At one moment Grandma appears with the Greek chorus and has words for Joe, and at another Mama wages a losing battle when Jennie convinces him that his real opportunity lies with Chicago and the big dough. Mama is on hand to sing Come Home, Son, Come Home when Joe finally gets fed up with the Loop and there is a point near the end when both Mama and Grandma arrive to work on the lad. ("What a parlay!" breathed our neighbor in the next seat.)

If this seems a bit grisly it must be remembered that Hammerstein and Rodgers wrote the greatest of all musical shows, Oklahoma!, around a loathsome character named Jud—a sex-starved maniac, a sadist, a musk-scented flower of perversion. He gets killed quite completely for his pains and to many connoisseurs of the Oklahoma! score the most haunting of all numbers is the gracious elegy entitled Pore Jud Is Daid.

Mama and Grandma may be eerie but they are not evil and it must be said that Allegro is an adult production with full-rounded characters and a point of view. Both Joe and Jennie are treated as serious cases. She is a charming girl and might have continued that way in other circumstances. She is ambitious for her husband in typical American fashion and if it works out badly it is not from any evil calculations of her own. Joe's character is equally sound, and Allegro may be considered a morality play with music, a contest between service to humanity and greed. It is a successful analysis of a man's integrity and his fight for his own soul.

What's in a Musical's Name

This sounds solemn but the plot is handled with wit and irony and keeps to a straight line. One spectacular production number called Yatata, Yatata, Yatata satirizes the usual gabby cocktail party and ends in the stirring Allegro music with the psychiatric ballet. There are critics who maintain that the show is badly named, since Allegro has little to do with it and comes late in the second act. It does little to explain the play and in fact confuses the issue. But who cares what a musical show is called so long as it is enjoyable?

When the show played Boston, it ran to 11:45 on opening night and played in semidarkness when the light cues got balled up. ("It was like acting in a tunnel," said Rodgers with a grimace. "I have a phobia about lights. If I can't see an actor's face I go crazy.")

As an ordinary thing Rodgers is the last one to go nuts. He drives everybody else slightly awry during the tryout period by refusing to be worried at all. His work is done and he goes humming about gaily while the others suffer the tortures of—of a theatrical producer opening in Boston. Hammerstein looked like a man who has just heard that his family has been trapped offshore in a hurricane. Miss de Mille, who directed the whole proceedings, was keeping her aplomb admirably, but Jo Mielziner had a job on his hands with the lighting. The show has nine light boards, and the final job of getting the light cues set is as ticklish as anything done by Toscanini on a new symphony by Prokofieff.

Hammerstein made cuts that took huge gaps out of the first act, and the second night's performance ended at 11:35. He managed another incision that hacked away seven minutes more for the third performance. That meant the cast rehearsed from one to five every day and tried to act at night as if it had all been set for ages. We may report that on the third night things were better.

"This is great," cried Rodgers enthusiastically. "You should have seen Carousel up here. You'd have thought we brought the thing in to insult the Pilgrim Fathers."

Mr. Hammerstein merely kept his lips pursed and continued to run a pencil through his dearest lines. In the darkened auditorium sat Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner, attentive but mute except at such moments as Langner approved heartily of a new lighting effect Mielziner was achieving. The principals of the cast were going over the new lines with Mr. Hammerstein in the foyer; the Greek chorus was wandering on and off the stage as they were needed.

Watching Miss Helburn and Mr. Langner, the czars of the Theatre Guild and veterans of dozens of tryouts, one couldn't help wondering how they kept up their enthusiasm. A tryout anywhere is misery and will continue to be as long as the theater lasts. Nothing ever goes right, everybody is terrified and apprehension fills the empty theater like a cloud.

Hammerstein and Rodgers produced Annie Get Your Gun, one of the greatest hits of American theater history. It has played to standees every performance since it started and yet it required eleven months to get back the production costs. Rodgers is angry at reports that Allegro is the most expensive production yet.

"It'll run a lot this side of $250,000," he said, "and they've been yelling about $500,000. Annie cost $300,000. Look at our sets. They're swell but you'll have to admit they're simple. This'll cost enough but we don't want anybody thinking we're doing another Chu Chin Chow. It doesn't look good in times like these.

As in other Hammerstein-Rodgers successes the cast is unknown and very good. The only name is Annamary Dickey, who did a stint at the Metropolitan Opera. Roberta Jonay has been keeping herself nicely hidden at Paramount for four years and the others are the sort of people known to the profession and nobody else.

The surprise of them all is Wilson Smith, who not only does the football coach bit but adds the best laughs in the play when he portrays a Hollywood producer who drops by to see Dr. Taylor. Lovely Kathryn Lee and Evelyn Taylor are the solo dancers, and Gloria Wills furnishes the feminine hum[or] slightly hilarious scene in which [he] vinces the naïve Joe that a mer[e] not necessarily sully him for l[ife]. Conte is very good as Joe's [old] college chum, and Lisa Kirk q[uite] up the show when she arrives la[te] office assistant and (hinted) spouse.

"We have a great trade goi[ng] cards," says Rodgers. "We [had] under Hollywood contract do[ing] ing and make Broadway sta[rs] them. People like John Raitt[, Bea] Clayton. Then they go bac[k to] salaries and Hollywood lets [us] around again."

Opinion-Polling the Lo[bby]

Having reached this point, i[t] we haven't the faintest idea ho[w it] will fare financially. People t[o] like novelty, but their respons[e is] often short of ecstatic. We slu[g] the lobby at intermission and [at] show, buttonholing innocent ti[me]ers and insisting on their opini[on]. man looked at us with a suspi[cion].

"You a member of the Ha[rt] family . . . an uncle or someth[ing]?" demanded.

We repulsed the sweet indict[ment] indicated our lack of bias.

"Well, I'll tell you what I thi[nk of the] show," he said. "I think it's a [great] bore."

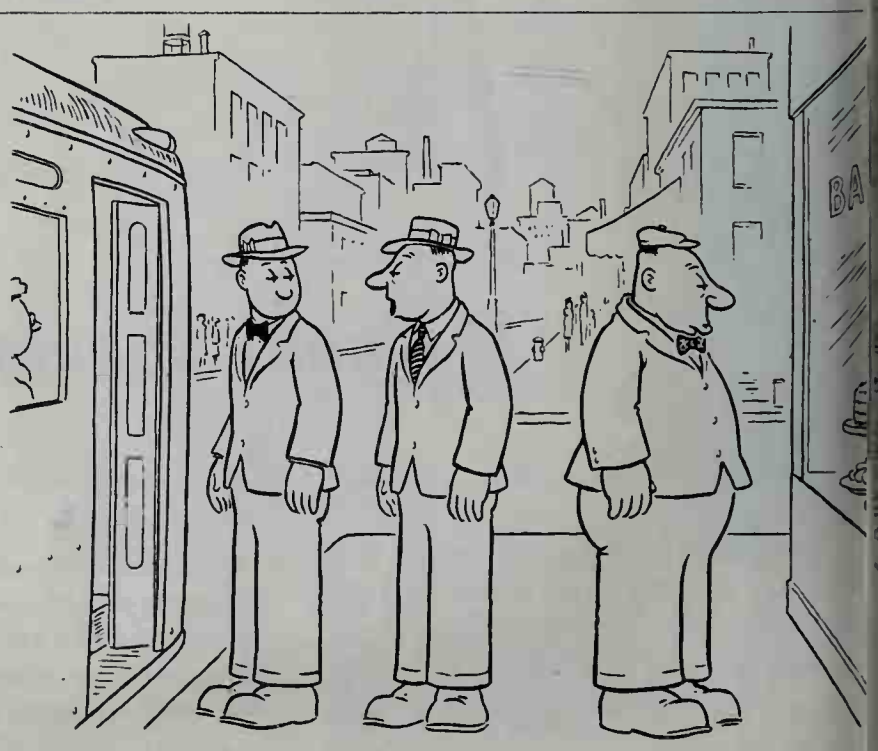
The shock of this was quickl[y] by an encounter in another p[art of the] lobby. This young lady was go[ing] with a queer look in her eyes.

"I think it's wonderful, beaut[iful]," said, in a voice only slightly [less] from the celestial.

There were other opinions [but] represented the split. No ma[tter] the critics say, there will alway[s be a] division of opinion. We do[n't] whether or not it is a masterpie[ce] a great show but we know it'[s an] attempt. It may even heap up [a] pile of that stuff so cherished [by] Snyder in Washington and [be] taken entirely by him. The Tre[asury] adopted an Omar Khayyám at[titude] ward the theater, to wit: Take [the] and let the credit go. They have [our] best wishes for Messrs. H and [M].

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFR[EY]



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★ HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

★ ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

CONVOY TO CAMBODIA

BY WELDON JAMES

The Frenchman's pink-cheeked bride saw only the lush countryside and the fleecy clouds, but others in the convoy were tired to death of the hopeless deadlock and the vicious fighting in Indo-China

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

YOU can get the best picture of the current impasse in Indo-China—and the very unpretty war that results—if you ride in an armed convoy from Saïgon into the interior. The impasse is simple: The French want to stay in Indo-China; the Indo-Chinese want them to get out. The war is more complex. The prevailing religion of the country holds that an insult to a dead enemy is considerably greater than to a live one. The guerrillas apply this teaching to any white captives with a carving ingenuity and hateful enthusiasm for mutilation that is always shocking to the French, who sometimes avenge the death of a comrade in kind. Hence the necessity for convoys.

The convoy in which I traveled from Saïgon to Cambodia began lining up at five in the morning in a park beside the Saïgon River and under the guns of the French warships anchored there. There were 78 vehicles in the convoy; smaller groups are too susceptible to ambush and annihilation. This convoy, like others, had a heavy proportion of American Lend-Lease trucks, with machine guns frowning from the cab top of practically every third vehicle.

Other trucks and jeeps bristled with armed infantrymen, French and native. Three ancient Chinese-owned busses, overflowing with package-burdened native civilians and freight, were placed deep inside the convoy, a favored spot for the few passenger cars of government civilians.

A snappy French major looked over my police and military travel permits, walked down the long double line of vehicles, spoke curtly to the civilian driver of a bantam-sized Peugeot, and motioned me into the back seat, piled high with luggage and women's hatboxes. At seven started on the long slow grind to Pnom-Penh, capital of Cambo some 120 miles northwest.

The driver of our car was Garnier, a trim young engineer in French colonial service now assi to the public works department o Kingdom of Cambodia. The ch ing pink-cheeked girl beside him his wife, just arrived from Pari join her husband for the remai 30 months of his three-year stay i colonies. Garnier had a fine h waiting for her in Pnom-Penh, had just had a second honeym of a week in gay Saïgon, and ev thing was lovely. Even to sharing t car.

Garnier packed a small revolv custom in this country, but he was too worried. Our car was numbe in the long procession; if the were mined, the first trucks would it; if the guerrillas attacked, the f and the rear would get the worst but the convoy had sufficient power to take care of itself, and t in the center, unless the attack curred in the few jungle areas i spersed among the rich rice rubber plantations, most likely w catch nothing.

"Only the first 50 miles or so dangerous," Garnier reassured wife, who looked happily un cerned, more interested, indeed looking at the burned native vill and wrecked telephone lines Saïgon, or in marveling at the fl cumulus clouds floating idly over green countryside. "Once we're Cambodia everything is peaceful."

He was right. Indo-China, un Gaul, is divided into five part Tonkin and Annam in the north east, Cochin China in the south,

(Continued on page 102)

INTERNATIONAL

General Ho Chi-Minh, shown at left during a visit to France, is the Moscow-trained leader of the rebellious Indo-Chinese. Their fierce, atrocity-marked war against their French overlords often catches civilians like those (above), in the middle, destitute and tragic

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.N.?

Continued from page 16

ult of the U.N. is that many dele- not acting on direct mandate people of the nations they rep- They are lawyers acting for gov- s. Their actions are dictated by ernments and these use the Gen- mbly as a forum in which to air erences and the Security Council d room in which to reach deci-

eatest differences as to how and who shall run the world exist be- two strongest powers, America ia. It is their conflict rather than ween other powers which com- e most space in the newspapers. ir divergent views are reconciled can't run smoothly.

ssia's Obstructive Tactics

heless, the evidence stacks high Russians, in pursuit of their perialist destiny in Eastern the Balkans and Asia, have big and possibly lethal monkey nto the gears of the U.N. ma- The responsibility for the U.N.'s operate efficiently and for the f the organization's prestige as tes sat this month in the second session of the General Assem- n the minds of most Americans peans, clearly Russia's.

eir verdict justified? The an- r examining the frequency and h which Gromyko has used the e Security Council, is a qualified The veto has been Gromyko's weapon in the desperate strug- en the Communist East led by ssia and the democratic West ed by the United States.

nited States is determined that concept of democracy, shared ajority of the members of the ations, shall prevail in the world. itical and economic reconstruc- urope it insists on "freedom of " "free elections" and "freedom rise."

also professes democratic aims, Soviets those tenets are either ess or have meanings quite dif- m those expressed in the Bill of e Constitution of the United the Charter of the United Na- ssia violates them in extending its influence in Eastern Europe and in seeking to expand it in the Balkans, the Middle East and Asia.

The result is conflict. Russia communizes Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and presses for advantage in Greece and Turkey. America counters with the Truman Doctrine, seeking to stiffen the resistance of democratic elements to the blandishments of Communism. The conflict expresses itself in the United Nations.

In the General Assembly, where each of the 55 nations has one delegate and one vote regardless of size and power, America invariably has its democratic way. But the General Assembly cannot make laws. Its decisions are not mandatory. Other nations can accept or disregard them. What power the Assembly wields is strictly moral. It can urge the Greeks, for example, to quit butchering one another, but it cannot actually stop the slaughter unless the Greeks themselves, faced with the condemnation of most of the rest of the world, voluntarily lay down their weapons.

In the Assembly, Russia is powerless to avoid being held up before the world as guilty of whatever crime the majority might pin on it and equally unable to put over any scheme which might expand its influence at the expense of anyone else. It can never summon enough votes.

But in the Security Council, majority rule doesn't exist. Any one of the five permanent members—America, Great Britain, Russia, China or France—can obstruct the will of the majority by the use of the veto. In the Council, Russia is in a position to play politics to the hilt. It is able to block any action which the Kremlin considers dangerous to Russia's interests.

Continuation of the Greek civil war, for instance, could work to Russia's advantage. The Communist-led guerrillas might win. Their victory could mean expansion of the Communist world and extension of Russian influence in the strategically important region of the Dardanelles, eastern gateway to the Mediterranean, whose domination Russia has sought for 400 years. By vetoing peace efforts in Greece, Gromyko increased his government's chances of gaining its objective.

The Assembly is largely a forum, a town meeting of the world. But the Security Council is much more. The Council's decisions are mandatory and in the legal sense far more important than those of the larger body. The Assembly talks and by talking may influence action. The Council acts. Obstructionism in the Assembly can be talked down or voted away. Obstructionism in the Security Council paralyzes the whole United Nations machinery.

This does not necessarily mean, as has been suggested by many politicians and by some pundits, that the veto should be abolished. The experts who blueprinted the United Nations organization purposely included the veto power among those given to the Big Five. In the Assembly the Big Five have no more power than any of the other nations. But some way had to be found to grant those five countries most responsible for victory special powers commensurate with their greater responsibilities in economic and political reconstruction and in keeping peace. The veto seemed the way to do this.

The veto was an American idea, insisted on by Franklin D. Roosevelt at Yalta and accepted by Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin. Properly used, it could forestall hasty action by any one of the Big Five. America could use it, for instance, to prevent commitment of American troops to intervene in the internal affairs of another nation without the consent of Congress. Russia could employ it to block an unwarranted declaration of war against itself.

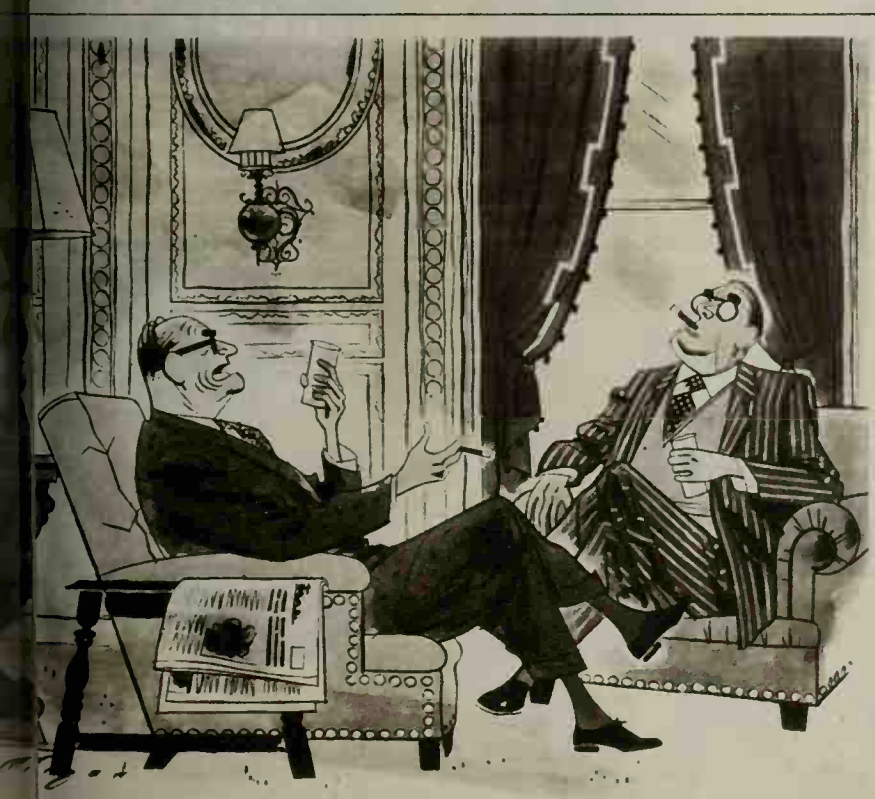
How Nations Have Used the Veto

The Big Five were aware of the danger that the veto could be employed as a stick in the wheels of the Security Council. They publicly agreed not to use the veto "willfully to obstruct the operation of the Council" but only in matters of the "greatest urgency." Up to the end of the 188th session of the Council in August, France had used the veto power once. Neither the United States, Great Britain nor China had invoked it. Soviet Russia had employed it 18 times, five times merely to block admission to the United Nations of countries whose votes in the General Assembly would have swelled the already overwhelming majority against the U.S.S.R.

There is one practical reason why the United States, for instance, has not used the veto so far: It has not had to. In every case where it has voted against a proposition it has been supported by a majority of the Council. So a veto was not needed. In at least one case, the U.S. was the first to vote, and its "Nay" was sufficient to kill the question right then and there. However, in this case—Bulgaria's admission to U.N.—a majority also voted "No," so that the U.S. was not credited with a veto.

As used—or misused—by the Russians the veto is undoubtedly one of the things most wrong with the United Nations. It has become what the Australian delegate described as "the most vicious instrument employed by man to prevent the democratic will of the majority." There are indications, however, that something will be done about it, probably during the current session of the Assembly.

There is a move sponsored by Argentina to have the veto power abolished. But this probably won't happen. The Big Five are not likely to give up their special privilege, irked as at least four of the five may be about the way the veto is employed, until the world is a much safer and happier place to live in. Besides, only the Security Council, by unanimous vote, could remove it and that is about the last subject on which una-



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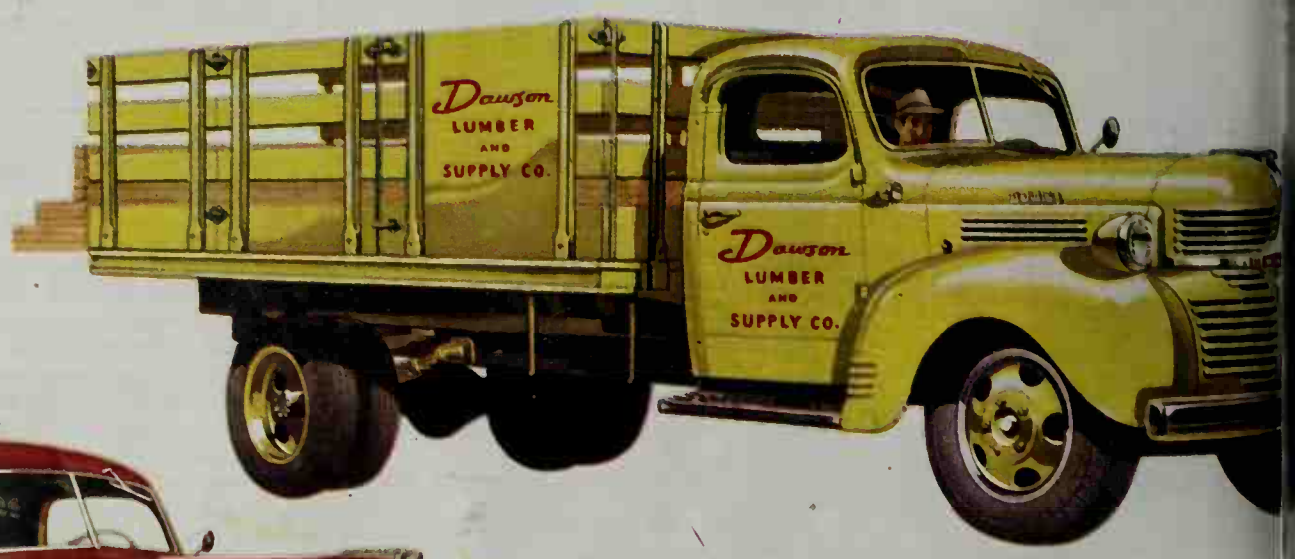

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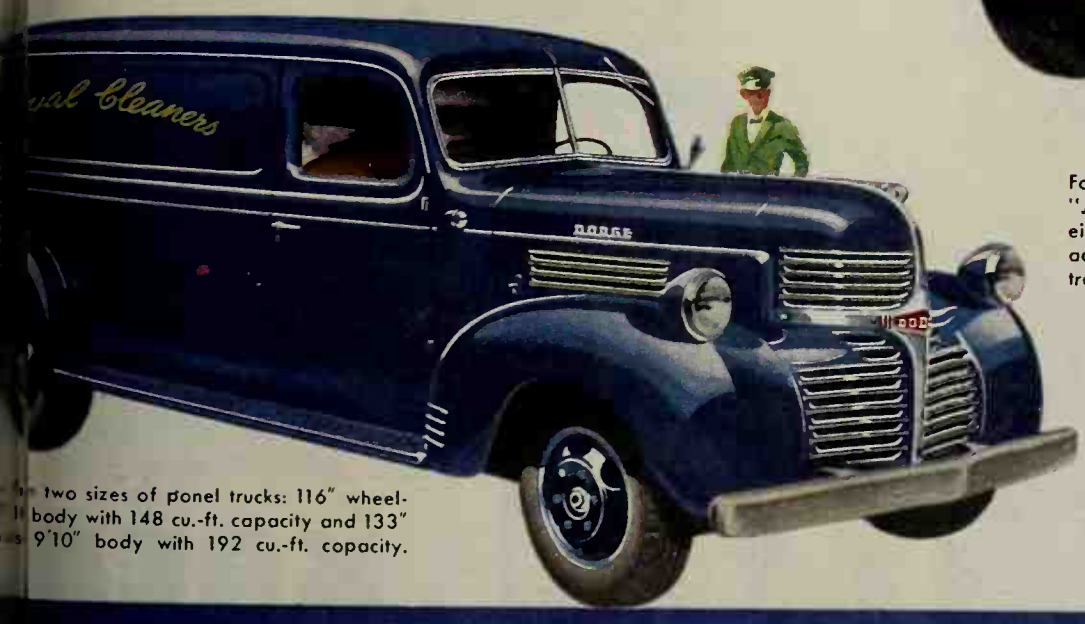

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nimity can be expected. More important in the reform movement was Secretary of State George Marshall's strong condemnation of Russia's overuse of the veto in his opening speech to the current General Assembly session.

Marshall attacked the obstructive effects of the veto directly in two points of the now famous four-point program. In the first of these he asked that the veto power be restricted to actions in which actual penalties, political or economic, against some offending nation, were being considered by the Security Council. He said that the United States would accept the elimination of the veto power on all matters relating to the *peaceful* settlement of disputes and on various administrative matters like the admission of new members to the U.N. He further suggested that a special committee be appointed to study restrictions on the use of the veto and report back at the next session of the General Assembly next year.

An Alternate Court of Appeal

The second of Secretary Marshall's two points proposed that the Assembly create a permanent committee composed of representatives from each of the 55 United Nations, which would sit continuously and serve, in effect, as an alternate court of appeal to the Security Council. Since this committee would be a part of the General Assembly, it would not be bound by the veto, but would be able to operate if two thirds of its members approved. This would neatly get around the obstacle of the veto power, but, presumably, the committee, like the Assembly, would have the power only to talk and to recommend. It would not have the Security Council's power to act. But it would have the power of mobilizing world opinion on a particular question and of directing that moral force against an offending nation.

These were, of course, only proposals by one member of the United Nations. Whether the General Assembly would finally decide to adopt them, in whole or in part, remained to be seen, as this was written. The reception accorded Marshall's speech was generally enthusiastic —by everybody except the Russians.

In his reply, Andrei Vishinsky emphatically rejected the idea of such a committee as an attempt to by-pass the Security Council. Then he continued on to accuse the United States of warmongering and asked the Assembly to adopt a resolution calling on the U.S. to cease propaganda designed, he said, to prepare the world for a new war. So bitter was Vishinsky's speech that a cloud of hopelessness settled over the delegates. Both inside the Assembly Chamber and along the Main Streets of the world, there was talk that the United Nations was already doomed to failure.

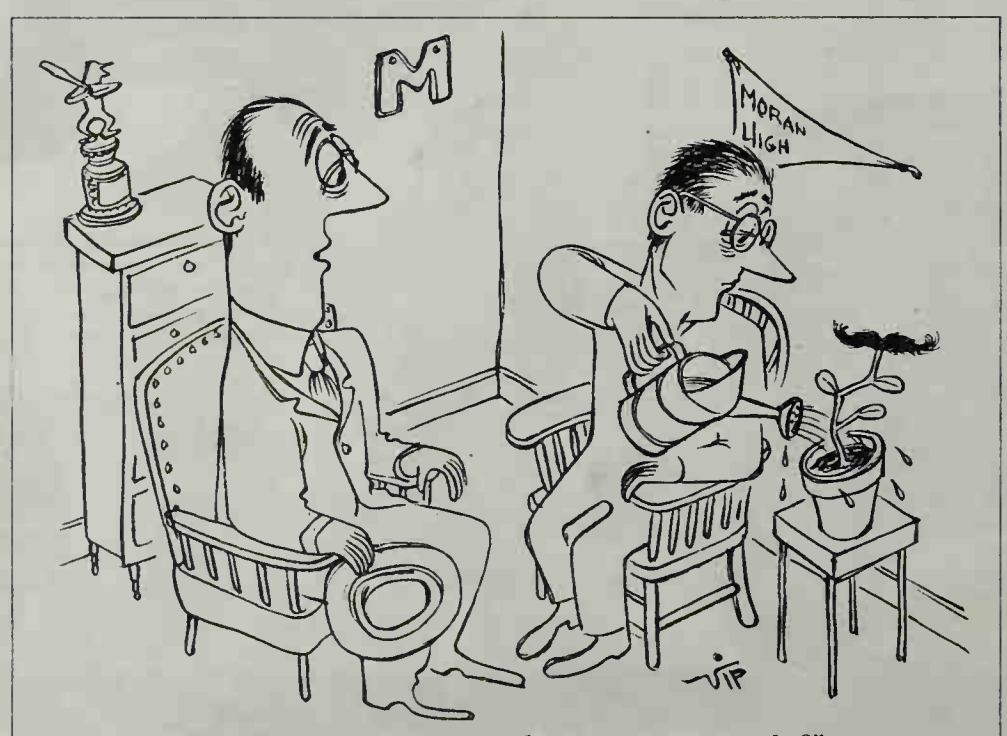
This hopelessness was furthered by Russia's obstructionism which showed itself in other vital issues in which the veto was not directly involved. These included the supreme question of international control of atomic energy. This case further illustrates Russia's mistrust of the West, its own desire to assume world leadership and how far from "understanding" each other are the titans of the peace.

Both America and Russia produced plans for international control of atomic energy nearly a year and a half ago. The job of trying to reconcile them was handed to the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission. This is really the Security Council with Canada added. Progress to date: zero.

The American plan as proposed by Bernard M. Baruch took into consideration every possible aspect of the problem of preventing the use of atomic energy for military purposes and to ensure its use for the good of all nations. It urged the creation of an Atomic Development Authority, a sort of worldwide TVA, with monopolistic powers over (1) sources of fissionable materials, (2) information concerning all aspects of atomic development from the moment a quantity of uranium ore is mined up to the moment it is consumed to produce energy, (3) allocation, ownership and operation of atomic-energy plants and (4) inspection of every phase of the development and use of atomic energy, regardless of national frontiers.

What capitalist America proposed was, actually, a socialistic plan. Under an ADA the benefits of atomic development would belong not exclusively to nations financially best able to afford them but to all in proportion to their needs. Countries lacking uranium or other fissionable materials could obtain them from ADA. Those too poor to spend astronomical sums for research could get information from the authority or, if unable to erect atomic plants of their own, could buy power from neighbors at rates fixed by the ADA. The horizons of the American plan were unlimited.

America proposed to begin destroying its stock pile of atomic bombs once an ADA was established and had proved its workability and safety. This would be the first step toward gradual universal disarmament. But before it took this step America wanted to be sure that its own national security was protected. First must come a general agreement with all the necessary safeguards to ensure that any nation which violated the



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DA's prohibitions against the use of mic energy for military purposes uld be swiftly and effectively pun- d.

Avowedly Socialist Russia didn't like erica's Socialist plan and opposed it nearly all counts. Russia proposed t before anything else happened the mbers of the United Nations should n a pact outlawing the atomic bomb, aning that America should destroy its bs and stop their manufacture. ssia insisted that the power to deal h violations and violators of such a t remain in the Security Council ere she would have the protection of veto. Keeping it there might also de- investigation and punishment until late to avoid atomic disaster.

Russia has also argued that the powers posed for the ADA would violate the vereignty equality" of member na- s. Sovereign and historically isola- ist America is willing to relinquish a d deal of its sovereignty in the field atomic development to an inter- ional authority. Soviet Russia ap- ently is not.

Behind the Soviet Union's objections the American plan is mistrust of capi- st America's ultimate aims. Russia afraid of America's military might. s explains the Soviets' insistence on lawing atomic weapons and the de- ction of existing bombs as a condi- for accepting any atom-control plan. lso explains their love for the veto, ch they regard as their only defense inst an antagonistic capitalist world. America has insisted that the veto ver be dropped by the Security Coun- in dealing with cases involving atomic trol and particularly with instances of lations. This was to guarantee that veto wouldn't block action against a lator before he dropped an atom nb on somebody. The Russians last mmer agreed in principle that the veto uld not be used to prevent immediate ion against anyone caught chiseling atomic-energy control by making nbs on the sly. Luckily it takes so g to manufacture a bomb that with ervision such as the ADA scheme vides, the culprit could be dealt with ore he could do any damage.

Until international control of atomic rgy is achieved, the experts agree, dis- ament is impossible. Until nations be sure that the world won't explode a mushroom-shaped blast, another tly armaments race is in prospect.

Poland—Soviet Stooge State

Russia, it is evident from the record, been the principal and usually the y objector to the will of the majority the settlement of disputes that might d to war and in achieving interna- nal control of atomic energy. Its only porter has been Poland, generally re- ded as a Soviet stooge-state. Some e concluded that the way to progress ard those objectives is to reorganize a N. without Russia.

Those who are convinced that what's ng with the U.N. is Russia—and they lude some of our senators, elder statesmen and military people—say, "throw Russia out of the organization—quarantine the Soviet Union until it proves itself a more amenable member the world community." But to do this uld mean to return to the old system power blocs and alliances. The West uld line up against the East. At first great preponderance of power would doubtedly be with the West. But would West's supremacy last? Competent erts believe not.

"Too many nations," a U.N. official plained, "are balanced on a political fe edge between democracy and mmunism as it is. France, Italy and Hungary are handy examples. They n toward democracy rather than mmunism now largely because of the existence of the U.N., which supports democratic institutions.

"If the U.N. should collapse, as it would the moment so powerful a member as the Soviet Union were drummed out of the membership—which, by the way, would be almost impossible, legally—those nations I named and probably several others might fall into the Communist camp.

"The alternative to international union is international disunion and, ultimately, war. We would be obliged to declare war on Russia and its allies before they manufactured atomic bombs. We would win such a war, perhaps, but—"

Four-star Air Force General Joseph T. McNarney, head of the United States Military Mission to the U.N., isn't a diplomat. He wasn't squeamish, therefore, about being quoted. He finished the diplomat's sentence.

"Sure," he said, "we could go to war tomorrow and conquer our enemy. But I'd hate to live in the kind of a world it would be. There would be no winners."

Clashes That Retard Progress

Perhaps what is most wrong with the U.N., according to many observers, is the struggle for power between the Soviet Union and the United States or, at least, the antagonism generated by their efforts to assert their respective points of view. The clash between the two powers occurs in almost every phase of the U.N.'s activities and usually, wherever it occurs, progress ceases.

There was a similar contest of wills and interests after the last war between France and England. Common fear of a resurgent Germany healed the Anglo-French split. Many hope that the sheer necessity for mutual survival in a world over which the atom bomb hangs like doom suspended by a piano wire will oblige the United States and Russia to settle their differences too.

An official who reflects the views of the State Department on the subject of the U.N. suggested that perhaps those who greeted the birth of the U:N. so enthusiastically two years ago expected too much of the organization. The U.N., he said, was never meant as a peace-making but as a peace-keeping machinery.

"How could the U.N. be expected to keep the peace," he said, "when the peace wasn't made when the organization came into existence? There the League of Nations had an enormous advantage over its successor. The League came into being simultaneously with the signature of the Peace of Versailles. It's nearly two and a half years since V-E and V-J Days and we still haven't drafted peace treaties with the two principal enemies of World War II, Germany and Japan. The peace treaties with Italy and Axis satellites have only just been ratified by everybody concerned.

"The difficulties with which the U.N. has had to contend have not been difficulties created by the U.N.'s deficiencies but by the members themselves. The member nations and not the U.N. or its Charter are responsible for the successes or failures of the organization. The U.N. can succeed or fail only in so far as the members do or don't want to achieve a common objective. If the member nations really want to keep the peace they can, because the Charter is big enough and legally strong enough to cover whatever requirements the nations might have for maintaining peaceful and prosperous world conditions."

Anyhow they're going ahead with plans for a skyscraper home for the U.N. on New York's East Side, most of it to be completed by the end of 1949 at a cost of anywhere from $40,000,000 to $60,000,000. Every day the delegates meet and talk and talk and talk. If only they'll just keep right on talking—

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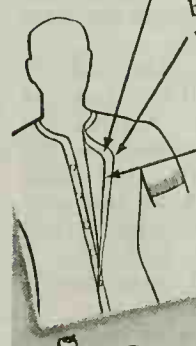

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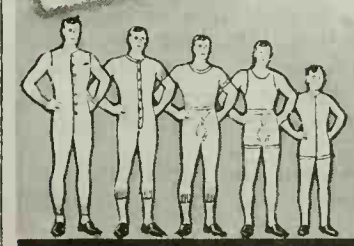

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.....
Occupation .....

THE GREEN BOUGH

Continued from page 23

"Why, I thought you were in eollege," she said to Mike.

Both of them stared at her without a word. Then they both said, "Are you all right?"

She had to laugh at their faces. "Why sure," she said. "I'm just scratched."

Mike looked her right in the eye.

"You lit-tle fool," he said. "You complete ut-ter lit-tle fool."

He said the words like that; his voiee was keyed very low, and his faee looked like a stone.

The smile faded from her own face and she stared at him. In the moment of silence while she was taking in his words she had time to see the changes in him. He was different, he was older. He was taller and broader, and his faee with its look of fury was different, too. It was a grown man's face, what you might call handsome. And he was scolding her, like a grownup. Meddling in her life.

"Sitting up in the steeple! Peeking like an old maid!" she said. "Haven't you got anything better to do?" She pieked up the bicycle and turned it.

"And that's a nice mess you made on the grass," he said pointing at the dug-up sod. "Do your mother and father know you go whizzing down that hill?"

Her voiee was tight and high, almost a scream. "It's absolutely none of your business!" she said. "None of your business at all!" She stood there shaking.

Andy took a limping step forward and laid his hand on Mike's shoulder. She saw vaguely that the hand was bandaged. "He eame to help me beeause I slipped on the ladder and hurt my hand," he said. "He's here on his vacation." He smiled at Mike. "He really was niee to get up so early," he said, as though that explained things. He stood there looking at Mike as though Mike were a sort of hero.

She was too mad to say anything more. She got the bieycle off the grass and rode on down the street. How slowly. How unlike what she had planned. Anger was rare to her, thus very painful. At her own house she got off and walked up the driveway.

Her mother always understood. So now she eould pour it all out and have it over with. Her mother always said the right thing, the wise thing. Very quietly, without seolding.

MRS. ANDERSON was small and plump. She was pretty in a delicate way, not at all like Roxie. She stood by the stove now, making early breakfast for them both. Roxie's father was still asleep.

Roxie rushed in and the sereen door banged behind her.

"Why, what did you do? You're all seratehed up," Mrs. Anderson said mildly.

Roxie stood where she was. She pushed the words out as though she were reeiting in school.

"I did it on the bicyele," she said. "I eoasted down the West Hill very fast. At the eorner a truek came. A truek on Sunday! I turned and spilled on the grass in front of the ehureh, and Mike Hamilton eame out with Andy and gave me H as though it were any of his darned business. I'm telling you this, Ma. I won't do it again. I didn't know there'd ever be a truek on Sunday."

Her mother kept staring at her. She didn't say anything. "I'll give my week's allowance to have the gardener fix it." Roxie said. "Those dug-up places on the grass. Or shall I tell Mr. Brewster, or what?"

Now she waited for her mother to speak. Expecting just the right, wise thing.

But her mother spoke in a new voice. One she had never used before. It was not an angry tone, just unusual.

She said, "You seare me. You scare me to death."

"Mother!" she said. "My goodness, I told you. I just told you! I won't do it again. You know I won't."

Mrs. Anderson left the stove and sat down by the kitchen table. Now she looked away from Roxie. She looked down at the tiled floor.

"I know you won't do it again," she said. "I know you won't speed down the hill if you say so. But it isn't just the truek. You never think anything's going to happen. And in life things happen all the time. Things you don't expeet."

This was an explosion without preeedent. Neither of them moved, or looked at the other one. Upon Mrs. Anderson's face was a look of distress, as though she had lost her way.

"Go wash your leg and put on iodine," she said finally. And she added, "It's in the bathroom eupboard," senselessly, as though Roxie were a stranger in the house.

ROXIE stayed up in the bathroom for a while, and when she eame down her mother had breakfast all ready. She sat down at the table quietly, without a word. But then her mother eame over with the eoffee and began pouring it. And somehow this seemed to foree her to speak as if the subject were overpowering after all.

"I've never known *you* to be like this before," she said. "Father—I ean't even listen to Father. But you. You've never been like this. If I can't trust you . . . if I ean't tell you things!"

Her mother sat down and began drinking her coffee. "Honey," she said. "I've wanted to talk to you. But it's so hard to. You're so pretty. Why don't you go out with girls and boys your age?"

Roxie set her eup down and it splashed in the saueer. "Mother!" she said. And her voice was tight and elose to tears. "Mother, please don't start that. You—you're being like Father."

"All right, darling," her mother said. And now her voice was sweet and easy as always. She sat sipping her coffee and fruit juice and she seemed to be thinking of other things. After a while she said: "I hear the girls are all in a flutter."

"What about?" Roxie asked.

"Why, about Mike. They tell me he's the glamor boy," her mother said gaily. "I guess you left the danee last night before he arrived. Mrs. Brewster ealled this morning about the bridge elub. She tells me Naney woke her up last night. She and the other girls, they're all in a twitter. He's tops in his class at college. There's nothing he ean't do. As our new bell ringer, he'll be the eenter of—" She suddenly saw Roxie's faee, with the new look of anger, and said, "Why, what's the matter now, honey?"

"You mean to say they're going to take the job from Andy and give it to Mike? Why? And what will Andy do? And why should they?" Roxie eried.

"Why, dear, the Chureh Council didn't see how anybody could mind," Mrs. Anderson said. "Mr. Brewster and the others met yesterday. Old man Hamilton taught both the boys to ring the ehimes. And Andy can help him with the watch repairs in the shop, just the same way. It's all still in the family."

"But *why?*"

"Well, dear, Andy just isn't strong enough." Mrs. Anderson's voice now sounded as if she were comforting a ehild. "He's slipped on that steep ladder before, you know. And this time he's hurt himself. The Couneil just can't be responsible."

"It'll break his heart," Roxie said.

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"It'll just break his heart. He's rung the bells always! I think Mike is cruel, and selfish."

She didn't wait for anything more her mother might say. She rose from the table and said a brief, excuse me, and ran out into the hot, pale sunlight.

For a while she coasted around town aimlessly. She had a frown on her face. It was exaggerated and unaccustomed, like the frown of a puppy.

ON a flat stone above the clear brown-bottomed pool at the end of Lover's Lane she took off everything and plunged in, letting her hair float free. She stayed there until lunchtime.

And after lunch she ran around doing errands. There were always things people forgot until Sunday. Old Mrs. Corey, who was ninety, sent her way up the road again. "If you really don't mind going," she said. "To ask Lucy Grey to come and sew Friday."

So there was the long ride in the heat and the dust. She enjoyed it, and by evening she was the same as always. Exhausted, and happy, and ready for dinner. She helped her mother with the dishes.

But then suddenly, and in a funny way, everything started again.

Her mother insisted on trying on the new dance dress. "It's too short, darling," she said. "Let me fix it now."

"I'm not going next Saturday," Roxie said. "There's plenty of time."

"You never can tell. You might want to, when the time comes."

Her mother's voice was calm. The whole thing was very ordinary. Yet right away this queer little anger started up inside her again. She looked at her mother without a word. *You might want to, when the time comes.*

As if she, Roxie, couldn't plan her life any more! As if some strange, unseen thing had come into her life, something stronger than herself.

Mixed in with the anger was fright. The truck! It was that darned truck coming so suddenly today. It had set the whole day awry.

Well, she wasn't going to *let* any more unusual things happen. She would try the dress on. She would go to bed. Period.

"All right," she said to her mother. Her voice was polite.

Mrs. Anderson went up herself to get the dress, and Roxie sat down by her father. He sat in a chair, almost speechless with Sunday. Roxie thought that he was really asleep. But when her mother put the dress on and made her stand still, he said quite suddenly:

"Ah, Venus rising from the foam."

She did not answer him. She stood there listening for the meaning, fearfully, angrily, like one threatened.

"All those white ruffles," said her father. "Beautiful."

"Paul, you're making us both nervous," said her mother. Then she said, "Turn around. No, this way."

The doorbell rang. It made them all jump.

Her father shouted, "Come in," not moving from his chair. Then he rose and said, "Why, hello there!" As if some visitor from Mars, from God knows where, had come in. And instead it was just Mike.

They all said hello, and he stood there neat and clean-looking in his college clothes.

Her father said, "Sit down, Mike."

And her mother said, "We're right in the middle of a little dressmaking," as if apologizing.

Roxie saw him staring at her. He sat down slowly and said, "You look wonderful."

"Well, it's just me," Roxie said.

"I know, but my gosh," Mike said. He kept looking at her.

Her mother kept working at the hem, and nobody said anything for a minute.

Then Mike said, "I came to apologize. I was rude this morning. Terribly rude."

"She won't do it again," her father said. "That's one thing about her. When she promises something, she keeps her word." He laid his book down on a chair and said, "I hear you're our new bell ringer."

"Yes, sir. I'm on my way there now. I won't be as good as Andy. But you'll be getting somebody in the fall when I go back."

"This town will never hold you. You're the big promise of this town. He can do anything, Susan," he said, addressing his wife. "He can ring bells and fix watches in his father's shop. And he's the top in his class."

"Stand still," said her mother.

"And he's popular with the girls, too, I hear. Ha."

Her mother laughed pleasantly. "I guess he is," she said.

Roxie looked over at Mike without expression.

Mike got up and stood there a minute. "Well," he said. "Be seeing you."

"Be seeing you," they all said. And her mother said, "Come again."

He looked at Roxie, who looked back at him without saying anything. Her father saw him to the door.

"Well, now," he said, picking up the book and sitting down. "Why can't you be nice? A boy like Mike. The promise of this town. Looks at you like a smitten calf."

"I've never heard you talk like that before," her mother said. She didn't say it in any special way. Just a comment.

"Well, he looked at me, Mother. It's this dress. It shows too much. Can't you cover the shoulders and across here?"

"I haven't got the material. Why don't you save it for next year?"

"I don't want to go naked next year, either!"

The clear chimes of the bells came into the room, as if flooding it with evening.

"He certainly knows how," said her father.

And then as if the music had taken the edge off his teasing he said to her, earnestly and directly: "Just why don't you like boys and parties?"

She faced him with a sort of relief. This was fine. This was a chance to set everything right, once and for all.

"Because it means lying and pretending. You have to lie to boys. Nancy Webster and the girls never tell the truth any more. They have to pretend every minute, and act certain ways. I just want to be *me*."

Her father sat looking at her, without smiling. Then he said, "Okay."

He picked up his book and pretended to read it. Her mother got up and said the dress was finished.

THE next morning Roxie woke up before the bells, and by the time they sounded she was in the bathroom running the water.

Now, she thought. Now it's finished. And her mind began to fill with the pleasures of the day. It was Monday, the day for innumerable errands, and she ran around all day on her bicycle breathless and happy. But somehow after supper she found herself going to the Hamilton place. Mike was at the church, and she thought she'd just have to see Andy. Just say something to him.

She saw the rackety, poor-looking house. And in the front parlor, which was the shop, she saw old man Hamilton still working at his watches. Everybody said he worked like a slave.

Andy was just where she knew he'd be, sitting on the back steps. He said hello to her, smiling at her with that gentleness she always liked. But now she suddenly thought: He has no spunk.

Still she felt close to him. He was more like her than the other kids. He

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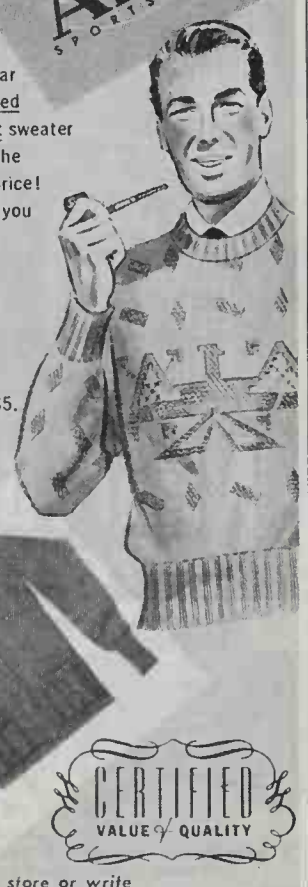

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didn't go around. He was reading one of the library books.

"You're not ringing the bells any more," she said.

"No," he said. "But Mike is. That's much better."

"No it isn't," she said. "You belong here. We're all used to you."

He turned his head away, as if looking at something in the next house. His hand was still bandaged. He was like a thinner, paler Mike, and now he sat too still.

"It upsets the whole town to have a change," she said.

He still said nothing, and she started to go. She said, "So long." But then he got up and limped toward her.

He was smiling at her. He said, "Mike's proud and ambitious. He's sensitive. He's worked so hard for everything. For the scholarship, everything. And here at home we don't have much to offer him. This job is just what he needs. . . ."

"To flatter his conceit!" she said.

"But he's good at it. He's better than I am." Andy took hold of her arm. "Listen," he said.

And sure enough, there were the bells, as if he knew to the second when they would begin. She had to stand there, with Andy holding her arm. She listened to the incredible sweetness. It was beautiful, more beautiful than before. Or maybe it was just being upset and madder than ever, for Andy's sake.

She said, "Let go my arm."

Andy dropped his hand and smiled without rancor. She said goodby while the last sound hummed slowly through the air, like a circle of water widening.

Next day she went by the Hamiltons', but she didn't stop. She knew that Andy was on the back stoop reading his book.

And then the next morning the bell woke her, and she sat up listening in surprise. It sounded strange and out of tune. New, harsh sounds grated into the room.

Mike slept late, and gave it to somebody else, she thought. Some amateur. He's already tired of it. Maybe he'll get tired of it here and go away. A sort of hope flooded her. She felt good. But it didn't last long.

DOWN at the corner, passing the church, she met Mike coming out. She was going to go right on by but he said, "Hey," and ran toward her.

"Listen," he said. "I know you're mad at me. Because I treated you like a kid. And you're not a kid any more. You're a—"

"What was the matter with the bells this morning?" she asked.

"Gee," he said. "I *thought* it sounded funny. I dunno." He looked sort of tired and worn.

"Maybe you've got a hangover," she said. She went on past him and up the hill. She stood at the top, but it wasn't the same. There was the town, like a toy, like a dream in the early morning. But she no longer had that feeling that it all belonged to her. That she knew everybody equally, and that they were all even and friendly and the same.

She coasted down very slowly, using her brakes, as she'd promised. But it wasn't any fun.

The week went on by, and everything was just as usual, except the bells. They kept on making harsh noises. And every morning and every evening she would listen to them with a feeling of helpless anger.

Saturday afternoon she went to the drugstore the way she always did. And there, unexpectedly, was the whole crowd. In the middle of the crowd was Mike, like a new magnet, drawing everything. She looked at his handsome face and thought: Conceited. And the anger started up again. She said hello, and sat down on a stool not too near them. She wished she hadn't come in.

Nancy Webster came up to her. She had on a white piqué that had just been washed and ironed. No creases at all.

She said, "Listen, why don't you come, too? We're all going over to Merritsville. Tommy Dorsey is playing at the stadium and you can *dance* to him, no less."

"I'm busy," she said at once.

Mike detached himself from the group and strolled over, taking his time.

He said, "Now come on. Put on that white dress and come on. I'll take you in my car."

"I don't want to," she said.

Nancy looked as if she were going to giggle, and Mike stared straight at Roxie with a poker face. Then he smiled very slowly, still staring at her.

"Suit yourself," he said. He drifted back to the crowd.

They were having a wonderful time, laughing and making plans. He got right in the middle of it again.

Nancy took her by the arm and moved her down the counter a little way. "Listen," she said, whispering fiercely, the way they used to in school. "You're crazy. He *wants* you to come. He got me to come over and ask you first; to sort of pave the way. My Lord, he'll take you in his own car. You'll be *his* date."

"Why don't you go with him?" she said.

At once she knew she'd said something ungracious. She saw Nancy's face, sort of mad and unhappy. But now she couldn't stop herself. "If you think so much of him, go with him yourself," she said.

Nancy's mouth tightened. She said, "I never knew you to be mean before. What's biting you? Well, all right. Since you want it that way. I was telling you. I was being a friend."

She surprised Roxie by picking up her sundae and moving right away from her, back to the crowd. Roxie sat down the counter alone, finishing her soda. She looked once and saw that Mike had forgotten all about her. They were talking about what time to go and whose car to take. They were eager like a bunch of puppies about to be fed. She thought: He spoils everything! I can't even come in here!

For appearance's sake she went back and joined them for a minute.

"How's Andy?" she said to Mike.

At first he didn't hear her, and she had to say it again. Everybody went on talking, and she had to raise her voice.

"He's sick," Mike said.

"Sick in bed?"

"No. He's up. But he's sick."

She looked him in the eye ar[her voice. "Maybe he's going cr[said. "Listening to those bells."

Everybody heard this. T[stopped talking and looked [vaguely. Nobody said anything

She said, "Well, 'by now. walked off.

"'By," they all said vaguely went back to their plans.

She walked out and nobody her. They were too busy with t[She hadn't made a dent.

She got on the bike and wen[toward home. Not even a s[more. She couldn't even get a s[life was different, everything. An[sitting on those steps, sick at hea[the whole town, changed, inte[different, with the bells ringing tune.

She gritted her teeth and said. going to let him get away with not going to let him! She felt he[full as though flooded with tear[

THAT night she went upstai[after supper. But she didn't g[right away. She didn't even undr[had a funny feeling that she want[out again. She leaned out of the [and looked at the clear starlit nigh[suddenly she had a little picture stadium and herself in the whit[dancing under the stars. Mike wa[ing with her and they were floatin[were flying and her white dress w[lowing out in a cloud, under th[But then, suddenly, the girl in arms was Nancy Webster, and Mi[rushing Nancy. Dancing every with her. Looking at her in that w[men look at girls.

She pulled herself up sudden[stood in the room. See? she sai[getting like all the others. My n[getting spoiled like all the other[Mike has done this to me. Mike! doesn't care anything for me, o[body in the whole town. He's jus[for the summer. Upsetting the to[suit himself. And when he goes[nothing will ever be the same. will never get his job again. Ever[will be spoiled and changed.

At that point she had her brillian[She hardly stopped to think about[was a plan and she had to carry[Right away.

She put on a pair of dark slack[a sweater. She got her flashligh[listened for her father's and mo[voices in the living room; the[sneaked slowly and quietly dow[

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airs and out the kitchen door. time she walked to the church. walking along the grass, so peo- uldn't hear. She and the other knew the window you could he stood outside the window in kness for several minutes. She : Maybe I shouldn't. And then ught: I must. It's only looking. iing.

aised the window slowly and it without a sound. She let herself nto the vestibule and stood there. as though she'd been running. e went into the church and stood her mouth open, listening.

arlight came in through the win- d the church was dim and spooky ht. A street lamp shone faintly he stained glass of the west win- king huge dim patterns on the d the dark design fell across the strange ghostly lace. The whole d the close sweet smell of sun on

go on, she said to herself.

ade herself move. She went up oir loft and started climbing the nto the steeple. In the darkness the rungs with her hands, and clutching the flashlight. And stood up there a minute under k, suffocating shadow of the e flashlight flooded the bells They were like two great cups ht. There it was, what she had ! From where she was she could ole thing, the whole answer to ells were out of tune.

she was in the road, walking, t running home. Mike! Mike g the town upside down with a oke. Nothing but a cruel joke. watchmaker's boy, he was hem all what he thought of was proud, working his way llege, and he had found a way is resentment of them all. He ing his brother's heart, so he this hateful revenge. Making rate out of tune and then each it so nobody who investi- d possibly know.

she had been smart, she had in the night. And now she w she could tell the whole could have him disgraced and town. Tomorrow. Tomorrow s possible she would tell the m the housetops. From the usetops!

erself in without a sound and ed. Tomorrow she and Andy their happy lives back again. s too excited, and it was a efore she fell asleep.

didn't waken her. She heard ounds in her sleep, and then ain. And at last when she sat up in bed it was nearly ten o'clock. Oh, there was no time to lose. Her mother. She would tell her mother first of all.

When she came downstairs her mother said, "Well. This is something new," and looked, at the clock, smiling.

She stood there, for she had it on her lips to say, "I slept late because I was out last night."

And then she didn't say it. She sat down and ate her breakfast. How do you start saying such a thing? How do you tell something so terrible? Something to stir up the whole town? Perhaps you had to wait for just the moment. For just the right person. But who? When? She knew the right moment would come. She knew that in a few hours, or even in an hour, she'd find the right person, so that what she said would appear quite natural. Perhaps she should go down to the bank and tell her father? But no. No, he was not the right one.

She went next door and knocked on the Websters' kitchen window.

"Why, Roxie, come in," Mrs. Webster said.

She strolled in the way she always did, and plumped herself down in a chair. Mrs. Webster was busy basting the roast for lunch and the kitchen smelled oppressively of cooking meat. It made her feel a little sick. She stared at Mrs. Webster intently, wondering how to open the subject, what to say.

"How was the dance at Merritsville?" she asked.

"Oh, you didn't go?" Mrs. Webster asked, sort of surprised. "Nancy had a lovely time. She came in, and I was still reading. She says Mike's a wonderful dancer."

"I guess he's her beau now," Roxie said.

Now why had she said that? That was starting everything wrong. Now it would look as if she were jealous, or something.

Mrs. Webster straightened from the oven and looked at her.

"Darling," she said. "I don't think she wants any one beau so much. I think she misses you. You two used to be friends. I think she misses you to share things with."

She looked stupidly at Mrs. Webster. She said, "They're lots of other girls."

"I know. But you're her best friend."

She stood up, not looking at Mrs. Webster. She felt agitated and confused.

She had too much on her mind, she'd have to get away.

In a minute or two she said, "Well, I guess I have to go now," and went on out into the street.

She didn't have her bicycle, and she walked slowly downtown. Tell somebody! she said to herself. Get it over with. She saw now that it would be like breaking a spell. Why, even Mrs. Web-

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he'd never talked like that before. arents, everybody. The whole as under a queer, discordant spell, gh the church bells had sunk into nds.

then downtown right on the main she ran into Fate. This was what en waiting for. All the right peo- here stood the whole bunch of Ir. Brewster; Nancy's father, who the Church Council; Dr. Hicks, ister; and Andy and Mike. They here talking, a bunch of grown

as more frightening and terrible ything she had expected. But it t. She had to do it, she just had swallowed hard and walked to- hem. She looked resolute like oung golden angel coming to do She held her shoulders very , and set her moccasined feet lowly and carefully.

were all talking intently and at ey did not notice her standing

I know is," Mike said, "that it e at first. Now it's all haywire." Brewster looked at Mike, and his derly face was cross and sort of

many late nights, perhaps, l," he said.

aps, sir," Mike said.

HICKS cleared his throat. He a little rosy man with white hair, rful minister.

we must have someone," he said. s Andy would try again."

Council thinks we might get e from out of town," Mr. Brew- . "Some day we'll have all this zed," he went on crossly. "I'm all this historical business. We ew belfry—"

I fixed the ladder, Dr. Hicks," id. "I pulled it out a little and the angle. I put up a hand rail. right now for Andy. Anybody t up there now."

," said Dr. Hicks, sounding and relieved. "That's just fine. and see the ladder."

"You'll see it's all right," Mike said. "I have hopes for the bells, too," he went on quickly. "I think we could rig them up so they would be easy to pull."

"Want to keep things in the family, don't you, Mike?" Mr. Brewster asked. There was something in his voice, patronage. The faintest hint.

Mike said: "It's always been Andy's job."

Andy stood there, saying nothing.

Now, now was her moment. She said, very loudly: "I know the answer."

They all turned and looked at her.

"Hello, kid," said Mr. Brewster.

And they all said hello, looking surprised and interrupted.

"Listen," she said. "Listen. I know the answer."

They stood now, looking at her without a word. She raised her eyes and looked directly at Mike, and there was a little smile of triumph and malice on her face. A new look, she had never had before. But Mike was not looking at her. He was looking at Andy. And then suddenly her face dropped, as though someone had dealt her a secret, invisible blow.

She opened her mouth like a child, and said, "Oh."

They all stared at her stunned, stupid-looking face.

"Well, what is it, my child?" Dr. Hicks asked. His voice was gentle and patient.

"What's on your mind?" Mr. Brewster asked.

She did not answer them, she only stared at Mike.

Then she said, "Nothing. Never mind."

Mr. Brewster laughed and clapped Mike on the shoulder. Then he said, "Andy, if the ladder's been fixed, and if Mike can get the bells to swing easier, would you take the job back?"

"If Mike wants me to," Andy said.

They all walked off toward the church. She turned slowly and walked the other way. She got the bike out of the rack in front of the drugstore. She rode out of town as quickly as she could, to Lover's Lane.

On the flat stone by the little pool in the woods she lay face down and cried. She'd stop crying, and then she'd start again. She lay there a long time. Then she sat up and blew her nose on some leaves.

Because now she did know the answer. Now she knew everything. In that second, when she was going to speak, she had seen Mike looking at Andy. Mike had looked at his brother, smiling, and he had raised his hand, swiftly and secretly, and pressed his brother's shoulder. And the look had been a look of great love.

Mike had done that terrible thing to the bells because he loved Andy. Because it was a way to get Andy back his job.

She sat very still on the rock with her swollen, stinging eyes. She stared down into the water. She had never seen love, had never noticed its look. And now something had struck her own heart. She was in love with Mike—why it was love all this time. She felt about Mike the way he felt about Andy. She wanted to run and take him in her arms. She wanted to stroke his head, and say, I know everything. I understand everything.

And sitting here, now, she smiled a little. What Mike had done had been a sort of kid thing, a romantic, complicated, dangerous thing. Mike was still half kid after all.

He could have gone to the Council. He could have said to them, Look, my brother's unhappy. I've fixed the ladder. He can have the job back.

But no. He'd done it this silly, awful way. And he'd done it all alone, with nobody to talk to, or comfort him. She wanted to go look for him and find him and kiss him. And tell him it was all right. Nor would she ever tell the secret to anybody else.

She got slowly on the bike and rode toward home. There was a new funny feeling inside her heart, as though her heart suddenly weighed more. And yet it was good. She was like other people now. She had a secret thing she couldn't tell. She had a man, and she wanted him to kiss her. She would be like other girls, dressed up, and trying to please somebody.

THAT evening she walked very slowly past the Hamilton place. It was time for Mike to come back for supper. She walked back and forth slowly, several times. She wore her white piqué dress. It was a little bit too small, but it was clean and pressed.

Finally Mike came along, walking very fast, and she waved at him.

"Why, hello," she said, sounding surprised.

"Well, hello," he said. He sounded surprised, too, and sort of pleased.

He stopped, "That's a nice dress," he said.

She came up a little closer to him. She said, "I know what you did. You tied iron files to the clappers. You tied them on every evening and took them away in the morning."

He looked at her, with his face set, and frightened.

"No, no!" she said. She caught his arm. "I know why you did it. You did it for Andy. Didn't you?"

He looked at her, as though he were deciding something. Then he nodded his head. His lips were pressed together. He looked almost as though he could cry.

She came just a little bit closer. "I think you're wonderful," she said. She looked right at him, right into his eyes.

He took her by the arm and pulled her silently into the dark driveway by his house. Then he pulled her to him and kissed her. And after that his head dropped on her shoulder, and she let it stay there. They just stood like that for a minute and finally, in a timid, experimental way, she raised her hand and stroked his hair.

THE END

"What's this about England wantin' to keep 75 per cent of me?"

JARO FABRY

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THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 25

p, to keep the trend gradually up-
d hoping that commodity prices
ll follow. One day, when I must
me in more than usually worried
u the state of the world, we were
rig an increase of from 19 to 22
s Roosevelt took one look at me
ggested a rise of 21 cents.
t a lucky number," the President
ith a laugh, "because it's three
seven." I noted in my diary at the
'If anybody ever knew how we
et the gold price through a com-
n of lucky numbers, etc., I think
uld really be frightened." But it
aracteristic of the President to
he gloom in difficult moments by
touch. On reflection, I could see
oosevelt was, of course, pulling

he price of gold in the United
rose above the world price, we
o get into foreign exchange oper-
The President was not very anx-
first to consult with the British.
ry time we have taken the Brit-
o our confidence," F.D.R. said,
ave given us a trimming."

oreign Bankers Get Panicky

he rather enjoyed the shock his
ave to the international bankers.
ue Norman of the Bank of Eng-
whom F.D.R. called "old pink
s," wailed across the ocean: "This
nost terrible thing that has hap-
The whole world will be put into
ptcy." While George Harrison of
eral Reserve Bank tried to reas-
rman, the President and I looked
other, picturing foreign bankers
ery one of their hairs standing on
horror. I began to laugh. F.D.R.

g one of our breakfast confer-
November, the President asked
tay behind after Jones left. He
wanted to talk about the Farm
Administration.
after a moment he said, "I had
interesting and confidential con-
n with Mr. Woodin. I have sug-
o him that he take a leave of
without pay."
ned without any expectation of
s to come.
going to write him a letter,"
elt went on, "in answer to one
he has written to me suggesting
get somebody to become Acting Secretary who knows government and knows finance." He paused. Then he said, "I have decided that that person is Henry Morgenthau, Jr. You made good for me in Albany, and you are one of the two or three people who have made an outstanding success here in Washington, so let's you and I go on to bigger things. . . . We will have lots of fun doing it together."

I managed to get something out about how much I appreciated the opportunity and, as I gradually came to, I walked over and shook his hand. It was my promotion for having got results at Farm Credit. Louis Howe, the President's faithful secretary, said to me, "People have gotten into the Cabinet by past performances (or by) political record, but you are the first man to go into the Roosevelt Cabinet who earned it." The President wanted a Treasury Department which would play its proper role in his campaign on prices; he wanted a Secretary who would be loyal and would try to get things done; so he threw me in to plug the hole.

The battle to keep prices up continued. Grain- and gold-buying made up only part of the attack. Henry Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture, had been concerned in the meantime with raising prices by reducing agricultural production. Wallace's plan, embodied in the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933, was to make payments to farmers for plowing under crops or withdrawing land from cultivation. In this way, scarcity would drive prices up and redeem the farmers from the consequences of overproduction.

AAA has a very natural foundation in the experience of Middle Western farmers. Two generations of Wallaces had watched the large corn and hog growers of Iowa battle against a price structure which might at any time crumble beneath their touch. The price level had become an obsession with these men; and their governing desire, which Wallace reflected, was to get prices up and keep them there. Under the leadership of Ed O'Neal and the American Farm Bureau Federation, the substantial farmers of the country were out to assure the farm belt of its proper slice of the national income. Business had got subsidies for years through the protective tariff; now, they said, it was agriculture's turn.

Though I was quite willing to accept

"Stop it, Donald! You're in your own house now!" HANK KETCHAM

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a third for **flavor**

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…tion as an emergency meas-
…9, I was absolutely against it
…anent solution to the agricul-
…em. I felt that we could never
…o much so long as there were
…ple at home and abroad; that
…elay, not in artificially restrict-
…ction, but in working out
…ods of distribution for every-
…ld produce. Above all, some-
…ctive within me revolted at
…son of existing crops.
…always was that the increase
…es under the emergency pro-
…l make it possible for us to
…g under. But Wallace came
…"agricultural adjustment" as
…itself. One time while prices
…ng, he told me that he wanted
…down for another three
… prices go up," Wallace once
…t would make it impossible
…mplete our program."

…ces With Henry Wallace

…und I came into conflict on
…sions. During one employ-
…I was trying to get the Presi-
…ee to spend $10,000,000 for
…of the needy. Wallace at the
…as asking for a tax on proc-
…ricultural commodities that
…$100,000,000 to help pay for
…program. The unemployed
…ot help.
…ry I said: "Instead of spend-
…,000 to grow less wheat, I
…wheat and make it into flour
…le who need it."
…er, 1937, we were trying to
…s of financing loans which
…nted to make on cotton and
…ce and I were discussing the
…lunch with the President.
…most interested in making
…because he said our past con-
…n cotton might make "the
…e corn belt say the Southern
…re in control."
…thing new, Henry," said the
…the loans might cost $300,-
…nning with the new fiscal
…ce said it would just be a
…o why figure it in the budget
…" I said, "you don't run your
…at way, do you?"
…ace said he felt that the gov-
…d committed itself on the
…e I asked why we had not
…this sooner, he replied:
…on I didn't tell anybody
…rn loans is because I thought
…get about them, the price of
…crop and we would have to
…ney. I did it in the interest
…ury."
…ecretary of Agriculture had
…the fact that we were talking
…g loans on a cents-per-
…and that, therefore, the total
…e determined by the number
…which loans might be made
…e price of corn.
…d I argued about these loans
…adays. He couldn't make up
…ether they should be 45, 50
…bushel of corn. One day he
…king about lending on 150,-
…els, another day on 500,-

…y records is a stenographic
…discussion of Wallace at a
…ff meeting. I told my staff
…t we were being given the
…that the thing had not been
…ough."
…going to be rushed," I said.
…s this stuff . . . first 60 cents,
… cents, general tax . . . my
…balls in the air!"
…uld defend his position by
…ated and baffling economic
…

…rst out to the President,
…en Wallace gives these long economic talks, do you understand what he is talking about?"

F.D.R. shook his head and said, "Absolutely not!" Then he told me about a Cabinet meeting where Wallace read a two-page statement, each sentence ending in a question mark. When he finished, the President said, "That is very nice, Henry. Now suppose you write the answers to all your questions."

Henry Wallace was in many respects a puzzling figure. He was not in these days one of the militant liberals in the Administration. I remember proposing as late as 1938 a program to shake loose vital materials by centralizing government cement purchases and investigating charges of price fixing in the cement industry. It was not a program calculated to win friends and influence people in the business community, and Wallace begged me not to present it to Roosevelt.

"This is red meat for the President," he said. "We mustn't give anything like that to the President at this time." He even tried to prejudice the President in advance against the idea.

When I got to the President, he said that he was not going to "let the flag down for anybody."

"The first time I let it down," I replied, "you send me home. . . . I can't work with the people that are going to talk about getting together with big business and all the rest of the stuff."

As the President signed my cement proposal, he exclaimed, "By God! What's the matter with Wallace?"

Wallace also had strange mystical drives. It was he who talked me into putting on the dollar bill a seal showing the Great Pyramid. I liked the idea because the Latin motto "Novus Ordo Seclorum" might well be freely translated as "New Deal." It was not till later I learned that the pyramid—taken from the obverse side of the Great Seal of the United States—had some cabalistic significance for members of a small religious sect.

Yet these very qualities in Wallace were also responsible for his great success as the spokesman for liberalism during the war. He was a man whose glowing idealism sometimes hindered his practical effectiveness and occasionally even permitted him to enter into compromises or alliances which conflicted with his ultimate objectives.

Still I could see Henry Wallace's point of view in 1933; I could sympathize with the farmer haunted by the fear of overproduction.

What we had to do was to invent new devices of distribution—which would take care of everything grown and return the farmer a good living without getting into the realm of subsidy.

A Report on Beet Sugar

We all used to think a good deal about this problem—and sometimes it led to pretty involved and tedious discussions. I remember George Dern, the Secretary of War, reading in Cabinet a long report on the beet sugar industry. After he had gone on for about 15 minutes, I could not stand it any longer and scribbled a note to the President: "May I sing some soft music?" Promptly the note came back; underneath F.D.R. had written, "Yes *chamber* music, or a *potpourri*."

In ways like these we would sometimes relieve the tension we all felt so deeply. For the paradox of poverty and plenty had rarely been so grim.

The recession of 1937-38 suddenly confronted us once again with the paradox of poverty and plenty in an acute form. Hopkins enlarged WPA rolls to meet the emergency. The industrial cities of the Middle West were hardest hit; there work relief rolls grew 347 per cent between October, 1937, and May, 1938. In some cities funds had run out entirely.

And yet, in spite of this desperate need, agricultural surpluses still prevailed in many areas. Government purchasing of

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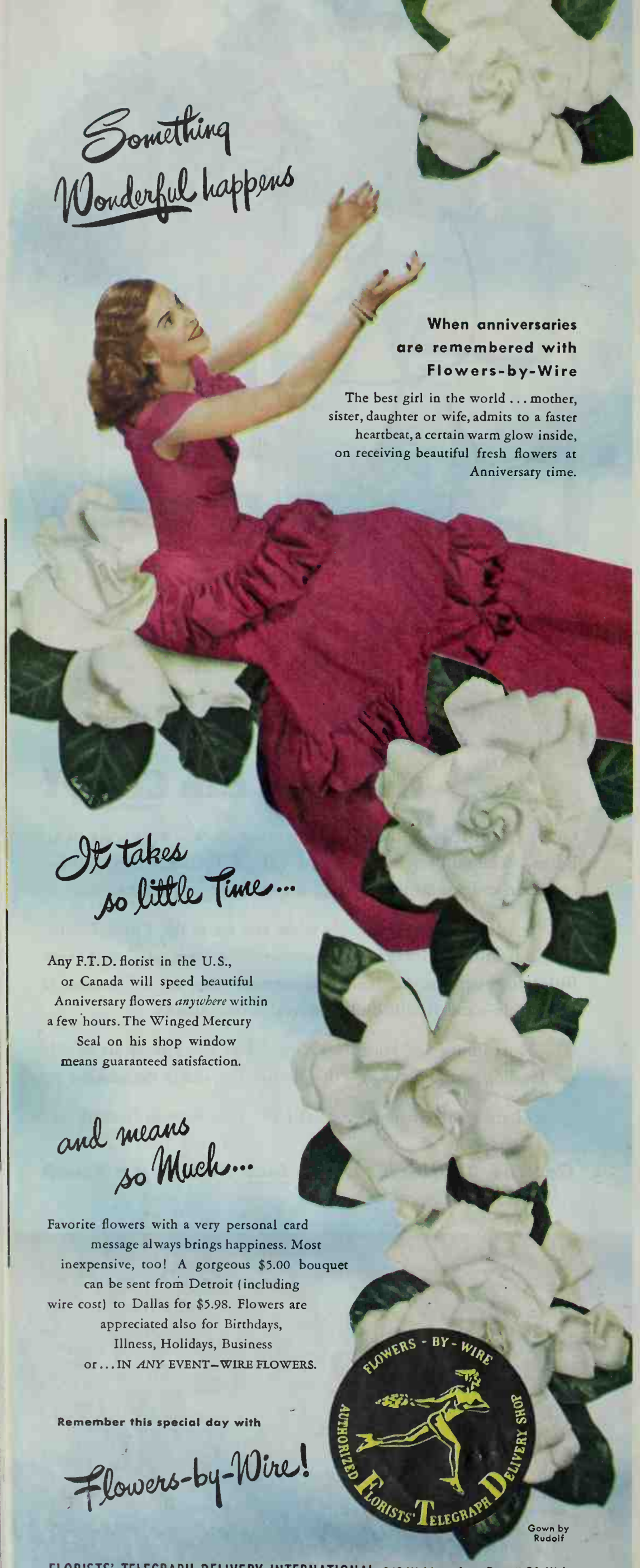
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food, as we knew from the grain-buying experience, had an instant effect on the price level; by driving food prices out of the reach of the already hard-pressed low-income groups, it would only aggravate the situation. So we would have to bridge the gap between the food surplus and the empty stomachs in some other way. My attempt to solve the problem led to the fight over what became known as the Food Stamp Plan.

I went to the President on May 12, 1938, and proposed that $10,000,000 be allocated immediately for direct (instead of work) relief. I suggested that the Department of Agriculture take steps to expedite the distribution of surplus food to the needy.

While Reliefers Went Hungry

I pointed out that the "reliefers" were starving in Cleveland and other cities, while the nation was struggling to get rid of the biggest wheat surplus in years. With a bumper crop of 750,000,000 bushels, Wallace had asked the President for processing taxes to yield $100,000,000 more which would be used to reduce production. All this seemed odd to me, and I decided I would propose an alternative plan.

My first step was to call Tom Parran, the Surgeon General, and ask him what our dietary deficiencies were. The big ones, he said, were in green vegetables, citrus fruits and dairy products. Parran suggested feeding the excess grain to cattle in order to increase the milk supply.

On the basis of this and other advice, the Treasury formulated a plan for "converting" excess grain into milk, eggs, poultry, dairy products and other items needed so desperately in the cities.

To my dismay, Wallace opposed the plan. It was nothing but "domestic dumping," he said; the result would only be a dangerous stimulation of farm productivity and the creation of new surpluses in meat and dairy products. Moreover, it "would immediately run into a jam with the corn belt. Very bad politics!"

This talk was discouraging. The log jam had to be broken. So I decided to do what I did only in the case of great emergency—to call Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Eleanor," I said, "this thing is getting worse, and there's 90,000 families in Chicago that are not getting enough to eat." I cited Wallace's opposition to my plan. "Instead of finding out what these families need, you see, they sit back and say, well, we have too many oranges, or too many beans, or too much cabbage . . . and I thought that if you agree that we can't let these families—"

Eleanor Roosevelt broke in. "They must take care of them," she said. "I'll ask Franklin about it tonight." From then on the President was sympathetic.

I next got in touch with Harry Hopkins. I found him as strongly opposed to my plan as Wallace—though for quite different reasons. Harry was convinced that work relief was the only solution. He would not, he said flatly, "be a part of direct relief." "Handing out groceries by the federal back door," he said, was a degrading practice, a throwback to the days of Queen Elizabeth. Direct relief could not be decently run, no matter who did it. The whole trouble in Ohio, he said, was the reactionary policy of Governor Martin Davey.

What ought to be done in Cleveland, Harry said, was "to hit the governor on the head." Finally he agreed to co-operate in getting a legislative program that would permit direct food distribution, if it were made absolutely clear that the program was a supplement to, not a substitute for, work relief.

The upshot was an emergency agreement that would not interfere with farm policy or with work relief.

On July 1, 1938, less than two months after I brought the problem to the President's attention, Federal Su
modities Corporation rep
$60,000,000 worth of food w
tributed over the coming fis

As the detailed plans were
the Department of Agricultu
drop its original opposition.
signed one of his best men, M
to see the job through, and h
superb. It was Perkins wh
the plan of colored tickets fo
ilies as a refinement of the Tr
posal of stamps exchangeab
and redeemable by the gover

In its final form, the Food
made it possible for relief
purchase orange stamps whi
changeable at full face valu
With each dollar of orange s
received free of charge 50 cen
blue stamps good for sur
These foods varied accordin
and locality, but they general
butter, eggs, pork, dried and f
corn and vegetables. Orange s
good everywhere; blue stam
which carried merchandise
surplus by the government.

We thus relieved the farm
and at the same time achiev
balanced and nutritious diet
on relief. And we solved the
getting food to the hungry w
setting the whole market equi
creating what was in effect a n
money—stamp scrip—good fo
thing, the purchase of food.

The Food Stamp Plan was j
ample of native American j
applied with New Deal boldn
age-old paradox of poverty a
We will have to apply this sa
cality and this same boldness t
lem of a world food surplus.

TOT LUCK

A baby is the strangest
I've ever put my mitts o
He always has an extra
Besides the one he sits o

—Dorothy B. Gri

World stability depends in
on economic stability—on th
tion of hunger and want. This
begin at home. I am confident
sections of the American peop
getting enough of the right thi
But the fight against hunger a
be carried on abroad, if we w
in peace in the world.

We must think in terms of a
tional food stamp plan, operat
the Food and Agricultural Org
through which hungry nations
upon glutted nations, just as H
kins' reliefers drew upon He
lace's farmers. The resource
International Bank and the Int
Monetary Fund should be th
hind such a venture. And we
not just at relief, but at perm
construction. Our grants mu
distress grants alone, but self-li
grants which will help set n
their feet and enable them to
themselves.

It would be far nobler and
for the United States to use its
plus as an investment in world
than to burn it, plow it under
rot on the vine. Our salvation l
planned scarcity, where some
bribed to destroy the rich boun
ture while others go hungry, b
economy of abundance for all.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau give
facts and figures on the great
in handling of the European
problem.

BERNIE AND ME

Continued from page 19

, sir," I muttered. "Reporting
l."
a kind of a sob behind me. I

ackie, honey," Liz said. She
e in the doorway looking at me.
were streaming down her face.
appened to us, honey?"
off the blouse and went to her.
ured, maybe things were going
ybe we'd lost the secret. But I
tand seeing her bawl like that.
back to the front room. I
ne of the tears from her cheeks,
d, "Forget it, babe. It don't
ning. Honest. The job's okay
thing's okay. I'm a jerk."
ed about as sincere as a troop
ivering a sex lecture.
aw that Liz had our bankbook
d.
on the sofa. "You can do it,
sobbed.
do you mean?" I held my

ped sobbing. She dabbed her
wet handkerchief. "You and
he said. "You and Bernie and
. . ."
ss her! I thought.
two—if Bernie's willing. It
every cent we've got in the
what Bernie can spare—plus
to you both. But you can

what I'd been praying she'd
ust that—but I really didn't
I knew what our savings
her. She'd worked hard and
n up plenty for those savings.
e a swell job all the time I was
w it was time she had a break.
at the assistant manager's job
p would mean to her. "You're
take a chance?" I asked slowly.
ked at me. She looked deep
She seemed to be looking for
that wasn't there; something
nce been there, but had gone.
u to be happy, hon," she said.
ing seemed to straighten out
felt like I'd just loaded on a
after a tough campaign.
ly gal," I told Liz as I started
ne.
re you going to do?"
d man," I said. "I'm going to
d man. We got plenty to do to-

at about Bernie, hon? How do
—"
d I was safe in telling her.

"I wired him at noon, honey. Told him I had to see him." I tossed her a crumpled telegram. "Got this at the shop this afternoon." Liz read the wire:

SEE YOU TOMORROW KID SIX PM—BERNIE

I got on the phone before she could give me that look.

"But the car you're working on—" the old man wailed when I'd roused him.

"Put somebody else on it."

"You can't do this to me!"

"I've done it, brother. Get yourself another boy."

"O'Rourke! Jack, wait a minute! If you change your m—"

I hung up on him. I had a bad minute or so—thinking about how the old man had always shot square with me. I'd really only meant to ask for a day off. I wasn't even sure Bernie would want to take a flier with me. Then, thinking about Bernie, the bad minute passed and I felt better again. Everything was grooved. I knew old Bernie wouldn't let me down. Not Bernie. The bank was oriented on my problem, and—though Liz didn't know it—the bank guy had given me the green light on the G.I. loan for four thousand. Four thousand for me, the same for Bernie, the eleven hundred Liz had saved and we could scrape up the rest. The real-estate guy was waiting for my answer. He'd promised to stall other interested parties for a couple of days. The worm had turned! We'd show them. Bernie and me. A couple of old Philippine campaigners. They didn't come too tough for Bernie and me!

"We can't miss, honey!" I told Liz.

The steak was wonderful that night. . . .

The next afternoon I drove out to the property, lurked around for a while, and made a long list of the changes and improvements Bernie and I would make. On the way home I picked up a couple of cases of beer and two fifths of bourbon. Then Liz and I just sat around and waited for Bernie.

The apartment buzzer rang at six ten. I jumped for the head of the stairs.

The first thing I saw, scrunching up to get through the front door, was a hundred and ninety-some-odd pounds of healthy womanhood. This babe was muscled up like Jumping Joe Savoldi. She was low on forehead and heavy on chin. From where I stood, her dress had seen service as a shower curtain and her hat was a chintz frying pan mounted with a rooster's tail feather.

She started churning up the stairs and

"You'll like Doris. She's one of those old-fashioned girls" AL KAELIN

"stop showing off your fine feathers!"

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Van Heusen pajamas

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Only Viceroy... no other cigarette... has this exclusive Viceroy Filter!

*No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.

I felt like a commuter watching the Weehawken ferry nose into its slip.

"You O'Rourke?" this wheezed.

"That's me."

"Howdy," she said.

I opened my mouth and nothing came out. Then I saw a kid, a kid about Johnny's age, maybe four—and I realized, with something of a shock, that this must be Bernie's family. I'd heard him several times refer vaguely to his wife and baby boy. Once he'd shown me an old beat-up snapshot of a kid that looked like a road-company Charlie McCarthy sitting on what I took to be an overstuffed chair.

"The wife and kid," he had said gloomily.

"Honest-looking, isn't he? Where's the wife?"

"The kid's sitting on her."

"Oh," I had said.

"We're piling off the LCIs coming into the beach at Ormoc. I step in a pothole. The wife's head and chest got washed away," Bernie had explained.

"Too bad."

"You got to watch them potholes."

Potholes! I'd have torn the top half of that snapshot away myself.

THEN I saw Bernie. "Why, you ornery old goat!" I yelled. "Come on up here and I'll tell you who won the war! Come on in the house and we'll pull the cork out of a bottle!"

"Bernie don't drink nowadays," Muscles said.

"Meet the wife," Bernie said.

I greeted her politely.

She showed me some long teeth.

"Come on in, everybody," I said, for lack of anything else to say. "Liz is waiting for you." Bernie reached the top of the stairs. He gave me a hand, a mullet—cold and dead.

I introduced them all to Liz. If Liz was surprised she didn't show it. That girl was a trouper. She'd said she'd give me my chance, and she was doing it. She made her little speech. "Take off your things." She smiled sweetly at Bernie's wife. "You know, your things," she said, looking at Mrs. Bernie's hat and choking slightly.

Johnny and Herman went in the bedroom and sat on the floor looking murder at each other, deciding who would strike the first blow.

Then I got my first good look at Bernie.

What I saw wasn't good: Bernie had been a big man when I'd known him in the Army. He was still big, but the big had turned mushy around the edges. I closed my eyes and saw him in combat boots and sweat-stained fatigues—with a tin hat worn at a rakish angle, a stubble of wiry beard on his face and with a limp cigarette dangling from the corner of his lips. "Come on, Jack," he seemed to be saying. "Come on, boy—we'll go rustle up a little excitement." I opened my eyes and saw a guy in a business suit and a maroon tie. I saw him and I heard him say, "Yes, honey—I parked the car in a good safe place."

It was quite a shock.

I realized Mrs. Bernie was speaking to me. "Mr. O'Rourke," she said, "did you notice what time we got here, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Jack," I said. "Not exactly."

"*Ten* minutes after six. We were ten minutes late. I believe in being very punctual, and I wish to apologize. Before we start a trip I plan every minute and every mile of the way. We would have been here at six o'clock sharp if it hadn't been for Bernie."

"What did Bernie do?" I asked. "Stop to rob a bank?"

"Ha, ha," Muscles said. "We'd just started and we had to turn around and go back. He forgot Herman's potty chair, the jerk!"

"Oh," I groaned. I remembered the time on Leyte Bernie had gone out in the boondocks for a pineapple for breakfast. He had come back with two scared Japs. And the pineapple. Potty chair!

"Would you like a drink?" Liz asked Mrs. Bernie.

"I never drink," Muscles said, "but I might take a little beer. Bernie might take a little beer, too. No whisky."

"It was awfully nice of you to come," Liz said, as I motioned Bernie to follow me into the kitchen.

"We're on our way to Albany to see Mama," I heard Bernie's wife say. "We decided to drop by here on the way to see Mama."

I opened a bottle of beer, poured the top three inches off it, spiked it with bourbon and handed it to Bernie. I poured myself a quick one. "Here's to all the girls in Manila named Rosita," I said, watching closely for a sign of the old spark.

Bernie stared gloomily at the bottle of beer. "I'll have to take it awful easy, Jack. I promised the wife."

I guess Bernie was waiting for me to tell him why I'd sent him the wire. I started to tell him. I tried to tell him—and I just couldn't do it. Not just then.

I made Liz a highball, poured Muscles a big glass of beer, and Bernie and I went into the front room. Bernie's wife was holding forth:

". . . so we all got together and formed this little club. The Merrymakers, we call ourselves. It's loads of fun. We meet once a week for Bingo and a covered dish supper. It's just dandy."

"I think clubs are *such* a good idea," Liz said.

"You folks belong to any?"

"Well, no—not exactly," Liz said. "You see—"

"Oh. We're also members of the Quaker State Ornithological Society. We observe birds. Each member of our chapter is known to the other members by his bird name. I'm Scarlet Tanager and Bernie is Meadow Lark. We have dandy times on our bird walks, believe you me. Last week it was Bernie's time to speak at our meeting. He gave us a talk on the Life and Habits of the Great Whooping Crane. Did fine, too. Got written up in two Pittsburgh papers."

I choked on my drink. Liz smiled sweetly at me.

I made a feeble attempt to wake everybody out of this horrible nightmare. "Bernie, old man. Remember the time in Tacoma we borrowed the Shriners' uniforms and showed up at their meeting? They looked at your name plate and asked you for your report on the Welfare Fund in Walla Walla? And you started telling them about the geisha houses in Tokyo? Remember the war, Bernie? Remember the Philippines? Remember those two little Dutch girls? Remember, Bernie?"

"Please, Mister O'Rourke!" Bernie's wife thundered. "We don't speak of the war. Bernie is being rehabilitated!"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know."

From then on all I could do was drink. I had to drink. It was like a wake. Bernie's wake.

BERNIE trailed me on my fifth trip to the kitchen. He cornered me by the sink. "Pour me a quick one, Jack," he said—sounding like a weak echo of the old Bernie. I poured him a stiff one and he threw it down the hatch.

"I know how you feel, boy," he said.

"I feel fine. I feel swell, Bernie."

"You got to see it my way, kid."

"Forget it, Bernie. Let it go."

"A man's got to grow up, boy. A man can't go on fighting a war all his life, Jack. A man comes home, and he's got a wife and kid waiting for him—and—well, he's got them. They're his, and he's got to do the best he can by them. See what I mean, boy?"

I wished he'd stop. I wished he'd go away. I wished he'd stop kicking my memories around. I wished he'd lay off my dreams!

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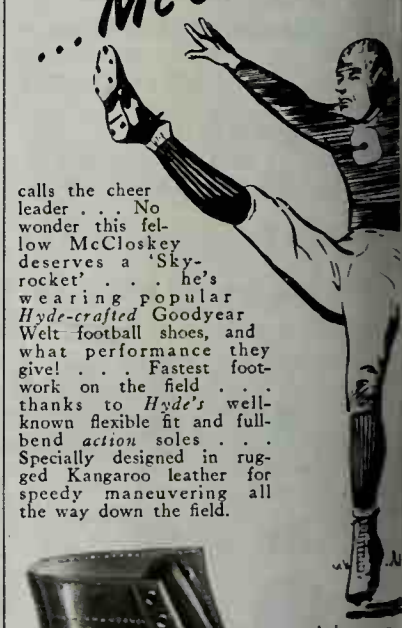

calls the cheer leader . . . No wonder this fellow McCloskey deserves a 'Skyrocket' . . . he's wearing popular *Hyde-crafted* Goodyear Welt football shoes, and what performance they give! . . . Fastest footwork on the field . . . thanks to *Hyde's* well-known flexible fit and full-bend *action* soles . . . Specially designed in rugged Kangaroo leather for speedy maneuvering all the way down the field.

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HYDE
ATHLETIC SHOE C
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

gh, Jack. Sometimes it gets
gh. It's rough now and it's go-
ougher. A man's got to keep
—just going along and doing
e can. You can't take any
ck."
you ever think of the Army,

ck—the Army," Bernie said.
e Army—"
sudden Bernie began to make
e. Maybe he had something
be it would have been better
him out. That was out of the
hough, because it suddenly
e somebody had stuck a hog
room—what with all the bel-
urned around just in time to
n go through the bedroom
ghtning through a gooseberry

was wearing his potty chair
ad.
rs. Bernie howled. "Oh, Her-
you poor child!" Herman's
owed from inside the potty
mother was trying to work
over his head. It wouldn't
r grip slipped and she fell

ninute," I yelled. "Hand me
river, Liz."
erman and spread him on the
t a foot on his chest and tried
the potty chair. It was a tight
know how Johnny ever got
I started fumbling around
nge on the potty chair, try-
n the bolts.
e doctor!" Bernie's wife

e calm," Liz said.
e that screw driver," Bernie
ways was a better mechanic
Bernie grinned. He grinned
e first time that evening.
he kid sprung in ten seconds.
vife was awfully upset. "We'd
she half sobbed. "Mama, in

"Yeah, honey," Bernie said. "Yeah—we'd better shove."

"But, supper—" Liz said.

Mrs. Bernie was groping in the closet for her hat.

"Thanks, anyhow," Bernie said.

Mrs. Bernie went through the door. She had Herman in one hand and the potty chair in another. Bernie followed them. Just on the other side of the door Bernie turned to me. He held out his hand. I took it.

"What was that you wanted to see me about, Jack?" he asked.

"Nothing, kid," I said.

Bernie looked at me. He smiled kind of sadly. I could see he understood. "Oh," he said. He started down the stairs. "Be seeing you one of these days, son," he said.

"Yeah."

THEY went through the front door, downstairs. Through the glass I watched Bernie put his arm around his wife's shoulder. They started down the street; a hard-working, ordinary sort of guy who had once been to war, a guy in a business suit—with a heavy wife in a hat like a chintz frying pan with a feather sticking out of it. Just a couple of guys—and their kid—doing the best they could, the way they saw it, I suddenly decided.

I walked slowly into the apartment. I got on the phone and the old man was decent. He just acted like nothing had happened. I told him to prepare the custom-made job for surgery, that I'd operate at nine in the morning.

My wife kissed me—just a little reluctantly.

"It's going to be a cold winter in Poland," I said.

"Poland, hon?"

"The Poles," I said. "Why don't you send the Poles something I won't be needing any more? Something like that G.I. blouse."

My wife kissed me unreluctantly.

THE END

"Where do you keep all the junk that, with a little ingenuity, becomes very amusing?" FRANK BRANDT

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YOUR CHILD'S PICTURES CAN TALK

Continued from page 15

and self-occupied, he became aggressive and resistant to adults and entered freely into play with other boys. Here again a child was expressing an inner emotional change through painting before the shift became apparent in his behavior.

Does it mean anything if a child regularly focuses its paintings toward the top of the page? The Chicago investigators found that the smallest children (physically) and the most ambitious children (psychologically) tended to center their paintings on the upper half of the page.

Curves and circles usually symbolize submissive, feminine feelings in a very young child (even when drawn by boys). Strong vertical, horizontal and diagonal strokes indicate assertive, masculine drives (even when drawn by girls). The most "boyish boys" and the most "boyish girls" emphasized vertical lines.

Jessica, whose mother dressed her like a boy, was by all odds the most "mannish" girl in the group. Like her behavior, her paintings were intensely masculine in their symbolism. They consisted exclusively of long vertical strokes that ran from the very top to the very bottom of the page (Painting No. 9). No other girl among the 82 girls observed drew verticals so sharply, so strongly or so exclusively. Five months later, Jessica's paintings underwent a lasting change. The verticals, no longer running the entire height of the page, became weaker and Jessica smeared them over (Painting No. 10). It was precisely during this period that Jessica began to act in a more girlish fashion and sought playmates among other girls for the first time.

Children who permit their colors to intermingle side by side (Painting No 11) are generally more at ease in all the rest of their behavior than youngsters who keep their colors separated with painstaking care (Painting No. 12). Although the size of the pages at the disposal of the 149 children never varied —the page size was 17 by 22 inches— some never used more than a fraction of the page. They tended to be equally circumspect in other activities.

On the other hand, those children who continually painted over the edges were the very ones who teachers and observers felt went beyond the limits in all of their activities. Andy, who, more than any other child, continuously painted off the page, recognized "no limits" in his behavior either. He was the only child who ran away both from the nursery and from home.

Mrs. Alschuler and Dr. Hattwick came to the conclusion that children reveal themselves not only in paintings, "but to sensitive eyes and ears, they reveal themselves in practically every aspect of their behavior. Observation of voices, choice of words, posture, and way of walking . . . which we ordinarily pass by without consideration can, if th analyzed, contribute to adult u ing of children.

"As we noted recurrent te hostilities; as we observed chi felt isolated and unloved; and a ered evidence of their inner their paintings, block buildin matic play, we realized more k ever that if the term 'happy ch used to convey the impression hood is an altogether happy, u period, it presents a quite ove and untrue picture.

"Acute problems characteriz of young children just as they c of adults. . . . As our insight we shall perhaps become less attach blame either to adults dren. We shall know that analysis rather than blame and order and that such analysis v more effective in resolving d

Painting and Personality is step in that direction. Much m tific research remains to be do while parents can help their c offering them paints, paper a opportunities to use them. your Pride-and-Joy brings his p you, remember he's painted o himself. It's important to hi you can understand it, you m stand him a little better.

THE END

9

10

Jessica, the most "boyish" girl in the study group, drew strong vertical lines that ran the entire height of the page

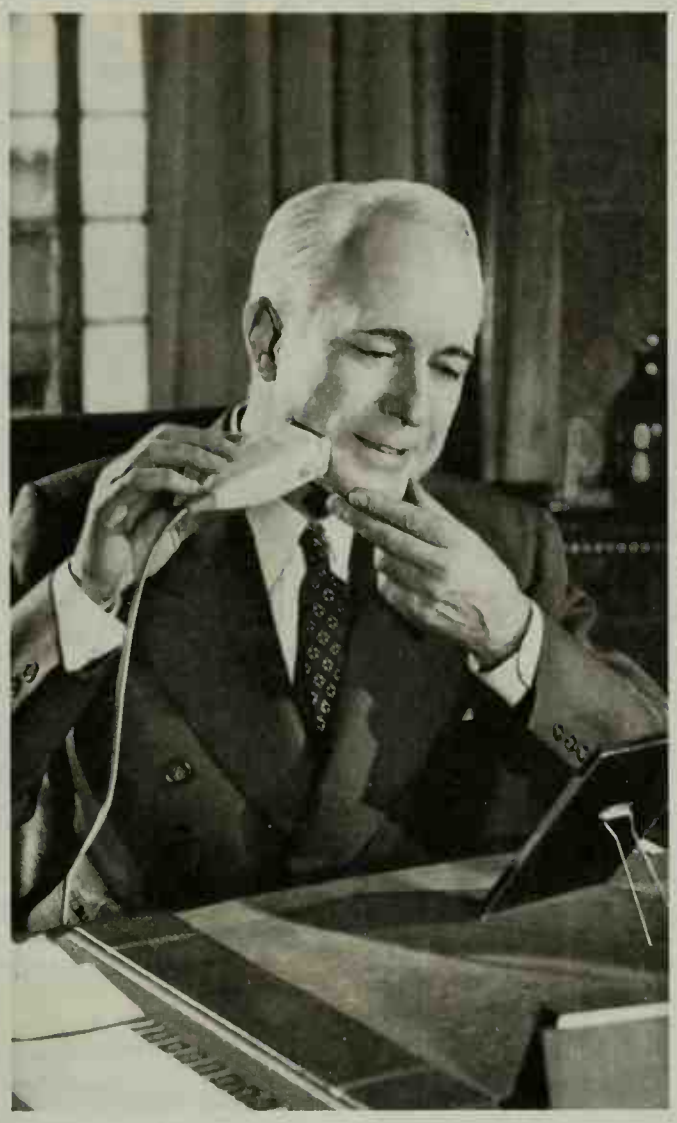
Five months later, as she began to desire social acceptance, she also began to cover over the basic vertical pattern

Children who let their colors intermingle on the paper are, as a rule, equally at ease in the rest of their behavior

A painstaking separation of colors suggests that a child is being brought up under too rigid discipline by its parents

11

12



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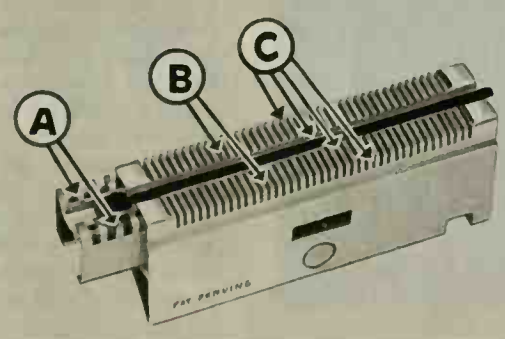
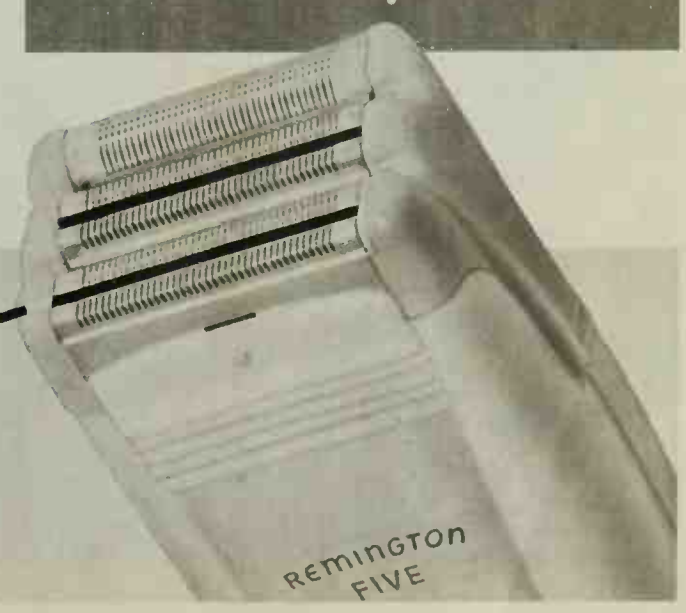
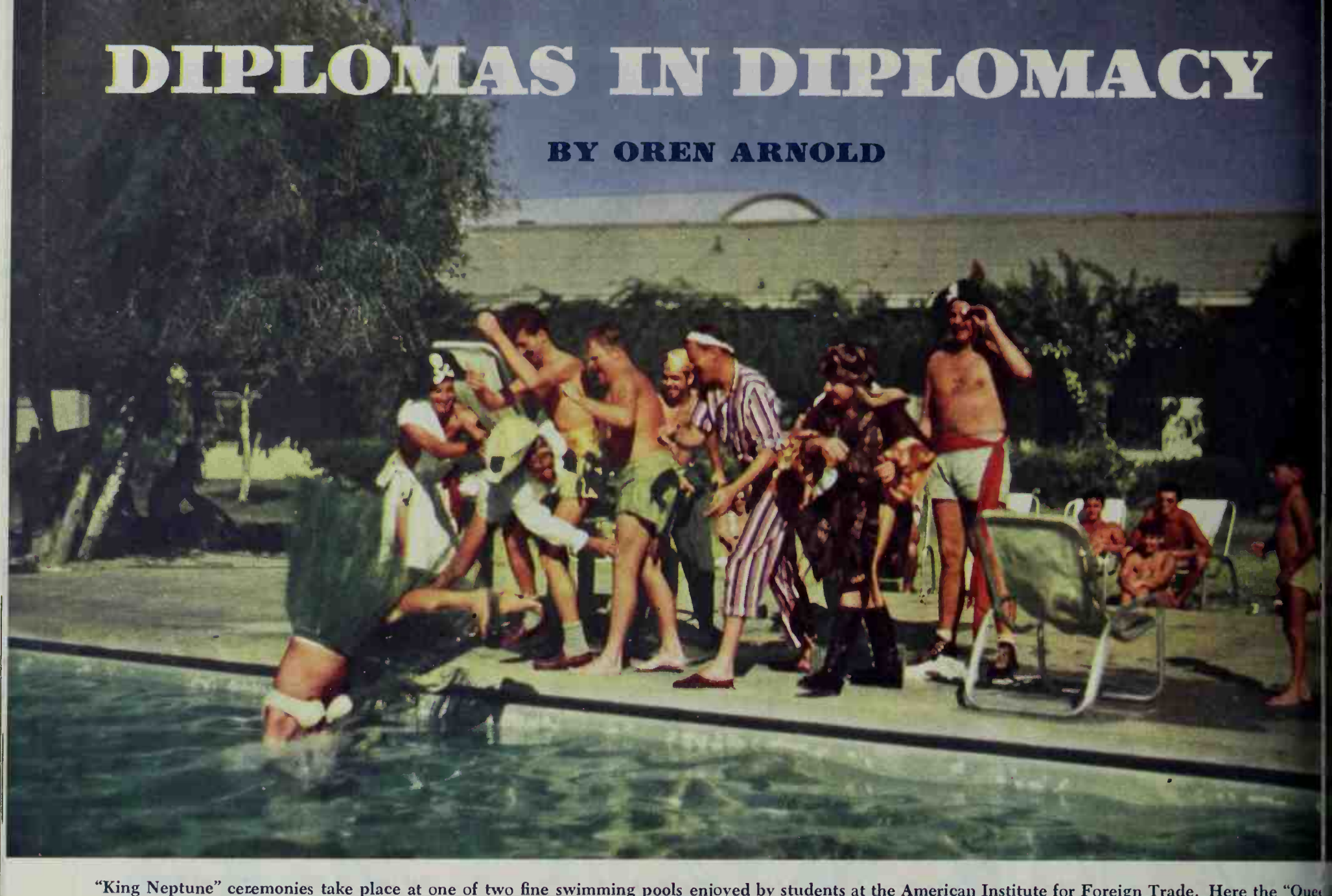




DIPLOMAS IN DIPLOMACY

BY OREN ARNOLD



"King Neptune" ceremonies take place at one of two fine swimming pools enjoyed by students at the American Institute for Foreign Trade. Here the "Quee being initiated with a ducking. The school, formerly an Army air-training center, is now turning out business men and women for careers south of the b

Americans are attending Thunderbird School in order to learn all they can about Latin-American business methods. It's a big step forward in international affairs

AT THE American Institute for Foreign Trade, near Phoenix, Arizona, one of the professors tells the story of a young man who was sent to Brazil as agent for an American tire company.

"Soon after he arrived in South America," says the professor, "he was invited to visit the home of a Brazilian tycoon with whom he hoped to do business. The host brought out a spirited horse for him to ride.

" 'What a beautiful animal!' the American gushed, and meant it. 'I wish I owned him!'

" 'You earnestly admire the horse?' the host asked. 'You would like to possess him?'

" 'I'll say I would!'

" 'Then he is yours.'

" 'What?'

" 'He is yours, *por nada, amigo.*' The host bowed, deadly serious.

"Next day, thinking that surely he had made a great impression upon the tycoon, the young man tried to talk business. He was politely but firmly brushed aside. And in less than six months he was back in the United States. He had muffed everything; his mission had been a complete failure.

"The reason was, of course, that he hadn't learned that if you openly admire anything owned by your Latin-American host, he may feel obligated to give it to you. This is a grand gesture which can cement a friendship and make for good business relations, but only if the man who receives the gift understands the social amenities involved and returns the courtesy with finesse."

It is this lack of understanding that the American Institute for Foreign Trade aims to correct. Admittedly a pioneering enterprise, the school nevertheless seems to offer considerable hope for a revolutionary change in our foreign relations. Since its inception last year it has been eagerly watched both by American business and by the United States diplomatic service.

American wives, too, are trained at the school. One of New York's largest banks recognizes that women sometimes unthinkingly ruin their husbands' careers. So when it sends young men to Latin America their wives are trained as thoroughly as are the young men themselves.

A classic example of connubial stubbornness concerns the big-league baseball player who went to Mexico recently for an enormous salary, and within a few years might have earned enough to make him comfortable for life. But his prospects were ruined by his wife. She wasn't flexible.

"She beefed about everything," said one of the player's friends. "She complained about the peppery food, laughed at the Mexicans' clothing, refused to learn Spanish and tried to force her customs upon the Mexicans instead of adopting theirs. In consequence, the big boys of Mexican baseball fired her man and shipped him home as quickly as possible."

It is a fact, well known to businessmen and students of foreign relations in the United States, that while Americans are versatile at home, very few have ever learned how to behave abroad. They say and do the wrong things, talk too much, laugh at the wrong time, and in general are too rigidly American, scornful of foreign customs. Thus they trample on the sensibilities of their hosts, arousing resentment and distrust which have cost American business millions of dollars.

In Latin America in particular, business methods which flourish north of the Rio Grande may be utterly useless. Two Americans may buy each other drinks and be ready to talk business inside of ten minutes. In South America it may take ten days. That is one thing the American Institute for Foreign Trade attempts to teach.

Two hundred and thirty young men and women were graduated from the school last June. The majority of them have already been placed in good jobs leading to assignments which will take them to Latin America or other parts of the world for extensive travel or residence.

This year about 300 new pupi gan their studies September 29t eight and a half months of inte training, they will receive a c the equivalent of two years in colleges. They will concentrat one specific thing—to work as A can business people in Latin Am

To this end the students aba English as their everyday lang speaking only Spanish or Portu although there are no hard and rules about this. One group o dents, hoping to increase its in put a box on their wall and req anyone who inadvertently used lish to deposit a dime. At last re they were not making any mone

But beyond language and customs, pupils also acquire the American concept of business t —the sociable, gracious approa opposed to Yankee go-getter ta To gain this knowledge so vit business and social success in America, each student pays $85 tuition and $600 for board and r

The school is located at Thu bird Field, 16 miles from Phoen of the important centers of the A wartime air-training program. nally Thunderbird was built Hollywood capital, and the H wood influence is evident throug There are 20 buildings, arrang form an Indian thunderbird. Fo the buildings used as dormitori the students and faculty member a large central court, in which are two swimming pools.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HERB McLAUGHLIN

ar as the Army is concerned, efulness of Thunderbird van- ith the end of the war, and the ty was declared surplus.
a group of Arizona and East- nanciers was approached by n, General Barton K. Yount, d been commanding general of y Air Forces Training Com- rom 1942 to 1946, and Colonel Peter Dunne, Jr., who had under General Yount. They ed to establish a new sort of of foreign relations, and sold ea to the financiers, who went hunderbird and got it.

blicity Attracts Students

the property, which was ap- at $407,000, they paid the War Administration only the cost of , because the Institute, as a fit educational organization, is under the Surplus Property receive such property at 100 t discount. The publicity that d the award—the deal was in- ed by a diligent Congressional tee—brought almost 3,000 let- m would-be students, from he 300 best qualified were se-

school was organized with l Yount as president and a fac- some twenty members, all of pecialists in Latin-American anking, research, personnel ment, accounting, marketing, ial customs. About one third aculty are from Latin-Ameri- ntries.
xample, the school's new ex- international law is a former ador to Paraguay, Wesley who retired from the diplo- ervice in 1944. Dr. William L. Director of Area Studies, is or of several books on South a and has been a Latin-Amer- pecialist since he left the ity of California more than ears ago. He spent 15 years f the Rio Grande for the De- t of Commerce and other ent bureaus, and when hired hunderbird school, was acting the American Republic Area of the State Department. s by these and other members aculty deal exhaustively with s and business customs of merica, but they also empha- everyday details of living.
must learn," the students are at the Latin American is an alist. He is not civic-minded re; as a rule the state ranks importance to the individual family.
rivate citizen in Latin Amer- reful to observe the amenities intercourse. He is at ease in sphere of pomp and verbosity ould make us uncomfortable. ccess down there will depend ur acceptance of that.
Latin American is a master of *u geste*, the apt phrase, the r; you may find yourself so nd him in this as to blush barrassment. In short, the s down there is on leisure, ness; on how to live, rather how to earn a living."
he gets his diploma in diplo- however, the Thunderbird will be conditioned to the health is more than normally nt. Not all assignments are e, large cities of Latin-Ameri- tries. Therefore, the require- r physical efficiency are high. The average age of the pupils is 26, the oldest 48. All must measure up.

The requirements for business efficiency are even higher. "The people of other countries expect our business representatives to be real experts in their own lines," Dr. Schurz told a class. For that reason the curriculum lays heavy emphasis on such key aspects of foreign trade and business administration as marketing and market analysis, the techniques of importing and exporting, money and banking and accounting.

These and similar subjects, taught in conjunction with foreign languages and area studies, are designed to turn out not just a Latin-American expert, but a well-rounded individual who can be successful anywhere in the world.

There has been no great effort to surround the students at Thunderbird with Latin-American "atmosphere." True, they speak Spanish and Portuguese at every opportunity. They also present plays in these languages in the school's theater. Latin-American movies are frequently shown, and some of the *décor* in the various buildings is South-of-the-Border stuff. Once a week a dance is held in the big Thunderbird auditorium, where the music and dancing are usually South American or Central American.

Courses in Child Care

In the nursery school for students' children, the undersized chairs and tables are from Mexico. Wives of students are also given tips on how to bring up children in Latin-American countries—information about doctors, schools, domestic help and so on.

"But by and large," Mr. Dunne points out," the Latin-American atmosphere is an intellectual one. We have one of the best Latin-American libraries in the United States.

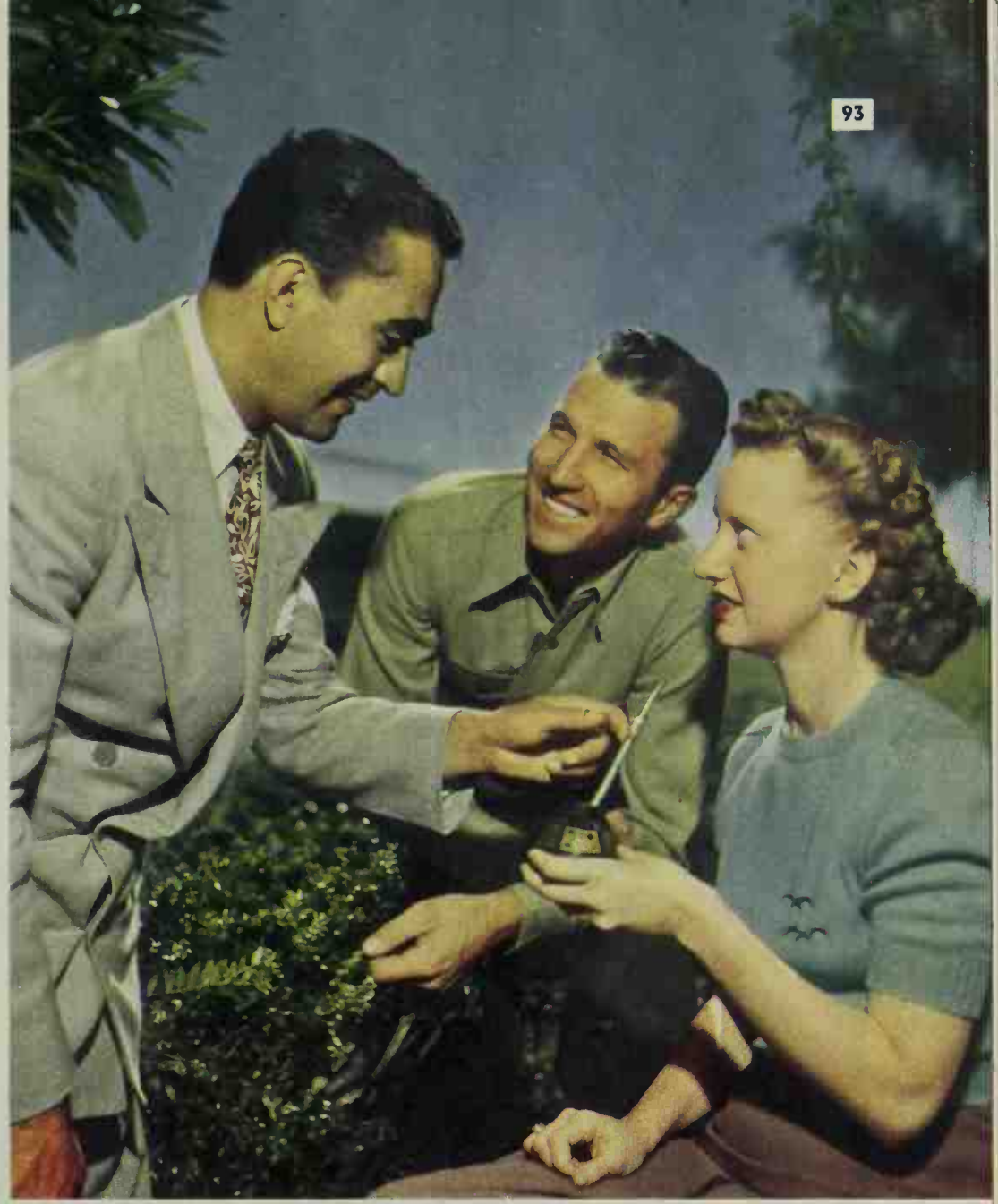
"Realism is the keynote in the area studies. Classes learn the good things about the countries they are studying —the cultural achievements, for instance — along with less-familiar things. They learn to appreciate and understand."

In time the new school expects to train careerists for the government diplomatic service, and as quickly as possible to expand its courses to cover Asiatic and then European countries. Meanwhile, the accent is on Latin America.

"It would be a mistake, however, to think that we are trying to make Latin Americans out of our students," General Yount says. "Our students are good citizens of the United States, learning to be better representatives of our country in its dealings with other countries. Those who go into business with the banks and with other companies engaged in foreign trade will be more valuable to their employers because they have a real understanding of the likes and dislikes, the ambitions and hopes of other lands.

"They will be practical, too. The training they receive here in advanced business administration gives them a sound background. They know that a career in foreign trade, however fascinating, is not all glamor. Most of it is hard work, like any other successful career.

"But we feel that what they learn here will also help them to make friends for the United States and may in this way contribute to world peace. Without changing their basic Americanism, we are helping them to become world citizens." ★★★



How to drink maté as the Bolivians do is demonstrated by Professor Hernam Cabrera to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Farr, students at the American Institute

Classes are small, intimate groups like this one taught by Antoinette Angelucci. The students are getting the subtleties of Portuguese pronunciation

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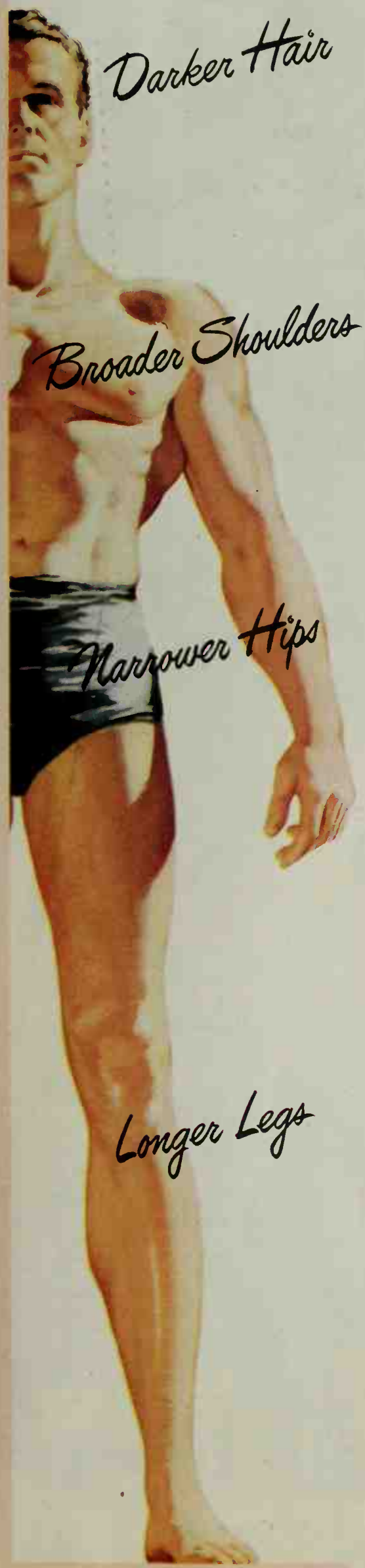
KLING

BY
J. LAWRENCE
ANGEL



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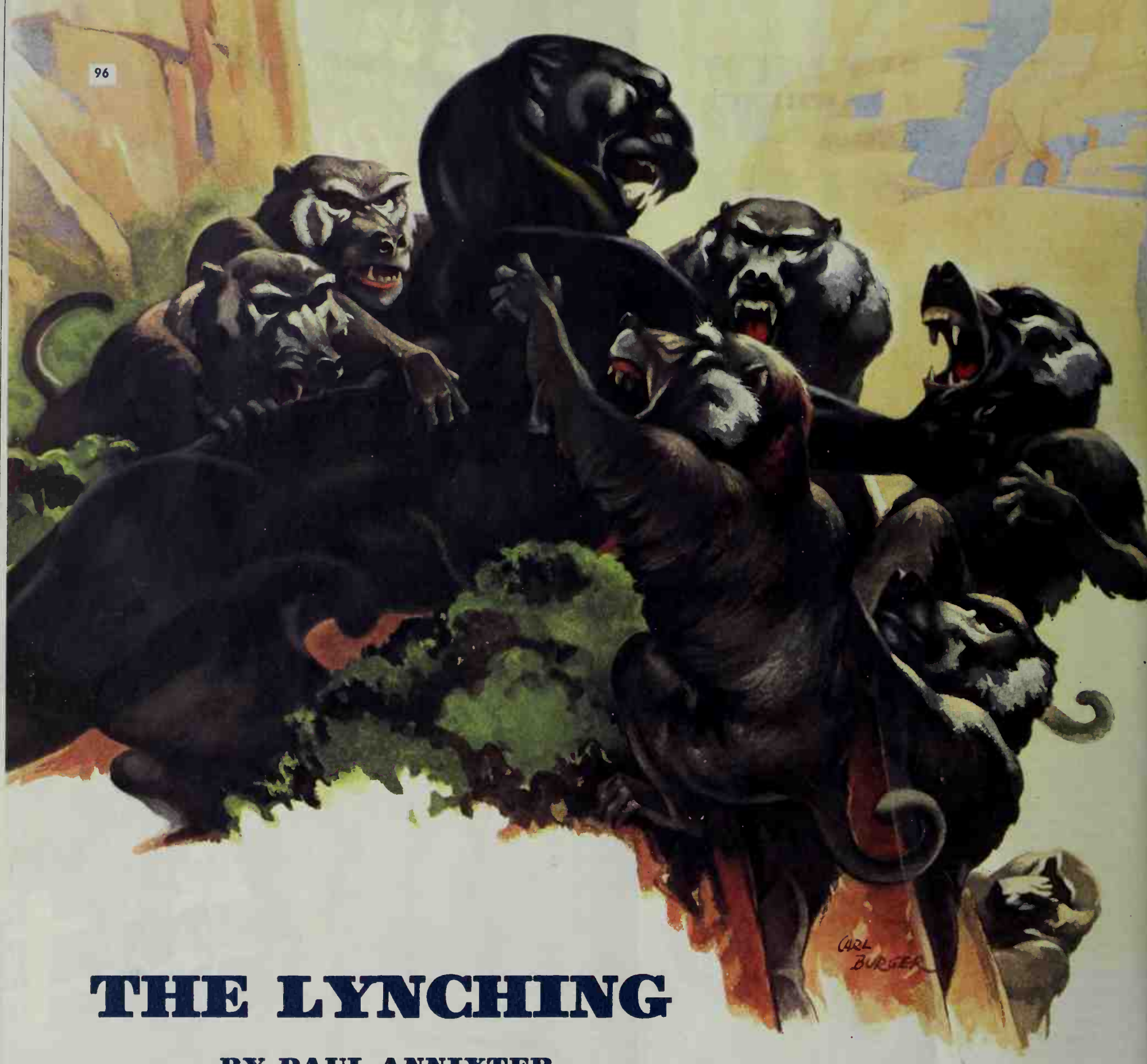

THE LYNCHING

BY PAUL ANNIXTER

The cliff dwellers could contend with the starving panther—the real menace lay within the tribe

THE Little Rains were over and the season of the Big Rains had come to the veld. Time when the downpours—within a period of five or six weeks—were changing the very face of the land and all the hunting habits of wildfolk were forced out of orbit.

Always the rains meant trouble for all, and tragedy for not a few. For the People of the Krantze, the baboon folk, they were bringing a problem to a head. The People had their city in the inky caves that honeycombed the Krantze—the great rampart of cliffs that faced the river. Here they dwelt in untold numbers. The Hottentots classified them as people — "the-people-who-sit-on-their-heels." The baboons can actually talk, they will tell you, but will not, for fear of being enslaved by man.

On a day in the fourth week of the rains the cave of T'chakamma, the baboon chief, held a ring of squatting elders who composed the wisdom and authority of the tribe. Dog-headed, with close-set eyes and curved tiger fangs, each of them was close to four feet high and powerful with the strength of three strong men. T'chakamma himself was mightier than any, a lowering red-brown beast, such a baboon as hunters may glimpse once in years—or never see at all. He was grayed with age, his fangs yellowed. He was the terrible lord paramount over all the baboons of that region.

Both in strength and in prowess T'chakamma was remarkable, but his sagacity—that was a thing apart: the extra edge of craft that makes a leader. He sat, one foot crossed over the other, and uttered low gibbering speech with many grimaces, fluttering his white eyelids and scratching contemplatively along his ribs with a hook of curved black fingernails. His councilors grunted as they listened, watching every expression of the patriarch's face with absorption and a certain question.

For a week, prevailing winds had driven the rains against the face of the Krantze until the caves and lairs were almost untenable. Restlessness and dissatisfaction were at work, and beneath the surface, dissension was causing a schism in the tribe.

T'chakamma was old, as old as a baboon might be and rule. He was nearing the end of his days, as all knew. Soon another must step into his place, and there was none other powerful enough, save one—a big, scowling, debauched old vill a great red ruff, a creature wisdom and frankly evil. T' ma's own son had the exc cunning that makes a chief, could not hope to prevail aga beast who was the equal in strength of T'chakamma him

For a year the Red One h well to the fore in everyt reconnaissance, in audacity, ligerence, in courting. Mor point, the lawless element of and the thoughtless young s this one's every move and id some time, because of this kamma's authority had hun balance. There were son counseled violence, yet T'ch waited, for the fate of the Peo upon the outcome. . . .

The rain had ceased; the

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near its end. T'chakamma went out the mouth of his cave, the others clustered behind him. He sat down on a rock beside his wife, who was already there, now and then holding up his head and closing his eyes with the pleasure of being scratched by her. Many others were taking advantage of the lull in the storm. The ledge below swarmed with bucks and marys, old and young, with many little ones capering among them.

Suddenly through their ranks pressed a hairy giant of a beast whose head gave him the appearance of having had a wild boar and a dog for parents. The throng leapt aside in dread as he came, some of the younger bucks falling quite over backward in their anxiety to give him room. In the fierce orange-red eyes of this one, sunken under clifflike brows, gleamed a crafty intelligence, half human, half demoniac, and a terrible lust for dominance. Sweeping aside two lesser bucks he mounted a rock and sat there, humped, evil—to all appearance the grim leader of the baboon city.

Abruptly then the Red One felt T'chakamma's gaze from above, and turned, his white-ringed eyes fluttering and disappearing beneath their folded lids. T'chakamma's downthrust gaze held such a thundercloud of menace that the other hunkered and coughed defiance. T'chakamma turned, mounted his own lookout and sat brooding like a stone gargoyle over his rain-drenched domain.

Embwa, the black leopard, was likewise having a time of it. He was a huge male leopard Nature had played a prank upon and given a black skin instead of the spotted orange-tan of most of his clan. Because of his color, which was unlike that of any other veld creature, and because of his remarkable hunting and fighting propensities, Embwa had always been of ill repute in the region. Men claim that a black leopard, a black panther, is fiercer and deadlier than others of his clan. He has to be, he stands so apart. People dislike even tame black cats.

THE night had been dark as the bowels of a cave—the sort of night to Embwa's taste. By day, when others of his kind were camouflaged by the tawny veld grass, Embwa was sorely handicapped, but the nights were his. Far and long he had hunted, but not even a klipspringer had fallen to his privy paw. The bottom lands were a quagmire; in the dripping blackness, cut by rushing streams that were formerly powdery dongas, no game was available. Many herds had drawn northward in the van of the floods; those that remained were thrice wary.

Hyenas moaned and wailed him company as he prowled; a pair of jackals laughed in fake derision. These were Embwa's "followers," a moth-eaten, down-at-the-heels crew, who honored his prowess by their unwanted company and dined at times on the offal of his kills.

It was in that blackest hour before the dawn, between downpours, that Embwa's sensitive ears picked up the faint grunt of a sentinel gnu bull. It was echoed immediately by the subdued *qua-ha* of a restless zebra. It apprised Embwa instantly of just where the remnant of the herds had congregated during the recent storm—in an acacia grove that topped the high plateau above the river. Toward this Embwa turned, maneuvering downwind, and for the next ten minutes his progress was a marvel of legerdemain. He could have done business in that grove, for he had no equal in the arts of self-effacement. It was his own rabble retinue that gave him away, with their low-bred gibbers of anticipatory greed.

The sentinel gnu could read sound and scent as a man reads his evening paper. And so when Embwa was still three hundred yards away there came a sudden drumming of hundreds of hoofs upon wet earth as the acacias gave up their secret in a rout upon the plain. The blackness, which was only an indeterminate gray to Embwa's eyes, revealed [illegible] who seemed scarcely to touch t[illegible] in their flight: they were gazelles [illegible] who ran with a rocking-horse gal[illegible] horns twisted at the acute an[illegible] marked the kongoni tribe; stil[illegible] who pounded along like bison [illegible] *kwonk, kwonk* in a sort of outr[illegible], they were wildebeests.

But Embwa's outrage surpasse[illegible] them. For four rainy days he [illegible] eaten and his shriveled un[illegible] gripped the cage of his ribs like [illegible] hide in the sun. In sheer desper[illegible] whirled then and charged his fo[illegible] Aye, he would have fed upon th[illegible] est of them in that hour, but v[illegible] cunning they melted before h[illegible] Embwa was alone, sounding [illegible] coughing roar upon roar of fury [illegible] the dripping dark.

NOW there was nothing for i[illegible] People of the Krantze, the [illegible] folk. He seemed to have known [illegible] along. There was always a chanc[illegible] prising some unwary one among t[illegible] ple's teeming hundreds, but to g[illegible] with the kill was something els[illegible] Once, years before, Embwa had [illegible] by the grace of his fantastic ag[illegible] the fearsome memory of it still [illegible] his dreams. He hated and feared [illegible] boon folk with a fear that was pa[illegible] ing, buckled through with awe–[illegible] deep-rooted in his kind that ev[illegible] cats have a blood memory of [illegible] horror. All this notwithstanding, [illegible] made his choice, for his need w[illegible] powering.

So Embwa engineered his [illegible] creeping as silently as temptatio[illegible] shadow up from the river's brin[illegible] the twisty streets of the baboon [illegible] visible as the stuff of darkness, to[illegible] at last by a stony outcrop one [illegible] feet above the river, two hund[illegible] below the Krantze top.

A baboon's sense of smell [illegible] keener than a man's. None dre[illegible] Embwa's nearness until short[illegible] dawn a restless baby emerged [illegible] ledge near by, and Embwa in c[illegible] bound rubbed him out. But no[illegible] the youngster's broken, almost [illegible] cries had roused the Krantze fr[illegible] to end. In a matter of seconds e[illegible] boon in the city was out and ad[illegible] voice to the tumult, a skirling, y[illegible] ing uproar that sounded like a [illegible] bagpipes.

Bounding with rage as they c[illegible] males—pausing to stoop the b[illegible] their heads to the ground, whic[illegible] baboon's most lethal cha[illegible] swarmed over the face of the cliff [illegible] waves. Embwa fled with his prey [illegible] ing down fissures and along ro[illegible] crops where none but a cat or [illegible] might find purchase. He fled do[illegible] hoping to get out of the city. [illegible] saw that baboons were closing ab[illegible] from all sides, even from below.

He dropped to a broad rock sl[illegible] had no cave mouths facing u[illegible] Along this he glided fifty yards, [illegible] find that it pinched off into shee[illegible] Back he flowed and at the othe[illegible] was the same. Then he crouched [illegible] and snarling his fiat at the raven[illegible] of fighting jocks that had by no[illegible] in about him in places to a dist[illegible] fifteen feet. Each time they ca[illegible] glance of his eye the baboons cr[illegible] coughed, and beat the rocks f[illegible] with the flats of their horny hand[illegible] coarse greeny crests bristled like [illegible] as they furled black lips above [illegible] long fangs, rolled their sunken [illegible] and fluttered their white eyelids [illegible] With big war talk, the People w[illegible] ing Embwa what they would do [illegible] but they were in no hurry, know[illegible] several must die in the doing.

And Embwa? As all should [illegible] outside the law, he knew just w[illegible] stood. That mob could submer[illegible] tear him to shreds in a matter of

ir black cablelike fingers and thy nails. And they probably arring some miracle. But in the hat he crouched on his ledge and meal, alternately feeding and defiance, which was a lasting t to his courage.

osest of the apes was a cordon ig jocks who crowded a narrow ectly above Embwa. Presently a old mary, mother of the stolen essed forward to the van of the She was draggled from bearing; er barrel body was swollen with coming youngster, while still anear old, clung to her shoulders. mmering, broken cries she forth her arms toward her lost in almost human gestures of ch time she did this the army ons lashed themselves to fury an-toned howls and horrible leaping and gnashing their big . The sunken face of the old torn and twisted with her feelhe reaction of the mob around d down quickly into fury, the mon denominator of every rab-g.

ly through the ranks came the l One. The throng parted and hind him as he came. Under the s presence and his hideous pos- grimacing, the pandemonium he mob barked and howled till d their jaws and the young t on warlike pantomimes ac- by boastful coughings and ing of teeth. Suddenly in the the bedlam sounded the real authority, a booming cry so it seemed to come from under-

baugh!

y every one of the yammering silenced, even the giant Red he babies hanging around their necks. On a ledge above had T'chakamma himself. He was d quiet and very angry, for he what was on. He paused upon look the situation over exactly n, two or three old ones clust him.

was on a ledge some fifty feet river that snarled below. He nded. There was no way of cept, along the streets of the ed by scores of fighters. If he to leap into the stream below e dashed to bits on the rocks. led, but he was doomed in any tarvation and exposure if by e.

ar that swayed the tribe more than anything else. More even than hate. There was not even food for the People in the leopard's carcass. To kill him violently would do the tribe much harm. The fear-killer strikes without reason, continues to strike long after it is necessary—without cause. He is a prey to demons. This T'chakamma knew, for he was wise as he was old. Therefore he did not pass sentence upon Embwa, but returned to his cave where he conferred again with his privy councilors.

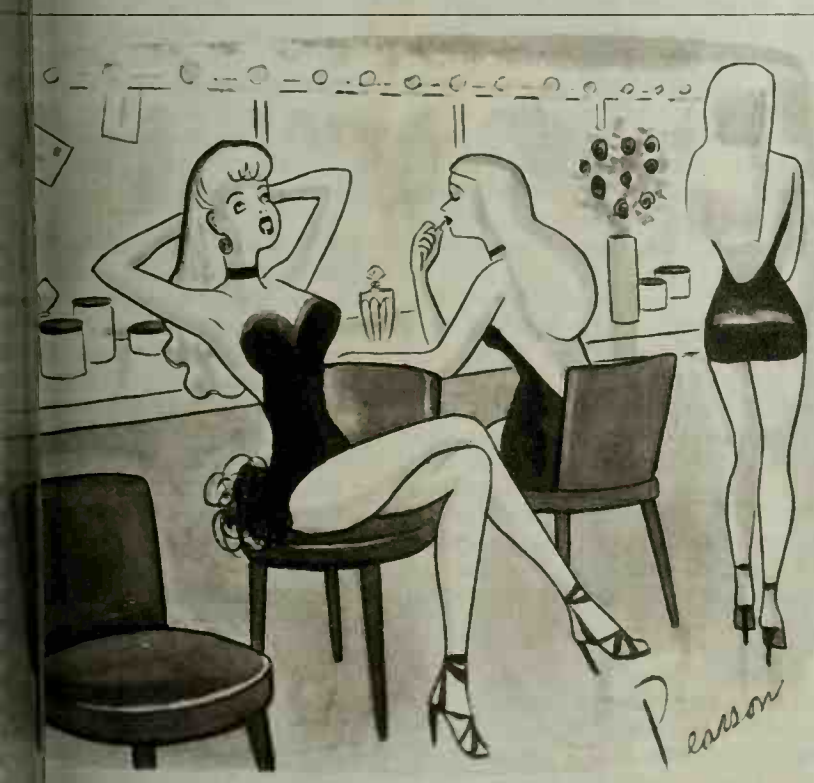
It was no softheartedness that swayed T'chakamma; it was the fear of complete insurrection. This matter of the black leopard and his killing was like a powder magazine in the city's heart, things being as they were.

Without, the mob had not broken up. Soon they were churning with hostility again. There was a steady coughing and barking, gradually mounting in tempo. Embwa did not stir now. He knew well the strange quirks of simian nature. Any sound or undue movement now might precipitate something that could not be stopped.

After a time it rained again. That dampened the fury of the band. The hubbub subsided. Many retreated to their caves, yet enough remained, enough and more to exact mob justice should the killer make a break for it. Among them was the Red One. In the downpour that descended in sheets and bucketfuls all fell as silent as Embwa himself. In between showers they shook themselves and engaged in a mutual de-fleaing process, or turned over stones in search of scorpions, ants and other dainties.

TOWARD midday it cleared. Once more the watching cordon swelled to a horde and hundreds of throats yammered out hate and murder. The great red-ruffed baboon was now well to the fore, initiating every show of rancor. His fangs were bared when all others were out of sight. Each time his eye met Embwa's, he mowed and sank his head between his shoulders. Here was the inevitable violent element found in every mob. Only fear of T'chakamma and his anger held the mob from immediate attack.

Another hour dragged by. Each time the clamor died down for a space, the Red One launched some new show of deviltry. And then about midafternoon another actor entered the tableau. Over the ledge of drama a wide swift shadow kept fleeing and fleeing, cast down from a thousand feet on high where a great vulture cut slow circles against the milky luminance of the half-emerged sun. It



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was like the shadow of premonition itself, for on the veld, old Lamm'gei, as the Dutch had named the vulture, was sexton, and had no equal in the sensing of dark things that were to come to pass. Death soon below; Lamm'gei knew it well. And baboons do not eat meat. . . . Lamm'gei's circles grew gradually lower as he planed without effort on motionless vanes.

Embwa was thinking now of the coming night—the night which was his, which was nerve-racking to all the monkey clan. If he could last until darkness he might drop to one of the lower ledges and by a savage, chain-lightning rush win through to the city's edge.

But others, too, had thought of that. Some devilish plan seemed to have evolved in the brain of the evil-visaged Red One. He had begun now a flank movement around the edges of the band, followed by his clique. Soon he was climbing along a precarious fissure in the face of the cliff, clinging with toes and fingers to cracks and invisible nubbins of rock. More than a dozen fighting jocks had fallen in behind him. Murder in their movements, drama in the air. No doubt at all about the purpose of this flank movement. It would end on Embwa's ledge where the killer would be surrounded.

MORE and more recruits joined the line until twenty-eight grown baboons and many youngsters were at the Red One's back. On the rocks and ledges high above, the females and young looked down agog, the eyes of all riveted upon the climbers.

Craftily the line descended diagonally down the face of the Krantze. They skittered crablike around jutting rocks, clung like spiders to invisible handholds along a way known only to flies. One could almost see death hovering above, waiting to pounce.

The flankers had maneuvered around the leopard's ledge and were working up from below in the form of a drawn bow, the Red One at its center. Their ropelike tails with their bushy battle tufts were erect, waving left and right as they climbed like flags of war. All were silent now, even their reddish close-set eyes never blinked. The vulture dropped yet lower. And Embwa waited, tensed, while a stir and gibber swept the ranks of watchers.

In the midst of that T'chakamma appeared on a high ledge and boomed a fierce command, an almost human cry of reprimand. For answer, the Red One, scowling upward, barked a counter order and twenty-eight fighting jocks answered it as one, surging over the lip of the ledge like a tide. Embwa was blotted from sight. One of the cordon screamed as he spun back over the edge to the rocks below, half his face torn away by the leopard's claws. Another, who had been rending and howling in the midst of the melee, ceased to howl and sat down suddenly, his slashed underparts trailing on the rocks.

Then quickly and mercifully it was over. For a baboon's long fighting teeth are edged on their back sides like knives; his feet are like his hands; he can pull four ways at once. The leopard had been literally ripped and pulled to pieces—lynched without benefit of rope or tree. When at last the fighters opened out, there was little left behind them—little at least that could have been attributed to any beast that ever lived or breathed. The affair, however, was by no means over. . . .

Baugh, baugh!

As the lynching party climbed to the ledge above, T'chakamma came slithering downward to polish off the affair according to his lights. Tribe law had been broken, that wonderful and imposing solidarity of one for all and all for one, ingrained through thousands of years in the baboon kind; the code which called for unquestioning obedience to leader in every crisis. The Red One had broken it; only his death or T'chakamma's could blot it out.

Those who chanced to brush T'chakamma as he passed were brushed aside with a fierce sweep of his arm, terrible in his new and brutal pride. Behind the Red One scrambled upward, following him. For a tense, suspended moment the two beasts stopped stone-still and faced each other measuringly between. Then while all the tribe fell silent, every vulture paused in his gliding, the conflict that had long hung fire was on.

It was so swift, so eye-deceiving, so sudden feints, clinches and breaks that none could say for a time which had the vantage or if there was any. Half the time they fought on their hind legs with vicious rips of their long, curved and jagged nails, sharp as broken glass; again standing like humans they struck and parried, ripping and mowing, with filelike whistles through parched throats.

At times they were still, locked head to neck, cordlike muscles standing out as they strove to strangle, to break the other's very muscles out by the roots. They fell to the ground at last, rolled to the very brink of the ledge, separated for the blasting of indrawn breath. It was T'chakamma who had secured the telling hold. He still possessed the greater bulk, the greater strength. But the Red One made up for it in agility—and experience; he was younger. If he could get away, he knew, he could weary T'chakamma down by chopping and dodging, avoiding all clinches.

At last the Red One, with sobbing black fingers, twisted himself free, leaping away before T'chakamma could follow. Along two dizzy ledges the battle was marked by a trail of blood; and to avoid the close-fought fight, the tribe swarmed up the sheer rock face of the Krantze toward the highest spires. With tenacious courage, T'chakamma followed. Once among the rocky pinnacles, he knew, the battle would go to the strongest. Gathering all his strength, T'chakamma tensed and leaped outward across ten feet of yawning space to land on the Red One's neck and shoulders, clinging more for death than the rocks upon which so long as the Red One met it.

Sagging desperately, the Red One gripped the outcrops with hands and feet; slowly, painfully, he climbed with the T'chakamma, brave as any male, forced him climb for two. For sixty almost perpendicular feet the Red One climbed upward, T'chakamma atop him, tearing with like fingers and his cutting teeth. Long before he reached the ledge the other was dying, his breath rattling, his throat and underparts laid open. He held up long enough to carry his foe to safety. In the moment T'chakamma sprang free the other pitched backward and the rocks boomed once, far below.

TORN and red and hardly able, T'chakamma descended the city. His breath wheezed as he moved; windpipe had been pierced. At the mouth he paused beside his foe and swept his fierce scowling gaze across his dominion. A muffled roar of awe came up from his subjects. What had given them through the years would be forgotten; what dissension had been in them had now been obliterated below among the rocks the victor upon it.

Something inside T'chakamma had snapped in the past half hour, the heart of a great tree, and he was dying. He climbed presently to another ledge which was not a dwelling place but a huge cavern running deep into the Krantze, where lay the bones of his ancestors. There, as darkness fell, he stooped his head fiercely to the rock as if in challenge, and died.

THE END

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CONVOY TO CAMBODIA

Continued from page 66

tiny kingdoms of Cambodia and Laos in the west. Cambodia has peace; the rest have a vicious, many-sided war. Indo-China's vast riches in rubber, rice, timber, coal, spices, tin, zinc and silk were developed by the French, and in the good old days before the war the colony not only paid for itself but poured millions annually into the rest of the old French Empire. The French say that if it were not for a handful of fanatical agitators among the 17,000,000 Annamites who dominate Indo-China's 25,000,000 people, everything would soon be fine again, and they could be a self-governing people within the French Union.

Frenchmen, rightists or leftists, also agree that if France loses here, it is the ruin of her hopes for a French Union of 100,000,000 peopie in Asia, Africa and Europe. France would become a third-rate power of hardly 40,000,000 people because, with the 25,000,000 Indo-Chinese, would go Madagascar, Algeria, Morocco, the rest of the French Empire.

The French Played Monopoly

Frenchmen didn't worry much about conditions in Indo-China until after World War II. The late President Roosevelt thought that it was the worst-governed colony in the Far East, with less literacy and more poverty to the square mile than any other imperial possession —a tight little French gold mine, with keep-out signs ready for most foreign traders, with the natives "happy" on an income of a few cents a day, because if they were not happy they were sure to be clapped into jail.

It may be pointless to dwell upon this now, since the French have promised sweeping democratic reforms and independence for Indo-China within a new French Union—but somewhere in it is the reason for the Annamites' current "fanatical" fight for freedom and for their troublesome distrust of the "reasonable" proposals of France.

Thus there was an air of alert tension in the convoy throughout those first few hours. Hundreds of Annamite peasants, afoot and in bullock carts, streaming toward Saïgon, looked as unconcerned as did Madame Garnier—but then, as the soldiers said during our first stop, one never knows when the peasants may turn out to be guerrillas led by Ho Chi-Minh, the wiry little revolutionary with burning eyes and Moscow training who proclaimed the Republic of Viet Nam (Land of the South) two years ago.

Ten miles out of Saïgon one of the forward trucks had a flat, and the entire convoy halted. Machine-gun crews stood by their guns, and green-clad infantrymen, tumbling out of their hot trucks to stretch and stroll during the 20-minute halt, kept their rifles and Sten guns ready.

There were several such halts, sometimes in the open country, sometimes in villages where a single platoon might be stationed. The convoy could not risk the danger of splitting up.

A frankly worried passenger in the truck behind us was Sergeant Marie Parisot of the French Wacs, a chubby, vivacious lass who'd spent an uneasy year in Saïgon. She was now bound for leave in the peace of Cambodia. So were many of the soldiers scattered through the convoy, she said; most of them had spent a bad 12 to 18 months fighting or being sniped at in Tonkin, Annam, and Cochin China, and were passing up the possible delights of besieged Saïgon for the rarer pleasure of the peaceful countryside and beaches of Cambodia.

She had a right to be worried. Only a few days before, she had been transferred, along with all other French AFATs (Wacs), from her hotel to a well-guarded barracks. The reason was that some 2,000 Viet Namese guerrillas had attacked French positions on the outskirts of the Saïgon Chinese sector. They managed to drop a couple of shells into the area during a few hours of confused battle.

The attack was not too difficult for the French to repulse, but it gave rise to rumors that the native population of the city was ready to rise in the night and massacre all foreigners. The military did not exactly believe this, but they took precautions anyway.

Sergeant Parisot had served with the American Army in France for a year, and she spoke the G.I. language.

"A hell of a place," she said. "No peace, and none in sight. I left France gladly because it is such a sad place after the war. It is still sad, this long after liberation, but this place is worse."

This disillusioned mood seemed to be common among the soldiers. This, and a kind of what-else resignation to longer months of dangerous indecision on the part of the politicians.

"We must compromise," said one. "It is senseless, this fighting. We can hold the country, but we cannot win it unless France sends 500,000 men, and that is impossible."

I pointed out that the officials in Saïgon said they were seeking a compromise, that Emile Bollaert, who had replaced fire-eating Admiral Thierry d' Argenlieu as High Commisioner, was supposed to be a middle-of-the-road civilian seeking a fair settlement by negotiation.

"But the government has said it will not negotiate with Ho Chi-Minh," said Sergeant Parisot. "And if not with Ho, with whom? Anyway, there will be more fighting, no matter what, unless we clear out altogether. I say like your boys, 'Give it back to the Indians.' "

Others were not so peace-minded. Lieutenant Guy Michel, a tall young Parisian who had fought in the Resistance before joining the regular army, thought the army still had a job to do. Indo-China would be ruined without the French. Ninety-two per cent of its people could not even read or write, and the handful who could, and were causing all the trouble, were nothing but Communists.

Kill-or-Cure Policy for Commies

He agreed that De Gaulle had sent a lot of Communists in the army to Indo-China soon after the German war ended, on the theory that if they were killed it was no real loss, and if they lived they'd see the unionist if not the imperialist light (a favorite story of some of the French). And some he knew had been "converted." He himself was nonpolitical.

But after nearly two years in Indo-China he was tired of it, and he wished someone would work out a solution. If the enemy would only stand up and fight, just once, it would be all over; but he would not do more than raid and ambush and run.

"Maybe," he said, "the politicians will soon find the right people to bribe." He hoped so. Over the months he had lost six good friends in his outfit, and that was too much.

I asked him about the atrocities and he shrugged. "If your friend has a girl friend in the village," he said, "and one night he does not return, but next morning the corpse is at the edge of the camp, with parts of the body chopped off and stuffed in the mouth and with the lips sewed together with wire, what do you

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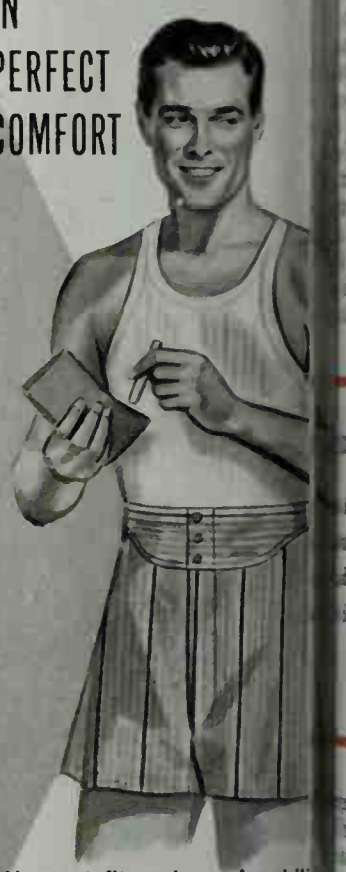

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The French can talk about a
union if they want to, but
talk and the guns and the

leaders, and they would not respect property. There would be chaos.

"I dare not talk as much as I would like—some of the French may not trust me, possibly, but the Viet Minh (a contraction for Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh, the League for the Independence of Viet Nam) hate me and anyone who does not agree completely with them. One is not safe from them even in Saïgon.

"Last week a small band came in the night to the house of a friend of mine, another moderate, and took him away. They may come for me some night, despite the curfew, the police, the soldiers."

Which was another reason why convoys are needed, and why, riding in one, you enjoyed the security given by all those machine guns.

The convoy pulled through the danger zone in the early afternoon and came to a halt on the bank of the great Mekong River, 1,900 miles long, wide, sluggish, muddy, Mississippi-like. Later we learned that two convoys had been ambushed and one train blown up that day, but the sight of the Mekong, well inside peaceful Cambodia, was good enough for us at the time.

Ferries to a Promised Land

Two ancient put-put ferries, capable of carrying only two trucks at a time, required hours to deliver the convoy to the sweltering western bank. But there were tea shops in the east-bank village, and tropical shade trees, and everybody tumbled forth to enjoy the peaceful haven. Soldiers left their weapons in the trucks.

In one of the truckloads of vacationists (accompanying several cases of hand grenades, because, although things were peaceful in Cambodia, the army must be prepared to keep that peace) was a Foreign Legion captain — blue-eyed, sandy-haired, and jovial—who shed some light on the Legion's part in the war. He was Denis Chaumet, a regular in the French army, who had fought in North Africa, France, and Germany before his transfer to the Legion and Indo-China.

"The Legion has about 15,000 men here," he said, grinning, "and it is not true that 90 per cent of them are Germans who signed up as an alternative to staying in labor camps in France. The number is only 70 or 75 per cent."

It was also untrue, Captain Chaumet said, waving idly at the swarm of flies and insects hovering over his tea glass, that the Germans had deserted in large numbers and are now fighting for the Viet Namese. A few had, of course, and they were fighting for the Annamites—but the main objective of any Legion deserter was to escape to Siam and thence to Australia or America.

"The Annamites," he said, "are inclined to carve up any white man first and inquire into his volunteer sentiments afterward, which makes deserting to them doubly risky. This probably accounts for the fact that we have fewer desertions here than in North Africa—and of these, the percentage of other foreigners is higher than the German.

"The Annamites are also very hard on their deserters. They shoot them. When we overran one of their holdouts in the north, we found 43 freshly executed corpses, 14 German and 29 Japanese, hands tied and all. Surviving villagers said they had been caught trying to escape to Siam."

The captain said there were still about 3,000 Japanese in the Annamite ranks, but that these were not very active. The French had broadcast promises that these would be returned to Japan if they surrendered, and more and more were "escaping" to the French lines.

We finally crossed the broad river, and raced north toward Pnom-Penh, the convoy splitting now that all danger was far behind. Most of the convoy arrived

GONNA MOW NO MO'

's demise
with a yawn;
indeed,
d down the lawn.

—Margaret Fishback

ergence of a counterrepublic
China, the Annamites think
return to their old colonial

all Indo-Chinese are so ex-
ere is, for instance, M. Henri
m, a stout, broadfaced Anna-
rate, who says that being a
Indo-China is a very danger-
He worked for Ho Chi-
ublican government for some
a minor administrative post,
cause he thought it had gone
ommunist or at least totali-
now thinks the French pro-
an Indo-Chinese federation,
ng within the French Union,
some modifications, be made

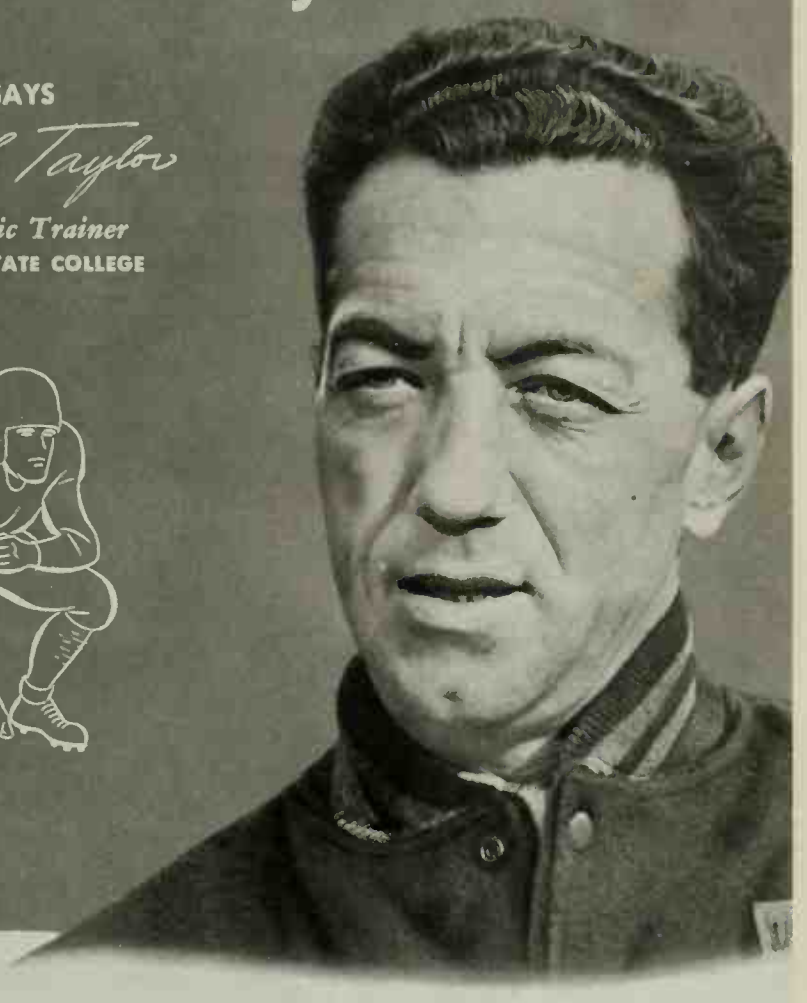
sts Viet Nam Republic

of Cochin China, Ho Van
for the idea of a confedera-
t for his country to be in-
he Viet Nam Republic; he
more local autonomy for
na than he thinks the Re-
d give it. Ho Chi-Minh, he
at man, but is now under the
he more extreme of some of
-trained ministers.
," he said earnestly, remov-
rimmed glasses and mopping
ll of us want our independ-
think we can get it in the
n and without all this fight-
ld be a bad thing for our
he French left at once, be-
e thing the Viet Minh bands
obey well even their own

"Every man I train gets at least a quart of milk a day"

SAYS Boyd Taylor

Athletic Trainer
IOWA STATE COLLEGE



"Playing football isn't play," says Trainer Taylor, "it's hard work, and any man who wants to stand up under it must eat right.

"I consider milk, with its vitamins and minerals, a basic food in any stamina building diet."

* * *

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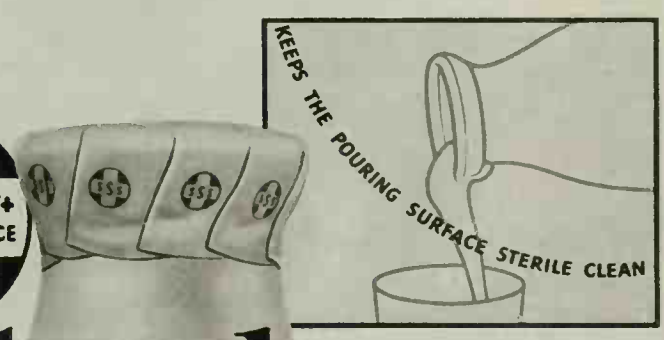

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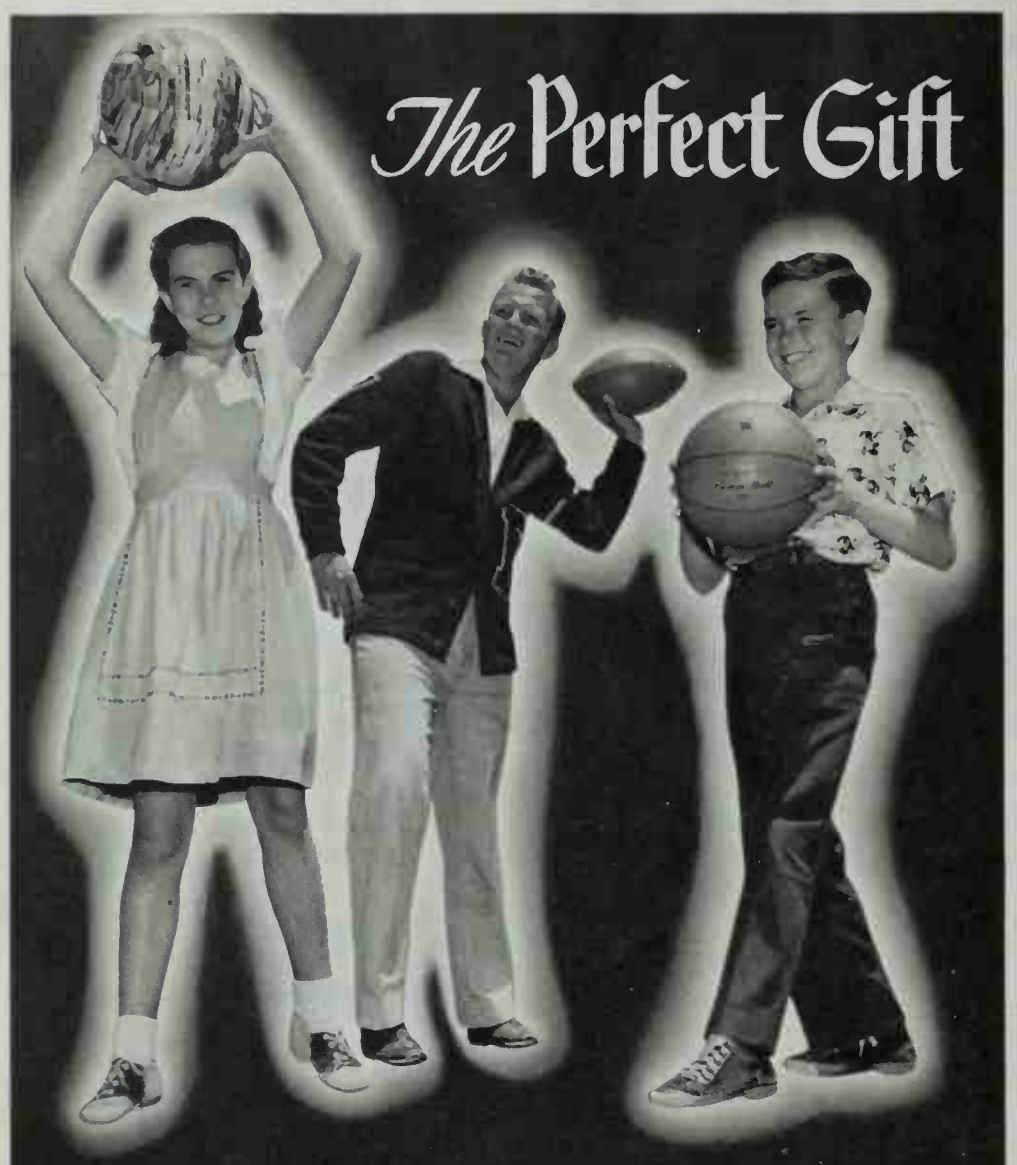
CANADIAN SEALRIGHT CO., LTD., PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA
SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGES FOR FOOD PRODUCTS



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AT ALL VOIT DEALERS—Footballs, Basketballs, Softballs, Tennis Balls, Sports Chests, Volley, Soccer and Beach Balls

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America's Finest Athletic Equipment

within twelve hours, but our Peugeot, thanks to a failing water pump that necessitated stops for rice-paddy water every two miles for a long stretch, required fifteen.

"Routine," said Garnier, smiling fondly at his weary wife. "All travel is trouble in this country. But think how fortunate we are to be assigned to peaceful Cambodia instead of Cochin, or Annam, or Tonkin!"

Fortunate indeed, all the French would say, because here, at the end of a long road, is the pot o' gold for any imperialist, Socialist or capitalist. A tidy little country of nearly 5,000,000, rich and peaceful, with its own king (a Frenchman is ex officio chairman of the council that elects him), government (a friendly French adviser behind each minister's elbow), and army (two battalions, 1,200 men, French officers) . . . and a people who seem to be quite happy about the French (who say, with a mixture of envy and satisfaction, that the Cambodians and the Laotians both are too fond of making love, too intelligent, and too lazy, ever to take to guerrilla war).

Splendors of the Capital City

A tidy little country, and a tidy little capital, this ancient city of Pnom-Penh, with its 100,000 people, its palaces (ornately Cambodian and colorful, but built by the French in the last century), its busts of recent kings (sculptured in Paris), its Silver Pavilion with the floor made of 4,700 six-inch squares of silver, its nine-foot 200-pound Golden Buddha, its hundreds of yellow-robed parasol-carrying mendicant priests or *bonzes,* its graceful Buddhist burial mound-and-monument of the Princess Penh, the national heroine who brought the remnants of the Khmers or Cambodians here from the splendid ruins of Angkor Wat centuries ago. And its French quarter, with the houses lost in a forest of shade trees and bougainvillaea along the wi and gardens. Just like before th

"And that," said an "unco French Socialist to me, "is just ble—too many French colonia we can achieve the same thin Indo-China. Just like before th

"For the Cambodians I would this setup is wrong. They are a b people, and lethargic, and they because we have preserved the their ancient and modern enem Siamese and the Annamites. Th a long way to go before this f independence may be too small for them, and with our help the try is well run.

"But with the Annamites it ent. They are an intelligent, lust driving race, and their national toward independence, spurred trained in French schools and ideas, is not to be denied

"We have muffed things i China. We have temporized an lated and fought and vacillat fought again, instead of driving t sensible compromise of real self ment in the French Union. Th mites don't have a perfect recor but one would not expect as r them as of us. We never schoo many of them, and we used to j leaders for even thinking of in ence.

"Now we must still try to peaceful compromise. They nee we need them. But it may be t After the warring of the last tw I am not sure the white man profitably in Indo-China on any

Meantime the rice bowl of A used to export more than a mil of rice a year to its hungry neig suffering from a military drough politicians seem unable to prod rain of peace, and the world, the and the Annamites suffer.

THE END

COLLIER'S RALPH NEWMAN—GEORGE KARGER—SE

TH MODERN CONSOLE • Exquisite cabinetry and brilliant engineering distinguish this newest addition to the proud Farnsworth line. Superb requency Modulation) reception. Automatic record-changer. Full, vibrantly alive tone. Genuine South American prima vera or walnut finish.

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IRSIDE MODEL • A superbly honograph-radio. Automatic dles, quickly and quietly, 12 lve-inch recordings. All con- -tips. Cabinet, in rich mahog- s ample record storage space.

MODEL GK-087 • Styled in classic Sheraton, this elegant console provides superb AM and FM radio reception, or hours of uninterrupted music from recordings as you sit in your living room and relax. 12-inch Alnico-5 speaker. Finished in lustrous, dark mahogany.

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It will pay you well, before you select your next radio or phonograph-radio, to see and hear the new Farnsworths. These instruments bring you quality at modest cost, proving that excellence of performance need not be expensive. This is especially true of phonograph-radios fitted with the new Farnsworth record-changer, which incorporates the sensational Tone Clarifier. A truly revolutionary development, this record-changer with the Tone Clarifier eliminates noise and scratch from old (even cracked) records, and, in addition, reproduces standard new records and the latest high-frequency recordings with incredible tonal brilliance! Created by outstanding engineers, the new Farnsworths come in beautifully styled modern and period cabinets—in models for every member of the family (prices: $24.95 to $425). See these fine instruments today at your Farnsworth dealer's. He has been chosen for his ability to give you expert service.

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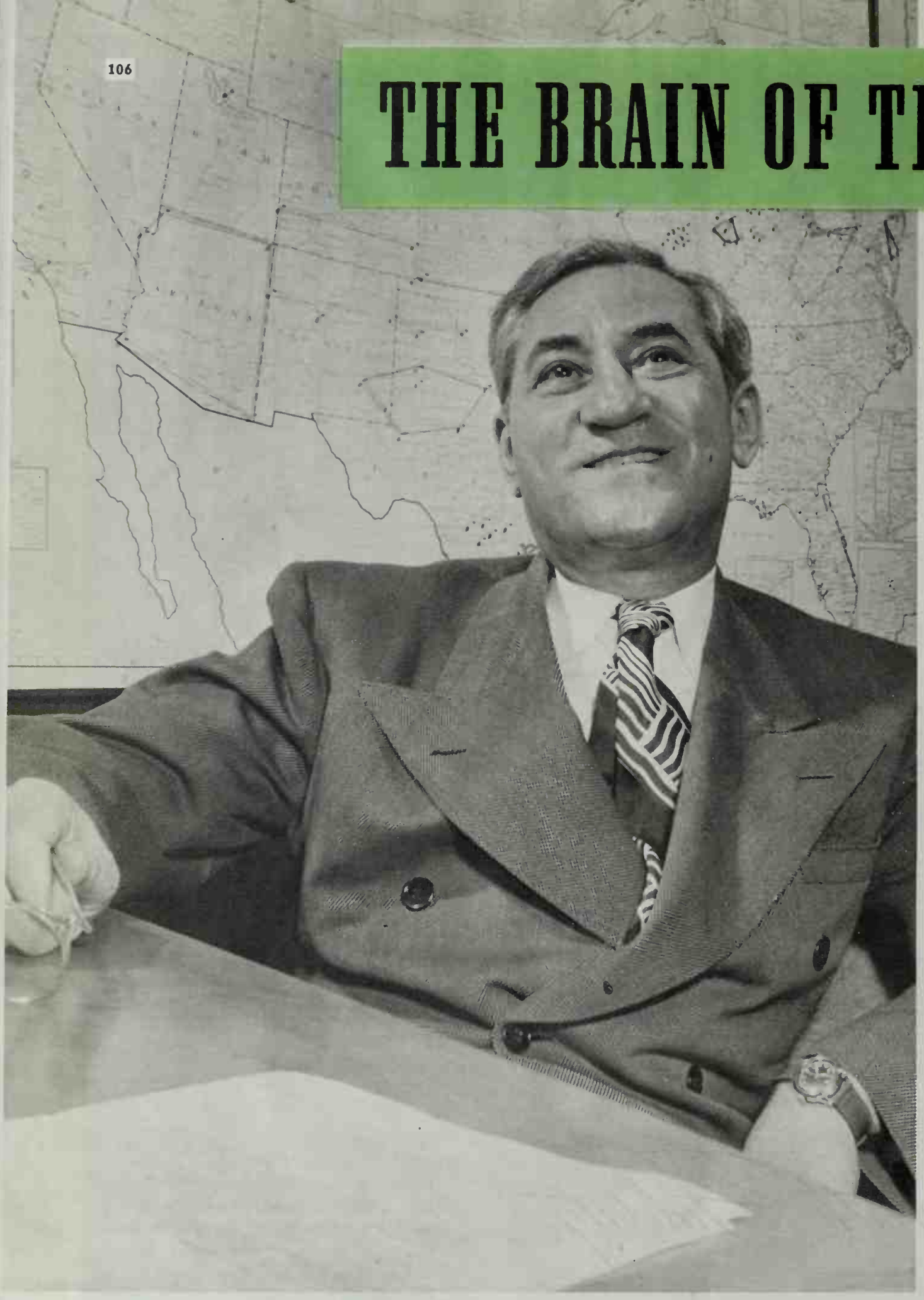
THE BRAIN OF THE BOOKIES

The bookie may not know a punt a pass, but he's smarter than a America quarterback when it cor betting. Thanks to Leo Hirschfie his staff, who never see a football

BY PAUL GARDNE AND ALLAN GOUL



Leo Hirschfield, publisher of Athletic Publications, Inc., who estimates the odds and advises the bookies

THE 1947 football season is about to begin and you, as, say, an old Ohio State grad, are jubilant over the chances of the team. You know the coach, you've watched the boys in practice, you feel that this is the year of years. And, because you are an enthusiast like the rest of us, you want to back your opinions with the old do-re-mi.

You place a bet on the opening game. And, when you read in the papers that a Middle Western betting firm predicts Ohio State will win by one touchdown, you smile. *One* touchdown? Nuts! You've seen them, brother, you know!

Pardon, you think you do. For Ohio State, in this hypothetical case, wins by *one* touchdown. Who, you wonder, could have known so much about the situation even before the season began?

A little man who wasn't there holds tightly within his hands the reins that govern the odds on most of the major betting sports in the country—with the exception of horse racing.

The name of this miracle man is Leo Hirschfield and he operates from Minneapolis. Whether you plunk down 50 cents on a baseball pool, or a dollar to pick winners from a football card, or soar to the higher stratosphere of gambling, this little man who wasn't there has had something to do with the way you bet.

Hirschfield is the publisher of Athletic Publications, Inc. His business is strictly legal—that of some of his clients isn't. For his athletic gazettes go to the nation's leading bookmakers who, of course, operate one of the most intricate businesses in the world. It's big business, too, with half a million bookies of varying degrees of importance handling seven billion dollars annually.

Bookmaking, like all major industries, has its by-products. Some of the by-products are within the law—like dispensing information. And that Hirschfield comes in—a man developed in itual lineage of the late Moe Annenberg. berg was, of course, the foremost man in his his day. He controlled the main wire serv horse racing. After his death while on p was demonstrated just how tough and da certain types of publishing can be.

Annenberg's profitable wire services we over by his lieutenant, James Ragen. When men attempted to horn in on Ragen's serv worthy hired six ex-cops to guard him. B lamentable things will happen in Chicago.

Ragen was driving along State Street. June night, too. He was alone in his car an his bodyguards were in the one behind him. stopped for a red light—his last.

A truck filled with orange crates and cove a tarpaulin halted next to him. The tarpaul —guns blazed. Ragen, seriously wound rushed to a hospital. He held on stubbo fore he died two months later, aided, some s slight case of poison administered by in competitors.

However, death is not the only portion f with a penchant for disseminating sports i tion. Many get rich and powerful, too. Hi hopes for such an eventuality although, a common consent, he avoids horse racing a centrates on such colossi as college football basketball and major-league baseball.

Hirschfield, a frustrated amateur lyric w dapper, dynamic, fifty-two. He is of averag wears glasses, has a slightly bashed nose. H life as a poor boy in Minneapolis, fought i War I, tried a lighting-fixture business in Ne and made many interesting friends during hi —especially, his remarkable confidant, th bookie, Bill Hecht.

Hirschfield was not averse to making himself but he was going nowhere rapidly great idea hit him. Why not a tiptop ser bookies in the virgin fields of football and ball, as well as major-league baseball? A his push and ingenuity, maybe he could bra in many directions as a publisher.

Well, today Leo Hirschfield has many fri a certain kind and he influences a lot of Married and childless, this versatile chap dis a magazine for children—Play Mate—and has an interest in religious publications. athletic books are his masterpieces.

Hirschfield ventures some predictions books. One Saturday last year he predicted college football games would result in Durned if they didn't. He estimates, at how closely contests should wind up. And can really estimate. Bookies admire his calc so much that they each pay him fifteen d week to wire them the latest odds, and twe lars a week to phone them. That's prophe profit, all right.

But Hirschfield could not function if he have as close a friend as Bill Hecht, who made Minneapolis his headquarters. He are almost like Damon and Pythias. The old Hecht, a bachelor, is a renowned boo with side interests in drugstores, a liquor roller-skating show, a traveling ice show,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

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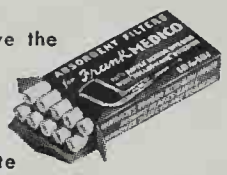

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manufacturing refrigerating units—and a few other ventures.

When Annenberg was up on income-tax evasion charges, Hecht also was questioned.

"I guess they figured me Number Two," he reflects. But he was exonerated. Amiable, esteemed for his honesty, Hecht is modest; too.

"I don't know why you should want to interview me," he told us. "I'm only a five-and-ten-cent guy—like Woolworth."

Here's how Hecht enters the picture with Hirschfield. Hecht and his Minneapolis associates keep Hirschfield informed on the odds offered by bookies on sports events all over the country. Then Hirschfield relays this dope to the subscribers of Athletic Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, it appears, is perfectly located for this type of "stock exchange." This midway point between the two coasts can be reached readily by phone from all sections and it is ideally situated for fast-mailing purposes.

Hirschfield takes no bets—just gives out information.

"What's wrong with that?" he asks. "Everybody bets and we just let them know the right odds."

Other smart people, including you and me, try to gauge the strength of rival teams. But none succeeds like Hirschfield. His prescience has been so phenomenal at times that there is a current rumor that a Hirschfield operative is retained on every major college campus in the United States. These undergraduates, blithely working their way through college at the prevailing rates, are alleged to forward the latest information on the status of football and basketball players. If there is dissension on the team, if the local Doc Blanchard displays athlete's foot or housemaid's knee, if his girl has scowled at him, all the up-to-date information is reputedly passed on to Hirschfield.

Aroused by all this talk, we decided to investigate the Hirschfield outfit—Athletic Publications, Inc., formerly the Gorham Press. Although Hirschfield and Hecht displayed a marked lack of interest in publicity, they agreed finally to meet us one evening in Minneapolis.

Map Is Strictly for Salesmen

Hirschfield has a map of the United States on his wall, stuck with pins in the manner of a military strategist. He told us the pins represented salesmen who were selling advertising for his magazines. He seemed slightly hurt when we suggested that the pins might also represent bookmaker subscribers. A ticker in his office runs constantly, flashing the latest sports results.

From what we observed of Hirschfield he does not, necessarily, hire scouts to sleep under every college coach's bed. He does possess the best coverage and filing system that we have ever seen, with exhaustive files on every college football and college basketball team. Every college campus newspaper, as well as daily newspaper in that town, is subscribed to. On our second visit—during regular working hours—we saw stout, noncollegiate-looking gentlemen reading the daily Princetonian as nonchalantly as undergraduates at old Nassau. Nothing is too good for the modern bookie.

Hirschfield keeps the box scores of all games for years and years. Then, again, his editors—or should we say, handicappers?—are all blessed with prodigious memories. Rotund Pete, one of the staff, is the fellow who does most of the early figuring before some semblance of seasonal form has been established. He knew all about Henry Iba long before the latter coached championship Oklahoma A & M basketball teams.

"Iba comes up with Maryville Teachers to play Kansas one time, see," says Pete, "and all of those other fellows don't know how good he is. But I know—I got all the clippings. And I know that in basketball a coach is more important than in any other sport."

The things that go on in the Hirschfield office are weirder than you will see in any editorial organization in the land. The phones are always ringing. Harry, a young mathematical wizard who plans to study engineering at the University of Minnesota, answers a phone.

"Where you from—Cleveland?" he says. "Okay, okay. The price on Cleveland is $1.60-$1.70." (That's a sort of abracadabra for baseball odds.)

A fat fellow who looks like Sidney Greenstreet answers another phone. A man with a slouch hat drifts in and out and gives quotes on games. The place is piled high with out-of-town newspapers. The ticker runs on.

Forecasting System Explained

We asked Hirschfield how he and his merry men could foretell so often, almost to the point, how embattled, desperate-fighting teams would finish.

"Look," he said, "we have about ten handicappers, all of whom know their stuff. Most of them have been around gambling a long time. They get all the papers, they keep up to date. They each write their selections down separately. Wherever there are differences of opinion, they talk it over." After that, apparently, everything is settled by collective bargaining.

We inquired about all those scouts on every campus.

"We don't mind that reputation," laughed Hirschfield. "Let them think what they like. They believe we're like Pathé—see all, know all, tell all. It helps my publishing business."

We had questioned college authorities throughout the country, men like Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, Dana X. Bible of Texas, Bill Alexander of Georgia Tech and Bernie Bierman of Minnesota. They know of no case where a student had given information to a bookie. Joe Labrum, when he was publicity director at the University of Pennsylvania, used to get long-distance calls from Hirschfield asking if certain stars were going to play. Other publicity men have been asked, yet also have been loudly silent when one of the Hirschfield staff called.

But a few of the publisher's contented clients told us that Hirschfield has had some wonderful beats for his customers. Once, a visiting basketball team was stuck in a blizzard and only the subs, or the "girls," as the bookies say of the second team, got through. Hirschfield received the information promptly and his clients were protected. Another time, when ten Southern California football players were stricken with flu, word was flashed to Minneapolis in time to adjust the odds.

Maybe Hirschfield does it with mirrors. Maybe when he needs special information, he hires a few hard-working collegians to serve as correspondents. Nobody knows for sure and Hirschfield denies it. But there is no question that the bookies pay for and get something special.

There is also no question that Hirschfield's publications receive consideration from more than 8,000 top-notch bookies. His Weekly Basketball Record, published on Sunday mornings and a model of accuracy, is, he claims, subscribed to by the New York Times, Time Magazine and the Associated Press and United Press. His publications go free to all colleges and, oddly enough, to many penitentiaries.

Hirschfield is a psychologist who urges members of his quixotic staff not to watch any football games.

"If you get to like certain players, it prejudices your judgment in picking winners," he says.

By not missing a trick—and employing a few new ones of his own—Hirsch-

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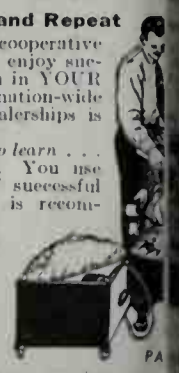

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For Thanksgiving get that g with the red flesh, more ju er flavor. Also Navel orang bushel, straight or mixed, prepaid ex U. S. $5.95. No COD's; money bac quested. Ask for FREE folder, "Mont Service."
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of incalculable importance to his subscribers. His friend, Hecht, so highly regarded in the profes- s an "office" that is a distinct rom that of Hirschfield. An like Bill Hecht's usually consists t ten bookmakers who use it as rters.

the average citizen wagers only dollars there is a cumulative running into many thousands. also many bettors who ship in y on a game. Let us assume that ones of Newark has $25,000 him on Harvard over Yale. He t he can handle only $10,000 e phones Hecht in Minneapolis, Dallas, and asks each just how he bet they will take. Hecht can and Joe, $7,000. When Hecht, ergency, wants to get rid of a s too heavy on one side he will Jones or other pals.

bookmakers are all astute busi- with lightning calculator minds the new Harvard machine seem at they do is balance their bets, sure a profit whatever happens. eans that if you bet Army you

nind you lost, William . . . I like you better with e on the left side again!"

JOHN RUGE

ie $6 to $5 on an even money rsely, if you like Navy, you y $6 to $5 on an even money ever wins, the bookie will e a dollar—or a 20 per cent

es the volume of business is When action slowed down ago it was Hecht who pulled ut of a hole and who made esearch expert like Hirsch-

crucial stage for bookies, s were the vogue. Baylor oted as a 1 to 4 favorite over ethodist. You bet four dol- ne dollar if you wanted Bay- e proved that these 4 to 1 habit of coming through too es were hit where it hurt— book. Faced with the prob- ly returning to manual toil, nulled over their depression. ved the solution—the point ting.

system becomes intriguing ves both sides an excellent Kansas figures four touchdowns the Missouri. Suppose Kansas a 27-point favorite. Kansas wager that their team will by 27 points or more. But bettors have a margin of 27 Of course, they become inter-

With the advent of the point system came the two-point spread, also favorable to the bookie. He quotes the Purdue basketball team a 12-14 point favorite over Indiana. Bettors supporting Purdue must have their team win by 14 points or more. Bettors wagering on Indiana will collect if their team does not lose by more than 12 points. In good, old-fashioned college betting a fan would be sore if his team lost by any score. But under these conditions his feelings are somewhat mollified if the club loses under the prescribed amount.

All right, suppose the Purdue team wins by 13 points—or exactly in the middle? The bookie collects all—that's his spread.

Betting on college games has soared with the point system. One of the reasons for the cancellation of the Army-Notre Dame football series with the game this November is the excessive public gambling on the 1946 combat at the Yankee Stadium. It is estimated that from ten to fifty millions was bet on the game as compared to four millions for a record handle at the Belmont race track.

The rash of scandals is just as obnoxious to the leading bookmakers as it is to authorities and the public. The bookies' spread, or "vigorish" as they call it, is so healthy that they hate to see anybody spoil the party. They blame the Brooklyn College basketball scandal and New York Giants' football affair, when Frank Filchock and Merle Hapes were approached, on petty-larceny guys.

Avoids Heavy-Betting Games

"Look," Hirschfield told us, "we only give out a line in which we feel that everybody is trying and that there is no possibility of finagling. We won't give out a line on pro football at all. Somebody said that we knew the Brooklyn College scandal was in the making months before it happened. I wouldn't say that at all. But as far as we are concerned we don't like any college basketball games played in Madison Square Garden or in the Buffalo arena. Not that we distrust them. There's simply too much money bet on those games for us to take a chance. So we won't give out any odds on those games."

Hirschfield's X-ray eye is not satisfied with all the upsets in Madison Square Garden boxing, in pro hockey and pro basketball and so he and his associates refuse to hand out a line on those sports. Other bookies may—but not Hecht to Hirschfield to chance. As a result, the Hirschfield subscribers seem to be a more solvent group. Hecht says that he omits the line on these sports, under these conditions, merely to protect the betting public.

"Since we started our service," Hirschfield states, "a guy who bets a dollar gets a dollar's worth. Folks all over the country learn the correct prevailing odds soon enough—from their bookie or the newspapers."

Whatever the sources, Hirschfield knows a lot.

Athletic Publications, Inc., are looked upon with distaste by many important individuals. Bert Bell, president of the National Football League, testified before a House committee this year that the Hirschfield information, in his opinion, was too true to be good. Kenneth L. "Tug" Wilson, Commissioner of the Big Nine, said that the Western Conference schools had been asked not to send any schedules to Hirschfield. But we saw them all in his office.

Hirschfield can't understand what all the sniping is about. He sees all the legal betting going on in horse racing and he sees how handicappers print their racing information in all the papers.

"Don't you get it?" he appealed to us. "That's all we try to do—a public service."

THE END

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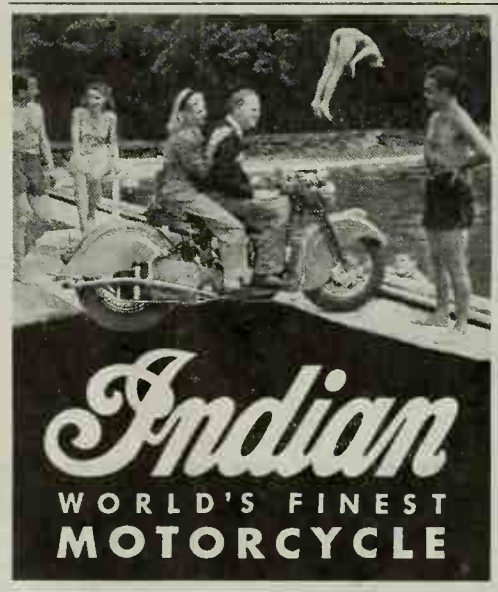

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NOW HANG TOGETHER, OR –

FROM the point of view of the United States, we'd say that the most important of all postwar events to date was the drawing up of the Western Hemisphere defense treaty at the recent Rio conference.

Nineteen of the 22 nations on our side of the world joined in this compact. Adherence of the other three—Canada, Ecuador, Nicaragua—is hoped for before long. Of course, the treaty doesn't become binding on us until a two-thirds Senate majority ratifies it; but among bets we'd most like to sidestep would be the bet that the Senate won't ratify.

The agreement is a "one for all, all for one" affair, embodying the principle that an attack on any Western Hemisphere nation will be regarded as an attack on every other such nation, and that all will take appropriate steps to kick the attacker back to where he started from if not farther.

Nothing in the Rio treaty conflicts with the United Nations Charter, which expressly approves formation of regional tie-ups like this one. The area covered extends from pole to pole, and far out to sea on all edges of North, Central and South America, except where Alaska and Siberia just miss touching each other.

Well, now that the great majority of the Western world's nations have come to the point of putting this treaty together, let's all resolve that it is not going to be just another scrap of paper; that it is going to stay alive, operative and dynamic for a long time to come. And let's renew that resolution about once a year.

This treaty constitutes a recognition by the Western Hemisphere nations of the fact that if we don't all hang together we may be hanged separately. It comes none too early in the day for hemisphere security and avoidance of another great war.

The sooner Canada, Ecuador and Nicaragua—and especially Canada—can see their way clear to adding their signatures to the treaty, the better off we'll all be.

3,000 PLANES A YEAR

THE best military opinion is that our air ... Army, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard ... have at least 3,000 new planes of all types ...

That would enable the air forces to stay ... date as any other nation's air forces. Full ... portant, it would keep the aircraft indust... and reasonably prosperous, so that it could ... persistent research and could hope to ex... wartime production in a hurry if an en... should materialize.

Under the latest Congressional approp... the Army Air Forces are to get only 800 ne... next year, and the Navy only 630. That ad... less than half the minimum estimated need ...

This is a most dangerous state of affairs—... eral "Tooey" Spaatz, AAF commander, ... saying of late with as much frankness as the ... general officer permits himself at a time w... brassiness of some of the top brass is under ...

We'll string along with General Spaatz ... subject. Air power and plenty of it prove... tial to victory in World War II. It promis... even more important in the next war, if ther... and we have no assurance as yet that there ... a next war.

It is earnestly—we almost said desperatel... hoped that U.S. public opinion will impel ... to keep us powerful and progressive in ... whatever else Congress may do about par... ernment expenditures. Lacking ample ai... this nation could be sunk as a nation; and ... blood and tragedy.

MAYBE THIS IS FOR

ARE you young, male, ambitious, attr... the U.S. Navy, fairly confident you'... material, but unable for one reason or an... get into the Annapolis Naval Academy? ... may be that the Naval Reserve Officers ... Corps is for you.

Annapolis is no longer big enough to su... Navy with all the officers it needs, or nearly ... famous V-12 college-Navy training progra... a superb showing in the recent war.

From those two facts, the permanent N.... program, or Holloway plan, has emerged. ... improved and enlarged V-12, in that it h... naval officer training with a four-yea... course which may lead to a bachelor's ... degree—except that premed, predental a... theological studies are not included.

Fifty-two colleges are participating. ... has authorized a total enrollment of 14... dents. Tuition, fee and textbook costs are ... the government. In addition, N.R.O.T.C. ... draw retainer pay at a rate of $600 a ye... Navy will do its best to send you to what... lege you prefer, though this cannot be guara... every case. Age qualifications at time of ... ment: 17-21.

In return for all this, the student agrees t... a Navy or Marine Corps commission, if ... after his four years in college; or, if this ... nated, to hold for six years thereafter a com... in the Organized Naval or Marine Corps ... He also agrees to remain unmarried un... missioned.

We think all concerned should benefit ... from this plan—the Navy especially, becau... be in far closer touch than ever before with ... tion's colleges and universities and their big ... facilities and inquiring-minded faculties.

As for any young man who thinks h... qualify, we think it will profit him to look ... into the N.R.O.T.C.—which he can do b... for information at any U.S. Navy recruitin... or by writing to Chief of Naval Personn... Department, Washington 25, D. C.

Collier's

NOVEMBER 1, 1947

TEN CENTS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

LET'S GET GERMANY OFF OUR BACK!
by LEWIS H. BROWN

•

MORGENTHAU ON REFUGEES
—British chill and double-talk . . . a death sentence!

PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME CALIF

Double-dunking brings chuckles from Thorne and Big Brother Kerkie. Bath-time is a big highlight of the day. To highlight their *smiles,* the Burbanks use Ipana Tooth Paste, specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. Dentists themselves prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own personal use,* a recent national survey shows.

This star Model stars as a Mother, too!

of her footing, baby Thorne *can* be sure she's headed direction for a sparkling smile. Because "model" knows that a radiant smile depends on sparkling m, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth.

IPANA
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
FOR YOUR SMILE OF BEAUTY
For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush
the twist in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it.
Product of Bristol-Myers

Betty Burbank, of the sparkling smile, passes her "model" dental routine on to Thorne and Kerkie.

LOVELY NEW YORKER Betty Burbank never really planned to be a model. It just *happened.* She was studying at a school of fashion design when a visiting photographer noticed the vivid brunette with the wonderful smile. So Betty wound up *modeling* fashions, instead.

It was a lucky switch. Publicity and modeling not only won her national fame as a cover girl, but helped her to win her husband, public relations counselor Kershaw Burbank, too!

In her ten years as a top-flight model, Betty has learned the importance of a sparkling smile. And she intends to make sure that the smiles of 4-year-old Kerkie and 1-year-old Thorne are bright copies of her own dazzling smile. So she's teaching them to follow her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

The importance of gum massage is taught in thousands of classrooms today. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away.* Let *him* decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

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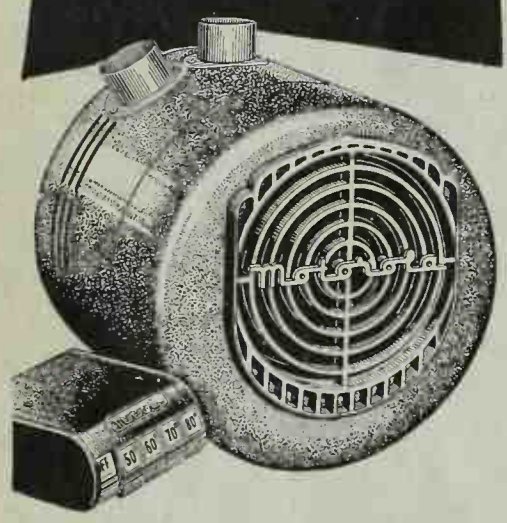
The New Motorola GASOLINE CAR HEATER



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November 1, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MA

LABOR ABUSES

GENTLEMEN: As a member of [illegible] York State Assembly from [illegible] County, it is my hope that legisl[illegible] be introduced at the 1948 sessi[illegible] New York State Legislature, w[illegible] tend to correct many of the migr[illegible] abuses outlined in Mr. Whitman[illegible] (Heartless Harvest, Sept. 13th, [illegible]

A Chenango County grand jury [illegible] ing its session framed recomm[illegible] and a petition to Governor Dew[illegible] Senator Walter Stokes and myse[illegible] an investigation and corrective l[illegible] citing Collier's in the document.

JANET HILL GORDON, the [illegible] State of New Yor[illegible]

. . . Congratulations on the en[illegible] article dealing with the migr[illegible] workers. Few people know of t[illegible] tation of these people, that littl[illegible] of only eight years work in the [illegible] under such filthy conditions, or t[illegible] supposedly well-educated coun[illegible] children have no chance for scho[illegible]

IDA M. WILCOX, Plattsb[illegible]

X-APPEAL

DEAR EDITOR: In reference to t[illegible] the elementary-school teacher [illegible] gun on the child prodigy (page [illegible] 20th) and saying, "You know to[illegible] *pooey!* If I remember correctly, A[illegible] the problem should be—

$$\frac{x^2+2xy+z^2}{x+z}$$

$$\frac{x^3+2x^2y+xz^2+x^2z+2xy}{x^3+2x^2y+xz^2+x^2z+2xy}$$

CAROLE CRUMLEY, Colu[illegible]

Teacher should have rubbed o[illegible] the lem or Partch—not he studen[illegible]

(Continue l on page 9

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SOME "DOs" AND "DON'Ts" FOR
APPENDICITIS

—learn the warning signals that may mean appendicitis! The first sign of acute appendicitis is usually pain in the abdomen accompanied by nausea or vomiting.

The pain may be general at first, like a simple stomach-ache, but it probably become localized in the lower right side. It can be a sharp severe pain or a dull ache. Symptoms sometimes vary, so any persistent, puzzling "stomach-ache" should have prompt medical attention.

—call your physician at once when such warnings appear! Today, appendicitis is rarely fatal if recognized and properly treated in time. But it may be difficult to diagnose.

Your doctor may need to take blood counts or make other tests. Calling him promptly permits him to make such tests and to determine the proper treatment before serious damage has occurred.

Appendicitis takes only about half as many lives today as it took 20 years ago, but many more lives could be saved each year if everyone called a doctor at the first sign of an attack.

—treat yourself with home remedies! If you have an abdominal pain and are nauseated, avoid taking a laxative or enema. They increase pressure on the appendix and may cause it to rupture.

A study of appendicitis in one Eastern city showed that when appendicitis patients took *no* laxative, only 1 in 62 died. Of those who took a laxative, 1 in 19 died.

External pressure can also cause a rupture, so you shouldn't rub or massage the site of the pain. And it's wiser not to apply either a hot water bottle or an ice bag.

—try to keep going normally if you suspect appendicitis. When appendicitis strikes, don't try to ignore the pain and keep on with your normal activities. Any physical exertion or exercise may lead to complications, so lie down, in bed if possible, and stay there.

The pain may let up but this does not mean the attack has passed. It's up to you to keep quiet and relaxed until the doctor has had a chance to examine you. Food and liquids can also be dangerous. Try to avoid eating or drinking anything, except water, until your doctor has examined you.

As more people learn more about this disease, appendicitis mortality can be brought still lower. For further information that may protect you and your family, send today for Metropolitan's free booklet 127-C "Appendicitis."

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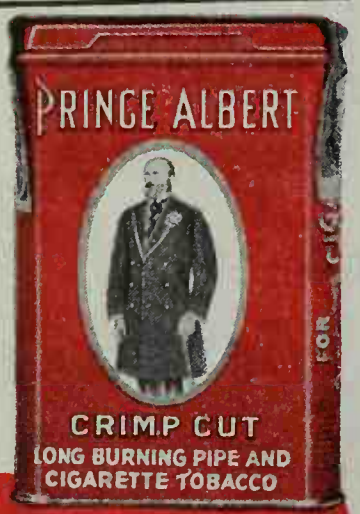

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WO

BY FRELING FOSTER

To prevent the sending of false fire alarms during the recent American Legion convention in New York City, all street-corner boxes in mid-Manhattan were guarded day and night by firemen, a job that required some 13,000 man hours.

Short-wave diathermy machines have at last been assigned three frequencies of their own so their operation will no longer interfere with any form of radio communication. Machines in use will be shielded and those in production will be confined to the allotted channels.

When the Tower Bridge of London was opened in 1894, Parliament made provisions for a tugboat to be docked near by, always ready to go to the aid of any vessel that might collide with the new structure. So a tug, manned by a crew of six and with full steam up, has been waiting for such an emergency 24 hours a day during the past 53 years. But no call has come to the little boat whose maintenance so far totals $1,100,000, or a sum equivalent to nearly one quarter the cost of the great bridge itself. *By Roy Harwood, New York City.*

Some 50 years ago when the small towns of this country had grown tired of seeing Uncle Tom's Cabin, the Tom companies, instead of adopting a new play, attempted to revive interest in their old stand-by by a unique method. This was to double the cast, giving the patrons—"at no increase in price"—two Uncle Toms, two Simon Legrees, two Little Evas and two sets of bloodhounds.

Most states in this country today have no law under which a person who has no police record and has been acquitted of a criminal charge may demand and receive his fingerprints and photographs taken at the time of his arrest.

America's new *All-Negro Comics* is the first publication of its kind drawn by Negroes, and containing only Negro characters.

Wall Street's most spectac[ular] acter in the 19th century w[as] Fisk who got his start selling [supplies] to the Army during the Civil [War]. 1869, he had become so we[althy] bold that, with several asso[ciates] tried to corner the nation's o[ld] unsuccessful move that sw[ept] dreds of firms and individuals bankruptcy. Fisk, one of th[e] financial wizards of his time [was] educated and virtually illite[rate]

Newest lock for outside [doors] opened by sliding back a [plate] cover and pressing three of [eight] tons in a preselected combin[ation] actuates an electrical mech[anism] side the house. Besides h[aving] possible combinations, th[e door] equipped with an alarm th[at goes] when the first wrong button [is pushed]

Among the strangest cases [of] friendship known is that e[xists] the London Zoo between a [West] can chameleon and a green-[eyed] both of which are about a [foot] Most of the time the snakes [crawl] up on the back of the cham[eleon]

During the past 30 years, [there] has occurred in the United [States] an average of every 62 h[ours] each killed an average of 1.[6 persons] and caused some $83,000 [worth] property damage.

Of every 100 Americans [who] gum, according to a recent [survey] do it to steady their nerves, 27 [to] fresh their mouth and throa[t], 10 down smoking, nine to clean teeth, seven to help digestio[n] and six chew solely for pleasure. *By Winifred Whitlock, Miami, Florida*

Tennessee has never repe[aled] law, passed in 1925, that pro[hibits] teaching of evolution in [public] schools.

Ten dollars will be paid for each [item] accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source [and] tion. Address Keep Up With the [News,] Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York [17,] N. Y. This column is copyrighted [and] items may be reproduced without [permission]

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ransport should cease today, much of America
hungry tomorrow. Thousands of dinner tables in the
o Bay area serve fresh meats and perishables hauled by
amond T Diesel. Handling 68,000 pounds of gross weight,
tion averages 68 gallons for a 340-mile daily round trip. Alfred
s, "Yearly mileage of this truck is about 102,000. Aside from an
aul at 200,000 miles, there have been only a few very minor repairs."
iamond T post-war models are faster, more powerful, longer-lived than
od 404 (1½-ton) for example, has a 263 cubic-inch Super-Service engine, with
epower. Other models to 10 tons and 190 horsepower. See your dealer!

Diamond T Model 910 handles 68,000 pounds gross weight with Diamond T reliability. Golden Gate Bridge in background.

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Chicago, Illinois *Established 1905*

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lovelier floors with less care!

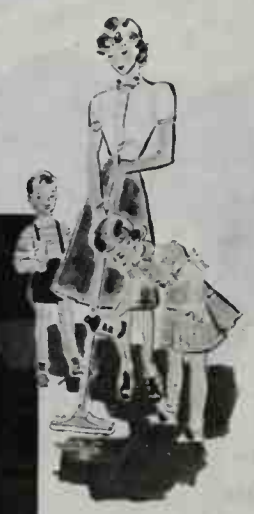
Your Floors Clean Up Easier With a Damp Cloth . . . And Brighter, too, when you use Self-Polishing SIMONIZ

"There's no need to be annoyed when the children spill things or scuff the floor. For, in our home, we use Self-Polishing SIMONIZ. The more often I clean up soiled spots . . . the brighter my floors seem to get. And besides, I save time and money. I don't have to apply Self-Polishing SIMONIZ so often because it lasts longer.

"My children enjoy helping me do the floors with Self-Polishing SIMONIZ. They know how eosily it applies with a mop applicator . . . and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. Really, I'm proud of my floors—they're so beautiful . . . and crystal-clear with Self-Polishing SIMONIZ on them!"

And don't forget, clean floors are safer for children, too! Self-Polishing SIMONIZ is ideal for linoleums, finished wood floors, asphalt and rubber tile. It gives the same longer lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars. Ask your dealer for Self-Polishing SIMONIZ! Sold everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS



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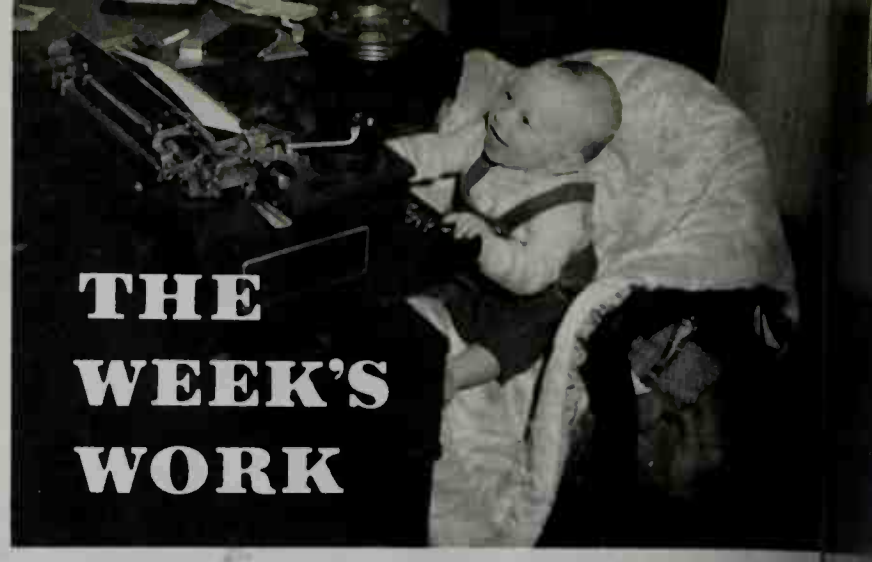

THE WEEK'S WORK

Joyce Weisinger, age seven months, Miss Superwoman of 1

THE little lady banging away at the typewriter above is Miss Joyce Weisinger, whose daddy, Mort, wrote Mr. Gimmick, p. 18. Since Daddy writes in his spare time, and has a full-time job as story editor of the comic strip Superman, it is only natural that Joyce would be able to give Daddy a hand.

During the war Mr. Weisinger, by supernatural powers, rose to the rank of staff sergeant, and because of his association with Superman would get three-day passes in return for telling officers what Superman would do next—so that they could win bets.

Mr. Gimmick grew out of Weisinger's frustrated attempt to beat Bill Rabkin's fiendish machine, the "Atomic Bomber," while vacationing with Mrs. Weisinger in Atlantic City. The machine swallowed up $1.35 of the Weisinger mortgage nickels, causing Mrs. Weisinger to heckle Mr. W. about his extravagance. He squelched her by revealing that the gimmick had inspired an article, and that the buck thirty-five was deductible from his income tax as necessary expense involved in securing background material. "So I wrote the Mr. Gimmick piece in order to salvage $1.35," Superman's editor sums up.

BORN in Texas, Vivien B. Keatley (Poor Man's Race Horse, p. 74) worked her way through high school clerking in a Waco dime store and telling stories at the library to "brats whose mothers were tired of them." With $100 she'd saved as a court reporter, she went to the University of Michigan.

Armed with an A.B. it took her only six years to accumulate ("I was a child prodigy," she boasts), she became Miss Lucky Strike, traveling about and discussing the merits of the brand she shilled with various collegians. After ghosting a genealogy and an engineer's biography, she newspapered, WPA-ed and snagged in marriage a redhead who had been pursuing her. Since then she and the redhead have worked on a California forest-ranger station, fought forest fires side by side, written publicity and beach-combed at Palm Beach and for a time the Keatleys ran a dude ranch at Tombstone, Arizona.

The ranch inspired Mrs. Keatley to do something about "quarter horses." Hardest task was to separate fact from legend—one of which she'd been raised on. "My father's Black Devil was the fastest horse in Texas at the turn of the century," she says. "He must have been fairly good at that. His earnings paid for my mother's engagement ring."

Once she had the facts, Mrs. Keatley attempted to pick up some easy money on quarter nags. "... find anyone dumb enough ... to bet against them," she ... Keatleys at present live wi... pit bull, some old clothes ... cient jalopy, in a house tra... in what has been describ... slum trailer area south ... Arizona."

ON a recent visit to ... Mrs. William Porter t... put a sketch for a jazz sto... band had dashed off and ... couple of years ago, in wi... for the trip. They holed ... veddy litry Algonquin ... room directly beneath that ... clair Lewis, the Nobelest ... ican of Them All. The so... Lewis on the typewriter ov... so enchanting that after ... visits to his hot jazz d... Nick's, Mr. Porter was ... borrow a machine and finis... Blue, p. 20.

Otherwise, Mr. Porter c... teaches magazine writing ... versity of Iowa ("an inte... phoid Mary," he dubs ... healthy, normal, and m... handsome woman who cu... save money in these spir...

As his story reveals, ... jazz maniac, liking his ... bashing old-fashioned, s... loud. "I wouldn't recogn... if one spoke to me on th... cries. "In New York I ta... a table at Nick's directl... big, wonderful, trumpet ... Spanier, one of the great... 20th century. I suppose th... insults from young peopl... it takes an echo chambe... sonant vibrato to make ... To these I say 'Nuts!'"

YEARS ago W. L. Wa... the Chicago Dry Goo... brought home three old ... and started his young br... Harlan Ware, who wrote ... Likely—, p. 71. is one of ... Five Literary Wares.

Harlan was born a 4... practically nothing, in L... Dakota. He further clai... up his education from ... newspapers and colleg... ances. When his first nov... a cool $182 for a whole ... ('28), he gave up literat... licity, what he calls secon... and the short story. He's ... wedded to a Radcliffe g... spell, and has three ju...

This week's cover: Al... It looks like a good party ... Hurst's most bewitching ...

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING since the invention of the phonograph

It's new! It's beautiful! It has everything! New pull-out phonograph makes record loading easy. New high speed changer plays up to 12 records automatically. New static-free F-M radio with tilt-tuning dial. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond period cabinet with compartment for 144 records in albums. See it . . . hear it . . . at your Admiral dealer, today. Walnut only $289.95 (Slightly higher in west and south.)

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AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
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America's Smart Set

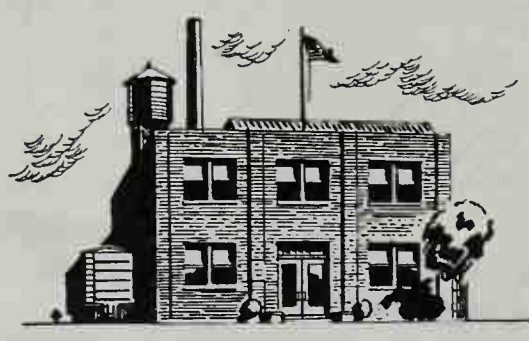
Miracle tone arm brings a new thrill to your record listening pleasure. Uses no coil, no crystal, no filament, no special tube. Banishes needle scratch, "talk-back" or other disturbing noises. Keeps records like new for hundreds of plays longer.

Gown—Fred A. Block Original

There's more than dollars in your pay envelope!

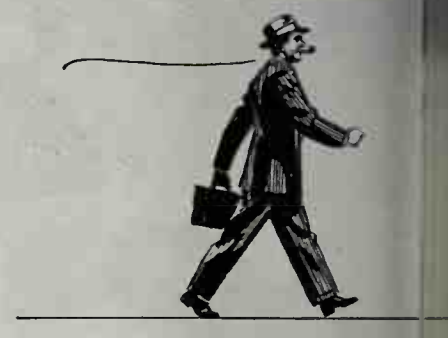
1. The first thing you do when you open your pay envelope is to count the "results" of your good work. But even when you've counted the last dollar—there's still something left—something you can't see or feel—yet something mighty important to you and your job.

2. For instance, how about the fellow who dreamed up the product or the service which your job helps to produce? If it hadn't been for him your job might not even exist. So it's only fair to figure that *his* work—along with yours—helps fill every pay envelope you get.



3. Then, of course, there are the folks who risk their savings to buy the "tools" for your job—and that means not only modern machinery but also the buildings, the materials—*everything* your firm needs to do business. Your pay envelope simply wouldn't exist without *them!*

4. Next comes the boss—and th
all the managers, from the big boss o
they didn't have what it takes, th
would soon fold up. Then you'd be o
So it's plain that "good manageme
very *big* part in filling your pay env



5. And let's not forget the hap
pounds the pavements to *sell* the g
service you help to produce. His
yours and that of *all* your fellow
helps make the firm a profitable
which is the only kind of busine
provide steady jobs.

6. And—speaking of profits—
of course, that a big share of the p
by industry goes right back into
pay for the research and expansio
more production, more and better
prices and greater security for eve

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS

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*Most Americans say they think 10 to
out of each dollar of sales would be a f
for business to make. As a matter of
dustry averages less than half that m*

...e thinks I'm sweeping him off his feet," Laura said. The crowd laughed at the idea. A man of his age! George said, "She misunderstood me, folks"

TEMPERING OF THE BLADE

BY EDWIN A. PEEPLES

Laura Powell was beckoning to George from a brighter, gayer world. After all, his marriage was getting dull—and George was feeling pretty sharp—for the time being

HAD been a week since ...eorge Chestering met Laura ...owell at a cocktail party. He ...ered her—rather vaguely—as ...ful woman in her late twenties ...n experience and sophistica... ...d given a kind of plastic sheen. ...ecollection had no immediate ...n his married life with Shirl. ...en married for ten years. Nor ...t disturb his work. He was ...ed by a paint manufacturer, ...job was to straw-boss the East ...om the fortieth floor of the ... Building and to distribute ...pany's products to retail out... ...n eastern territory bounded by ...ssissippi River, the Mason and ... line, the Canadian border and ...ntic Ocean. The ocean was ... boundary he'd seen, and his ...on of it was derived from a ... Long Island Sound, where he ...d spent occasional week ends. ...is job and his emotional life, ... George's evenings were as ... as this one. He lolled about ...rtment, read Time and the ...rk Herald Tribune and a few ...rrent best sellers, which were sent to him regularly by a book club. In this way he knew what to think and when. Usually it made him happy. There weren't many evenings, like this one in September, when he chafed at so static a method of opinion. It wasn't often that, instead of counting his blessings, he yearned for his single days in New York—days of running with an unmoral crowd of free thinkers who drank too much and argued all night.

Now, though, the mood was on him. In his mind's eye he had a sudden, clear picture of Laura Powell, and, in comparison, the comfortable, wifely attentions of Shirl seemed saccharine and dull. He stirred uneasily and sipped his highball.

He allowed himself one highball each evening. Sometimes Shirl had one with him, and sometimes she didn't. When she did—and she did tonight—he sat and stared at her while she talked. Usually he thought of nothing in particular while he stared, but tonight he thought it was unfair of Shirl not to be Laura Powell. It didn't occur to him that she might think it unfair of him not to be Clark Gable. It didn't strike him he wasn't Clark Gable, or a reasonable facsimile.

At the moment Shirl was not wishing for a place in the country, one of her more wistful themes. She was belaboring him with her perpetual criticism: How being born in Omaha rendered him utterly unfit to consort with society in the East. Shirl seemed to be under the impression that she had founded and now owned and operated the thirteen original colonies, and, though she deplored much of the nonsense to which they had sunk—such as juke boxes, strikes and a growing tendency to dislike the British—she was positive these failings were more pronounced in such out-of-the-way places as Omaha.

AS SHIRL warmed to her subject with remarks about his behavior at the Frobisher cocktail party—where he'd met Laura—he recalled the two perfect, unanswerable rebuttals he never made because they would throw Shirl into the hysterics to which she had recourse when she'd been outargued. If he did not prefer peace, he would interrupt Shirl right now and tell her she knew very well he was from Omaha when she married him. He shuddered to think what her reaction would be. Furthermore he would tell her (a thing he was sure was quite true) that he got on with her friends and, indeed, all Easterners a good deal better than she did.

Suppose she read his thoughts? Hastily he quaffed his drink in a swashbuckling way and turned his attention to the functional *décor* of the apartment. A slight breeze wafted in from the river and Fifty-second Street below. It was a shame that at such an early age he was depriving all women but one of his charms.

He looked at Shirl again. It was useless to pretend he couldn't remember what his wife looked like. He remembered very well. A Dresden figurine grown up. The minute he focused on her, it was as if two congruent images fitted together. There she was, her medium height recognizable even when she was sitting; inclined to the broadness of hip known as the bridge-and-beauty-parlor spread; blond, or at any rate, light-haired;

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

LABOR'S BIGGEST BOSS

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Robert N. Denham, who has more power over labor than any other man in U.S. history, got his training for the job by punching cows, salvaging foundered businesses and spending nine years as the most picturesque trial examiner in the National Labor Board's string

Of Robert N. Denham's job one senator said, "We may have created America's first labor 'Gauleiter' "

BACK in 1908, Robert[ham (now general c[the National Lab[tions Board, but then mere[Denham, or the stranger [Louis) rode into the main [Seminole, in Gaines County[ern Texas, about 100 miles [nearest railroad.

The stranger strolled into [cipal gathering place of the [allowed to all within earsho[he was looking for a cow[job at $40 a month and fo[also allowed as how he was [sity of Missouri and Univ[Michigan law-school gradu[that he was available to repr[ing clients in the courts of [eign state of Texas.

As the result of this dec[Denham, a total stranger to [received 17 write-in votes i[eral election three days late[elected Gaines County Att[

Last July, when Presiden[appointed him to the curre[job, Denham repeated this [zooming from obscurity i[office. But the controversy [of the election of the stra[St. Louis was nothing comp[what this second Denham[ment seems to have stirred

In the first place, the t[shouldered, 62-year-old D[minor government employe[appointment, was even less [the people of the United St[Tex Denham was to the ra[cowhands of Gaines Count

In the second place, t[which he was appointed [highly controversial. It s[when the Messrs. Taft, Ha[and Ives sat down last spri[the legislation which becam[Hartley Act, they were det[cut down the power of th[prolabor National Labor [Board (created 12 years a[Wagner Act) and its influe[tor of field division, Osca[an undisguised New Deale[

The lawmakers accomp[by neatly gerrymandering [right out of existence. The[most of the direct cont[agency and nearly all of its [away from the three-mem[and vested all this power [eral counsel. At one st[proceedings, a few of the s[came concerned over the t[amount of control they ha[

PHOTOGRAPH FOR C[BY BOB SMAL[

© HARRIS & EWING

Denham, shown being sworn in with NLRB members Copeland Gray and Abe Murdock, was both praised and blamed for his findings as a trial examiner

ds of one man, and one of id, "We may have created 's first labor *Gauleiter*."

theless, this provision of the rtley Act went through. It general counsel complete au- o interpret the administration aft-Hartley Act as he sees it, nged things so that, under ircumstances, he might be the ge in any labor-management brought before the National elations Board.

the old Wagner Act, any nissed by any of the twenty- onal offices of the NLRB appealed directly to the three of the board in Washington. e new Taft-Hartley Act, the ow can be made only to one e general counsel—and if he ubordinates in the field so de- expanded five-man board nceivably could sit twiddling humbs from one end of the he other without a single un- r-practice case being brought

fears first were expressed unprecedented power of the e, they were quieted by as- that, given the right man, g would be all right. With a tizen in the job, said Senator l. Ives, you'll have no tyr- t the benevolent moderator e Taft-Hartley Act intended. here most of the controversy r Denham's appointment. It at a lot of people think Den- e right man; a lot of others isn't.

stance, the conservatives in B say he is a courageous, dle-of-the-road citizen who, was an employee of the ought a rear-guard action the New Dealers in the The NLRB liberals say that die-hard reactionary who, was an employee of the ntinually refused to accept d Supreme Court decisions forever unfriendly to the Act he had sworn to adminis- official of the board claims ham is one of the fairest- nen they ever hired; other f equal rank claim that he or and has other prejudices. igh-ranking Republicans re- ow nice it was of President o pick Denham (a Republi- at the Republican party will lete credit from the people for the success of the Taft-Hartley Act. Others say that the President was deliberately advised to select him because the allegedly antilabor Denham would be so tough in his enforcement of the act that the unions will rebel, the act will become unworkable and the country will revert to union-management bloodshed and chaos—for all of which the Republicans will be blamed.

The appointment, for instance, stirred B. Carroll Reece, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to say, "The extremes to which Mr. Truman went in his efforts to kill the labor bill may have done serious damage to the nation's economy by stirring up class hatreds, and undoubtedly his attitude justifies serious doubts as to whether his Administration will make a serious effort to enforce the new law effectively."

A top A.F. of L. officer said, "The Taft-Hartley Act is crazy legislation, and I can't think of a better man than Denham to administer it so well that it gets repealed next year."

Recognized as Campaign Issue

"It's strange," said a Republican national committeeman, "but an unknown like Denham suddenly becomes one of the principal issues of the 1948 campaign. No matter whom we run for President next year, we'll have to run him on the record of the Taft-Hartley Act. So we may very well stand or fall on whether Denham makes the act a brilliant success or a dismal failure."

"Denham," said one of the policy-makers of the Democratic party, "is one of the best things that has happened to my party this year."

Concerning all this, Denham says, "I never have had prejudices for one side or the other in the past, and I know of no reason why I should acquire them now. In my old position with the NLRB, I certainly attempted to express an independent judgment, but of course it was not my function to overrule the board. I was compelled to follow the policies and the precedents set by the board, and in those cases where I allegedly was a traitor to the Wagner Act, it was a difference of opinion between me and my chief as to what the decisions of the board meant.

"As far as my other critics are concerned, I have one policy: I'm trying to do a job and do it the best way I know how. If people want to criticize me, that is their privilege. When it comes to getting into controversies with people who disagree with me openly in the press, I have no desire to engage in controversies. Those people are not aiding the administration of the act."

The recipient of all this praise and abuse is a gray-haired six-footer, with deep blue eyes, narrow shoulders which combine strangely with a middle-age waistline, and a pair of the largest feet ever to grace official Washington. He is never without a small flower in his lapel, he continually jingles three large silver dollars in the palm of his hand, and he gives out with picturesque language in a rich bass voice, frequently using football and baseball terms to explain his point.

Denham has been married three times and has three distinct groups of children. His first marriage ended in divorce, and his second wife died. The present Mrs. Denham is an attractive former government employee. Every Tuesday morning, Denham arises at 7 A.M. and hastens to the Early Birds Breakfast Club, a gathering at which 125 Washington business and professional men play pranks on one another, wear funny hats and sing songs.

The NLRB's early bird was born in St. Louis on October 23, 1885. His parents were of Scottish descent, a factor which provided him with a persistent topic of conversation later on at the NLRB, where he would spend much of his spare time tracing his genealogy back to the Clan Denham in 11th century Scotland, and then, in some unexplained way, to a German baron domiciled on the Rhine.

Denham's father was a machinist in St. Louis, and as soon as young Bob was old enough, he went to work as an apprentice at the trade. At the same time, however, he did pretty well in his studies at Central High School in St. Louis. He also managed to wheel his tall, skinny frame around the quarter-mile track fast enough to make the track team, and in his senior year, he attained the heights as a cheer leader and captain of the high-school cadet corps.

This convinced the elder Denham that his son might do better with a little more education, so young Bob went off to the University of Missouri to study law. Summers, however, he continued to work as a machinist and later as a cow hand in Andrews County, Texas, where his half brother had a small ranch.

His career at the university was rather undistinguished scholastically. In the matter of extracurricular activities, however, he picked up a sports editorship of the daily paper, a business managership of the monthly magazine, a strangle hold on all the good bass parts in the glee club, and the friendship of a couple of campus characters named Charlie Ross and Forrest C. Donnell, who later became, respectively, press secretary to the current President of the United States and U.S. senator from Missouri.

Denham graduated from Missouri in 1907 with his Bachelor of Laws, and then went on to the University of Michigan for his master's degree. When he emerged with this added bauble, he practiced law in St. Louis for a while. He was smitten by a combination of ill health and ill business, however, and ended up back in Texas, in the above-mentioned Gaines County. For two years he branded cattle, rode in roundups, patched fences, repaired washouts, prosecuted criminals (as the county attorney) and wrote fire insurance policies—all for approximately $90 a month.

In the First World War

From Texas, Denham went to Yakima, Washington, and then to Seattle, where he devoted himself exclusively to the practice of law and to the local National Guard outfit, in which he rose to the rank of captain. After the first World War broke out, Denham's company was alerted and sent overseas, but it left without its captain, who at the time was snowed in with a client up in the Yukon. The following spring when Denham returned to civilization, he got himself a commission as a second lieutenant in the air service at Kelly Field.

For his first assignment as an officer, Denham was sent to command the 54th Squadron. This outfit had a strange address, which he recognized as being in the timber country of Oregon.

When Denham arrived at squadron headquarters, he scratched his head and asked the first sergeant, "Where's the airfield? Where are the planes?"

The sergeant scratched *his* head and said, "This is no airfield, sir. The 54th Squadron consists of three hundred and fifty working lumberjacks."

So Denham spent the war cutting down spruce trees for Allied warplanes.

After the war, Denham acquired a reasonable amount of cash and a lot of valuable experience working for banks and investment houses. His specialty was cleaning up messy situations in which the financial institution employing him had invested money. From 1920 to 1933, whenever there was a major business catastrophe, Denham generally could be found on the scene, studiously picking up the pieces and trying to put them together in some sort of marketable shape.

In rapid succession, he says, he ran a sugar plantation in Puerto Rico, 17,000 head of sheep in Idaho, cotton plantations in Clarksdale, Mississippi, paper mills, steel fabricating plants, food importing companies and several towns in Florida, Texas and

(Continued on page 84)

UNCLE HARRY'S SWAN SON

WE WERE mopping up on the cranberry pie when Susie Nygaard came over with two teal ducks. Her back yard is just across the alley from ours and these days when Susie isn't duckhunting she is likely to be in our kitchen drinking coffee and chewing the fat with Mother, mainly about the shortage of men. Mother has one, of course: Father—taken seventeen years ago; but Susie is scoreless and it gripes her a good deal. The trouble isn't hers: There aren't any young men in small rural towns any more; when the bucks get out of school they hightail it for the Twin Cities or California and don't come back.

It couldn't be Susie's fault, because she is twenty-four years old and a beautiful natural resource. Susie's hair is about the color of peanut brittle and a wet violet is as close as I can get to the color of her eyes. She has one of those clean, glowing Norwegian complexions built-in, and she is so interestingly put together people talk about it. When you crowd Susie too far she has a temper like a flame thrower, but other than that, she is straightforward and lovable.

After she graduated from the university a couple years ago, Susie rested at a war job in Washington until she was called home to Winton to look after her father while he healed up from having been outrun to a fence by a Holstein bull who didn't like his girls fooled with. By the time the bull got tired of him, Mr. Nygaard, who is our game warden and cattle buyer, was spread pretty thin. The doctors are still trying to put his parts back where they were; meanwhile, Susie helps as much as she can. She can't buy cattle because she doesn't know a Holstein from a Plymouth Rock, but ever since she plugged a senile spoonbill the first day her father took her hunting she has been an addict. She hasn been to hit much since, but Mr. Nygaard had s e a deputy anyway.

"Would you poor things like birds s t own hand?" she asked, holding up the mi et

"They're wonderful, Susie," Mother s d. did you ever catch them?"

Father tilted his head to peer at the bi s th the lower half of his bifocals. "She rob d a he said. "She committed infanticide. sie some pie."

"I *shot* them, Catherine," Susie said, gi g and me a dark look. "On the wing."

Mother said oh, how nice, and set a p e fo sie. She gave her the last piece of pie.

"I'm a growing boy," I said, "with a b d t port one of these days. How come y fee elderly blonde before me?"

"Call me Toots once more and you'll be sorry," Susie cried. "Beat it, Toots," Uncle Harry said. "That does it!" Susie yelled. She raised her gun and fired

NORD RILEY

All Susie had to do was lay her sights on him. He was a dead duck

...boy's right," Father said. "If Susie gets ...e succulent your menfolk will begin mov... ...s the alley."

...ne, Mother," I said. "I'm not old enough ...rls better than pie."

...she hears talk like that Mother just smiles ... until she gets an opening. "He'll be here ...e, we think," she said to Susie. "He called ...Fargo this afternoon." She and Susie had ...ad their heads together, all right. Mother ... little. "He said to tell all the women in ...ake cover."

...do you mean?" Susie asked, blushing.

..!" Father said, eying Mother. "Cathy, are ...ing to turn loose this Norwegian mantrap ...wn bachelor brother, mankind's rarest and ...troduct? If he collapses I won't have any... ...ook up to any more; it'll be like lowering the flag." He turned to me. "I hate to have you see what is going to happen to your Uncle Harry."

"Now, Will, don't talk silly," Mother said. "I just *happened to mention* to Susie this afternoon that my youngest brother is coming up from Arizona to hunt ducks."

"I suppose you think I'm interested in this Uncle Harry," Susie said, finishing off the pie and glaring at Father and me. "I suppose you two bigmouths think I came over here tonight to get a look at him. Well"—she wiped a fleck of whipped cream off her lip—"it just so happens I wanted to give you oppressed citizens some ducks, something the men in this family don't seem able to provide." She got up and shook her red-gold mane at us, grinning.

"Harry's a fine sweet boy," Mother said. "It's just that"—she hesitated—"well, sometimes he says things about women."

"Uncle Harry says anyone that has to work is a failure," I said, "and that a wife is a man's most inexhaustible employment agency. Uncle Harry's got principles, like Lincoln."

"Shush, James," Mother said. She gave Father a little smile. "When his time comes, what a man says and believes doesn't make any difference, he just gets married. Harry will, too. It's just that he hasn't met a girl good enough."

Father said, dead-pan: "Harry claims no female's good enough for a man until his blood stream hoodwinks him into thinking she is." He reached over and gave Susie a little pat on the bustle. "Susie—"

"Will!" Mother squealed.

"Susie," Father went on, "if Harry has to be hoodwinked I'm glad you're doing it."

"When they get to beating their gums like this," Susie said to Mother, "why *(Continued on page 89)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LOCKHART

"The Germans are living on 1,200 calories a day. No one can work on such a diet"

KEYSTONE

LET'S GET GERMANY OFF OUR BACK!

BY LEWIS H. BROWN

Chairman of the Board, Johns-Manville Corporation

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Here is presented the viewpoint of an American industrialist who made a special study of Germany at the request of U.S. occupation authorities. Mr. Brown's report, of which this article is a condensation, has been presented to President Truman, the State Department and the War Department. The full report in book form will be published shortly by Farrar and Straus

KNOWING that I had acted as a co to Lieutenant General Levin H. bell, Chief of Ordnance, from Ma to the end of the war, and learning that I w ing to Europe on a business trip, General L Clay suggested that I spend as much time as in Germany to get firsthand information as for a report on what should be done to get industry on its feet and off the back of the A taxpayer as soon as possible.

My approach to this problem has been f standpoint of an industrialist's attempt to the problem of a bankrupt company and termine the simple common-sense funda necessary to get the wheels of production and the company on a profitable basis as possible.

Germany is today bankrupt and West rope is threatened with bankruptcy. The c son with a bankrupt industrial company is applicable. This approach to the proble therefore, have merit. The real problem is about the economic reconstruction of West rope as a whole.

My one regret is that, in dealing with a su controversial, there is bound to be disag with any course of action recommended. F enemies of the American Way of Life, I hope of securing agreement. From our frie abhor all forms of totalitarianism, with its tration camps inseparable from a police hope for tolerance and ultimate understa the imperative need for getting together o of action under which we may minimize t to Western civilization and preserve its freedoms.

Not even a beginning can be made to a of the problem of Western Europe unless w cans recognize and admit that the Mo philosophy (calling for the breakup of into a series of subsistence farms), as dic President Roosevelt in Quebec, the Yalta a dam agreements, is predicated on fallacies made impossible the accomplishment of objectives which we all considered impera

We must also recognize that the four-po sion of Germany, in view of the attitude o can never succeed. We must therefore a present partition of Germany as an acco fact at least for the present. This means t American, British and French zones in wes many are 48,000,000 people who cannot pro more than 50 per cent of their food requ

In my opinion nothing can be accomp he either Germany or Western Europe u er Marshall Plan unless we in America annou e the utmost clarity an entirely new policy f th vival of Germany which is at present the nce the body politic of Western Europe. T at policy must deal with four aspects of the ob

(1) Organization. We must set up an ga tion to deal with this problem just as w se an organization under General Eisenho er SHAEF to deal with the problem of the in sio Europe.

(2) We must give new hope to Gern y Western Europe.

(3) We must use food in order to force re duction of coal in both Great Britain and er and use coal as a dynamic means to ge d going so that with exports they can buy w terials and food.

(4) Repayment. We must provide in ad n a practical means of repayment if we ex t repaid.

Under such a policy our first objective o to prevent restoration of military power in er

To do this, we must completely aba co Morgenthau philosophy in favor of a a from a practical standpoint can be main n 50 years or more.

Germany's army general staff and u plants and war materials industries hav a been destroyed under the program origi lly lined by the United States General Staff. is for: (1) the destruction of plants and d and transference of these plants under re (2) destruction of the airplane industry of e and the prevention of the future devel m airplane manufacture and (3) an inspe o control system small enough to be main n 50 years by the Allied governments.

German militarism is dead and the pr measures, if put into execution, will ke

me we quit fighting ghosts and with the real business of getting any back on her feet.

e it is determined that we must in entirely new policy for west- ermany and Western Europe, it necessary immediately to visu- new organization designed to at the objectives of policy are ed. We can no longer delay

eral Marshall expressed the hat in the November conference reign ministers) the Russians, obtained their objectives of e buffer states, might be willing ee to the unification of Ger- Few people in Europe with I have talked have any such My own belief is that such is so small that we should not the intervening months but prepare now for a plan of based on the assumption that ssians will not agree to unifica- the conference.

er the recent consolidation of tish and American zones, con- le progress has been made. But still faced with the basic fact here are two administrations, erpretations of policy and two ls of making policy effective. rench, of course, have so far o join in any unification.

vasion Pattern Advocated

problem of getting effective ac- at will assure the carrying out tatement of policy is similar to oblem confronting the Allies ey were planning the invasion tern Europe. The decision then designate a joint commander. l Eisenhower was selected. his great leadership and with king of the Chiefs of State and nt Chiefs of Staff, General wer built a pattern of integra- d co-ordination in the SHAEF it assured the success of the in- operation.

the Allied troops were batter- r way to Berlin and the prob- how Germany was to be tered was under discussion, l Eisenhower advocated the use of the Allied SHAEF pattern for the administration of the American, British and French zones, believing that only through this demonstrated method of co-ordination and co-operation could effective action be secured. General Eisenhower was overruled by his commander in chief —President Roosevelt. The resulting quadripartite division has multiplied immeasurably the great difficulties of the past two years.

It is my recommendation that Congress, as a condition of appropriating funds for the backing of the Marshall Plan, instruct the executive departments of our government to secure the agreement of Great Britain and France to a consolidation of the three zones under the same pattern of organization that resulted in the victorious invasion of Western Europe by the Allied armies, and that General Eisenhower, as a last service to his country before his retirement, be asked to return to Europe to re-establish quickly this pattern of organization and put at the head of it an American—General Lucius D. Clay —who is demonstrating a great capacity and great knowledge of both the economic and industrial requirements of this undertaking.

Lieutenant General Sir Brian Robertson, who holds a similar position in the British zone, should be General Clay's chief deputy, and a representative of France should also be designated as a deputy. Similar integration should take place throughout the organization in consolidating the three zones, putting at the top in each category the man best able to secure the desired results irrespective of nationality.

On the one hand, General Eisenhower should build an integrated and co-ordinated military organization of occupation for the three western zones in Germany bringing together the military forces of America, Great Britain and France to be supplemented later by additions from other members of the United Nations.

On the other hand, General Eisenhower should use his great prestige in Europe to help bring together an integrated and co-ordinated civilian economic organization to deal with the economic *control* of western Germany under a policy that would place upon the Germans the responsibility for the administration of their own political and economic destiny.

At the same time this co-ordinated pattern of organization is being developed in western Germany, its civilian economic counterpart should be in the process of development for Western Europe as a means of making sure that the objectives under the Marshall Plan will be attained and that any appropriations made by the American Congress to implement the Marshall Plan will not be dissipated or frittered away in side-line activities that have no bearing on the primary and vitally necessary objectives.

Civilian Status Preferable

In building this broader organization for Western Europe, General Eisenhower should act in a civilian capacity for whatever time is required before taking over his new duties as head of Columbia University.

Given such an organization, our new policy and directive from Congress should require that we first attack the psychological problem of Germany.

As I see it, during the past two years Germany has been like a mule which in hauling a heavy cart has fallen down in the mud. Both the Americans and the British have come along, unstrapped the shafts of the cart from the harness and pulled it back, leaving the mule still lying in the mud. Both the Americans and the British have then themselves got into the shafts of the cart and attempted to pull the load. This is an impossible task.

What we should do is to give the mule enough food while he is still lying down to get some of his strength back, put the shafts back into the harness, hold out the inducement of a large bag of oats in order to give the mule an incentive to get up, and then with a vigorous push from behind get the mule on his feet and make it clear that it is the duty and the responsibility of the mule to pull the cart out of the mud. It will, of course, be necessary to help and perhaps even push, but it is vitally necessary that the German people pull in the interests of their own salvation.

This can be done by the following program, each part of which presents many problems and difficulties but none of which is impossible of attainment.

The program for giving Germany new hope is:

I

Declare an end to the reparations of capital goods. That is, discontinue the practice of moving whole factories out of Germany and into other countries as a part of the reparations due them.

II

Bring to an immediate and early end the process of denazification except for the 80,000 top Nazis. Today the German industrialist is debarred, through the extreme denazification program, from access to the best brains of Germany, and therefore suffers from a severe shortage of technical, supervisory and executive help.

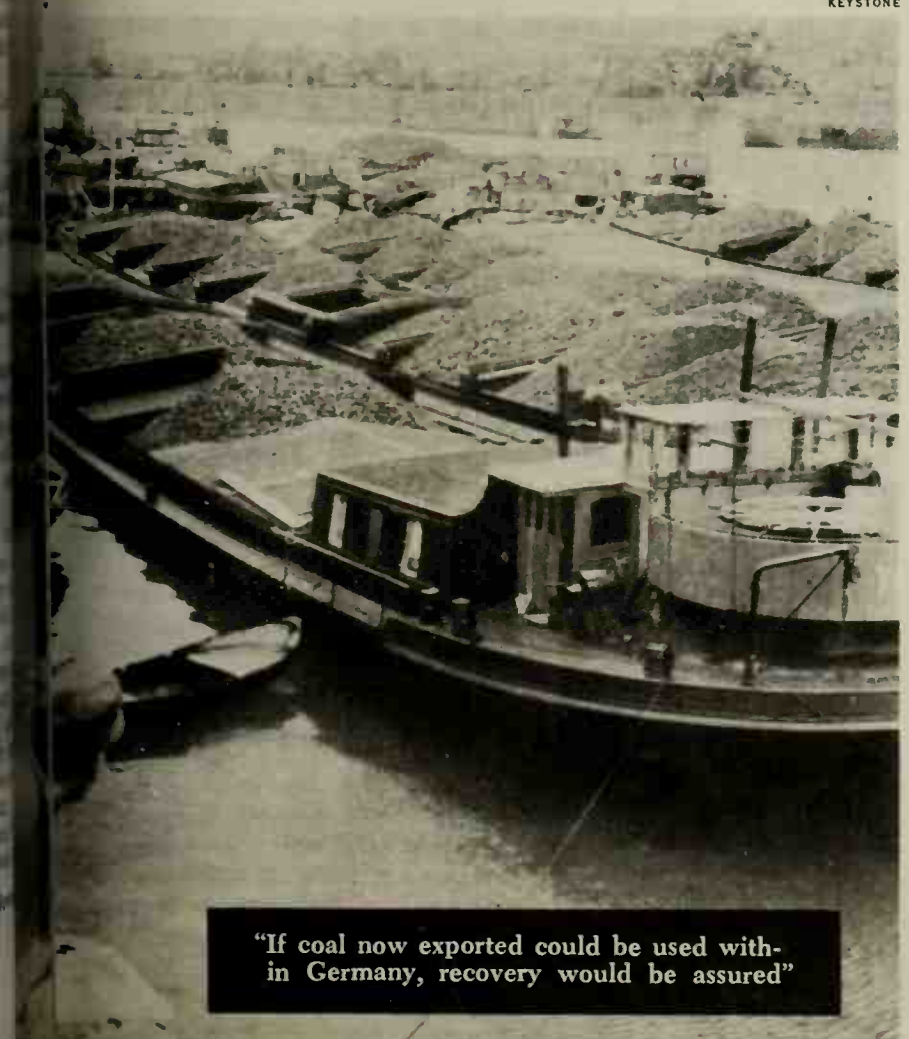
III

Permit the Germans to export by quickly untying the shackles that now bind their hands and feet. These take the form of regulations prohibiting barter and the making of contracts with foreign business firms. Also I recommend that the International Bank should provide for loans of foreign currency with which German industrial firms may buy raw materials and send out salesmen and engineers to secure export business. Also, we should eliminate the regulations remaining from Nazi autarchy and "Schachtism," the red tape and bureaucracy of the German *Landerats* (provincial governments) and the regulations of the American and British military governments that prevent exports.

The system of Schachtism strangles private enterprise with controls and red tape. It comprises the system of price control, wage control, profit control, exchange control, foreign trade control, rationing, quotas, priorities, allocations, special licenses

(Continued on page 56)

KEYSTONE



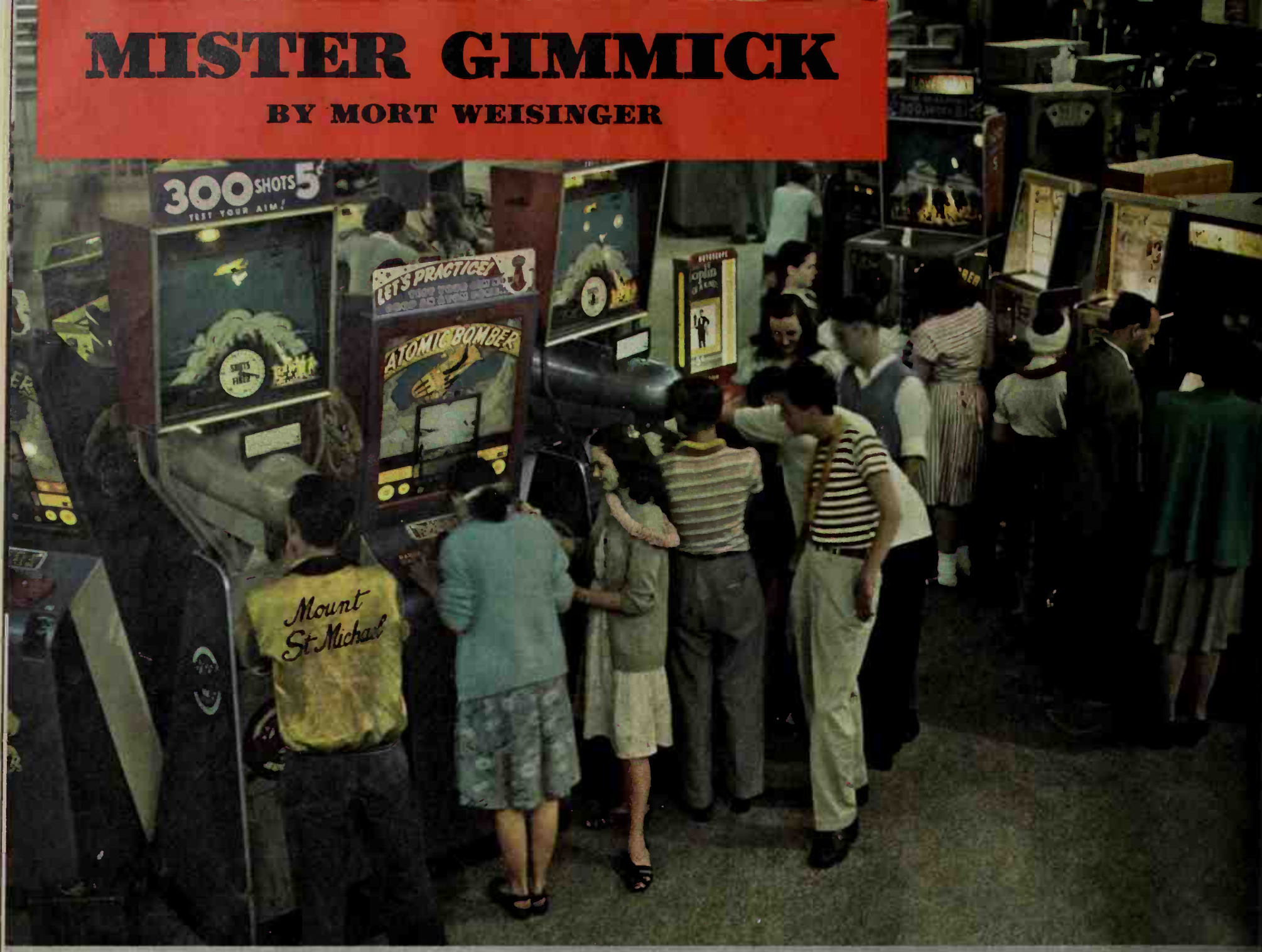
"If coal now exported could be used within Germany, recovery would be assured"

ROBERT CAPA

"The crux of Germany's recovery problem lies in the digging of coal by Great Britain"

MISTER GIMMICK

BY MORT WEISINGER



Most of the machines in this penny arcade in Playland, at Rye, New York, cost anywhere from a nickel to a quarter to play. Only a few operate on a pe this is not believed to be due to inflation. There is a variety of over 50 different machines available. Rabkin's Atomic Bomber is prominent in this pho

William Rabkin works on the basic principle that people love to beat a machine. His coin games take 400 million nickels a year from fascinated Americans

SHORTLY after the AAF scrambled a pair of atomic eggs over Japan, a physical scientist from Columbia University went quietly to work for William Rabkin, a Long Island City gadgeteer. For two weeks the scientist labored behind soundproof doors, pledged to secrecy. Three months later the result of his hush-hush activity exploded in thousands of hotel lobbies, corner drugstores, bus terminals, railroad-station waiting rooms and even Death Valley trading posts—in the form of a Rube Goldberg device almost as intricate as the monster calculating machine at MIT. The gimmick, tagged the "Atomic Bomber," operated for a nickel—but thus far it has grossed Bill Rabkin thousands of dollars in profits.

William Rabkin, a placid gentleman with imaginative brown eyes, is the Thomas Alva Edison of the amusement device industry. In the trade, he is famous for having patented some forty-nine infernal machines, among them "Holiday Hits," "Shoot-O-Matic," "Bang-A-Way," "Bowl-A-Game," the "Old Mill" and "Pikes Peak." Next to transportation turnstiles, juke boxes and automat slots, Rabkin's ingenious mechanized games swallow more American nickels than any other five-cent repository. Thirty million people a year, small fry and big fry, scowl, whoop and gee whizz over the frustration or triumph they experience by playing with his novel creations.

"The basic principle of a successful gimmick," Rabkin explains, "is that it should challenge the player's ability to synchronize brain, eye and hand reactions. The instrument should be conquerable, for it is a psychological truth that human beings exult in triumphing over a machine."

His "Drive-Mobile" fits this definition perfectly. This is an ingenious contraption wherein the player controls an actual steering wheel and tries to pilot a model car across a transcontinental highway. Offhand this would seem as simple as dialing your favorite radio station. What puts it in the snake-pit class, however, is the added Rabkin twist: The highway dips, curves abruptly and offers the proxy motorist all the hazards of a coast-to-coast trip. The player's score depends entirely upon his accurate driving skill, for every time he goes off the road he sacrifices points.

Although millions of penny arcade fans regard the "Drive-Mobile" as a mechanical brain teaser, a few professional groups have seen f clare it of scientific value. T safety engineers in several the gadget to drill home to drivers the need for hair-trig trol of a vehicle. During Navy officials lend-leased "Drive-Mobiles" from Rabk them to test the reflex actio crews at various elevations. day, Army physicians at Hal other veterans' hospitals en device as a therapeutic m restoring the manual dex servicemen whose hands h injured.

Rabkin snags ideas for ga out of the headlines. Wher how England's antiaircraft was decimating the *Luftwa* spired his "Sky Fighter." T mechanical facsimile of the

Mr. Gimmick himself—William Rabkin—spends up to $50,000 in developing some of his machines

...ngsters try their skill at shooting down the weaving, maneuvering plane. But adults are almost ... Rabkin gets his ideas from headlines. This antiaircraft game was born during the war

A Westchester County policeman takes a busman's holiday by showing off his crack marksmanship

...yer aimed his antiaircraft ... gun at a moving stream of ... lanes. Then—rat-a-tat-tat— ...s in 30 seconds, to the ac... ment of vivid sound effects. ...e a plane was hit, a bell rang, ...n nose-dived the craft in ...

...ky Fighter" won immediate ...rom thousands of shooting- ...ddicts with a trigger-finger ...ell as from G.I. Joes. Rabkin ...r forget the R.A.F. pilot he ...e voice registered more pride ...ng of the 290 score he had ...p on the "Sky Fighter" than ...ussing the three Nazi bomb- ...d shot down.

...'s "Atomic Bomber," which ...rived from the front pages, ...l mushroom clouds ascend- ... view plate every time the ...res a chain reaction, proved ...listic than he had ever ... The chain reaction fulmi- ... the way to Russia, resulting ...torial blast by Pravda: "The ... of the Americans has ...new heights . . . to boast ...orld of their monopoly of ... bomb they have invented ...e . . . for five cents even a child can enjoy the thrill of dropping an atomic bomb . . ."

Almost everyone who has ever visited a fair or frequented an arcade from Atlantic City to the Barbary Coast has fed at least one nickel into Rabkin's first and most famous invention—the "Digger." When only a young apprentice in a machine shop, Rabkin toyed with the idea of capitalizing upon the simple fact that nothing attracts a crowd as easily as a steam shovel in operation. Finally, many years later, his ambition was realized when the "Digger" went into action at Coney Island.

"Digger" to Go Down the Ages

A miniature steam shovel in a glass case, it scooped gravel when the customer manipulated the controls properly. Later, candies were substituted for pebbles to reward the player for his skill. More than 15,000 "Diggers" are still in circulation; an Indian raja recently purchased one for a favorite grandson; Oglethorpe University sealed one within its "Crypt of Civilization," to be opened in 7940 A.D.

Today, none of Rabkin's coin-operated devices offers the player any payola, no matter how high a score is rolled up. Skill and luck determine a perfect score; his top-flight engineers work constantly to make each game as scientific as possible, enabling the player with superior sleight of mind to achieve the only jack pot possible —a feeling of self-satisfaction for having beaten a brain of steel, solenoids and springs.

How tough should a game be, or how easy? To find the answer, Rabkin recruits special testing crews of teen-agers who give each new gimmick a dry run. Through exhaustive studies, Rabkin's engineers have found that boys and girls in the 13-18 age group have more quick-as-a-flash alertness than their elders. Consequently, whenever it becomes too difficult for this young set to register a high score on some new game, technicians eliminate some of the obstacles. By the same token, if it rains high scores, "bumpers" and "bafflers" are incorporated into the field of action to give the player added headaches.

Some 1,300 delicate parts go into the average Rabkin gewgaw, and it costs him at least $16,000 to lubricate the transition from blueprint stage to pilot model. Rabkin's newest brain storm, a complicated game based on the current wide interest in television, will require an experimental budget of $50,000. Another, in which the player pilots a rocket ship toward a distant planet while the planets shift in their orbits, has already cost him $25,000.

Because piracy of ideas in the amusement device industry is as common a practice as design borrowing in the fashion world, these projects will remain locked in Rabkin's safe until patented. Many of Rabkin's technicians hold Phi Beta Kappa keys; during the war it was duck soup for them to help him convert his plant into an assembly line grinding out high-precision elevation quadrants for the Army.

Rabkin's tantalizing contrivances coax about 400 million nickels from the American public every year. Much of this revenue is due to the vanity of man, he believes.

"Most coin-game fans play to a gallery," he explains. "Human nature makes them want to pour nickels into the gimmick until they roll up a high score. *You* wouldn't let a mechanical nemesis lick you in front of your best girl, would you?" ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

BLOW ME BLU

THE car pulled off the road and pa the sunburned grass at the top of th Ed took one look at the young man out, and said to himself: No sale. The car w and low and the top was down. No custo fish bait out of a car like that.

The young man fooled around in the bac car for a minute and then came up wit leather-covered case of some kind. Under h arm he had something in a canvas sack.

"Mama," Ed called softly, without tur head, "get out your overalls. Fella's comin pictures."

Every so often, in the summertime, peopl come to take pictures of Ed and his wife houseboat. They'd fuss around the deck, with their cameras, and when they were they'd give Ed a dollar.

"Nope," she said. "Too hot to wear t overalls. I'm comfortable."

Mama was really a neat woman; she better than most that lived along the river, kept her hair in a net and her face scrubb the tourists always liked it when she put filthy overalls and pulled the straw hat dow back of her head, sitting beside Ed while e of them looked solemnly at the round glas the camera.

"Well, we could use a dollar," Ed said. " could."

"Then you just seine some more minnies, said comfortably. "I'm too easy to go around."

The young man seemed doubtful about t that connected the bank and the boat; he across practically on tiptoe, holding the leat carefully in front of him.

"You Edward Baussier?" he said. Ed looking him over. He wore glasses wit black rims; he wore sand-colored pants an the color of a claybank, two-tone shoes, shirt, and a blue satin necktie tied in a b man was chubby, but it seemed to Ed that was a little too big—but it looked too nift hand-me-down.

The young man took off his hat and against his chest and looked at Ed with wi eyes.

"The Bifty," he said. "The blowin' man amen." He put his hat back on, put down and grabbed Ed with both hands. "You been looking for you for four months? Kelp. Shake hands, shake hands."

Mama stood in the door of the housebo ing curious. It was a narrow door and s comfortably wide woman; she filled it.

"The missus," Ed said, disentangling h "Man here says his name is Kelp. Kelp right?"

"People thought you were *dead,* man," t man said. He was grinning with excitemen Baussier, it's a gracious thing to meet y grabbed the case again. "Listen, lis-te got something for you!"

"We don't want to buy anything," M warningly.

Joey Kelp laughed.

"Listen," he said, "I didn't come to t money away; I'm bringing you money. B ful."

He unsnapped the case and lifted the lid saw that it was a phonograph. Joey arran an upended box. From a folder in the t lid he took a record, turned it lovingly in h and blew dust from it. He wound the

Hazel had a terrific case of the shakes. S some of the words and finally, in her tion, she turned and sent the chorus rig

Biff Baussier had to find out if the blues still had meaning for him. It had been a long time since he'd been with jazz men—or with Hazel

VILLIAM PORTER

'isten!"

sic was jazz; it was a Dixieland blues, moky, the Farewell Blues. The musicians e opening chorus together and then there , easy trombone break. The record had e a long time ago. The music sounded id hollow, but the beat was there. Joey ery excited.

he said suddenly. "Listen, that's you, ? That's you, Bifty!"

talking about the trumpet that had just lo. It was only a short break; the trum- a piece of the melody, growled a little and then rode out on top of the driving s. Joey Kelp quivered as he listened and finish, threw his arms over his head.

idous!" he said.

man looked at Ed. "I never knew you records," she said.

he said. "Only it was a long time ago. aid to the young man, "I remember that. Cryin' Smith on the trombone."

in the Diadem Studios in Birmingham, 24," Joey said. "You know these things bucks apiece—if you can find them?"

people," Mama said, "sure throw their und."

again," Ed said.

ng man was delighted. He played it Ed leaned against the cabin and put his hands in his pocket and listened, his face blank.

"Well," he said, when it stopped, "can't stand here in the sunshine all day. You want to come around to the stern and set?"

Joe Kelp said he was the jazz historian for some record company and also a talent organizer and right in his pocket he had the paper that would give Ed four hundred dollars per record for making three records. He said that bottled-in-bond jazz was doing a big comeback and all the companies were reissuing their oldies and that people like Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory were back in the business and cleaning up. And that people were talking about the great Baussier, and most of them thought he was dead. He showed Ed a piece from a magazine about him; the piece was written by Joe Kelp. Joey made it sound as if the whole U.S.A. was running around yelling, "Whatever happened to Bifty Baussier?"

MAMA listened to only a little of this and then went back into the cabin. She slammed the door, and Ed knew what the trouble was.

Ed didn't keep very good track of the talk himself, because his mind kept wandering off in the track started by the music. That is, he was thinking about a dark-haired woman. This woman and jazz music went together like the nail and the meat of his finger. First she had waited tables in the place in New Orleans and then one night they heard her sing, and she kept on singing. The boys used to say that she was the first white woman who ever really learned to sing the blues. Ed wondered if any more white women had ever learned. He hadn't heard jazz for a long, long time.

Mama knew about the dark-haired woman. She was reminded every day. Mama was a fine, broad-minded woman, but that's why she slammed the door.

The heat lay on top of the Black Warrior River like a carpet. The five-pound yellow catfish he'd caught that morning fought against the stringer for a moment in a wild flurry of excitement, kicking up the water, and then took it easy again. The yellow cat was for supper.

"There'll be just five of you," Joey Kelp said, spreading his fingers. "You and ol' Obie and Harry Kentuck and Hammerhead Kelly—hey. Hey, Bifty."

"Yeah?"

"You listenin', man?"

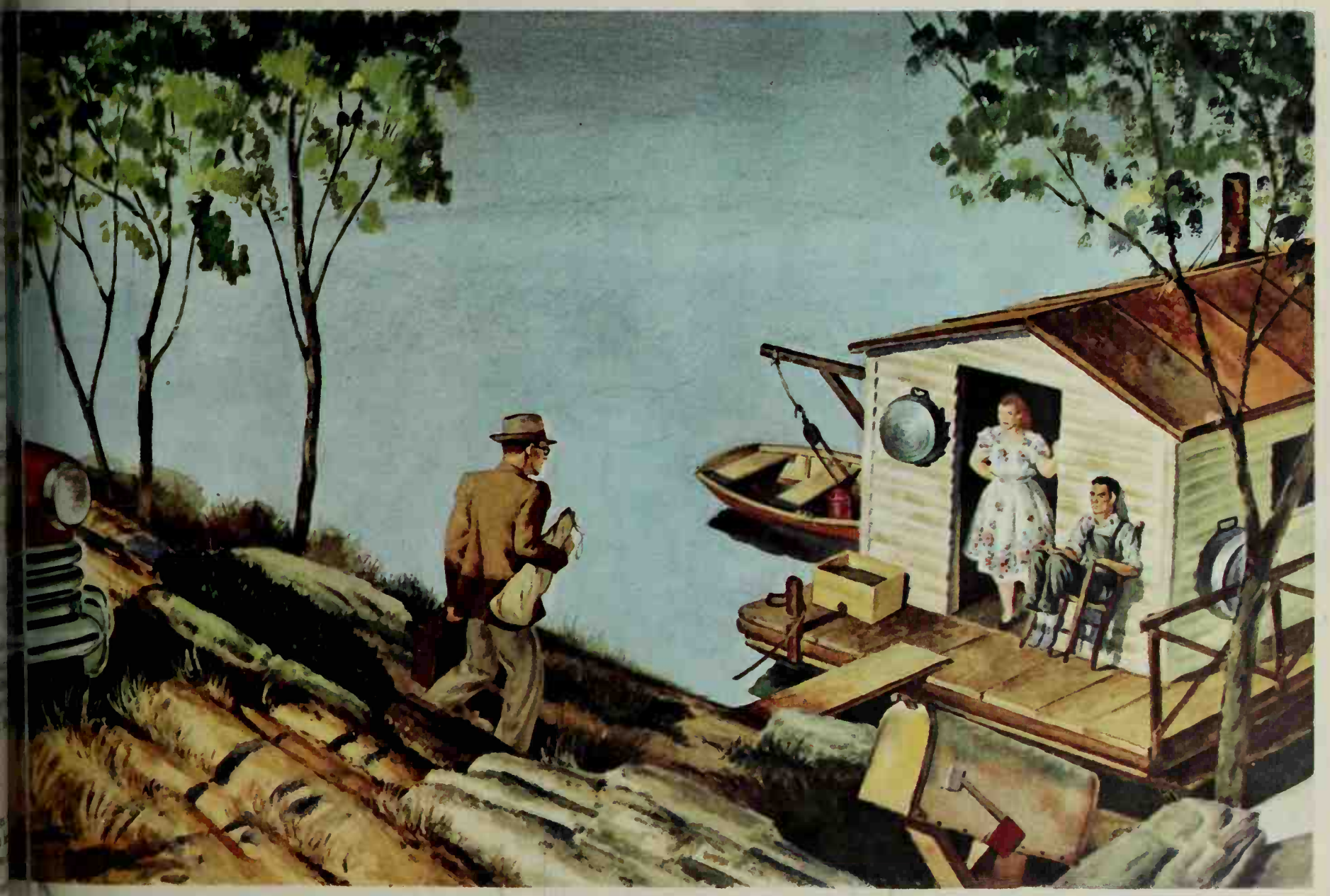
"I'm listenin'."

"What made you quit blowin'?" This Joe had a funny way of talking, like a Dixie accent put on; he hadn't been raised to talk like that. It needled Ed to hear him talk.

"It's been so long I forgot. I just stopped."

"A man who made the kind of sounds you did? Man, I got ears; I can hear those records. The way you blew it was like religion. *(Continued on page 78)*

Ed called softly, without turning his head, "get out your overalls. Fella's comin' to take pictures." "Nope," she said. "Too hot. I'm comfortable"



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Inefficiency, stalling and bureaucratic delay in our government held up the rescue of thousands of Hitler's victims. . . . And the British Foreign Office was more concerned with politics than with mercy

Conclusion

AMERICA has no cause to be proud of its handling of the refugee problem. We knew in Washington, from August, 1942, on, that the Nazis were planning to exterminate all the Jews of Europe. Yet, for nearly eighteen months after the first reports of the Nazi horror plan, the State Department did practically nothing.

Officials dodged their grim responsibility, procrastinated when concrete rescue schemes were placed before them, and even suppressed information about atrocities in order to prevent an outraged public opinion from forcing their hand.

I do not make these statements lightly. The Treasury's responsibility for licensing monetary transactions abroad meant that we had to pass on the financial phases of refugee relief plans. This gave us a front-row view of those eighteen terrible months of inefficiency, buck passing, bureaucratic delay and sometimes, what appeared to be calculated obstructionism. With sinking hearts we battled for action against the eternal stretching out of memoranda, committees, conferences—all devouring precious time while innocent people perished miserably in concentration camps and gas chambers.

The fight was long and heartbreaking. The stake was the Jewish population of Nazi-controlled Europe. The threat was their total obliteration. The hope was to get a few of them out—a few women, perhaps, a few children and babies—before the gates of the concentration camps and the doors of the gas chambers clanked shut.

At times, it seemed as if we were just battering our heads against a stone wall. But in the end we got evidence which we were able to take directly to the President in a dramatic White House interview. In the end, we succeeded in getting the refugee question out of the hands of the State Department, which had kicked it around for so long, and into the hands of a special Presidential commission—the War Refugee Board.

The agonizing story which lay behind the creation of the War Refugee Board need remain a secret no longer. The board was made up of crusaders, passionately persuaded of the need for speed and action; and only such people could get things done in the way of rescue—as WRB did in the few meager months remaining. The basic trouble with the previous setup had been that the State Department was simply not equipped, psychologically or administratively, for the refugee job.

I have written about t
office mentality before. Th
partment was not set up f
tion or for humanitarian
typical foreign service offic
paper. His instinct was alw
postponement, on the ha
ory of all foreign offices th
postponed long enough
themselves. Moreover,
Department officials had
sonal sympathy for the h
downtrodden, as the ex
thousands of refugees in
Portugal demonstrated
war. The horrors of Dach
enwald were beyond their
They dealt with human
same bureaucratic tempo
same lofty manner that
deal with a not very u
negotiation.

Hull's indulgence of su
Breckinridge Long, wh
harass him with perple
problems and with whor
relax socially, was one o
tary's major weaknesses

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

VI—THE REFUGEE RUN-AROUND

ACME

Morgenthau discussed with Breckinridge Long (above) obstacles met in solving refugee problems

The hope was to get refugees out of Germany before the gates of the concentration camps a doors of the gas chambers clanked shut. Above, a typical refugee family safe in the United

ACME

Left to right) Cordell Hull, Henry Morgenthau and Henry Stimson at the first meetings of the War Refugee Board hen Hull insisted, "I want this out of the State Department." Eventually WRB helped thousands of refugees escape

Hull did himself particular in- ce, because his subordinate failed rry out his own generous inten- on the problem of rescuing the gees.

utious and temporizing by na- these officials always preferred nittees to action. Their con- tive political sympathies made indifferent to the fate of the hed refugees of Central Europe. ing either the administrative or the emotional commitment, could not bring about prompt d States action on behalf of the rate people.

shington first had word of a con- d Hitler plan to exterminate the of Europe in August, 1942. In reasury we did not know about of these developments until but, when we subsequently felt d to dig behind the official rea- for State Department inaction, constructed a tangled and dis- ging story. I will tell it now as it ned—not in the scramble of bits ieces in which it first came to the ury.

first report came from a man d Gerhard Riegner, who was ned in Switzerland as repre- ive of the World Jewish Con- Through various means Riegner s story out into the hands of Dr. en S. Wise, president of the ican Jewish Congress. Wise ed with Sumner Welles in the Department, and Welles asked not to release the story until an ot could be made to confirm it.

les then sent a cable marked for rsonal attention of Leland Har- our minister at Bern, instruct- m to co-operate with Riegner o obtain further information the reported Nazi plans. In nber four sworn statements ar- They fully backed up Riegner's Welles delivered the documents se and told him to make them .

ular reaction was quick and . On December 17, 1942, the l States denounced this latest sion of Nazi nihilism. The House declared that it would ited States policy to punish and political murder. When the ere related to the British House mmons, two minutes of silence ed. Through the Jewish com- munity, of course, there was world-wide anguish and mourning.

On January 21, 1943, another Riegner cable arrived from Harrison in Switzerland. Its contents were stark and terrifying. It reported that Germans were killing Jews in Poland at the rate of 6,000 a day, that Jews in Germany were being deprived of food and ration cards, that Jews in Rumania were starving to death.

Sumner Welles passed the cable on to Dr. Wise. Plans were immediately laid for mass protests, beginning with a meeting at Madison Square Garden. The relief agencies redoubled their efforts to get schemes under way which might save a few of the helpless thousands. For weeks the State Department was bombarded with demands for action, with rescue projects, with appeals and pleas and promises of assistance.

Many Excuses for Inaction

But all the State Department people could do in response was to produce a set of reasons for doing nothing. They said that the refugee problem had to be "explored" first as a whole before action could be undertaken on behalf of any group of refugees. They kept talking about the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees, a body which had been in existence since 1938, had taken no effective action to evacuate refugees and probably did not have the necessary authority. They invoked security grounds, arguing that the Nazis would utilize refugee evacuations as a means of getting agents out.

But the State Department's reaction to public pressure went deeper, as we learned later, than mere paper shuffling and evasion. It took the form of trying to shut off the pressure by shutting off at the source the flow of information which nourished it. We did not know at the time what was going on; we had only our suspicions. It took months of long and patient investigation before we were able to put together the shocking story of the suppression incident.

A few days after the new Riegner cable arrived from Bern, a reply bearing the code number 354 went from the State Department to Harrison. Referring specifically to his earlier cable, the reply said in effect: "In the future we would suggest that you do not accept reports submitted to you to be transmitted to private persons in the United States unless such action is advisable because of extraordinary circumstances. Such private messages circumvent neutral countries' censorship and it is felt that by sending them we risk the possibility that steps would necessarily be taken by the neutral countries to curtail or forbid our means of communication for confidential official matter."

Now the effect of cable 354 was to order Harrison not to send back any more of Riegner's information—any more stories of atrocities which might provoke more mass meetings and more public protest. Yet its language was such that a busy official, signing the day's quota of outgoing cables, would clear it as a piece of administrative routine. I am convinced that this is what happened.

The cable was signed by Sumner Welles for Cordell Hull. But Welles' whole record on the refugee question suggests that he knew nothing about this cable. The Treasury always found him sympathetic on refugee problems and co-operative in efforts at rescue. And, when we were able to present the issues directly to Hull, we had no doubt where he would stand either. Hull and Welles were involved in a thousand other matters.

On April 10, 1943, Welles, clearly indicating that he did not know of the existence of the suppression cable, asked the Bern Legation to send additional reports from Riegner on the plight of the Jews. This was the kind of information Harrison had been instructed *not* to send two months earlier.

Harrison replied that he was sending the text of another report from Riegner. Then he added, rather plaintively, that such reports, containing authentic intelligence that should be in State Department hands, ought *not* to be subject to the restrictions imposed by cable 354.

Though the Treasury did not know officially about cable 354, we had in fact been tipped off about its existence. But in the course of business, our Foreign Funds Control Division was supposed to receive copies of cables bearing upon the refugee question. Consequently when we got our copy of Harrison's complaint, we seized the opportunity to ask State for a copy of this number 354 to which he referred. I awaited State's reply with some curiosity. After a time their answer came. Observing that cable 354 did not relate to matters that concerned the Treasury, State refused to show it to us.

Here we were in the spring of 1943. Washington had known for six months about Hitler's plan to exterminate the Jews. Sumner Welles had acted promptly to get information concerning the execution of this plan. Such information as he received he furnished to Jewish organizations in this country. As a result apparently, his request for information had in effect been countermanded by subordinates.

While the Innocent Suffered

In the meantime, innocent people were being tortured throughout German-occupied Europe, while the refugee problem was outrageously spun out—through a halfhearted attempt to activate the intergovernmental Committee at Bermuda in April, through interdepartmental discussions, through an interminable exchange of memoranda and letters. Let me cite just one example.

In March, 1943, the World Jewish Congress cabled Washington that there was a real chance of rescuing 70,000 Jews in France and Rumania, provided funds could be got into Switzerland. The money was collected and ready to go. It would not be available to the officials in Nazi-occupied Europe who would co-operate with the plan, but it had to be deposited in Switzerland in their names. What was needed was government communications facilities and other assistance to consummate the deal.

The State Department did not at first even want to take the initial step of cabling Bern to find out if the financial arrangements could be worked out. Dr. Herbert Feis, the able Economic Adviser, argued that such a cable was only a request for information. Finally Feis took the matter straight to Welles, and the message got off on May 25th.

When Bern answered on June 14th, the State Department hauled out the economic warfare argument—that the necessary financial arrangements would benefit the enemy by putting American dollars into German hands. This was a great surprise to us, because, as our friends in the Board of Economic Warfare well knew, the State Department was usually among those who scoffed at economic warfare in other connections.

But, in any case, this brought the Treasury into the picture, since our Foreign Funds Control Division had exactly the responsibility for preventing American funds from dribbling to the enemy. A day after State finally consulted us on July 15th we came to the conclusion that the proposed arrangements for deposit would prevent the money from helping the enemy. Therefore we immediately notified State that we were prepared to clear the license for the transfer of funds.

This should have settled the matter. But one of the State Department's executive assistants continued to fire delaying memoranda at Hull on the economic-warfare point. On July 22d Dr. Wise called on the President to find out what was causing the delay. The President, who was deeply moved by the situation, could not have been more receptive.

The next day Wise wrote Roosevelt

(Continued on page 62)

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CONTINUING THE BREATHLESS ACCOUNT OF LOVE AND MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD

The Story:
BRUCE INGRAM, young Los Angeles real-estate broker, is in love with motion-picture star JEAN RUTLEDGE. They want to be married, but Jean is still officially tied to a shiftless opportunist named FRED WILSON, who ran out on her four years ago and has refused to give her a divorce. Back in town after his long absence, Wilson telephones Jean, telling her to meet him at the empty and isolated house which she owns and in which they used to live.

Jean and Bruce drive out to the house, where they find Fred Wilson lying murdered in the living room. Bruce searches the body for a clue to the murder; he finds only an unsigned telegram demanding money. Bruce covers the body with a rug, and wanting to avoid the ruinous publicity the murder could mean for Jean, drives her back to her studio. Then he picks up his partner, DANNY SINGLETON, tells him what has happened, and drives him back to the house.

They telephone the police. Detective MARTY WALSH arrives and throws back the rug covering the body. Bruce gasps. The body under the rug is no longer that of Fred Wilson. In its place is the corpse of a small-time grafter named BERT ELLISON. Bruce masks his surprise as best he can, telling Walsh that he and Danny had found the body while they were taking inventory. He doesn't mention Jean —or Fred Wilson.

That night Bruce calls in Jean's lawyer, ARNOLD TRAVIS, and explains the situation. Travis advises them that, inasmuch as they have already implicated themselves by failing to tell the truth, they had better continue to play it quiet.

A few nights later Bruce brings Jean home to her bungalow. On the front doorstep is a suitcase. Not knowing who left it, or why, they open it. "It's Fred's!" says Jean.

II

THIS, I thought, is one for the books. It had less sense than anything else that had happened, and that was saying a lot. I stood gawping at the open suitcase, and probably looking as stupid as I felt.

I made a quick survey of the living room. The house was a one-story affair, built down close to the ground. You could stand outside and look right into the room. I walked around and slung the slats of the Venetian blinds, so that couldn't happen.

This was my opportunity to play a masculine role. I was supposed to keep calm, to figure things out sanely and logically, to reassure Jean and to keep her from going off the deep end. I didn't do any of it. Not that I didn't try, but my efforts didn't come off. As a matter of fact, she was handling the situation better than I was.

She pulled up a chair so that she could lean over the suitcase and examine its contents. It was a job that had to be done. Maybe the suitcase held something more than clothes and accessories. Maybe it contained answers to some of the questions which had been plaguing us.

The stuff in the suitcase was good quality, which seemed to indicate that Fred hadn't been broke. Some of the shirts were monogrammed F. W. Fancy little monograms had been worked onto the pajamas. It looked as though he'd arrived in Los Angeles, intending to stay just a short time, and had been living out of the suitcase. No complete unpacking, such as one does when a long stay is contemplated. Take what you want off the top, toss soiled clothes in, and be ready to move on at a moment's notice.

THERE was only one thing wrong with that picture: something it took us less than thirty seconds to discover. On top of the clothes were various objects which I had seen before: things which had been on Fred Wilson's body when we discovered it on the floor of the living room in the Monterey Canyon home.

I looked at Jean, and tried to give the impression that I was taking it in stride. Stiff upper lip, old boy. Try not to show that you're surprised. Don't let her see that you're scared as hell of what this might mean in terms of danger to her.

There were the things I had fished out of Fred Wilson's pockets during the ghastly few minutes the previous afternoon: a bunch of keys, the wallet with over $100 in fives and tens and the return half of the air-line ticket, Los Angeles to New York.

There was the half-empty packet of cigarettes which I had seen in his coat pocket, two booklets of paper matches, the box of aspirin tablets, the pocket comb. There was the long flat wallet which had been in Fred's inside coat pocket. The six hundred dollars' worth of traveler's checks were still there. I said, "Robbery certainly wasn't the motive."

We were both trying to figure why the suitcase had been dropped on her doorstep, like an unwanted child. Was it a threat? Was it a warning that the end was not yet?

Jean watched me while I gave the rest of the suitcase a thorough going-over. Whatever I hoped to find, I didn't find it. No clue as to why Fred had come to California, no hint as to what might have been on his mind. Certainly no indication of why the thing had been pitched into Jean's lap.

Finally I was through. I put everything back in the suitcase and closed it. My thoughts had been racing, but they hadn't gotten anywhere.

I said, "No question about that stuff being Fred's, is there, honey?"

"No."

"You've seen it before?"

"Some of it. Not all. But it's his, all right."

Once more there was a lot of silence. It was she who asked the question I'd been wanting to ask. She said, "Why should that have been left here, Bruce?"

"You must have been thinking the same way I have, sweetheart," I said. "It was left here by the person who killed Fred, or by someone who knows all about it."

She nodded.

"It's natural," I went on, "that the killer would want to get rid of it—"

"Why?"

"Maybe he's in the same boat we are. Maybe he would be just as happy if no one knew that Fred had been in this part of the world."

She looked a question at me. She didn't need to use words.

"The body has been moved. Hidden somewhere. Probably dumped into a canyon. If nobody knows that Fred has been here, they obviously won't be looking for his body. They'll be looking for whoever might have killed Bert Ellison, and they might not look too hard—Ellison being a very unimportant guy. If the cops found Fred's stuff, they'd naturally ask where he was. They'd ask you."

She spoke calmly. Too calmly. She said, "And if they happen to find out anyway, they'll still question me. They might even search my house. They'd find the suitcase here."

"I'd thought of that," I confessed. "I'm not too happy about it."

IF NOBODY suspected that Fred had been in L. A., if no one suspected that he had been killed—all well and good. But if the investigation did happen to take that angle, there was Jean right in the middle.

"The suitcase isn't staying here," I said. "Not ten minutes longer."

She said quickly, "You mustn't dispose of it. We've already done too much of that."

"I'm merely going to hide it."

"Suppose it's found?"

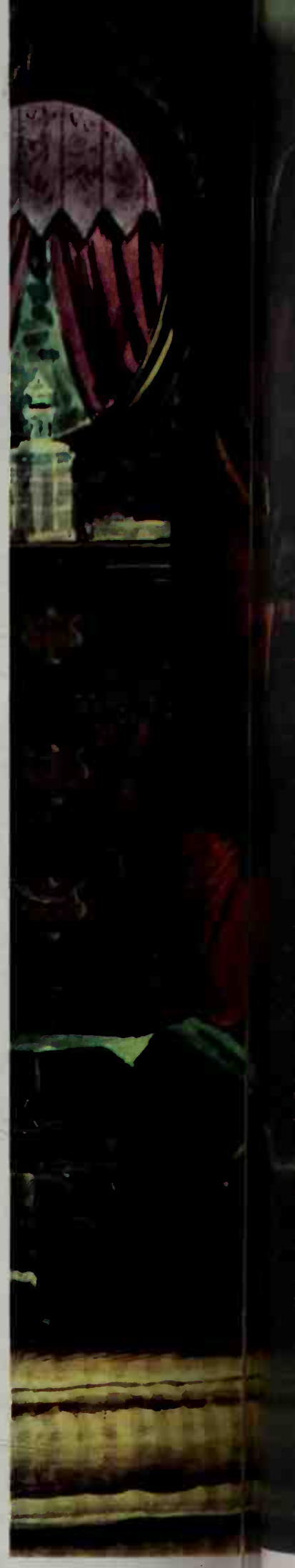
"That's a chance I've got to take. We couldn't be any worse off."

"Perhaps—"

"Think it over. We made a natural mistake at the beginning. We found a body and we planned to report it. Our only intention was to keep you out of it. We thought it was a good idea, and I still think so. Danny Singleton thought so. So did Arnold Travis. None of us could have foreseen what was going to happen. Sooner or later someone will learn that Fred's been in California recently. I believe the killer figured that angle. You'd be grilled. They'd find Fred's stuff at your house. You'd be getting in deeper and deeper. It isn't just your career any more, sweetheart. It's you. It's the certainty that you'd be tried for a murder about which you know nothing."

She said, "I'm not going to let you get in any deeper, Bruce."

I slipped an arm around her and held her close. "I'll say you not. You couldn't. This whole idea was mine to start with. And you seem to forget that at the moment in as deep as you are. I'm the guy who's in love with you, who wants to marry you. In protecting you, I'm protecting myself. So I'm leaving her



ulty getting my eyes focused. When I finally succeeded, I saw Jean. With her were Danny Singleton, Arnold Travis and an M.D. named Tommy Hanson

now with that suitcase. As
do, you telephone Travis.
im anything on the phone.
n over here."
ed puzzled.
shrewd lad," I explained.
wyer. You can't withhold
n your lawyer and expect
. And we don't know how
ight need him."
game. She didn't argue.
any of this made sense, my
d. When I lugged the suitcase out of the front door, she was already at the phone.

I knew where I was going, and I went there. But not direct. Maybe someone was following me. It might be the guy who had left the suitcase on the doorstep.

Eventually I rolled into the driveway of the duplex I shared with Danny Singleton. In back of it was a two-car garage. Danny's car was already in. The lights were out in his apartment, so I figured he was asleep. I parked my car alongside his and closed the garage door. I didn't turn on any lights.

The whole back of the garage was taken up by storage closets. Underneath were trunks, Danny's and mine. Above were doors which concealed shelves. They were pretty well filled with suitcases we weren't using. I pulled down two of my three suitcases, put Fred Wilson's second from the bottom and stuck my two back on top of it. It made a neat pile of four suitcases. I pushed the other stuff around so the things looked like they'd been that way for a long time. Even though Danny never used my half of the lockers, I figured he could without ever noticing that anything had been changed. I was pleased with myself. It was one of those hiding places so obvious that it wouldn't be thought of.

I backed my car out of the garage, locked the door, and was on my way

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

KEEP IT CLEAN

BY RUTH CARSON

You can't loll at ease on the terrace and have your house cleaned automatically. But the job's a lot easier now, thanks to hundreds of wonder preparations

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

THERE'S something not only helpful, but fascinating about the many items intended to make housekeeping easier: the quick polishes, cleaners, the work-preventers and the work-doers that, to hear tell, practically make your house shine under their own power, while you sit on the terrace. If a newspaper mentions one in a Hints for the Household column, the telephone rings oftener than a rich debutante's.

In fact the society column of one Fort Worth, Texas, newspaper, apparently feeling its popularity threatened, bid for favor with the public by mentioning one degreasing agent (wonderful for cleaning your broiler pan, or your outdoor grill, after a steak broil for the Whichits). The same item achieved mention in the magazine Vogue as a degreaser of the family combs. (Just add a drop to the water.)

In addition to the soaps, powders, polishes and elbow grease that have always been a part of house cleaning, there is a growing list of housekeepers' aids, called specialties by the trade. Even some of the big chemical companies that heretofore dealt only with industrial users of their chemicals are now adapting their formulas to safe household use, and are putting them out for retail sale.

Among them are preventives, popular since prevention is the shortest cut to easy maintenance. For example:

Rust Prevention: It's an old custom to swab out iron cooking kettles with mineral oil after using, to preserve them rust free, and to coat garden tools with oil before stowing them away. And for a neat, nonmessy job, there is now at least one commercial preparation that you can brush over metal (not recommended for cooking pots) or apply with a cloth. It keeps the metal from contact with air, oxygen being the active agent in creating rust. It makes a good base for paint.

Mildew and Rot Prevention: Mildew and rot, especially in the tropics, were wartime menaces that made processing against them essential. Cellulose degradation, chemists like to call the rotting of cotton canvas tents, sandbags and the like, and they did an excellent job of proofing against it.

Take the awnings, the umbrellas and the canvas chairs you may even now be surveying with jaundiced eye after a summer of sun and weather. Nothing will undo what has already happened to them, but you can prolong their lives by painting them, before you stow them away, with a special kind of canvas paint, which is not new but is effective. It goes on canvas easily and does not stiffen it as regular paint will. It comes in a dozen different colors. It imparts a resistance to sun, moisture and mildew.

There is a clear form of this preservative that helps to keep new canvas looking that way. It's also good for dunking the ropes of the children's swing.

But you can't paint your clothes, your books, and quite a few other things around the house, so mildew there requires other treatment. It's to be had, in the form of a soapy-looking solution that kills the fungi of mildew. You dilute and spray the stuff on curtains, mattresses, anything that plain soap and water won't harm and anything protected from the weather. You wipe it full strength over bookbindings, shoes, luggage, etc.—that musty smell in your house, the active mildew of damp days are gone. Libraries, sportsmen, food merchants go for this stuff.

All the laboratory proof in the world, of which there is plenty, isn't so convincing as one ecstatic letter from a sportsman owner of a damp cabin in the woods. He declares it has taken the musty smell out of his life, even to permitting boots and duffel bag, stored out of range in the garage, to come into the cabin, and salvaging a mattress and [illegible] his sister was going to [illegible] "since she is rather part[illegible] musty things." A tip for t[illegible] vacation houses. Or for [illegible] next season.

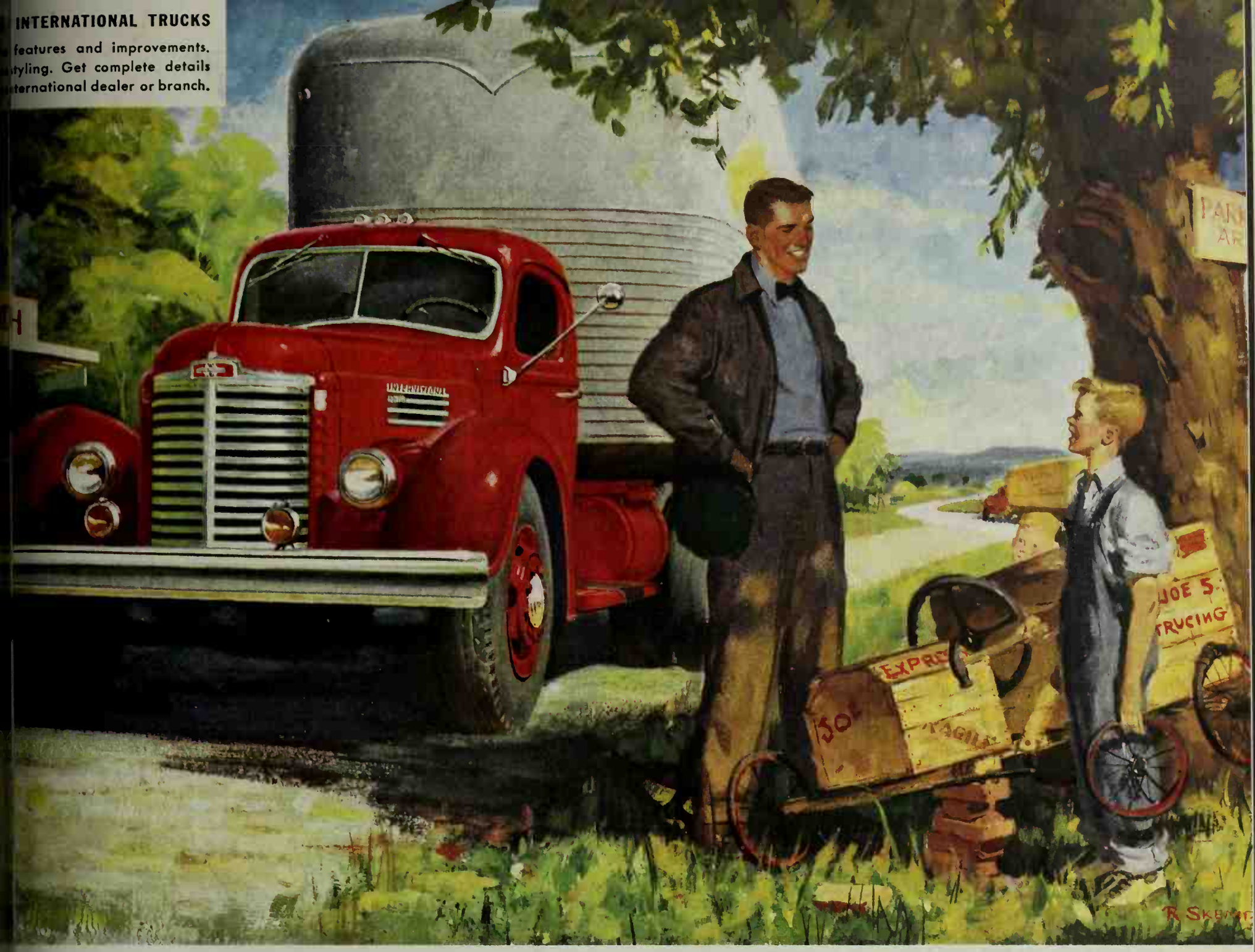
Under less drastic ci[illegible] the preventive still has its [illegible] drops in the water with[illegible] sprinkle clothes will keep [illegible] mildewing till you get t[illegible] Wiped inside your brea[illegible] freshen the box for you[illegible] properly, it can freque[illegible] shoes and socks infected [illegible] of athlete's foot.

Wood Preservation: S[illegible] canvas preservative ar[illegible] wood, which can be pain[illegible] brush. This applied chem[illegible] tects from rot your fen[illegible] bases of arbors, the fee[illegible] furniture, your front st[illegible] sary—any wood that co[illegible] tact with the soil. Yo[illegible] there is no need for such p[illegible] inside your house, but [illegible] warned the wearing awa[illegible] is due to rot, not the batt[illegible] and a little prevention [illegible] good thing.

Moth Prevention: Eve[illegible] has her convictions and [illegible] of preventing moths. T[illegible] the gamut of all the m[illegible] tions she can find in a [illegible] more heavily on old ne[illegible] bacco, tea leaves, red pe[illegible] root of the vetiver pl[illegible] found in Louisiana. Sh[illegible] way. One big Chicag[illegible] store, convinced that [illegible] products they sold wer[illegible] continued the depart[illegible] year. Public demand br[illegible] Why turn down all that[illegible]

While the experts are [illegible] for absolute moth cure [illegible] about them, they do a[illegible] things. To wit: Freshly [illegible] ing, promptly wrappe[illegible]

(Continued on p[illegible]



So you'd like to be a truck driver, Sonny?"

IT'S A PRETTY RUGGED JOB, sonny, driving a truck. It's a big ponsibility. You've got to deliver cargoes on time, and many goes are mighty valuable. Wind, rain, sand, mud, sleet, ice d snow often make it tough going. And some people bawl out for taking too much road.

"You've got to be right courteous to those people, sonny. You stn't answer back rough. You see, many people don't know t truck drivers are the best and safest drivers on the high- ys. They see a guy in a jacket and cap, and that guy can't p to tell them how carefully he has been trained to speak itely, act courteously, and to give the fellow in the pas- ger car the break.

"But he has been. Safe driving and courtesy are as much a t of our jobs as shifting gears.

"Yes, truck driving's a good job. You go places, you see people and you do important work. And you learn to be a 'Gentleman of the Highway.'

"Safety and courtesy are pretty substantial accomplishments, sonny. No matter what you work at, give 'em both a whirl when you grow up."

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TEMPERING OF THE BLADE

Continued from page 11

baby-faced, with a suggestion of petulance about the mouth. He fell in love with her because of her pout and her resemblance to a dainty, china doll. She'd lost neither those charms nor the pearly quality of prolonged youth.

But George was convinced that he himself had changed, matured, as it were. He needed something to match his own hard sophistication. He needed a woman with a rougher weave. He needed a positive tweed of a woman!

LAURA was the complete opposite of Shirl. She was dark, and her cheekbones, covered with the sort of skin that took a beautiful sun tan, were high and Nordic. Her mouth was full and, as George remembered it, impassioned rather than petulant. She was more than three inches taller than Shirl, and she walked with long, loping strides. He tried to remember Laura's voice, her viewpoint, some of her conversation, but all he recalled was an impression of restrained glee; her expression was that of a woman who made a habit of saying things designed to shock her listeners.

Dora, the maid, announced dinner as Shirl was excitedly describing some socks and ties she'd bought for George that day. Buying his clothes was to Shirl a crusade. Legions of unsuitable wares were met and destroyed; flanks of Philistine clerks were turned and put to rout in a series of forced marches from store to store. George stifled a yawn. He was still master of his own underwear.

Generally he listened amiably to Shirl's shopping tales, but tonight he resented them. She read his mind. He was sure of it when, halfway through an assault on the price of shirts, she asked, "Who was that tall, mannish-looking woman at the Frobishers'?"

He started guiltily, his spoon poised over his melon. "Which one?"

"The one with the dark hair. The one who was tanned like a Hindu. You ought to remember her. She spent the whole evening talking for your benefit."

"You mean Laura Powell?" He was delighted. So Laura had noticed him too! And poor Shirl was jealous.

"Laura Powell? I wonder who she is. I must ask Grace Frobisher the next time I see her."

And so Shirl dropping the subject of Laura would have closed the issue in his mind if an accident hadn't happened.

He was walking along Park Avenue one afternoon a fortnight later when a hard rain forced him to stop under the marquee of the Ambassador Hotel to wait for a cab or the end of the rain, whichever came first.

Laura Powell came first. She so overwhelmed George with her air of dark, crisp freshness that catching the cab she had gotten out of seemed a foolish and empty activity. Nothing like as worth while as standing with his mouth open.

Laura recognized him at once and showered him with charm. "What are you doing here?" she asked intensely.

"Getting out of the rain," he said, ashamed to find subtlety beyond him. "What are you doing here?"

"My dear! I live here!" This naked fact stymied the conversation and left them obstructing traffic until Laura said, "I say—if you're in no great rush, why don't you pop in with me for a cocktail?"

"Well," he said. "If you think it's all right."

"Of course it's all right."

By the third dry Martini they were calling each other Laura and darling, and she was assuring him he was wrong about not being handsome.

"Who told you you weren't handsome?" she asked.

He liked the small lines that parenthesized her mouth when she smiled. "Oh," he laughed. "It doesn't make any difference. Shirl, my wife, told me, but I don't think she ever really looks at me any more."

"Your wife? She doesn't know when she's well off. Of course, she's no different from most married women—not knowing when she's well off, I mean. I was just saying to Ottalie this afternoon—just saying that—I say, why don't you come too? It'll be oodles of fun, and you need it. I was just telling Ottalie that married women—she's not married now, you know. She was, but they didn't get along. Henry is such a poke. He'll be there, too, so really you must come."

"Come where?"

"Up to my apartment. Of course, if you're busy—"

"I'm not. It isn't that. But what would Shirl say?"

"I'll call her and tell her to come too. She can meet you here."

At the thought of Shirl, he felt smothered. If she came, he would have to act like a husband, and Laura was inviting him to act just the opposite. "Oh," he said quickly, "we needn't do that. I'll—I'll make an excuse."

The next thing George knew, after he'd gone to the phone and "made an excuse," he was situated comfortably in Laura's suite, and she was attending to some of the "million things" she had to do.

By the time she had done what must have been the first hundred thousand, including mixing a large shaker of cocktails and fetching out a great tray of glasses, George had toured the wall display of Cézanne, Picasso, Renoir and Ingres reproductions, and seen with satisfaction that Laura read the same best sellers he did.

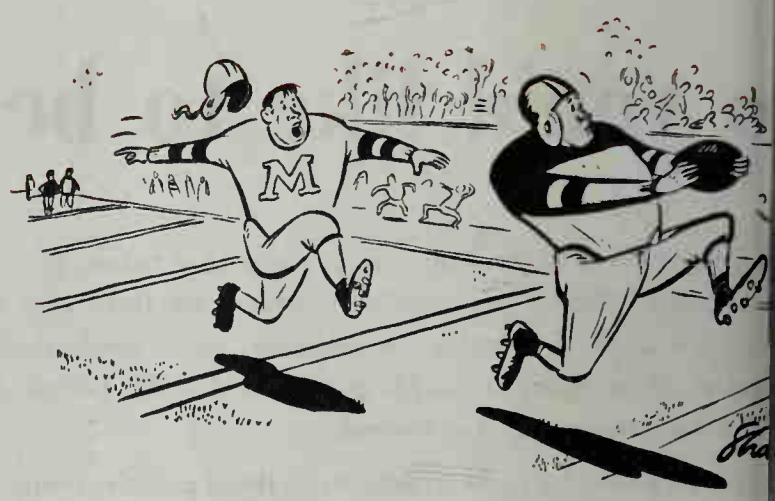
"Now," Laura said, seating herself on the sofa and taking up the shaker from the imitation Chippendale c
"tell me. How do you ha
wandering around on a wee
noon?" He explained that
been slow at the office—and
her the same thing. "I?"
most fantastic question she'd
of! "I don't work any regul
design millinery. It's rather a
job because I haven't a shop.
place to place and work up
each season. Utterly free-la

He thought how strange i
even when women like this
business and made quantitie
—she must have a good in
wasn't a cheap apartment-
didn't seem actually to work
dependence was an affront t
and prejudices: He was out
wanted to shatter her calm
Since that was the only reaso
to do it—and such a logical
was sure Shirl would approv
as he cranked up his coura
breezy account of the millin
was interrupted by a buzzer

SHE got up and went int
The opening of the door s
of chirps and shrieks. Pres
entered, followed by a muc
furred flirt described as Otta
frustrated chap, fully four in
and being worn by a pipe, wh
duced as Henry. Henry v
"dear old ex-husband wh
literally ran into in the lobby
conducted Henry into a c
Laura and Ottalie gushe
kitchen.

"Laura makes good Marti
said to Henry. "Have one?"

"Women!" Henry said as
took the drink. "You marr
aren't happy. You divorc
aren't happy. The ones yo



SPORTING ODDS

**Up until 1929, a defensive team that recovered a fumble
run it back. In one game, a big Wofford College lineman gr
a loose ball on his own 5-yard line and set sail for the oppo
goal, pursued only by an opposition halfback. The ball
ran 80 yards and, as he crossed the 15-yard line, the hal
knowing he was licked, yelled, "You're running the wrong**

**Thinking the warning was from one of his teammate
Wofford player made a sharp reverse at the 5-yard lin
headed back. This time his own teammates set out after hi
finally nailed him with a diving tackle on his own 5-yard l**

**It was a run of 180 yards, with the ball at the same spot
it had been fumbled originally.**

—Harry W. Coleman, Cincinnati

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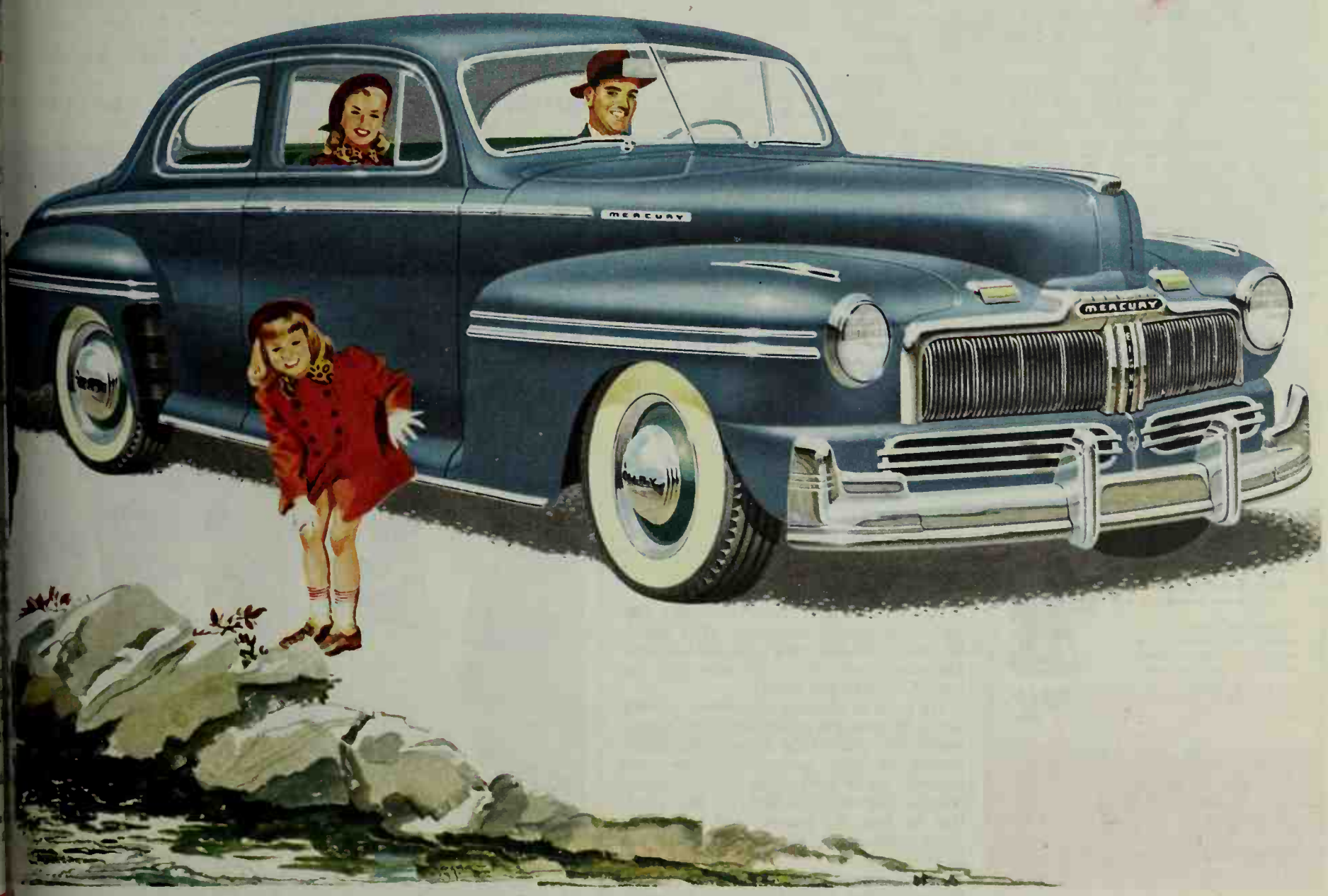

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always seem attractive until you get them. They're terrific. . . ." He shook his head and sighed.

"Don't you think Laura's very attractive?" George decided that Henry was a little tight, and was feeling maudlin about Ottalie; it was only decent to change the subject.

"Oh," he answered, "sure she's attractive. So's Ottalie. I was married when I first met Ottalie. She made me feel just like Laura makes you feel. When she got me, she didn't like my hats. All women are bugs on some subject. With Laura it's ties and coats. What is it with your wife?"

"The thirteen original colonies and a place in the country," George said.

"You're lucky. You stick to her. Her prejudices may be bad, but you don't have to wear them."

George laughed. "I don't suppose I'm in any danger from Laura," he said.

The party was exciting, made up as it was of impetuous people and plenty of gin, but it was not nearly so exciting as taking Laura into the kitchen and kissing her. Kissing Laura was daring. It was forbidden. It was sweet. George glowed with a sense of escapade.

On the way home he was careful to stop before a store window and wipe away all traces of lipstick. To add the artistic touch to his telephone excuse, he described to Shirl an involved, hypothetical deal in which he had to tell off three corporation presidents. He went to bed feeling guilty and delighted.

As he shaved the next morning, he noticed how right Laura was about his looks. He had a good, bright face and a good head of hair in spite of being thirty-five. From the bedroom, Shirl announced she'd made arrangements for them to leave at the end of the week and spend their vacation in Elmira with her mother.

George almost cut himself. "Uh," he said, laying down his razor before it could maim him, "about going to Elmira, hon. I'm afraid you'll have to go alone."

"But, George, darling. You know how Mother counts on your coming. She just dotes on you."

"I know, hon. But I can't get away."

"I'll postpone it a week."

"No. I won't have it. No sense delaying your trip just because of my business. Tell you what. You go ahead, and I'll join you soon as I can. How's that?"

"Well—"

SHIRL left Saturday. George could scarcely wait for the train to pull out. As the coaches began to move, he hurried to a phone on the lower level of Grand Central and called Laura. There was no answer. She must be out to dinner. It was eight o'clock. He went out on Lexington Avenue, strolled to the Crillon and ate heartily. He stretched the dinner as long as possible and took a brandy and two cigarettes afterward. Then he went to the Waldorf—intentionally passing up all phones in between in order to give Laura time to get home. This time the operator at the Ambassador said Miss Powell was in Southampton until Monday. He left a message, immediately regretted the indiscretion. Then he went home to a sticky week end of getting his own meals and reading the Sunday papers.

Laura called him Monday evening. She was so sorry she missed him. Why hadn't he just come on down to Southampton? He must come over right now and see her. Could he get away?

He went to Laura's apartment. Every nerve in him was eager for fresh sensations—the gay, witty crowd; the inundation of new points of view—and Laura! As he walked, he tried to define relative degrees of infidelity. He failed. But he had the excuse that, after ten years of marriage, every man is expected to skid a bit.

Laura opened the door and greeted him with what would have been a scream if the room behind her hadn't sounded like a labor convention. The "crowd" was there! George was enchanted. He didn't know any of the artists, publicity men or off-duty reporters who dropped in to exchange free wisdom for free whisky, but he was sure most of them compared favorably with Socrates, or at least with George Bernard Shaw.

He did know Ottalie and Henry. Tonight Henry was in better spirits. He was still under the care of the pipe, but he allowed himself to be adored by an aggressively youthful model named Gwenn. As she snuggled close, Henry bestowed upon her an occasional kiss.

George sank blissfully into the din, daring and sophistication, drank a few drinks in an amused yet participating way and counted on the even more exquisite pleasure than this: Laura after the crowd went home. But the crowd didn't leave until 4 A.M. and, after he kissed Laura a few times, she said, "I'm so sleepy, darling. Honestly. You've no idea how beat I am."

He did have an idea, because he was even sleepier, but he said, "All right, hon. I'll go home and let you sleep. But when are we going to have some time together—just the two of us?"

"What about Shirl?"

"Don't you know you mean more to me than Shirl ever has?" It shocked him a bit to say such a thing, even drowned in Laura's enchantment, but he went on: "I love you, darling. Can't you see I do?"

"You're drunk."

He got up. "You're making fun of me. I thought our being together meant something to you."

She got up too and patted his cheek. "Don't be mad, darling." She kissed him. "Let's talk about it over dinner tomorrow evening. Shall we?". . .

All the next day he feared that dinner. Laura wouldn't hesitate about making a public demonstration of affection. He told himself he didn't really feel guilty; he was just repelled by the prospect of something shoddy.

But Laura was quite formal at dinner. Afterward she didn't invite him to her apartment, as he expected she would—and she wouldn't go to his [illegible] made him take her to a movie [illegible] sent him home. A whole eveni[illegible] a kiss, without even holding [illegible] was indignant.

He didn't call her for two [illegible] third day she called him. Wh[illegible] matter? Was he mad at his po[illegible] His silly little girl? She wa[illegible] some without him! He felt l[illegible] brute. His heart went out t[illegible] was glad she asked him over th[illegible]

THEY were alone. They had [illegible] of Martinis. They made [illegible] and George found the exper[illegible] derful except that Laura dre[illegible] of lines. It was as maddenin[illegible] exciting. She yielded her soft [illegible] tasted of a lipstick rather like [illegible] she let him press her to him [illegible] she talked endlessly and fa[illegible] women, in the abstract, hav[illegible] but she ended the action and t[illegible] phy by saying, "Don't take [illegible] emancipated woman, darlin[illegible] you don't, of course. But I j[illegible] warn you. I'm hidebound as [illegible] So prudent. So prudent! O[illegible] weren't! But I'm—I've nev[illegible] affair. Isn't it silly? Isn't i[illegible] unheard of? But there it is. [illegible] sworn I won't until I marry."

"Marry me then!"

"But you are married."

"I'll get a divorce. Believe [illegible]

"How could I ever face [illegible] ward?"

"We won't face her!" He [illegible] again. "Please, darling. Say y[illegible] me. I'm so in love with you."

She sighed. "All right, Ge[illegible] you must go home.". . .

The next morning a se[illegible] having conquered the worl[illegible] with a sensation of having [illegible] bank. Neither won. By elev[illegible] stand it no longer. He called [illegible] and joined him for lunch. [illegible] through a Salisbury steak h[illegible] attorney—asked him in a jocu[illegible] citing a hypothetical case—[illegible] got a divorce.

"You thinking of divorce?"

BUTCH by LARRY RE[illegible]

COLLIER'S

"It's sort of reassurin' t' know Clancy's right outside. These big dark old mansions are so eerie"

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Say Seagram's *and be* Sure *... of Pre-War Quality*

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THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

You get sure, long-lasting protection against friction and wear when you treat your car's chassis to *Marfak*. This tough, specially compounded lubricant stands up under road pounding, protects for 1,000 miles and more. You get *proof* that this is so in the "cushiony" driving and smooth handling ease that lasts from one *Marfak* job to the next. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" today.

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TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

"Oh, good heavens, no! You know better than that. But this chap I know—I won't repeat his name—fell for this girl. Absolutely insane on the subject. He's in the deuce of a fix. Doesn't want to involve the girl, you understand, but he wants to get a divorce and marry her."

The attorney, a bland, plump man who had no human problems of his own, shrugged. "Have him come to see me. I can arrange for a corespondent—get a room, some detectives and—" He explained the whole, sordid chain of collusion and subornation essential to obtaining a divorce in New York State.

"What is he willing to settle on his wife?" he asked, in conclusion. "Cost him about half his income."

George Chestering felt the chill draft of poverty on the back of his neck. He changed the subject. He thought of Shirl's sweet, doll face. He didn't want a divorce! How had he got mixed up in this thing? Here he was, trapped. He couldn't be unfair to Laura. He wasn't a callous man. He felt sorry for Shirl and Laura. Poor Laura! so sweet to kiss! Poor Shirl. After the divorce he wouldn't see her again. It made him desperately lonely.

COMING to Laura's in a maudlin frame of mind, he wasn't prepared for an announcement before a crowd of thirty—including Henry and Ottalie—that he was Laura's fiancé. Laura, cocktail in hand and standing on the beige sofa, pledged everyone to secrecy and then made her announcement. She looked so jaunty his heart went out to her, and he put from him any thought of going back to Shirl.

Ottalie shrieked and then, after what she called "kissing the groom," went about the rest of the evening discussing Laura "Chestering," Laura Powell "Chestering" and the "New Mrs. Chestering." Meanwhile Laura came to George, gave him a prenuptial peck and said, "You've wired Shirl, of course, haven't you, darling?"

"Shirl? Why—eh—as a matter of fact, I—no."

"Well. You better get a wire off to her right away. And you better see your lawyer first thing in the morning."

"Do we—is there such a rush?"

"Rush?" She turned to the crowd. "Listen, everybody. George thinks I'm sweeping him off his feet."

There was great laughter. A man his age being swept off his feet! It was too funny. The crowd he wanted to admire him, to respect his views, laughed at him. He laughed too, but not from humor. "Now, Laura," he said. "She misunderstood me, folks. I just had so many things on my mind recently that I couldn't get these—ah—things off my mind. Know how it is?"

Laura patted him on the cheek as the crowd accepted his explanation. "And while you're about your new arrangements, darling, do buy some conservative ties. Every tie you own looks like a fruit salad." George looked down at his splash of blue, canary yellow and apricot and said he liked a touch of color. "Well, not that much. A man with your build must be conservative. Another thing," Laura said, "you ought to wear single-breasted suits." She chucked him under the chin. "You just need a little redesigning, darling. Wait until your Laura gets through with you. You won't know yourself."

She insisted he celebrate the way he felt by taking the whole party on a tour of the night spots. That was not the way he felt, but it cost him two hundred and thirty-four dollars and sixteen cents and kept him up until 5 A.M. to prove it. Plaintively he assured himself it wouldn't happen again. All the next day he tried to compose a wire to Shirl, but he hit on nothing suitable. That night—after Laura asked him not to use the words "cheap," "crummy," "contact," and "home" for "house" because [illegible] fended her—she made him [illegible] crowd on another tour for a [illegible] hundred and eleven dollars [illegible] seven cents. His bank accou[illegible] His nerves were shaken.

The next evening he had a[illegible] argument with Laura about [illegible] any kind of taste in particular [illegible] never definitive—but taste [illegible] stract. By her standards his [illegible] was the hovel of a sharecrop[illegible] parted without kissing.

The following day was ful[illegible] telephone conversations—five [illegible] and, when he went to Laura[illegible] thirty, she rushed into his [illegible] thirty minutes he found a[illegible] greater than any he had eve[illegible] sweetness, a heaven worth an[illegible] and any trouble. Then the b[illegible]

First it was Henry and Otta[illegible] on disgustingly well for divor[illegible] Gwenn, the model, came. [illegible] coming to know the crowd by [illegible] recognized André, a weasel w[illegible] dresses and faked an accen[illegible] Harris, an intellectual who h[illegible] ven's symphonies to be aca[illegible] cises without form or col[illegible] Brevard, a decorator who [illegible] have been employed once by [illegible] York's chic department sto[illegible] was now at liberty, and two [illegible] from a news magazine—wh[illegible] lequin glasses and sandals a[illegible] to look stylishly unkempt. A[illegible] themselves stupendously well[illegible]

At once Laura came chort[illegible] the kitchen where there w[illegible] "Guess what, everybody? [illegible] back in town. He's at Leon [illegible] He wants us to come right o[illegible]

George got up quietly. H[illegible] to pass it up tonight. "I [illegible] home, Laura," he said. He [illegible] discouraged. Maybe it wou[illegible] after he and Laura were m[illegible]

Her face froze. "But [illegible] When he looked shocked, [illegible] "You can't desert us like thi[illegible] need you."

He waved his hand. "N[illegible] I'm not used to the pace yo[illegible]

"Then this is for good," [illegible]

"For good?" Now he w[illegible] They were going to be ma[illegible] could it be for good? Ho[illegible] talk to him as she was t[illegible] calling him stupid, cheap, [illegible] didn't understand. He lo[illegible] faces of the crowd and fou[illegible] lant, resentful expressions o[illegible] whom the ride is over, who[illegible] forth have to pay their ow[illegible]

THE radio, which alwa[illegible] background for these ga[illegible] sobered for a moment, and a[illegible] Begin the Beguine, another [illegible] and Shirl's courtship, a[illegible] stopped hearing Laura who e[illegible] on. He wanted the roma[illegible] across the room from Shirl [illegible] sweet voice, learning of n[illegible] found him in peach, mulber[illegible] eating a fine melon, peac[illegible] There was no romance [illegible] wasn't even any passion. [illegible] ple passion was commonp[illegible] ham and eggs.

He waited for Laura to [illegible] he said, "I guess you're righ[illegible] is for good."

He didn't remember get[illegible] the lobby, but he was glad t[illegible] fore the flower shop close[illegible] Shirl a dozen red roses and [illegible] "Coming events cast their p[illegible] That ought to bring back t[illegible] the mystery recommended [illegible] sellers.

And he walked out on the [illegible] not deep regrets and hurt p[illegible] he had been freed from a [illegible] if he'd found something I d[illegible] actually never had had be[illegible]

THE END

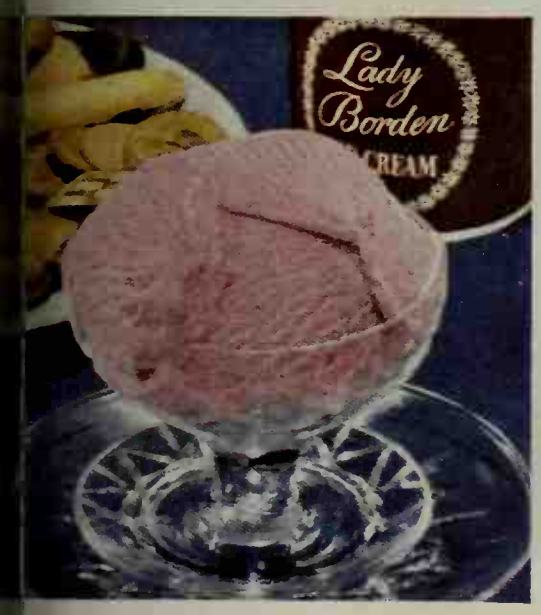
"Should a child be named after a relative?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"HE SHOULD NOT!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "Why do you suppose I—I mean *you*—got Borden's to run a big $25,000 name contest to find him a name? So he *wouldn't* be named after some broken-down uncle of yours!"

"But, dear," protested Elsie, "maybe our son won't like the name the contest judges pick. Maybe we should wait till he's old
pick his own name."
time," snapped Elmer, "you'll have him
ntleroy or *Percy!*"

worry about *that*,"
lsie. "I won't have a
name him anything!
, the judges are vot-
name my little angel
to all of his life."
judges," menaced
tter pick a good, he-
—or Borden's will hear from me!"
lithely chirped Elsie, "they won't mind.



Borden's are forever hearing from all sorts of folks. Nice things about altogether wonderful *Lady Borden Ice Cream*. It's the world's smoothest ice-cream eating!"

"Woman," groaned Elmer, "how *can* you talk about ice cream when the wonderfullest son a guy
ies there without a first name?"
ddy," giggled young Beulah, "don't act so
e Whosiz looks divinely happy."
Whosiz?" frowned Elmer. "What in thunder-
t of talk is that?"

"It's just young folks' jargon, dear," explained Elsie. "Like my saying—*Lady Borden Ice Cream sends me!*"

"Sends you?" exploded Elmer. *"Where?"*

"Into ecstasies over its creamy richness," tittered Elsie. "Lady Borden Ice Cream is made with the finest ingredients money can buy—golden cream; beautiful fruits; heavenly flavors—blended by master ice cream makers! It truly is *fit for a golden spoon!*"

"Get back on the line!" commanded Elmer. "Haven't the judges given you one *hint* as to what my son's name will be?"

"None," replied Elsie, "except to say the winning name will fit baby like a glove. As grand a fit, for instance, as the name None Such is for *Borden's None Such Mince Meat.* It makes the eatingest, spiciest, Thanksgivingest pie of them all! It's *real*, old-fashioned mince pie—with luscious fruit-rich filling made from a New England recipe that's sixty-two years old!"

"I'm warning you," interrupted Elmer, "to quit working yourself into a lather about None Such!"

"But, dear," objected Elsie, "all the work is *done for you* when you use Borden's None Such Mince Meat. Those plump raisins—tart curls of citrus peel—

pick-of-the-crop apples—are cleaned, chopped, and blended with savory spices from foreign lands!"

"Google, google, google—google, *google*, goo, goo, GOO!" crowed the baby.

"Elsie! Beulah!" cried Elmer. "My son's talking—*talking!* Maybe he's telling us what to call him!"

"And maybe," teased Elsie, "he's just finishing off this ad for his mother. Maybe all those *Goo's* mean *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be goo—goo—GOOD!*"

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"Mighty Fine Leaf," painted by David Stone Mart

FINE TOBACCO...

Light tobacco
Ripe tobacco
Mild tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.

LUCKY STRIKE *means* fine tobacco

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the draw

LIKE TO THE LARK

BY JOHN BARRETT

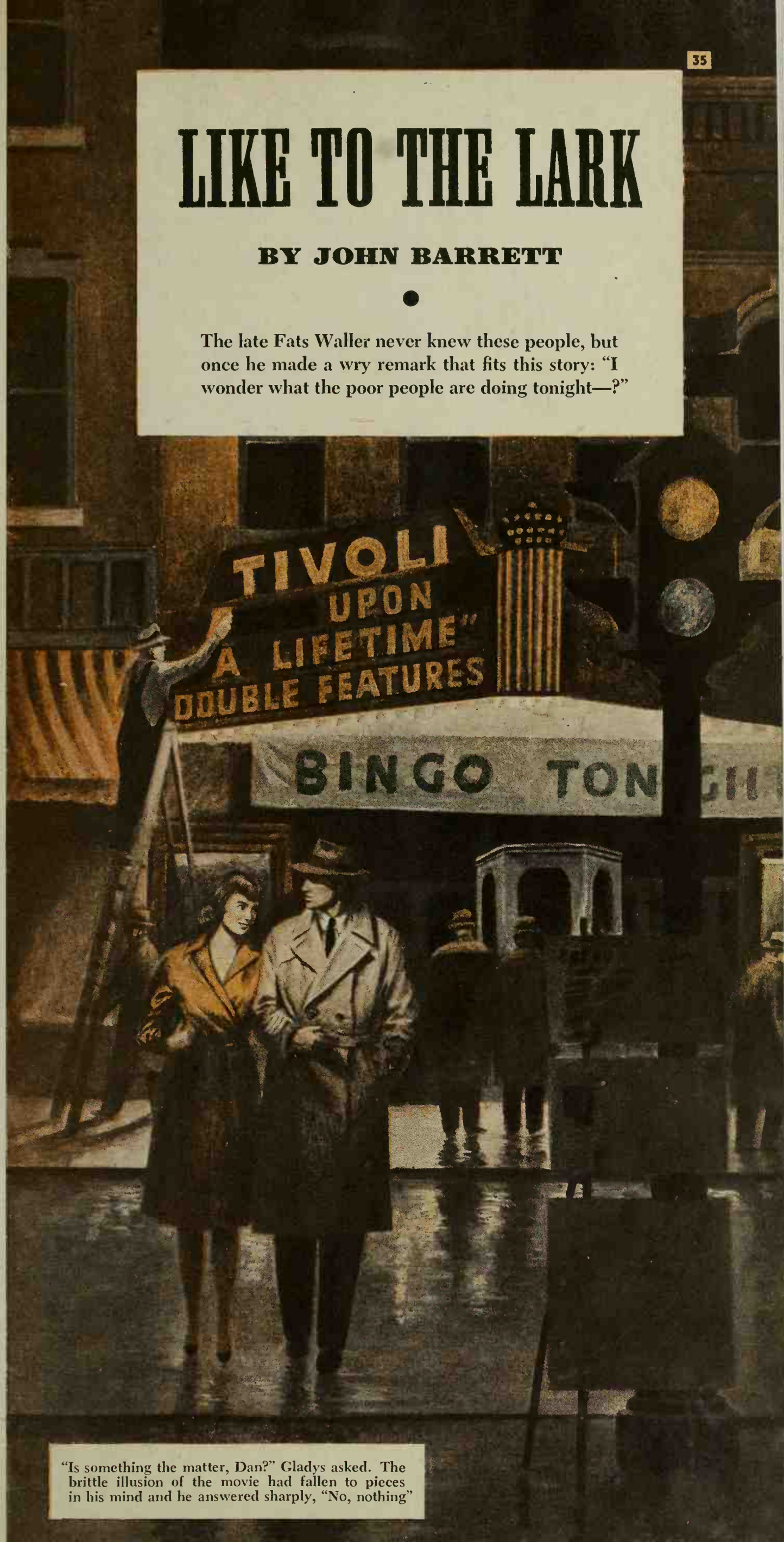
●

The late Fats Waller never knew these people, but once he made a wry remark that fits this story: "I wonder what the poor people are doing tonight—?"

E CAME in the door and banged down his lunch pail on the drainboard. "For the lovva Pete, Gladys, do you have to hang t wash on the back porch?"
looked up from the stove, smiling. "When it I do." She came over and kissed him.
ow many?" she asked softly.
ree." He crumpled his hat and threw it on air.
n't that quite a few on an empty stomach?"
ow don't start a lecture."
h, Dan. Do I ever?"
looked away from her gray eyes. From his he took out three green bills and some e.
least I'm not like the fellow in the melodrama comes staggering home with his pockets ." He tossed the money on the table. "Take ree drinks and there it is."
glanced at the bills, lifted her head. "You get the raise then?"
n't you count?" He shoved the empty wallet pocket and started for the living room. Sud- her arms were around him.
on't worry, Dan. You'll get it eventually. I you will. And we can manage." Her hand hind his neck, and he saw again the tear in oulder of the blue house dress—the tear so mended that it almost didn't show.
vant to do more than just manage," he said. hand came up and stroked his forehead. re a perfectionist."
ough the mist of blond hair he saw the d windowpane that the landlord had not He pushed her gently from him.
w long before supper?"
out twenty minutes."
ink I'll read."
vent into the dark living room and turned on ht over the lounge chair. The bright-backed e had fallen asleep over last night was still on gazine stand. He sank back in the chair. In dows across the room, the lumpy chesterfield ed like a beast with a gaping maw. He raised ok and blotted it out. . . .
on the table, Dan."
came in, squinting at the light. As he drew chair, his heel caught in the torn linoleum; his umped the table leg. Automatically her hand ut to steady the swaying water pitcher.
ooked over the assortment of serving dishes. book they did not eat in the kitchen. In the hey ate under soft lights in "a quaint place he " and the waiter suggested things.
vant to know what you think of this sauce," id. "Mrs. Goram next door gave me the She says it does wonders for a cheap cut."
tried it. "It's good," he said. But when he down again, he saw that his cup didn't match nd the plate on her knife handle was wearing .
told him about the leak in the garage roof, Mrs. Paulson across the street who was going her a vacuum cleaner and about the lady on ner whose baby walked for the first time to- Her voice faded when the water pipes ham- From the apartment above came a continual ng and scraping of chairs.
ushed away the empty dessert dish. "Let's of this place. Let's go to a show or some-
looked at him. "All right," she said slowly. he came over and flung her arms around his "Sure, let's go to a show."
tood up.
fingered the bow on her apron. "I really to do the dishes."
, to hell with the dishes. Let's get out of
ll—" She took hold of his shoulders and him toward the bedroom. "You get d. I'll stack them anyway."
L and clear-eyed He was. He walked like a , this young engineer who dreamed in pat- steel and stone, and when Her cynical uncle, s also a senator, tried to thwart His plans for the slums that bred disease and suffering, es flashed and His big fist crashed down on k; and She, the useless child of wealth, sud- saw what Life meant, and She dared Her anger to help His dream come true, and ole away to His mountain lodge and . . .

(Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG



"Is something the matter, Dan?" Gladys asked. The brittle illusion of the movie had fallen to pieces in his mind and he answered sharply, "No, nothing"

Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives" will live in your memory because it was a picture with a great idea. And you'll never forget "The Bishop's Wife" for the very same reason!

In it, Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch—that does wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven and Monty Woolley).

Look for it!

The BISHOP'S WIFE

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

Continued from page 25

again. I felt better. No matter what was cooking, it wouldn't boil over in Jean's house. Not right away.

When I got back to Jean's house, she was still alone. She said Arnold was on his way over. We sat on the couch and waited.

We heard Arnold's car in the driveway. I held the door open and he walked in. He looked at me and then at Jean. He dropped into a chair, and said, "What's gone wrong now?"

Jean said, "How did you know anything was wrong?"

"Your faces. A blind man couldn't miss."

I handed it to him briefly. I told him about taking Jean out for dinner. "When we got home," I said, "there was a suitcase next to the front door. No tag. No initials. Just sitting there. We brought it in and opened it. It was Fred Wilson's. Everything in it was Fred's."

He blinked and sat up straight. You could see him thinking. I hoped he was doing a more efficient job of it than I had done.

"Whoever brought the suitcase here knows all about the murder, knows all about Fred," I concluded, "and probably was trying to pass the buck to Jean."

Arnold said, "Not so good. Maybe not too bad, either. Where's the suitcase?"

I said, "I hid it."

"Where?"

I glanced at Jean, but she caught it. She insisted on knowing, so I told her. She hit the ceiling.

"I won't have it," she said. "Your garage! Suppose someone finds it there?"

"Suppose they don't. And why should they?"

Jean said, "I'm not going to have you taking more risks."

Arnold smiled at Jean. He said quietly, "Be reasonable, kid. Bruce is right. He's taking a minimum of risk. Even if someone happened to look in his garage locker they'd never notice a plain pigskin suitcase stacked up with three others. Bruce played it smart. I'd advise you to let it ride that way."

"But," she argued, "if they did find it there, they'd begin hammering at him. They wouldn't believe his story."

Travis said, "They wouldn't believe anything he said, anyway."

Jean didn't like it, but there wasn't anything she could do about it.

WE STARTED talking generally. Arnold was more worried than he wanted us to know. He understood the legal aspects of the case, and they troubled him. But he wound up by saying that since we'd gotten in this deep, there didn't seem to be anything to do but float with the current. "Your one hope," he said, "is to find out who killed Wilson, and why. Once you know that—and can prove it—you can tell the police. They won't love you for it, but you won't be tried for murder, either."

I said, "What's your immediate advice?"

He smiled grimly. "Try not rocking the boat. Try acting as though nothing had happened. Remember that all you know is that a man named Bert Ellison was found dead in Jean's house. There's a limit to how far Walsh will push it."

He got up and reached for his hat. "There's no use telling you to quit worrying, but try to pretend you're not worried. That'll help some."

We told him good night. That left Jean and myself alone again. I wrapped her up for a few minutes and held her that way until she stopped trembling. Then I told her that I intended to remain there overnight.

She drew away from me, and smiled. It wasn't a very gay smile, but it was still lovely. She said, "That wouldn't look good, Bruce. Especially if this other thing—about Fred—were found out."

"Who'd find it out?" I asked. "In a hundred years the cops would never figure Fred in on this."

I was oozing confidence when I said that. But it didn't mean a thing.

I didn't know how wrong I was until the next morning when Detective Lieutenant Marty Walsh visited me at my office.

I was alone in the office when Marty Walsh breezed in. Danny Singleton was out with a prospective client, trying to convince him that $40,000 wasn't too much to pay for a house that was worth $25,000. Helen was at the bank. Helen was a thoroughly chastened young lady. I had delegated to Danny the job of explaining to her that she shouldn't have listened in on my conversation with Jean Rutledge, and also that she shouldn't have told anyone, even Danny, about it.

But even with that behind me, the appearance of Lieutenant Walsh didn't fill me with glee. He was too bright, too dapper, too friendly. He seated himself in the nice comfortable leather chair next to my desk and inquired how was tricks. I told him they were fine. He said, "And how's the real-estate business?" I told him that was fine, too.

"Done anything yet with Miss Rutledge's house?"

"No."

"It would rent, easy—if you ain't asking too much."

I said, "We're not trying very hard—right now."

"Why?"

"I have a feeling that the place might be all over policemen."

"There's worse people, Ingram. Believe it or not."

I couldn't answer that one without saying the wrong thing, so I kept my mouth shut.

Walsh looked nice. Neat brown suit, freshly pressed. White shirt. Shoes freshly polished. I liked everything about him except the eyes. They looked as though they'd seen too much, as though too many embarrassing questions were lurking behind them. They were brown eyes, but they were cold and impersonal; they were sizing me up now, and I could have had a clear conscience and nervous. Official investigation d to you. Enter the cops, exit nonc

He said easily, "Let's put our c the table, Ingram. There ain't playing at cross-purposes. They that Ellison thing right in my lap. something about it I don't like. I the way I could maybe get to li to have a friendly talk with you."

"What," I asked with what I p was naturalness, "what is it yo like?"

"Lots of things. I started n them when I saw your face—an ton's—when we flipped that r out at Miss Rutledge's house. Th coming back to me."

"A dead man—"

"Sure. But you already knew dead. It couldn't surprise you was still dead, could it?"

"No-o. But a fellow can be twice, can't he?"

He smiled. "I'm supposed to ing the questions." He placed th his fingers together carefully, a it was very important. He spoke looking up.

"What's between you and M ledge?" he inquired abruptly.

I DID some fast thinking. N stalling on this one. Walsh around. He knew things.

"I'm in love with her," I ad think she's in love with me."

"Since how long?"

"A couple of years."

"How come you haven't do thing about it?"

"She's married."

"There's always Nevada."

"He wouldn't give her a div said he'd fight it and cook up a That could be pretty bad for he

"Right," he agreed with s reasonableness. "I see that p you must be an awful patient g might have had to wait until fo

"I was always hoping tha might change his mind."

"What kind of a guy is he?"

"I only know what I've been never seen him."

"Not even once?"

"Never."

"He couldn't have been ver with you."

I let that one slide. Walsh

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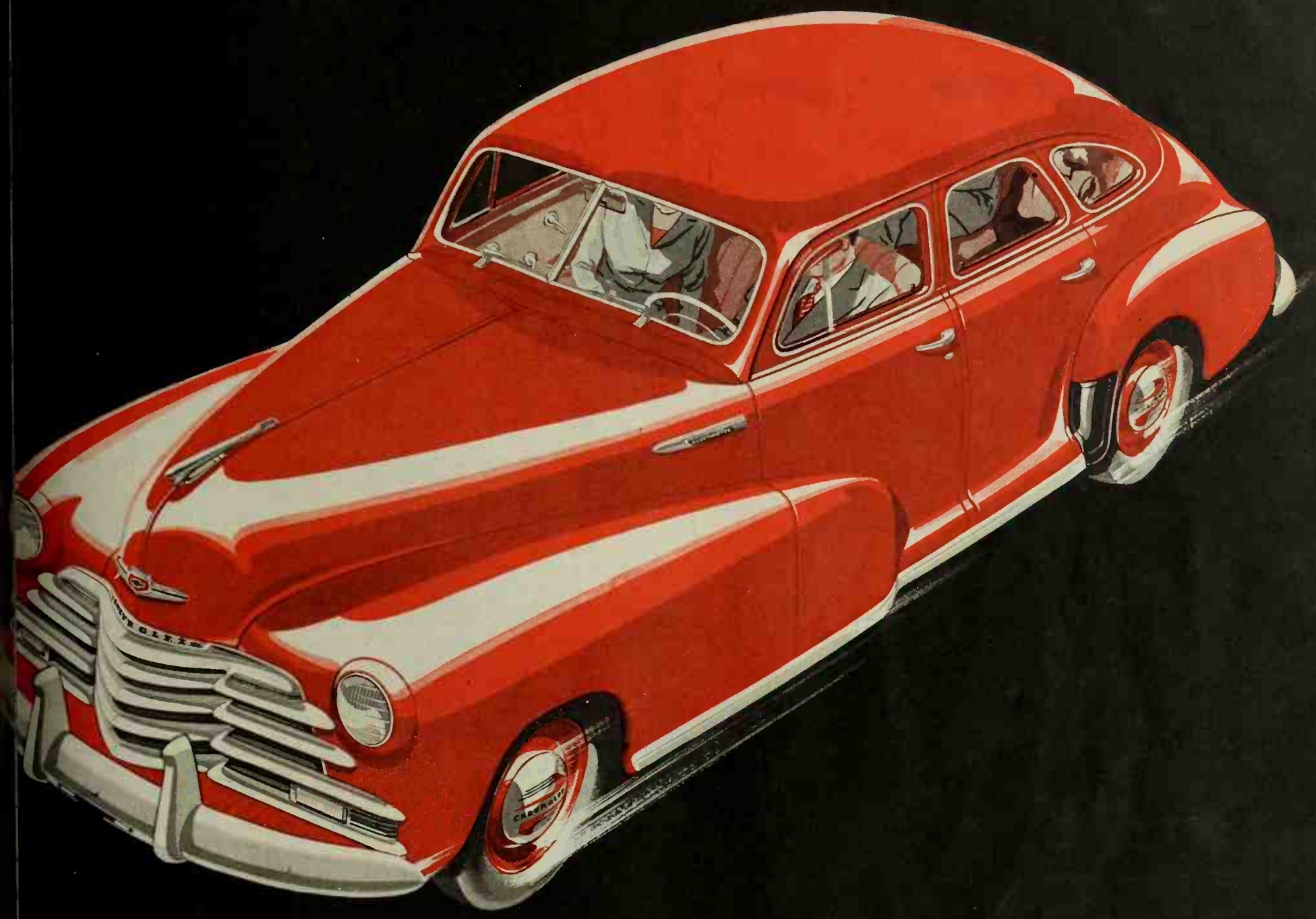

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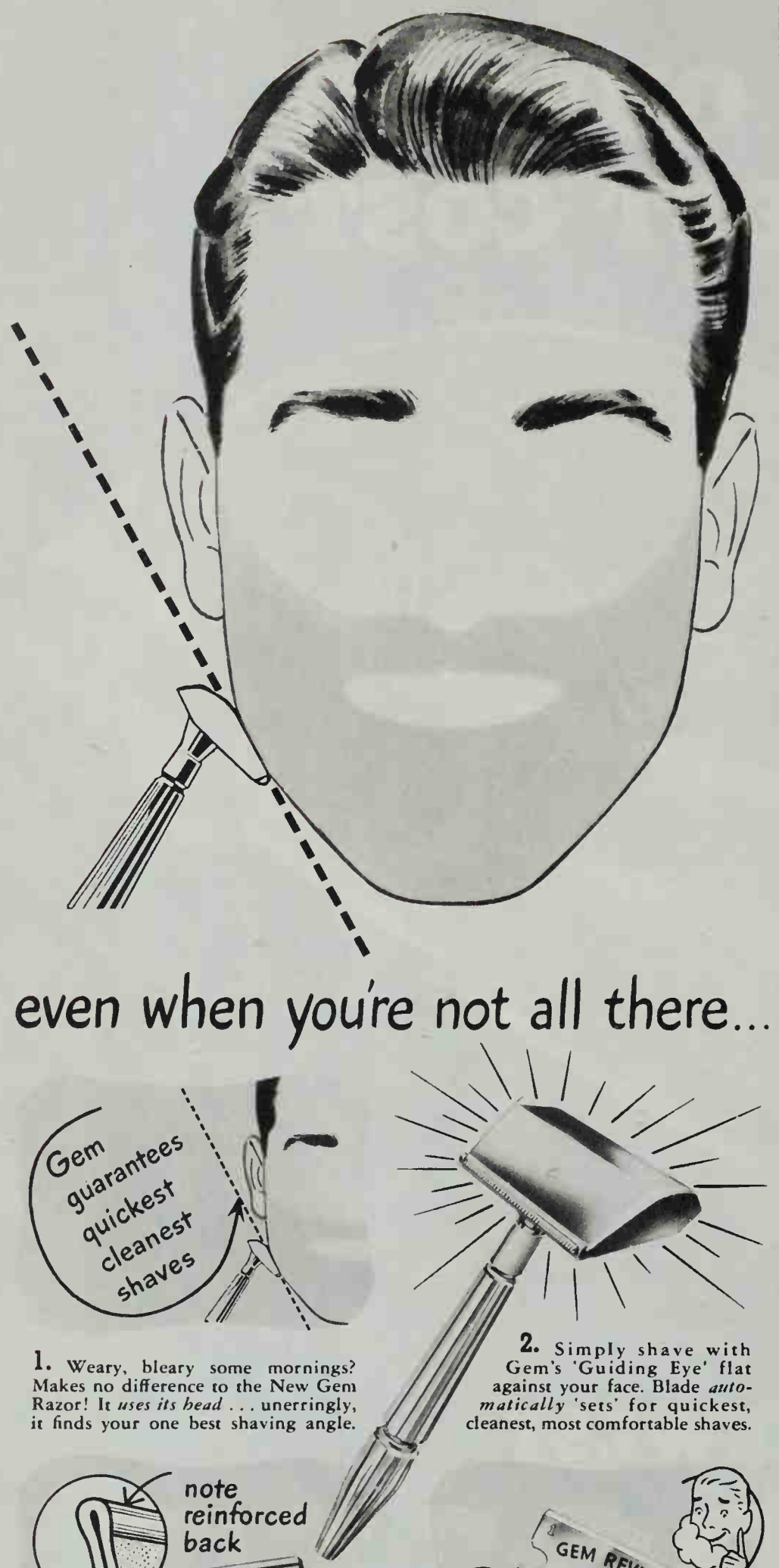
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imperturbably: "Ever hear about Ellison and Fred Wilson being buddies?"

"No."

His voice took on a sarcastic edge: "You don't know a hell of a lot, do you, Ingram?"

That, too, seemed to require no answer.

Marty's eyes bored right through me. "I bet you surprise awful easy," he said.

"Maybe."

"I bet you'd be downright dumfounded to know that Fred Wilson was in Los Angeles day before yesterday."

That hit me right between the eyes. I couldn't guess how much Walsh knew, how much he suspected or what he was driving at. My hands felt clammy.

I said, "Are you kidding?" It was a trite, uninspired remark, but I couldn't think of a better one right then.

He said, "I don't usually kid about murder. It ain't awful funny."

I shrugged. "Maybe you got your dope wrong."

"Wilson was here, all right."

"It's news to me."

He said, "At that, you *do* look surprised. But are you surprised to know that Fred Wilson was in L. A. when Ellison was killed, or are you just surprised that I found out?"

My distaste for Marty Walsh was growing fast. So was my respect.

Walsh said, "He was rooming with Bert Ellison. Place called Sunshine Terrace. A jernt. Ellison was in New York around the first of the year. Maybe that's when he invited Wilson to visit him."

I said, "Maybe."

"In the old days," Walsh continued conversationally, as though it didn't mean a thing, "Wilson and Ellison didn't play in the same league. Both hustlers, but Ellison was a punk, and Fred Wilson was big time. Funny they should get to be friends so sudden, wasn't it?"

"Was it?"

"Yeah. Lots of things funny about this. For instance, we know for sure that Wilson was sharing Ellison's apartment. But when we cased the place, we didn't find anything of Fred's. You'd almost think he took a fast powder, wouldn't you?"

I said, "I wouldn't know what to think." My next question burst out; it was asked before I could think. "Are you certain Wilson was staying with Ellison?"

"Yeah. We got it straight out of the horse's mouth."

"What horse?"

"A stallion named Rick Mad

If Marty noticed my surprise, comment on it. He continued thing there. Aside from sharing apartment, Fred and Bert didn't one thing in common. They v down in Madigan's black bo looked up from his fingers an eyes. "You know Madigan?"

"I know *of* him. I've been at That's his, isn't it?"

"It's the place he's running always got something. And it out of my territory. This one Strip. That's county. I'm city friendly with Madigan. We h talk. Wilson skipped town ow gan seven thousand fish. Gamb Not collectible legally. Elliso Madigan's girl. That ain't coll gally, either. Rick was mad them. Having Madigan mad a the healthiest thing I know."

I SAID slowly, "If Wilson from Madigan because he money, how could Madigan k away when he got back to Los

"Bright question, Ingram. I it myself. The answer is that son told him."

"Ellison?"

"Yeah. He used to work gan. Wanted to get back in graces. So he double-crossed son. Trotted right to Madigan the dope. Figured maybe R take him back in the fold."

"And—?"

"Madigan sent out a cou hoods and had Fred picked had a real intimate chat. Ma Wilson his choice: the seven th that much worth of hide. W him to wait just a little while. be in the chips—but soon. Tha Rick played it."

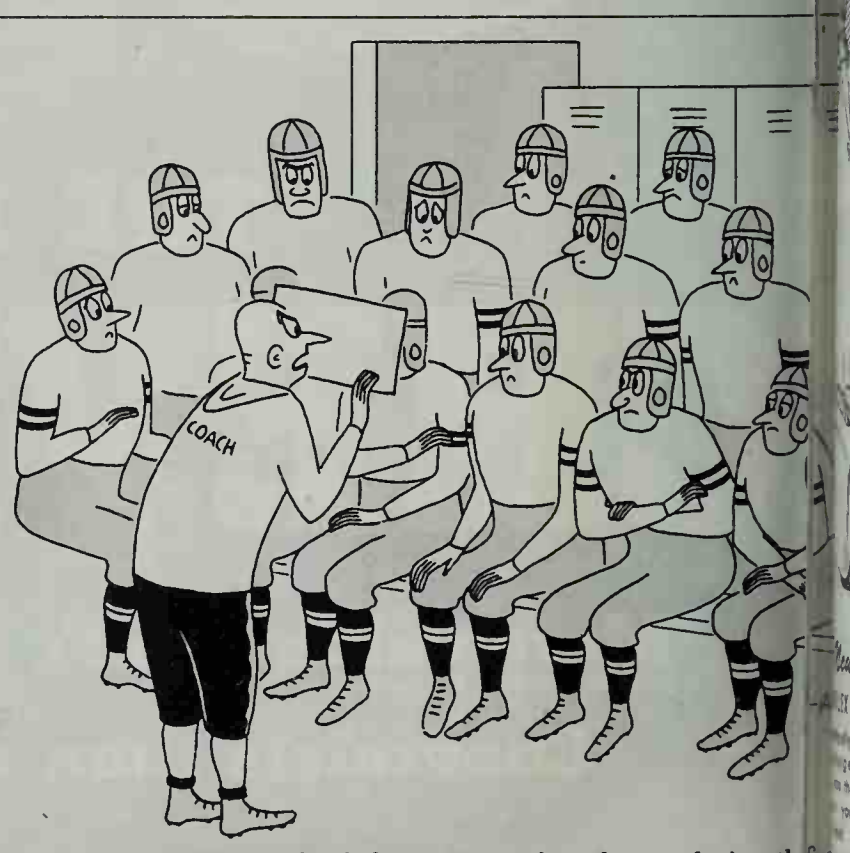
"Did Madigan mention v told Wilson how he knew ab ing in town?"

"What's the difference? Wi have guessed. And if he di sore at Bert Ellison, wouldn't

"That's logical."

"He might even have be he'd take a shot at Ellison an lying on a rug, all full of le grets. Sound reasonable?"

I said it sounded reasonab was the way Marty Walsh w it suited me fine. What he th



"Here's a photo I took of the opponents' goal post during th half. I thought you might be interested in knowing what it look

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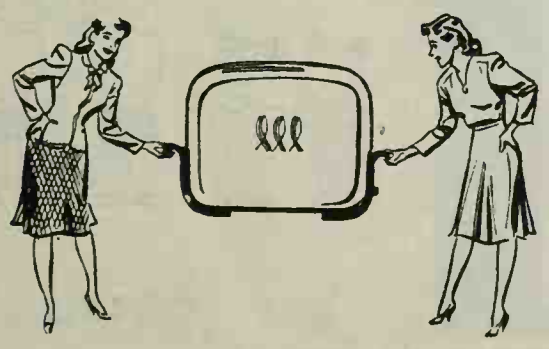

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Fred wasn't going to hurt the guy. Wilson was dead.

"What I don't grab," Walsh was saying, "is how come they went to Miss Rutledge's house."

"Provided they did."

"Bound to. That was Ellison's car we found there. But we didn't find his keys."

"What does that mean?"

"Wilson could have knocked him off and taken the keys so's to get into the apartment. That'd be when he got his things together and took it on the lam."

"Then why didn't he take the car, too?"

"Not a smart lad like Fred Wilson. Too easy to follow."

What was happening I liked and I didn't like. I liked the fact that Walsh didn't suspect that Fred Wilson was dead. I didn't like how much information he had. "You're not sure about any of that, Lieutenant. Why isn't Rick Madigan the logical suspect?"

"He is. Too logical. I don't check him out, but I ain't strong for him, either. He doesn't play rough. Besides, Ellison had just done him a favor. That wouldn't make him love Bert—but it also wouldn't induce him to start throwing lead into him. No, it adds up neat that Fred Wilson found out about the double cross, had Ellison drive him out to the house where it'd be nice and private, and then let him have it."

Of course, Marty Walsh's theory didn't hold water. But that was something I couldn't tell him. I couldn't mention that Fred Wilson was dead.

Suddenly Walsh took another tack. Like a prim schoolteacher quizzing a child, he said, "Did you ever hear of compounding a felony?"

That would have been funny if it had been funny. It was all I'd been thinking of for two days. I said I knew what he meant and asked what it had to do with me.

"Maybe nothing," he said cheerfully. "Maybe something. But my hunch is this: I think Wilson killed Bert Ellison. If he did, that makes him my meat. I also know from Madigan that Wilson was broke. Now, if a guy kills another and plans to do a lot of plain and fancy hiding, he needs dough. There was only one person Wilson could contact with any hope of getting his hands on real money. His wife."

I said, "He didn't."

"How come you know so much so quick?"

"If Jean had heard from Fred, I'd know it."

"That's the way I figured. I believe you do know it."

"You think I'm lying?"

"Yup."

That was my cue to get mad. I didn't take the cue.

"Maybe even Miss Rutledge heard from Fred and didn't tell you. I'm asking you to find out."

"Why?"

"Because we might be able to keep her in the clear. She's a nice g... oughtn't to get pushed around. ... she slipped Fred this money ... knowing anything about Ellison ... she's afraid to talk now for fear ... in a jam. And maybe she's d... play it the wrong way because, ... he's her husband."

I said, "Suppose—"

"Suppose what?"

"Skip it."

He didn't like that. He lea... ward and his eyes got cold. ... me for dumb, aren't you, Ingra...

"No."

"I think yes. Well, I'm not du... too dumb, anyway. And I'm ... as hell. There's an angle to th... understand. I've come here frie... giving you an out. And giving ... ledge a break in case she got mi... something accidentally."

"And I'm sure you're wrong ... beginning."

"Meaning you know som... don't."

"Meaning nothing of the k... trying to protect Miss Rutledge ... noyance."

"Annoyance, he calls it." ... up. He still looked nice, but ... dangerous, too. He said, "Let ... this way, Ingram. If things a... figured, if Wilson got money ... wife so he could make a getaw... he didn't tell her that he'd kill ... —then you pass the news alo... and I'll play sweet. Fair enough?"

I said it was fair enough.

DURING the next two days ... I played a fascinating game ... purposes. I worked overtime ... bolster her morale, only to dis... she was doing the same for me.

We tried to avoid any furth... sion of the things that had ... pening. We'd talked it over f... angle and had come back inv... the starting point.

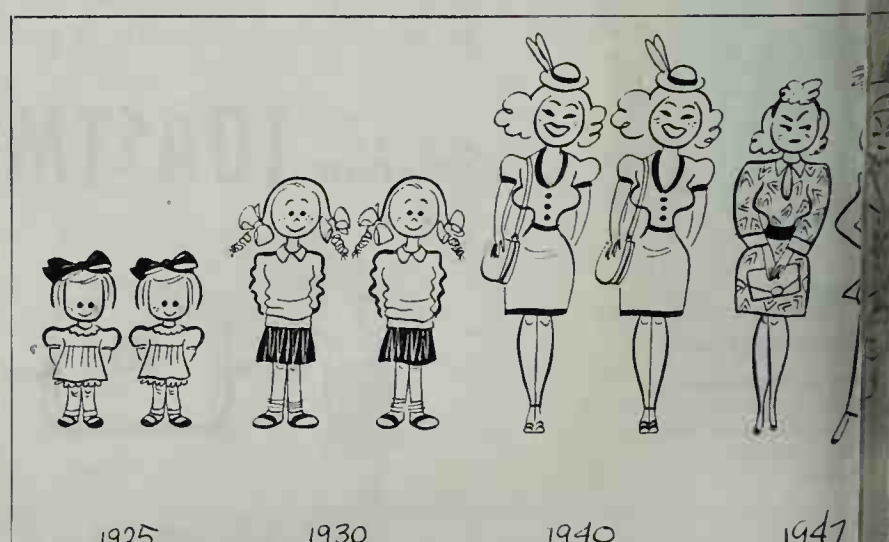
Wherever Fred Wilson had ... he was still there—which wa... ghastly thing to think about. ... widow, was farther away fro... Jean, the legally wedded ... couldn't see anything in the ... trouble. It was whipping me ...

On Saturday I suggested we ... on Rick Madigan that night.

Jean didn't ask why. I was ... shared my belief that Madig... the middle of this thing. I fi... he was capitalizing on his rep ... never playing rough, that he ... degrees smarter than the c... didn't have much to go on. ... Ellison. They didn't know tha... drastic had happened to Fr... So they wouldn't press Madig... that. Maybe I could.

Rick's present club was cal... lito. He'd always been queer ... ish names, which made him al... two thirds of southern Califor...

Getting in was a cinch. Ric...



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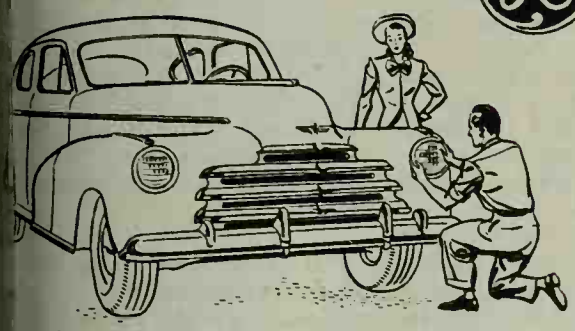

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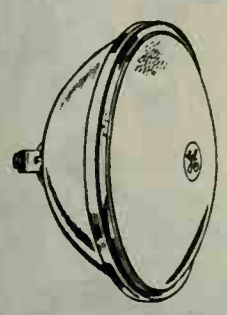

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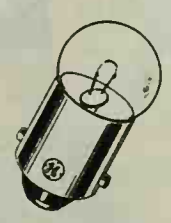

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had always been the wealthier, more successful, picture crowd—mostly ladies and gents who were up high enough so they weren't afflicted with option jitters.

I told Danny where we were going and gave him the general idea. He looked at me quizzically and remarked that Rick Madigan was strong medicine. He didn't figure I'd get very far. I said I didn't think so either.

"In fact," said Danny, "he might fool you. While you're kidding yourself that you're pumping him, he might learn something from you. You're both kind of playing the same game."

I PICKED Jean up at her house at eight o'clock. She looked as pretty as eight dollars' worth of lilacs. Sort of a cocktail dress that you couldn't describe to save your life—if you were a man—but which made you keenly aware of the woman who was wearing it.

The executive producer who'd introduced Jean to the club had telephoned. They had a ringside table reserved, and I got my usual thrill from hearing people say, "That's Jean Rutledge." I missed the customary follow-up which usually was, "Who's the mug with her?" I had long since learned to take that in stride.

The room was expensively and tastefully done. The *décor* didn't slap you down. It was there, and you liked it without bothering to ask why. On the bandstand there was a good orchestra which dished out soothing music. The dinner was excellent.

We took our time, said hello to lots of people, brushed off a few who wanted to perch at our table, or asked us to sit at theirs, and finally I inquired of the headwaiter about the inevitable gambling room. He said he'd find out. He didn't look surprised, but he wasn't giving himself away, either. A few minutes later he returned and said he'd discovered that there was such an adjunct, and would we step right this way. We stepped right that way.

Where Rick Madigan had a club, there you'd find gambling. Heavy gambling. The lid could be on all over Los Angeles County, and you could wager that if one palace of chance was operating, it'd be Rick's.

We watched the play at the dice table for a while. After going through the motions and losing a little, Jean and I backed away from the table. I drifted over to the manager and said that Jean and I would like to see Mr. Madigan. He said he'd see if Mr. Madigan was in. Nobody in that place ever knew anything for sure. They had to check and double-check. Five minutes later he'd made the discovery that Mr. Madigan was in, and two minutes after that we were in Madigan's private office.

I'd heard a lot about Madigan. This was the first time I'd ever met him. He was an interesting character, and not at all what I'd expected, even th was precisely what Danny Sing told me he would be.

He was a huge man: portly wi ing fat, friendly without bein His hair was light brown and s eyes blue, his business suit con his manner suave, his voice an cultured. He said he'd long Jean's work and had wanted to He was very nice to me, just as mattered, too. He waved us and invited us to have a drink.

After the usual conversatio ring, I said, "I suppose you c why we're here."

He didn't duck that one. H a smile and said yes, he could g said he supposed it was becau told Marty Walsh that he'd s Wilson. He looked at Jean wh that, not trying to act cute, but that he was playing it straight a we'd do the same. It was diffic meet the man on his own grou

I said, "You probably know things, Mr. Madigan. In case I want to explain that if Miss were free, she and I would get

"I've heard that," he said gr

"Did Wilson mention it whe he were talking?"

Madigan smiled sweetly. "No—" and left it hanging.

"He said he expected to get portant money pretty soon, d

"Yes."

"Did you believe him?"

"At first, no. Later, yes."

"May I ask what made you

"A hunch. He hinted that about the formation of Olymp inside the structure of the Ma He knew that his wife held a 2 interest, which ought to add u of money."

I said, "Bert Ellison report that Fred was here?"

"Yes. He was a rat who wa get into my good graces again

"Did he succeed?"

"No. I used the informati didn't make me like Ellison a He leaned forward and his came smooth as satin. "But I anything to do with Ellison's ea ther."

THAT brought me up shor me realize that this was a le was dealing with. He was be the punch. He said, "Not bring up a topic which must ful to you, Miss Rutledge, I lieve that your husband kille

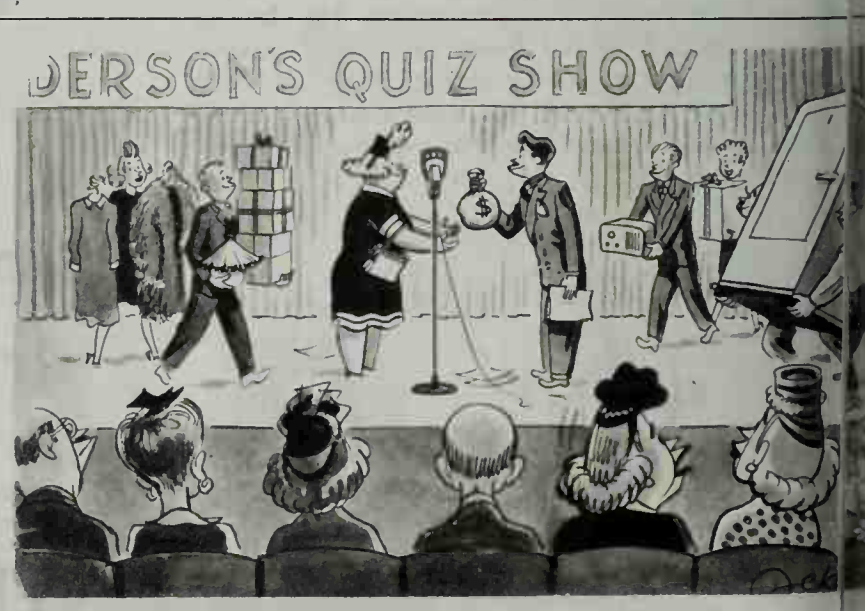
"Why?"

"Because he knew that E tipped me off about his being

"Did you tell Fred that?"

"No. But I gather that o was supposed to know."

I said, "You've been talki Mr. Madigan. May I?"



COLLIER'S

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"Help yourself."

"You didn't like Ellison. You didn't like Fred Wilson. It doesn't hurt you any for Ellison to be dead, and to have Wilson suspected of having killed him."

His eyes didn't waver. He said, "I thought you'd be figuring that way, but it would have suited me much better for Wilson to remain right here, where I could get my hands on him. He owed me seven thousand dollars. As things stand now, I'll have to kiss it goodby."

"The police believe that version," I said. "I'm afraid I can't go for it all the way."

"Perhaps," he suggested gently, "Miss Rutledge knows more about that than I do."

"What gives you such a crazy idea?"

"It isn't entirely crazy, Mr. Ingram. I could say it was natural that a husband would get in touch with his wife—particularly so charming a wife as Miss Rutledge. There'd be double reason if he was planning to extort a large sum of money from her. Want me to go on?"

I nodded.

"One thing has occurred to me that evidently didn't impress the police too much. It seems odd that the very day after Fred Wilson got to Los Angeles, Miss Rutledge decided to sell or rent a house which had been vacant for years. It seems even more coincidental that she should send her fiancé out to take inventory. Not the day before, not the day after. Just that one day."

JEAN stepped in. She said, "Just what are you thinking, Mr. Madigan?"

"No hard feelings, Miss Rutledge?"

"I promise."

"My guess would be that Fred got in touch with you, that he made his pitch for some money, that he learned about Bert Ellison double-crossing him, and that he had a quarrel with Ellison and killed him. Nothing premeditated—I don't think Fred was the type. But he did have a violent temper, as you probably know. And if I must go on, I'd say that he probably told you what had happened and got money from you to get away with."

He let that sink in. Then he turned to me. "You're very fond of Miss Rutledge," he continued smoothly. "Maybe you know that what I've said is the truth, maybe you don't. In any event, you'd go all out trying to protect her from being involved as an accessory after the fact. You've decided that you will try to put me on the spot. I'm a logical suspect because of the past relationship between Bert Ellison and myself. Do we understand each other now, Mr. Ingram?"

"Yes."

"Permit me, then, to give you a friendly word of advice. I didn't kill Ellison or have him killed. I didn't know that Fred Wilson was going to do it, or where he's hiding now. It would be most annoying for me to be involved in this. I think we'd all be better off if I keep my nose out of your affairs, and you do me the same favor."

I said, "That sounds like a threat."

"I wouldn't be so foolish as to threaten a man of your caliber, Mr. Ingram. And I'm sure you have no intention of threatening me."

"I'm not in a position to threaten," I said quietly. "But I don't believe that you've told us all you know."

"And you intend to continue probing?"

"Until I'm satisfied—yes."

"It's not always wise to persist in the wrong course."

I said, "Thanks for the advice. I'll think it over."

"Good. And any time I can be of service—"

He walked to the door with us, and held it open in a graceful, courtly fashion which somehow did not seem out of place in so huge a man.

We left the place and clambered into my car. We rode through the Strip and continued out Sunset through Beverly Hills. I said, "What do you make of him, Jean?"

She said, "He frightens me. He's too sure of himself. Too logical."

"All I can say is that if Madigan had anything to do with those murders, he's playing it the smartest possible way."

She said hesitantly, "What he said about motives—"

"He was telling us only what we already know, what we must have deduced. He told the police only what they were certain to find out."

Jean said, "Do you think he knows that Fred is dead?"

"My guess isn't worth a dime. But if he does know, then he's the man we want."

She put her hand over mine. "I wish you wouldn't fool with him, sweetheart. He's dangerous."

"I'm supposed to say I don't scare easy. I won't say it, because it isn't true. One good, loud *Boo* right now and I'd jump out of the car. But I'm over a barrel, honey. So are you. We can't drop things where they are."

I swung into Jean's driveway and parked the car there. We got out.

There was a hedge on that side, a six-foot hedge between her property and the vacant lot next door.

A shadow emerged from behind that hedge and stepped into the glare of the headlights. He was smaller than a mountain, but only slightly. He had a battered, scarred face and he looked mean. His voice matched the face. My first thought was Rick Madigan. Then it struck me that this man could've been sent by Madigan. We had gone straight home, and he probably would have had time to beat us.

The man said, in a harsh, rasping voice, "Miss Rutledge?"

"Yes."

"I gotta talk to you. It's important."

I shoved forward. I was sore because there didn't seem to be anything else to do. I said, "What do you want to talk to Miss Rutledge about?"

His answer flattened me. He said, "About her husband. Fred Wilson. I know all about him."

THE world was full of surprises. They jumped at me from unexpected places. It began to look as though Jean and Fred Wilson and I didn't have more privacy than three goldfish in a bowl.

I said, "What about Miss Rutledge's husband?"

He looked at me with an expression which definitely could not be interpreted as admiration. He asked, "Who and what are you, and where do you fit in?"

"I'm a friend of Miss Rutledge's."

"So what I gotta say is for you. You can go on home."

Jean and I looked at each other. I said, "We'll all go inside."

I took Jean's arm and led the way. Everything looked okay. Everything except this stranger with the round head and the body of a bull.

We went inside and turned on the lights. Our new-found friend removed his hat, which surprised me. He looked around the lovely living room and said, "Some jernt." Neither Jean nor I said anything.

"Do we sit down," asked the stranger, "or do we talk standin' up?"

Jean nodded toward a chair. It was a big blue-and-gray affair, and the man more than filled it. He stretched out his thick legs, picked a cigarette from a packet, lighted it and inhaled deeply.

I said, "Let's have it."

He looked at me with amusement and said, "Keep your shirt on, sister. I ain't goin' nowhere. Not yet."

Jean took it from there. She said, "Have you got a name?"

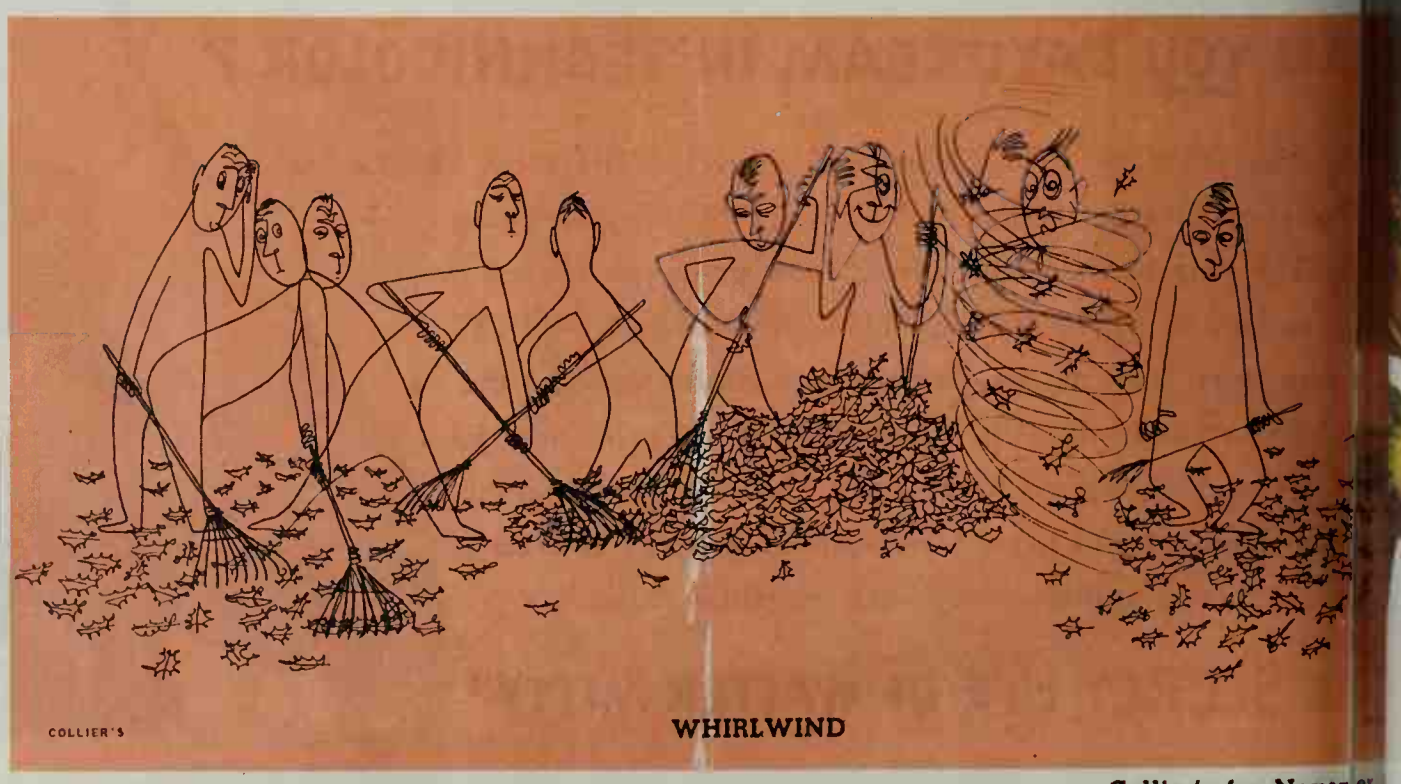
He grinned. There were a couple of teeth missing, which didn't make him look beautiful. He said, "Sure, I got a name. Fact is, I got a lot of names. Right now I'm Gus Ackerman."

Jean said, "What name are you using now?"

"For you, lady, I'll give the name. I'm Gus Ackerman."

Gus Ackerman. It didn't mean anything. I could see, too, that it hadn't meant anything with Jean.

She was playing this beautifully. Much better than I was. She said, "You mentioned my husband. What about him?"



COLLIER'S

WHIRLWIND

Would she love you with a beard?

styles repeat themselves, there's a chance ou may grow a beard equal to this old- ards were in their hey-day in 1858 when Corby's came to Canada. A swing to llowed Colonial days of clean shaving.

1885 **You might** spend your morning in a mustache-curling parlor, if mustaches were the rage again. The name Corby's was 27 years old in Canada when barber shops reached their full glory. Look at those fancy shaving mugs!

1906 **The safety** razor turned the tide back to clean shaving. And how the whiskers came off! A 50-year period of whisker popularity neared an end (to the joy of wives everywhere) as the name Corby's reached 48 years of fame in Canada.

1947 **You're one** man in ten if you wear whiskers today. Some self-styled experts say beards are coming back. But you'll probably pause and consider before dashing out for a mustache cup. *But don't hesitate to ask for Corby's* . . . the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Light, sociable Corby's is a great mixer—a welcome thought for highballs. Call for Corby's by name.

CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

Handsomely styled with a flair for smartness, Massagic Shoes are easy on the eyes. And they assure the luxury of easy-going comfort with their patented built-in resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

WEYENBERG
MASSAGIC
Air Cushion Shoes

He won't change from shoes to slippers—because he's enjoying Massagic Comfort.

He grinned again. "You wouldn't be knowing, would you?"

"Knowing what?"

"All about Fred."

"I have no idea what you mean."

"Then leave me remind you." He was silent for a moment as though wrestling with an idea and not doing very well. Then he said slowly, "Suppose I mention the time. About 1:30 P.M.—maybe two o'clock—on Tuesday, January twenty-first."

I winced. That was the day, almost the minute, when Jean and I had discovered the body of Fred Wilson. Ackerman said, "Mean anything to you?"

"No." Jean looked at me. It was a signal to take over.

I said, "What do you want, Ackerman?"

"Who said I wanted anything?"

"You didn't come out here just for the fun of it."

"You're the bright lad, ain't you?"

"No. If I were, I'd have called the police long ago."

"I take it back, sonny. You ain't smart or you wouldn't have said that. You know why? Because you know I know you wouldn't call no law. Nor neither Miss Rutledge wouldn't."

"What gives you that idea?"

"So I'm wrong. So you call 'em. Who's stopping you?"

THIS wasn't getting us anywhere. I changed tactics. I said, "You know Rick Madigan?"

He shook his head. His eyes looked blank. "I heard of the guy. But I don't know him."

"Have you seen him tonight?"

"Hah! What would a small-timer like me be doing with Madigan?"

I said, "Miss Rutledge doesn't like to be annoyed. How much would it be worth to you not to bother her any more?"

"*That,* huh? You think of the damnedest things. I ain't even mentioned money. All I've mentioned is Fred Wilson and that setup in Monterey Canyon. Maybe I could also pitch in the name of Bert Ellison. That's for free."

"What's this all about?"

"Nothin'. I'm telling you, is all. Givin' you something to chew over." He hoisted himself out of the chair. "I'll be driftin'. Nice to of met you, the both of you."

He started for the door. I went with him. He wasn't much taller than I, but he was about twice my size. "Ex-pug?" I asked.

"Yeah. Wrastler, too. Thinkin' of startin' somethin'?"

"No."

"Maybe you got brains, after all." He opened the door and waved a huge, grimy paw. "Be seein' you," he said.

I motioned to Jean to stay where she was. I separated two of the slats in the Venetian blind of the corner window and watched Mr. Gus Ackerman. He walked to San Vicente and stood at the curb. He didn't look back once. After a while, a big red bus came along. He signaled it to a halt and clambered in. The bus rolled off toward Wilshire.

I took my hand away from the blind and turned back to Jean. She was sitting rigidly, looking tiny and beautiful and frightened. I said, with a gruesome attempt at humor, "Fred must have sold tickets to the affair. It looks as though all of Hollywood was there."

"Do you suppose that he—?"

"I don't think so, honey. If he had killed Fred, he wouldn't have had the guts to come here."

"He obviously knows all about it."

"I'm afraid so. How or why he happened to be there, I wouldn't know. But I'd say he didn't actually have anything to do with it."

"What does he want?"

"Money, probably."

"But he didn't say . . ."

"I mean big money, Jean. He looks stupid, but that's not the way he played it. He handled it smart. Convincing us he knew about the jam we're in. Hinting that he could play with us or against us."

"What does that mean?"

"Let's presume he saw what really happened. In that case, he knows who killed Fred and Ellison. He knows that we had nothing to do with it. He may be the one person in the world—aside from the killer himself—who could clear things up for us. By letting it simmer for a while, he figures you'll be an easier touch than if he made his pitch now."

Jean said, "And if he wanted to work against us?"

"He could tip off the police to part of the facts: that we found the body, that we lied to them."

She said, "You're evading. You're not sure he wasn't mixed up in the killings. I have a feeling that he was."

She had read my mind, all right. I was sorry she had, because if that theory happened to be correct, Jean was hemmed in by a lot of danger.

I brought up the subject of a private detective. Someone we could trust, and who could also act as a bodyguard. Then I vetoed the idea and she asked why.

"Because," I explained, "the kind of man we'd need—the sort of man you could trust with the whole truth—wouldn't play ball. Private detectives can't fool around with murder. That belongs to the police."

She said, "You think I'm in personal, physical danger, don't you, Bruce?"

"I don't know—" This was ticklish, and I picked my words carefully. "From Ackerman, probably not. Not right now, anyway. He's building up to a demand for big money. It might be useful to cultivate him. He can't be as keen as he sounded. We know that he apparently knows as much as we do. But he probably knows even more than that. I'd like to trick it out of him."

She made a quick gesture of protest. "You mustn't," she said quickly. "He's dangerous. Let's leave well enough alone. Promise."

I said I'd think it over.

WE TOOK a long time saying good night. Once again I offered to stay in the guest room, and again Jean said no. Tonight the maid was in her room, and Jean insisted that she wasn't frightened. I knew that wasn't true. But she had courage. I was afraid she had too much courage for her own good.

I carried the mess home with me, and thought about it most of the night and all the next day. Nothing unusual happened. It wasn't until the day after that that Mr. Ackerman came into the picture again.

Jean telephoned me from the studio in the late afternoon. She talked guardedly, referring to Ackerman merely as the gentleman who had called on her two nights previously. I asked what about him.

"He telephoned me this afternoon. Just chatted. Repeated that he didn't want anything."

"What did you do?"

"Arnold Travis was on the lot. I told him what had happened."

"Good."

"Arnold said he'd do some investigating. I just heard from him. The man is an ex-convict. He served a term in San Quentin for felonious assault. The police think he's been guilty of other crimes, but they've never convicted him except just that once."

"That's all?"

"Yes—" The way she left that hanging told me that there was more. I said, "Let's have it, sweetheart. What else did Arnold say?"

"He said"—she hesitated, then finished in a rush—"he said that this fellow is supposed to be bad medicine. He said we should both be very careful."

A small convertible of ancient vintage

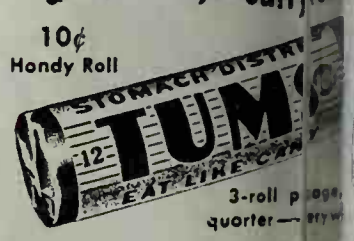
"When A... Indigestio... tries to cr... our act, v... take TUM...

"YES," says Cost...
"never any question ab... on first with relief. It'...

Sure, Tums are always ... handy, so dependable ... acid indigestion strikes! ... or two tasty Tums not onl... ize excess acid almost in... Tums also coat the stom... protective medication, s... more prolonged. Tums s... stomach, relieve gas, ... and that bloated feeling in ... No soda in Tums—no ra..., ... alkali—so no risk of ov... ing and irritating your ... stomach. No mixing or ti... either—Tums are easy t... candy mints. And when ... sleep because of acid up..., ... count sheep—count on ... a good night's rest. Ge... Tums for the tummy. Not... *dier,* nothing *surer,* nothi...

Night and day, at h... away, always carry ...

10¢
Handy Roll



3-roll p... quarter—...

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a l... laxative, use mild, dependable, all ... (Nature's Remedy). Caution: Ta... only ... rected. Get a 25¢ box to...

San Vicente Boulevard, made
U-turn at Twenty-sixth Street,
ck again and screeched to a
nt of the office of Ingram and
Real Estate and Insurance.
ey got out, slammed the door,
o my office, waved her hand
Hiya, chum?"
med shorter and dumpier than
r clothes looked as though
thrown on and didn't belong.
sn't at the right angle, but she
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—not only because her job at
time was standing between
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was on the ball. Everything
ad happened in Hollywood,
that was happening, every-
was going to happen—Vera

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lked the length of the room
gain. She said, "Then it's got
unk that was found dead in
house. Though why he
et her, I don't figure. She
had never even heard of him
before, and she hadn't been to the house since Jumbo was a pup."

She seated herself abruptly and crossed a pair of legs which were amazingly shapely for a woman of her build. She said, "I don't dig it, Bruce. Jean's in the middle of something. I think you know, and I had hoped you'd help. But maybe you don't know. Anyway, I'm paid to learn the score when something worries our little starlet. In case you don't know it, Miss Rutledge is worth—conservatively—ten million dollars to Magna. The big shots at the studio don't want ten million dollars to have troubles. I'm trying to help. I'm paid to. I'll keep right on trying."

I said, "Look, Vera—why not let well enough alone?"

"If you haven't any better clichés than that, I'm not buying. It isn't well enough and I'm not letting it alone. And the very fact that you made the suggestion proves that you know more than you're telling."

I shrugged. "She'll snap out of it. I'm sure she will."

"Okay, stupe. But, one way or another, I'm going to find out. 'By."

I watched her climb into the car, slam it into gear and shoot away. She was keen, that gal, and I was afraid that she'd delve too deep and yet not deep enough.

THE day dragged. I took Jean out to dinner that night, and talked with her about Vera. Her mind was made up in advance. She told me that she knew Vera suspected something was wrong, and that she trusted her, but that she didn't want to drag her into it. Too many people knew already.

Jean wanted me to hold her tight after I got her home. For a little while, I think we forgot our troubles. I felt that nothing would ever intrude on our happiness. I was so sure that I didn't even have a premonition when the telephone rang, and kept on ringing.

We broke the clinch. Jean had two telephones, one in the den and the other in her bedroom. She went to the one in the den. She said, "Hello," and then said, "Who? Who is it?" I didn't like the way she said that. It was a different voice, a voice that had fear in it.

The balance of her end of the conversation made less than no sense. I walked into the hall and asked her in sign language whether it would be a good idea for me to listen in on the bedroom extension. She shook her head no. She said, "Yes—" two or three times into the transmitter and then: "Why not here?" After that came, "Yes—within a half hour— Yes—"

I heard a click from the other end. Jean sat there holding the receiver. Then

"My, how you must dread Halloween!" HANK KETCHAM

This will drive some scientists crazy!

IN THESE NEW ARROW "*Shadoshade*" ties our designers have done something pretty baffling.

They've created a design (try and solve it, Mr. Scientist) which *seems* to throw a shadow—a real live shadow that moves as your tie moves, *even when you're in the shade.*

In solid colors and a *wide variety* of highly colored stripes, these handsome Arrows are made of a royal rayon with a neat trick of its own—a *special wrinkle-resistant* lining!

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Look for the Arrow Trade-mark

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MT. ROCK COATS

They fit!

HAVE YOU ALWAYS HATED YOURSELF IN A COAT? I HAVE. GR-R-R-R!

Until this year I don't honestly think I've ever had a coat that really fit.

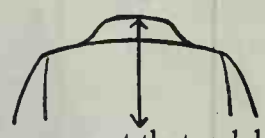
I've looked in mirrors and in store window reflections (yes, we men do that, too) and there was my collar yapping out behind . . . and my lapels bulging out in front, showing my suit underneath. And my "skirt" hiked up in front, and slapping me behind.

Why has it taken somebody 20 centuries to learn how to make coats to fit males?

Thank Heaven, MT. ROCK got the idea.

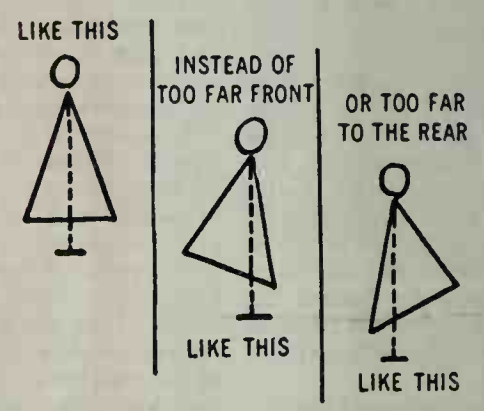
They found that about 10 new measurements would do it. For instance, they increased the width from here to here:

This helped defeat lapel bulge.



Then they increased the depth from here to here: This helps prevent that gulch in your collar at the back of your neck.

Then they made the coat to hang perfectly on the shoulders, so that you stand in the middle. And six or eight



other engineering ideas that give the world the first (as far as I know) painless coat.

These coats are called MT. ROCK —and for the first time in my life I don't feel like a yokel in my coat.

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

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Albion, N. Y.—SAMMET'S STORE, INC.
Allentown, Pa.—KOCH BROS.
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Amherst, Mass.—THOMAS F. WALSH
Amsterdam, N. Y.—SOCHIN'S
Ann Arbor, Mich.—FIEGEL'S
Asbury Park, N. J.—SHUTT'S CLOTHIERS
Asheville, N. C.—M. V. MOORE & CO.
Ashland, Ky.—YOUNGDALE'S MEN'S SHOP
Ashtabula, Ohio—HEATH & WOOD
Atchison, Kansas—GEORGE H. FALTER
Atlanta, Ga.—PARKS-CHAMBERS
Atlantic City, N. J.—ALGAR & COMPANY
Auburn, N. Y.—MARSHALL'S CLOTHING STORE
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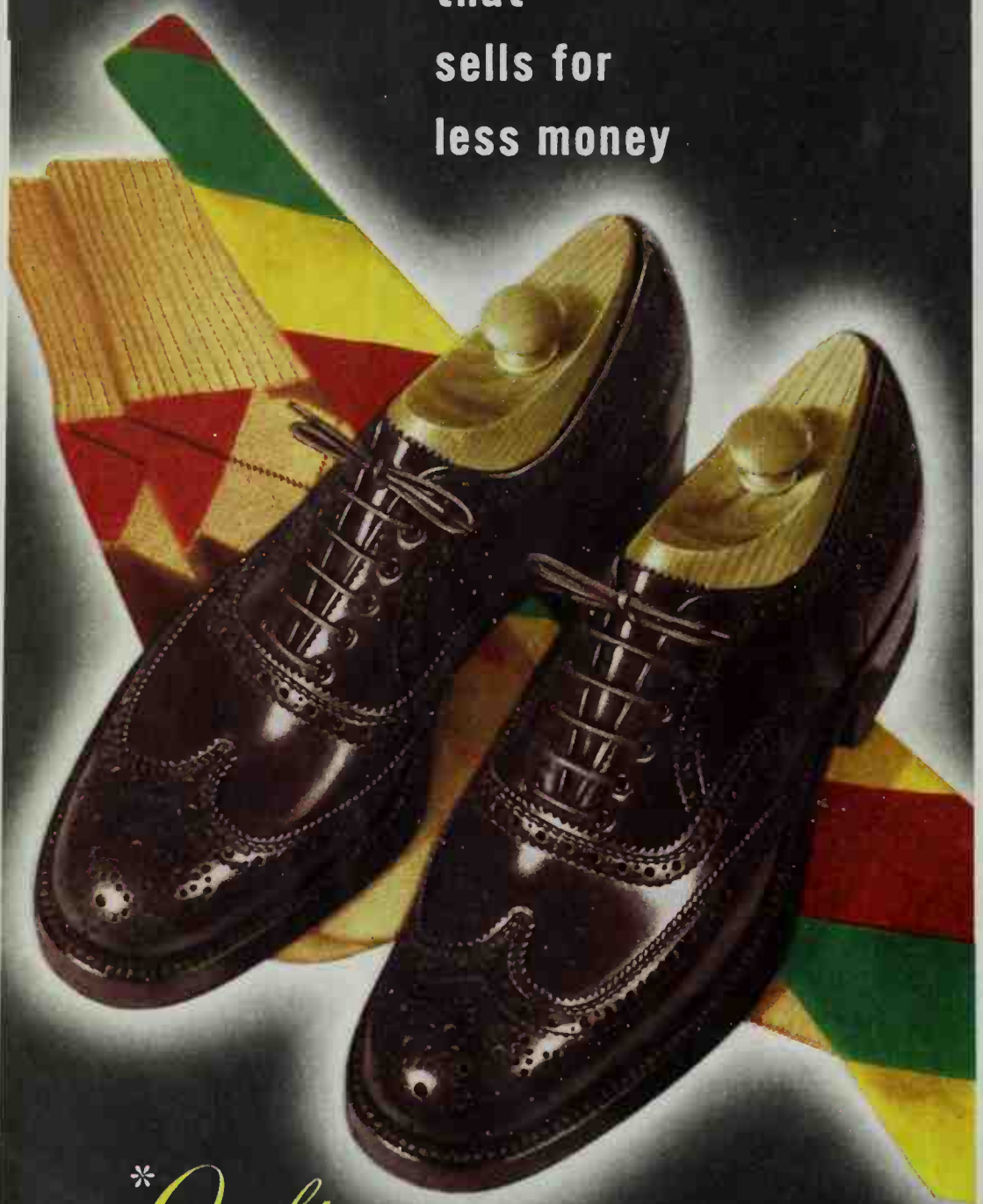

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she put it back on the cradle and got up. Her face was white. She walked past me and into the living room. She sat on the couch and I dropped beside her. I put my arm around her and held her close. She didn't seem to know I was doing it. I said, as gently as possible, "What is it, honey?"

She whispered, in a tiny voice, "I'm scared, darling."

"Tell me about it."

She said, "That phone call. It was a man—"

"Who?"

"He said—" She hesitated, and then let me have both barrels: "He said it was Fred."

It hit me hard. I thought maybe she'd made a mistake. This was carrying the fantastic too far. I said, "Lots of men are named Fred," and she said, "He repeated it. He said, 'Fred Wilson. Your husband.' "

OTHER things that had happened had been incredible. But there had been some sort of pattern, some logic, however grotesque. This didn't make sense any way you looked at it.

Fred Wilson was dead. Completely, absolutely, utterly, permanently dead. We both knew that. We had seen him. We had felt for a pulse that wasn't there, had listened for the breathing which had been stilled forever. His personal effects had been delivered to Jean's house and were now hidden in my garage.

I asked, "Did he sound like Fred?"

"I couldn't say. That is, he didn't sound like Fred—but the voice was obviously disguised. As though he were talking through a handkerchief. Something like that."

"If you didn't know that Fred was dead, could you believe it was his voice?"

"I couldn't be sure it wasn't."

I said, "It might have been that man Ackerman."

"Yes— But I don't know—"

"What did he want?"

"He was insistent. He says he's at the Monterey Canyon house. He wants me to come there right away. Alone."

"And if you don't—?"

"He said, 'You don't believe this is Fred. Well, it is. And if you know what's good for you, you'll get here fast.' Suppose Fred really wasn't dead when we saw him?"

"But he *was*. You're way off base, sweetheart. I know a dead man when I see one."

She said, "I'm going, Bruce. Foolish or sensible, I don't know. But I've got to find out."

"I'll go with you." I knew what she was about to say, so I forestalled her. "Take your car. I'll hide in Anybody watching will thi alone. Whoever it is, you c him. If things go smoothly, there's any trouble, I'll be the

She didn't argue. Just n went out to the garage and cl the back of her car. I crou on the floor. She came out got behind the wheel.

The night was dark, with rain. The Santa Monica looked high and black and Cars whirled at us out of th headlights blindingly bright. the traffic there was an im utter desolation: hills rising p on one side of the road, cliff sharply away on the other sid

All the way out, I talked was an odd conversation—m down on the floor, Jean d looking around, answering monosyllables.

I didn't say much, really. because I didn't know what t any more than I knew wh None of the pieces fitted. people knew too much. P coming from too many angle

I thought about calling i even at this late date, of tak myself. But I knew that v healthy. If I talked, I'd hav the way. That would pitch into the middle.

Now it could be a murd perhaps one which could stick. Even if they concentr the smallest role Jean wou pelled to play would be that I knew the idea was bad thought of it. The more I worse it got.

WE WERE approachin I spoke softly from my able place on the floor. I s your window open, sweethe thing happens that shouldn't

We swung off the highway little bridge that spanned th rolled up the driveway to space. My angle of vision I could see only the dark of the house, and the tops with the mountain rising patio. I didn't like what I s like the feel of it. I was so c Jean that I forgot to be frigh

Jean was superb. She g car and slammed the door see her, but I could hear he the gravel. Then I heard h marveled at its steadiness. "Fred!" then waited a few repeated.

COLLIER'S

"Honest, dear, I'm still at the bar"

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No answer. I heard her moving closer to the house, heard her call again and again. Still no answer. No sign or sound of life. Just gloom under an overcast sky, just a lonely house crouching against an ugly mountain.

I heard her walking on the veranda. I heard the rattle of keys and the opening of the front door. I heard her call from inside, her voice sounding muffled. I was tight as a drum, not knowing what to expect, but expecting it every second.

She continued to walk around. To call. It went on forever. Maybe fifteen minutes. Then she came back to the car and climbed into the driver's seat. She honked the horn three times, and I almost jumped out of my skin. She waited. No sound.

I said I'd go look. She told me to wait. She got out and went to the house again. More of the calling routine, more silence. More than a half hour had passed. Oddly enough, I felt a sense of relief. The thing began to take shape as another move in a campaign to frighten her. I figured someone was planning to put the bite on her, and wanted to make it big.

I thought something else, too. I remembered another visit to this house: a visit when we'd found Fred Wilson lying dead in the living room. Maybe that act was due for an encore. It couldn't be Fred. No matter how persistent or resilient a man is, he doesn't get murdered twice. But somebody else, perhaps—

How long we waited, I'll never know. It seemed forever. Then Jean said, "Looks like a washout, Bruce."

I agreed. But in the back of my mind lurked that other idea. I didn't tell her what I was thinking. I told her to stay in the car, and said I'd take a look around. I didn't know what I was looking for, but I wasn't going to be surprised if I found it.

Women have a lot more natural courage than men. Approaching that house, walking inside, I was shaking so I could hardly stand. It was incredible that Jean had been able to do it. It was the uncertainty, the inaction, the black mountain frowning down on me, the knowledge that two murders already had been committed in this house.

I went inside. I felt around in the dark and then turned on the lights. Nothing. I walked all through the house. Still nothing. Not even another corpse.

I snapped off the lights, went back on the porch and closed the front door. I could see the car, and Jean sitting tensely at the wheel. I signaled her to hold it, and started on a tour of the grounds.

The front lawn and garden didn't offer much. Back of the house there was a huge patio. It was dark and lonely.

I looked everywhere. I walked to the extreme rear of the lot. There was an opening in the hedge. I went through.

That was a mistake.

I KNEW it was a mistake before I'd taken two steps. I heard a grunt. A deep, masculine grunt. A pair of unbelievably powerful arms wrapped around me.

I fought, but it didn't buy me anything. I tried to remember all the tricks they'd taught me in the Army. Dirty fighting. I might as well have thrown puff balls at a brick wall.

I was thinking all the time. Whoever was holding me meant business. He'd hidden out patiently to assure himself that Jean was alone. He probably had been certain that she wouldn't be. He had taken no chances.

Maybe he'd been waiting to kill her. I couldn't figure why, but that's how it could have been.

I kicked at the groin. I butted. An angry grunt was the only answer I got.

Then suddenly the bearlike grip was relaxed. If it hadn't been for Jean sitting out there in the car, I'd have tried to run. Instead I stepped in, and kicked. I kicked hard.

My foot didn't land anywhere. But something else did.

Something crashed against the side of my head. A weapon, not a fist. No fist could have hit that hard.

For a split second I saw beautiful, vivid flashes—yellow, orange, purple.

Then I went out like a light.

I OPENED my eyes. I was lying on a bed. My head hurt, and I was still scared. Then I saw Jean, and I quit feeling frightened, and felt like a dope, instead. Hot protector I was. Slapped down by someone I hadn't even seen, someone who could have gone from me to Jean and made a thorough job of it.

I had difficulty getting my eyes focused. When I finally succeeded, I figured this must be a convention. Jean was there, of course, and with her were Danny Singleton, Arnold Travis and a genial heavy-set fellow named Tommy Hanson. He was an M.D. and a friend of mine. He grinned down at me and remarked that it was lucky my head was solid bone. He helped me to my feet, and after the room stopped spinning, I discovered that I could still navigate.

We were in some room of the Monterey Canyon house. I asked whether they had found anybody, and Danny said no, they hadn't. That didn't surprise me. Danny and Arnold helped me downstairs and shoved me into the former's car. I said I wanted to ride with Jean, but they weren't having any. There were four cars, and we started back along the Canyon road, looking like a funeral procession. We were headed for the duplex I shared with Danny, and this looked like a good time to talk. I said, "I'm glad you got Tommy Hanson."

Danny said, "That's what we figured. Tommy won't say anything." He favored me with a twisted grin. "You sure manage to project yourself into the damnedest messes, Bruce."

"Yeah; you'd think I'd learn, but I don't."

He said, "What happened? Jean told us as much as she knew. Up to the point where you didn't come back to the car and she went hunting. Found you lying back of the hedge. Thought you were dead. She telephoned me and I phoned Arnold. We got out here in nothing flat."

I gave him the story. It made me sound a little silly, no matter how I angled it. Looking for trouble, but not expecting it. Stepping through a hedge with my guard down. I said, "The guy was strong as an ox. I couldn't move." I took another course. "Did Jean tell you anything about a lad named Gus Ackerman?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"I think that's who it was. This Ackerman says he used to be a wrestler."

Danny said, "Try again, baby. It wasn't Ackerman."

"Says who?"

"Says Arnold Travis. He got my call at his office. I told him what Jean had said over the phone. He got the Ackerman idea, too, and before coming out, he dropped in at some lousy beer joint where ex-pugs hang out. Ackerman was there. He had been there for a couple of hours."

I said, "I wish it had been Ackerman."

"Why?"

"Because if that's who it was, then I'd figure it was all part of a shakedown scheme, and no real harm was intended. If it were somebody else—"

"I get it." Danny's face was grave. "You think maybe—"

"It wasn't Fred Wilson," I said. "That's the one thing I'm a hundred per cent sure of. Whoever it was knows a lot of answers. He used Fred's name to decoy Jean out there. He played cagey, being sure she wouldn't go alone—which she didn't. But suppose she had?"

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id quietly, "Why would any-
kill Jean?"
hat I'm trying to find out."
attempt to kid me out of the
oth knew that this night's
been staged for fun.
?" I asked. "He could hire
."
. But I wouldn't bet on it."
lot more talking. It didn't
here except home. Danny
side, and got me undressed
into bed. Then he called
rnold. Arnold had been
und the refrigerator and
with an ice cap which he
ny new bump.

LD a conference. We tossed
ll around, but it wasn't any
I said, "This is getting too
. It's time to tell the cops."
hree looked at me. Nobody
. I said irritably, "What's
hat idea?" and Danny said,
ice."

too deep. You and Jean
be indicted for murder, and
torney would pin your ears

bleadingly at Arnold, and
ree with that?"
. "I'm afraid so, Bruce. I'm
act that Jean's career would
he scandal. That isn't im-
more. But a murder rap
uch fun."
thing to do with it. Neither

d believe you? Even if you
ourself—which would be
ible—they'd have you for
e law, for concealing ma-
e in a murder case, for—
e use? They've got you
ed up, and ready for the

someone killed Fred and

vis said, "That's the job
ur hands, Bruce. To find
nd why. We've got to learn
also be able to prove it.
cops won't like you, but
ck your teeth in, either.
n't move in on them until
hem all the answers."
don't want you involved,

he answered grimly. "I
yself in. I've been con-
ce, too."
have told you," she said.
hould. It started simply,
l at the top of a big hill.
Bruce did at the beginning
was logical. I think I'd have done the same thing. From that time on, you haven't had any choice."

"Avalanche," murmured Danny. "A damn' avalanche."

I again aired my pet suspicions. It was agreed that it was physically impossible for tonight's party to have been staged by Gus Ackerman. Neither Danny nor Arnold seemed to take the Madigan idea too seriously.

Jean was sitting beside me. She was holding my head, and every so often she'd lean over and adjust the ice bag, which was relieving the pain a little, but also reminding me how dopey I looked. She glanced at Arnold and said, "Why don't you drop the whole thing? We'll forget we ever told you."

He shook his head. "I'm your lawyer, Jean. It's up to me to protect you. And I'm neither chivalrous nor altruistic. Putting it bluntly: You're my meal ticket. You're my most important client. I wouldn't want anything to happen to you."

I brought up the subject of Jean once more. I said I was afraid for her to stay alone at her house. I offered to stay there, and so did Danny, but Jean turned thumbs down on all our suggestions.

"I'm not stubborn," she insisted. "And I'm not being brave. I'm thoroughly frightened. For myself, for Bruce, for Danny—and even for Arnold. But I don't believe anyone wants to kill me—which is what all of you are thinking. I believe our only chance is to give the murderer a chance to approach me. That way we might learn something."

"And we might not," mourned Danny.

"In which case, we're no worse off. Anyway, I'm continuing just as I've been doing. I'm not going to crack up." She put her hand on my cheek, and her voice wasn't quite steady. She spoke *to* the others and *at* me. "I happen to be in love with this character," she said. "Maybe that's why the most important thing in the world to me is getting things cleared up. As things stand now, I don't see any future. I'm a widow. But I can't prove it. I also can't marry the man I want to marry—"

Her voice broke. I felt torn up inside.

"And one more thing," said Jean. "I don't want a bodyguard. If this person wants to contact me, I want the route left clear. He'd know about any protector you might wish on me. That'd keep him off. Then we really wouldn't have a chance."

It was after two o'clock when we broke up. Arnold and Danny walked out of the room discreetly, leaving Jean and me alone. I beckoned to her. I said, "Did you really mean it, honey?"

"Mean what?"

"About wanting to marry me?"

Her eyes were misty. She bent over me, and pressed her lips against mine—hard. She held it for a long time. She jumped up and went to the door. She turned then, and smiled at me.

"I want that more than anything in the world," she said. "Remember that, darling." . . .

Two mornings after my rendezvous with the unknown who had slugged me at the Monterey Canyon house, I drifted casually into the office. I didn't have anything on my mind—not even the headache which had plagued me all the previous day.

Helen was typing up some insurance forms. She said, "Good morning," and there was a gleam in her eye. As though she knew something I didn't know—which gave her plenty of latitude, at that.

I looked in on Danny. He was doing nothing industriously. He had the gleam, too. I said, "What goes on around here?"

He motioned for me to close the door. I closed it. He favored me with his nice, crooked grin and said, "What have you got that I haven't got?"

"Troubles."

"I don't mean that. I mean, in the way of sex appeal. Why are you so attractive to beautiful women? How come you mow 'em down without even meeting 'em?"

"Double-talk," I said. "What's it mean?"

"In yonder." He jerked his head in the general direction of my office. "A gorgeous creature." He described a figure eight with two hands. "Like that. She wants to buy a house. She wants to buy it from Mr. Bruce Ingram. Not from Ingram and Singleton. From you."

"So—?"

"I worked on her. I projected my youthful charm and sunny personality. I struck attitudes. I was graceful, sympathetic and witty. It didn't buy me anything. She wants you."

"Can I help it if I'm ravishing? She in my office?"

"Uh-huh. Fairly sizzling. And it isn't just the itch for real estate, either."

He waved at me, and I walked out of his office and across the reception room without looking at Helen. I went into my office and closed the door. Then I tried to look surprised and succeeded better than I had expected to.

MY VISITOR was relaxed in a leather club chair. She was dark and vivid and she had beautiful legs which she obviously didn't mind displaying. She was puffing a cigarette and I caught a glimpse of sultry black eyes through the thin haze of fragrant smoke. She said, with a rising inflection, "Mr. Ingram—?" Her voice was husky and intimate. She uncrossed her legs and got up.

She was wearing some sort of a simple beige outfit which was in keeping with the warm, sunshiny weather. It was a suit, and under the jacket was a shirtwaist of a brown shade so light that you'd think it was white, provided you thought about costumes at all. Me, I didn't. I was thinking of what was wearing the outfit. Now I understood the gleams in the eyes of my partner and my employee. If this creature had insisted on me, they had a right to gleam. I felt pretty cocky.

She was wearing one glove. She gave me the other hand. It was a nice hand. The grip was firm and just a thought more than friendly. This, I didn't get. I possess the customary masculine ego, but I don't kid myself. This wasn't happenstance. It was calculated. Why, I couldn't guess. At the moment, I wasn't even trying.

The husky voice said, "I'm Mimi Fowler. I've recently moved here from New York. I'm interested in buying a home."

I said that was nice. I made a few stereotyped remarks about southern

"Now let's see what the good old instruction manual has to say about automatic tops!" FRITZ WILKINSON

"Look, Joe," he says, as he watches me reline his brakes. "Isn't all brake lining the same?"

"Not quite," I answer. "For example, Grizzly Brake Lining is an exclusive, asbestos-friction compound, molded on a strong wire grid back. There are plenty of other features too, but what's most important is the way Grizzly gives better braking action to both 'Big Foot' and 'Little Foot' drivers."

"How's that?" he asks.

"Just this," I reply. "The many fine Grizzly features assure superior brake performance in the largest trucks down to the smallest passenger cars. Women, as well as men, find Grizzly gives them quick, smooth, sure stops with a 'soft' pedal."

"Well," he grins, "if the quality of your work equals Grizzly's quality, I'll be satisfied."

"Don't worry," I assure him. "Grizzly and I make a combination that satisfies every time!"

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LITTLE FOOT
both share equally in Grizzly's superior all-around performance. Remember—for smooth, easy stops and amazing freedom from adjustment, reline with Grizzly.
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Here come tastier gin drinks—
Imported Botanicals are the secret

"Wonderful!" people say—when they taste a Martini, Bronx or Rickey made with Hiram Walker's Gin. Yes, the host gets a cheer, but—

To give this grand gin its tastier goodness, it takes men from many lands—the men who raise our rare IMPORTED BOTANICALS. The tangy *cassia* from China, the fragrant *coriander* from Czechoslovakia—and many other delicate herbs and berries that give Hiram Walker's Gin its superlative flavor.

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HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

I said that there were lots of
es on the market, and asked
e had any preference as to
d what size house she wanted.
ng nice, Mr. Ingram. Not
expensive, but not too small,
ay do quite a bit of entertain-

ny in your family?" I asked.
lyself."
small place . . ."
d in small places all my life.
. Hotels. I want lots of out-

My partner, Mr. Singleton,
ou some lovely places."
at casually, experimentally.
er head and turned the sultry
r direction. "I'd rather have
it, Mr. Ingram."
to ask why, but that didn't
mart. She wouldn't tell me
I was on the ball, maybe I'd
er. She said, "I have a car
I'm renting it."
ne."
we could look at a few
new here. I don't want to
ty decision. If you have

the efficient real-estate sales-
but my book of listings. De-
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ndition, number of rooms,
xes, amount of ground,
e was a sprinkler system.
d over the pages with her
my shoulder. I was acutely
he had drawn her chair close
t her subtle, heady perfume
on me. I had a feeling that
given the business.
d at the pictures, but she
much interested, really. You
n a person is all hot and
out buying a house. This
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ort of politeness, as though
cessary ritual leading up to
ally important.
she preferred the country.
furnished apartment now.
ere just a little while. She
o anybody in southern Cali-
'd been very lonely. That
r too convincingly. A lady
ting look that Mimi carried
t have to be lonely, ever—
oper municipality like Los

d three or four places as
ities. They were far apart:
Valley, one in the Pacific
in Los Feliz, one up near
t added up to a lot of auto-
. I was certain that so far
ouse was concerned, I was
me. But I was even more
ere was something interest-
e approach.
o tackle the Los Feliz place
into my car and I started
a quick glimpse of Danny,
who was watching through the window of his office. He was wearing a derisive smile, and as I rolled down the boulevard, I saw him turn and say something to Helen. I could guess what that something was. Kidding the senior partner.

We looked at a couple of houses. They were nice houses, and I made my conventional sales pitch and she handed me the expected enthusiasm. We were both stalling. It got to be noon, and I suggested that we stop at a drive-in for lunch. She didn't take a tenth of second to say yes.

OVER sandwiches, Mimi Fowler said she couldn't go for either of the houses I'd shown her; she wanted to know whether I didn't have something a little larger, a trifle more isolated. She explained that she craved to commune with nature.

I played dumb. I thought I knew what she was driving at, but I couldn't be sure. Then it came. She said, "There's one house I believe you're handling that I might be interested in." And then she added, as a legitimate client would, "Provided it's not too expensive."

"What house is that, Miss Fowler?"

"Isn't there a place somewhere out in one of the canyons that is owned by Jean Rutledge, the movie star?"

I was set for that. I didn't even blink. This explained why she wanted me. It didn't tell me *what* she wanted. I said, "Yes, we're handling that. But it isn't exactly on the market."

"I thought—"

I said, "You see, something rather unpleasant happened there recently—"

"Yes. I know. They found a man's body. Something like that."

"Exactly like that. I found him."

"I read about it in the paper. I think they said his name was Bert Ellison."

I took an extra large bite of my baked-ham sandwich. She had overplayed her hand. For a visitor to be interested in a movie star's home—that was not unnatural. For her to know a body had been found there—that was in line, too. But for her to remember the name of the man who had been killed: That meant something else entirely.

I said, "Yes. Ellison."

"And they've never solved the mystery, have they?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard anything more about it."

"But surely the police must have some idea."

"They haven't confided in me."

"I'd love to see the house," she said with a burst of false enthusiasm. "From what I've heard about it, I imagine I'd love it. If I did, and if the price was right—maybe you could work on Miss Rutledge to let me have it."

I said okay. I paid the waitress, watched her juggle the trays back to the service gate, and drove toward Monterey Canyon.

"That felt like a lousy move" GEORGE LICHTY

Mimi was stretched out alongside me. She was displaying quite a hunk of nylon, and didn't seem to resent my interest.

This was a new angle, a totally unexpected development. Mimi Fowler might be exactly what she said she was, but I thought different. She'd been leading up to this ever since she'd drifted into the office and insisted on getting my individual attention. I was careful not to question her too closely. I didn't want her to think that I suspected things were not according to Hoyle. What suited me was for her to play her hand. I'd be the spectator.

On the way up the canyon she confided in me that she'd never met a real live movie star. She thought it would be wonderful. Did I think that if she were interested, Miss Rutledge would talk it over with her personally? I said I thought she would. In answer to another question, I admitted that Jean and I were good friends. I neglected to say how good. She said that meeting Jean would give her the thrill of her life. She made that point a half dozen times and squeezed it hard.

We went into the house. Mimi was plenty interested. But not in the house, as such. Room arrangement, furnishings, water heaters, furnaces, kitchen, bathrooms—the things that a woman house hunter usually asks a million questions about, this Fowler dame took in stride.

She made me show her just where I'd found the body of Bert Ellison. She was keenly interested in the furniture in that room, in the rugs even. You'd have thought she was looking for something. She kept up her act with me: I was the original hot-shot. So I played it her way. But I wondered why she was interested, what she was looking for.

WE STAYED there a long time. Much longer than necessary. She said she was almost sold on it. She simply *must* meet Miss Rutledge and talk to her about it. I kept her dangling. This was something I wanted to hold a conference about. It needed a lot of talking over with Jean herself, and with Arnold Travis and Danny Singleton. I promised to let her know, not later than the next day.

Mimi didn't want to see any more houses. This was enough. I could take her back to the office. On the way, she did a little extra special work on me. I couldn't figure how much she knew about Jean and myself, but from the way she was acting I guessed that she didn't know that we were in love with each other. I was flattered by her obvious play for me, and I felt a little silly, too.

Just before we reached the Brentwood area, she did a reprise on the Lonesome theme. Los Angeles was such a big city, so much to do, and nobody to do it with. She gave me to understand that maybe I was the lad who could fill that last requirement. She said suddenly, "There's one place I simply must visit."

"Where's that?"

"A club called El Cielito. I've heard so much about it. They tell me all the celebrities go there."

"Yes. I suppose they do."

"It's run by a man named Rick Madigan, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'd love to meet him, Mr. Ingram. I wonder whether you'd think I was awful if I asked you to take me there. Tonight, maybe?"

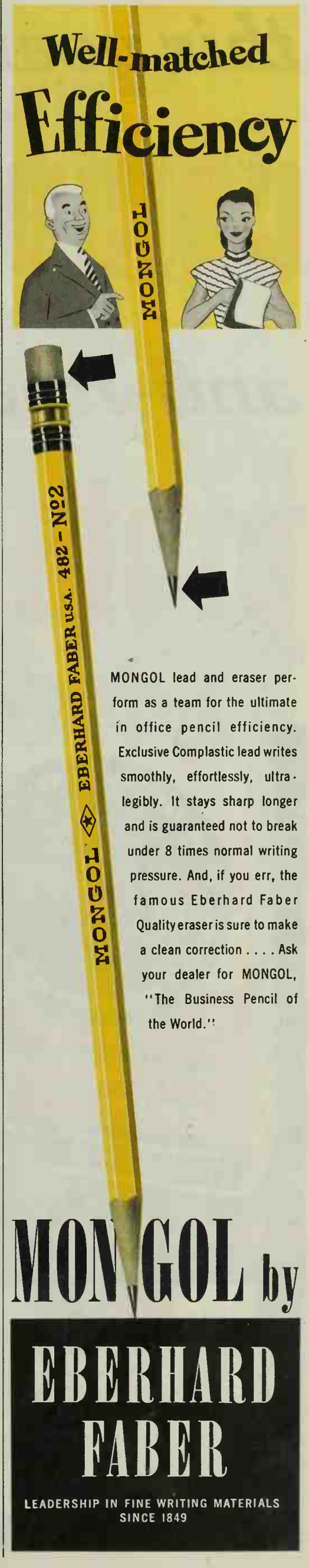
I looked straight ahead. No, I didn't think it was awful. I thought it was frightening.

Jean Rutledge's house. Bert Ellison. Rick Madigan. This Mimi Fowler knew too much. She wanted something. Wanted it bad.

It was my job to find out what.

I made a date to take her to El Cielito that night.

(To be continued next week)



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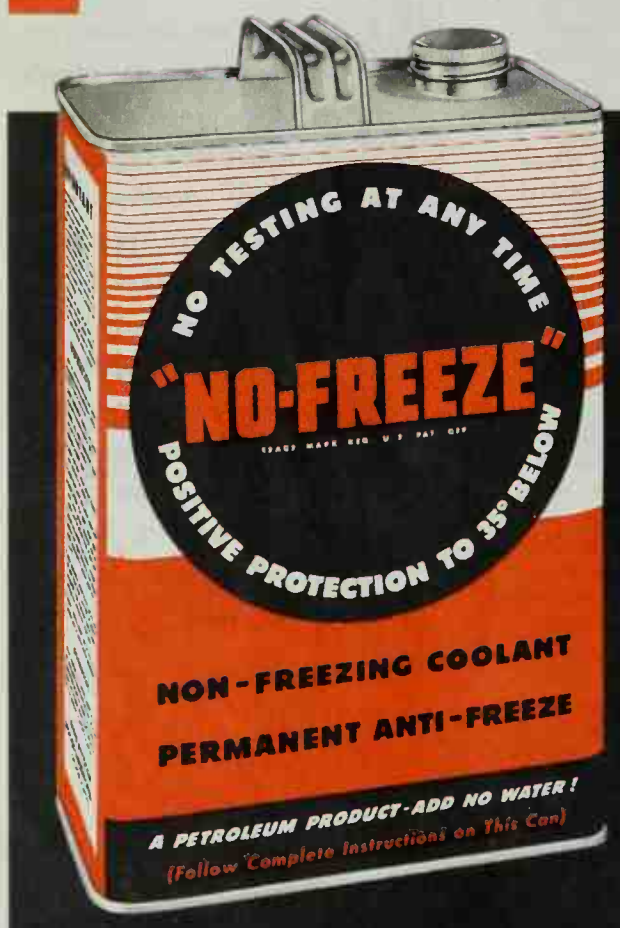

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LET'S GET GERMANY OFF OUR BACK!

Continued from page 17

required for even the most minor transactions, red tape, and paper work barriers at a thousand points to that free flow of materials, men and money which constitutes the very life of healthy trade and a vigorous economy.

Practically the whole apparatus of Schachtism is intact in Germany and has been multiplied many times by the fragmentation of Germany into four zones and twelve *Länder* (provinces) west of the Iron Curtain. Instead of one center of Schachtism in Berlin as in Nazi days, we have sixteen little centers.

IV

Invite the Germans to take part in the Marshall Plan discussions on the needs of Germany.

V

Proceed with the establishment of a central government for western Germany. Simply to hold an election to permit the German people to select their first central government by popular vote, in my opinion, would be a great mistake. The German people are not yet ready. I would therefore recommend that the central government be established by having the Economic Councils that are now representative of the German states, and the officials of the *Landerats* come together in a convention to which should also be sent representatives elected to represent the church, the legal profession and industry. This convention could select personnel to fill the first offices of the central government, but the heads of the military government should have a veto power on these selections. We should also make provision for the approval of this government at a later date by popular elections.

VI

Abandon the Morgenthau concept of a banking system patterned after the Federal Reserve System in America and institute a central bank for western Germany patterned after the central banks of the other countries of Europe.

VII

Provide a new currency for Germany as soon as a central government with a balanced budget is in effect, a central bank functioning and sufficient consumers' goods available to give a new currency purchasing power.

Hard Work Can Conquer Despair

Once a policy along these lines is announced even though it may take months to carry it out, a revolutionary change in the psychology of the Germans will take place and much of their hopelessness will disappear. The German people will go to work again.

Once that is done, we will have made the first effective step to stop the spread of Communism west of the Iron Curtain.

Given a new policy, new organization and new hope in western Germany, it is possible to begin to use food not as a means of relief but as an instrument and an incentive to get production going again.

If food is provided to Germany or Western Europe only on a relief basis, then it is merely pouring dollars down a bottomless rathole with no hope of eventually getting either Germany or the other countries off the back of the American taxpayer.

On the other hand, food can be used as a means of getting these countries eventually to stand on their own feet, fully capable of repaying the loans to America providing America will accept repayment in physical goods.

Let us see why the German has so little incentive to work. First, remember that, on an average, the Germans are living on a diet of 1,200 calories a day. That is one half of the diet of the people of Britain and one third of the [illegible] the people in America. No one [illegible] heavy work and produce on a [illegible] 1,200 calories.

There *is* more to the proble[illegible] ever. An exceptionally able yo[illegible] man technician, with a family [illegible] and one child, gets 300 marks [illegible] take-home pay after social sec[illegible] ductions. He has a No. 2 rat[illegible] entitling him to 2,000 calories [illegible] his wife a No. 3 card entitlin[illegible] 1,550 calories (not much over [illegible] quired to maintain vigorous he[illegible] his child somewhat less but with [illegible] supplementary ration of milk [illegible] In total, say about 5,000 calori[illegible] for the family.

If they manage to obtain on[illegible] cards all the food that pro[illegible] 5,000 calories per day they ca[illegible] alive though not in vigor or h[illegible] the food will cost them amazi[illegible] Bought at the stores at the le[illegible] low prices on the ration car[illegible] cost about 45 marks for the m[illegible]

Shortages Nullify Ration [illegible]

But in practice, the full a[illegible] food stated on the ration card [illegible] available for weeks and mo[illegible] stretch. There are always per[illegible] there is no butter or margarin[illegible] or fish, very little or even n[illegible] In a section of the Ruhr, ver[illegible] potatoes, the biggest item in th[illegible] worker's diet next to bread, [illegible] tainable on the ration cards [illegible] four weeks.

In practice, therefore, this [illegible] able to obtain less than thre[illegible] of the food and calories cal[illegible] the ration cards. That gives [illegible] than half of the calories nutri[illegible] are necessary for health [illegible] Moreover, their diet beco[illegible] mously unbalanced. Fats, p[illegible] protective foods generally be[illegible] items that are most frequentl[illegible] ble, they live excessively on b[illegible]

With an enormous void in [illegible] achs, husband and wife will [illegible] more food in the black market B[illegible] prices are so high that the [illegible] their monthly pay check left ve[illegible] fixed charges are met will not [illegible] to buy a single day's food.

Thus each day it becomes [illegible] ent to the German worker t[illegible] money by working hard a [illegible] lar job is not the way to get o[illegible] discovery is fatal to productio[illegible] to get food is to sell some p[illegible] session at black-market pric[illegible] out to a farmer and barter it [illegible] food at the black-market [illegible] Hence selling or bartering go[illegible] in existence becomes far [illegible] tant than working hard pro[illegible] goods for pay in *Reichsmark* [illegible] also is fatal to production.

Because of this situation [illegible] ommended that dietary expe[illegible] a five-year plan for the Ger[illegible] proceeding gradually from [illegible] orie diet to 2,600 calories. [illegible] cial supplementary food in[illegible] for specialized groups start[illegible] underground miners in the [illegible] recommended that under t[illegible] Plan this basic five-year die[illegible] teed by the other nations. [illegible] United States, on a declinin[illegible] per cent the first year, 80 [illegible] second year, 60 per cent, 40 [illegible] 20 per cent. For a five-yea[illegible] declining guarantee for foo[illegible] about $2,000,000,000.

If, as suggested above, we [illegible] sible for the Germans to [illegible] must then rebuild their p[illegible] pacity and their exports fa[illegible]

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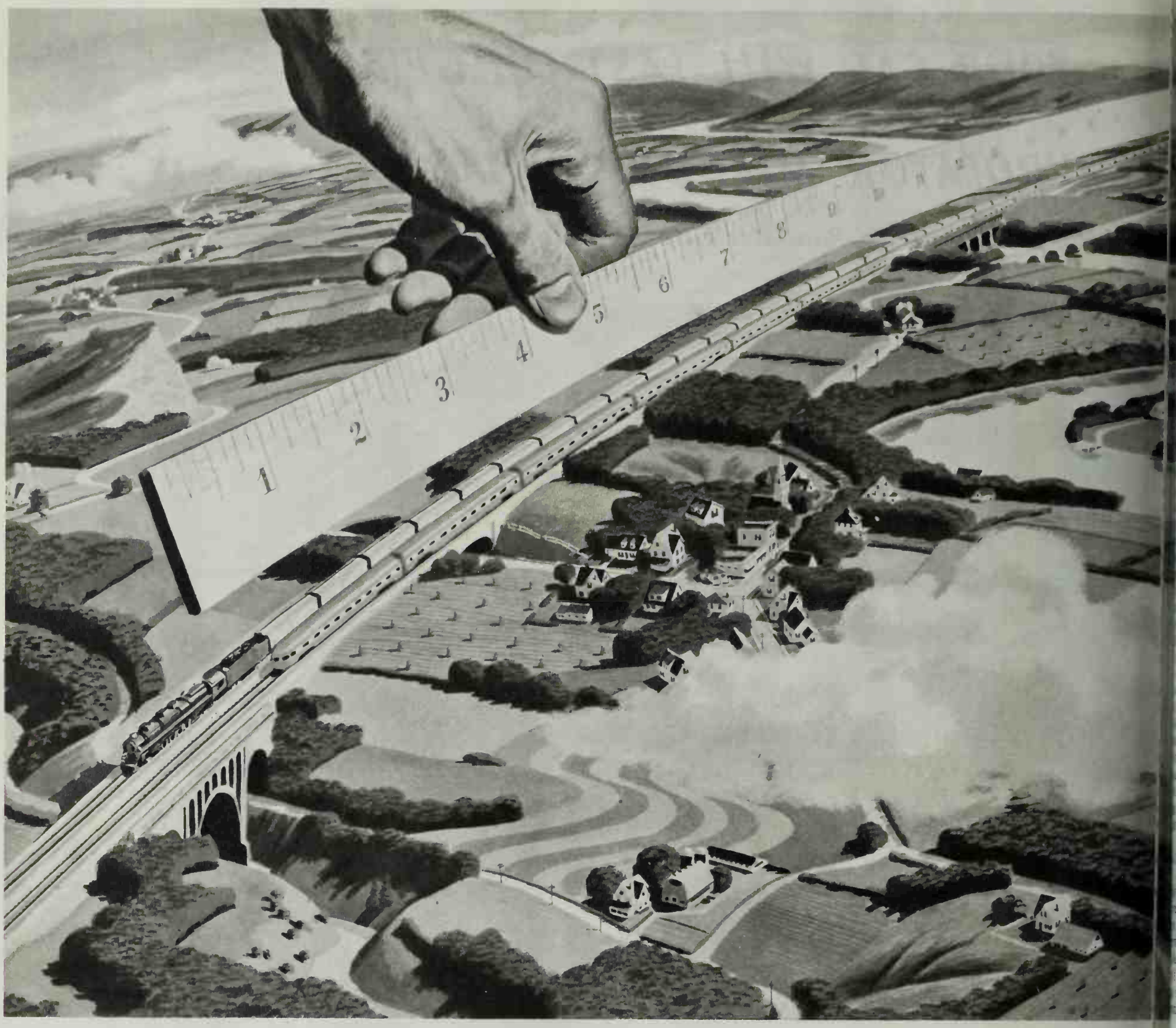

227,000-MILE YARDSTICK

Railroad progress speaks for itself. But it is not *measured* in talk.

It is measured by the exact yardstick of *results* . . . results which show up in better service to the public by all American railroads—227,000 miles of them.

Results in better passenger service:

Railroads were the pioneers in air conditioning. Today practically every passenger car on principal runs is air conditioned. As far back as 1934, railroads introduced streamlined trains. And—although no passenger equipment could be built in the war years—today around 150 of these trains, sleek symbols of modern transportation, cover 100,000 miles every 24 hours. Many more are being built!

Results in more efficient freight service:

The amount of work done each day by the average freight car *practically doubled* between 1926 and 1946. And in the first five months of 1947 it was almost 10% more than in 1946! That's one important reason why railroads are able to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history with fewer freight cars than they have had in many years!

Results in greater safety:

In 1946 collision, derailment, and other train accidents resulted in only one passenger fatality for each 996,000,000 miles traveled! (That's right—almost a *billion* miles!)

These facts are a matter of record. They are practical, down-to-earth yardsticks of railroad progress.

Railroad progress is the product of . . . of much planning . . . of constant s of wide cooperation and the expend ur lions of dollars. And in measuring pg not promises but *results* that count.

TO CONTINUE THIS PROGR

. . . the railroads must earn an adequa in

Over the last 25 years—and that incluc t years—the railroads have earned an era only 3⅔% annually on their net inve nent

Most people think 6% would be no mo ha

And 6% is the minimum the railroads n d a tinue to provide the kind of transportatio ou

Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

e difference in this declining
tee. By the end of five years
port twice as much per cap-
e the war if they are to buy
od. If they wish to have
2,400-calorie diet, they must
l export more.
a closer look at how this
The first step in using food
f getting production would
o Germany meats and other
y foods and put them in the
ores in the Ruhr area.
miners are now producing
of coal a day. There are
0 miners in the Ruhr. Thus
ut per man per day is about
ton. In prewar it was 1.6
per day. For a good many
may not be able for some
more than 1.35 tons. But if
gure could be attained it
a 50 per cent increase in coal
about 345,000 tons per day.
mean 35,000,000 tons more
Germany, and with that a
man industry would get go-

em is how to get it. First
ore rapidly the former Ger-
iners who are prisoners of
in the French mines where
is very low. Second, offer
ound Ruhr miner (of whom
out 170,000) coupons for
coal produced so that for
increase in production he
per cent increase in food
d his family.
l production of the Ruhr is
rate of 66,000,000 tons.
n would provide an annual
y the end of 1948 of 99,-
But immediately such an
roduction is promised, it is
t the transportation system
cannot haul it away from
his is due basically to the
ing of the transportation
the war.

a Haul for Ruhr Coal

tudy of this problem indi-
e real difficulty is that we
g to export 10,000,000 tons
ermany to Russia, France,
Holland, Italy, Belgium and
s of Western Europe by an
ong rail haul. This ties up
ment that is already griev-

each country securing coal
ny in cars that have been
the military governments
od cars and sends back cars
ad repair. This contributes
cycle.
inental fact is that in the
the war, coal was supplied
Great Britain to the large
ope. Not only was Great
argest supplier of coal in
pe, but coal was the basis
atic power.
at Great Britain is no longer
l to Western Europe is one
contributing factors to the
ge with which she is now
ttempting to overcome this
resorting to austerity, na-
Socialism.
ntime, no progress has been
tern Germany in the past
estoration of the industrial
Municipal power plants that
nds of small plants have
g at a small percentage of
to a shortage of coal.
rium could be declared for
5 months on the shipment
00,000 tons of coal out of
revolutionary dynamic
rted into the whole picture
ermany and Western Eu-
e 10,000,000 tons of coal
rd from Germany could be
a yr or 15 months within Ger-
many, the restoration of not only Germany but of Western Europe could be assured.

The only way, however, that this moratorium on the export of coal from Germany can take place is for the countries of Western Europe to be again supplied by coal from Great Britain.

The leaders of all factions in Great Britain recognize that coal is the very crux of their recovery problem. Yet because the coal industry and the coal miners have presented such a critical problem for so many years, the leaders of Great Britain are reluctant to face this issue. They are trying everything except offering direct incentives to get the miners to dig the coal again in the quantities that they produced in the years before the war.

Labor Government Dodges Issue

For two years the Labor government has been avoiding the main issue of the necessity of digging and exporting coal, while using the proceeds of the American loan to buy food supplies that could have been bought in part, at least, with coal if they had gone to work and dug it.

The simple fact is that more and more austerity, while necessary, now only tends to push Great Britain further down in a depression cycle. Austerity cannot take the place of production. As long as Great Britain does not dig and export coal, more loans are simply continuing Great Britain on the American dole, and the British people do not like or want that.

Thirty million tons of coal exported from Great Britain at current obtainable prices would almost close the gap that now exists between Britain's imports and exports. It would go a long way toward curing the dollar shortage that is now the crux of the crisis in Great Britain. With coal, Britain could buy a large portion of her food and raw material requirements.

Great Britain has the coal. She has the barges with which to haul it. She has the miners with whom to dig the coal. The miners themselves, I am assured, would dig the coal if they were given incentives. They can be given such incentives. But offering the miner added incentives to produce extra coal would, of course, be contrary to the Socialistic conception of equality. But if the Socialists continue to insist on an equality of misery they are going to have an increasing amount of misery.

The "soft Socialist" states of Western Europe, including England, are frankly experiments, almost certain to evolve into something else, as they rest on the false assumption that men will work hard without either strong compulsions or strong incentives. Thus, in England, the new crisis measures contemplate (or profess to contemplate) sharply increased production and 40 per cent more exports than before the war, while at the same time offering the people less food, less consumers' goods and less forms of enjoyment. In other words, the British state demands more production but offers less inducements.

Can America afford to underwrite these Socialist states that have neither the inducements nor the disciplines of the well-tried capitalist system nor the iron disciplines of the police state?

If we do, what may happen may well be that we will be pouring our money into a sink that has no bottom. This report has taken one sector, the coal industry, and recommended increased production through the real incentive of increased food and consumers' goods tied directly to output. Should we not insist that American economic support of European states be based on the establishment of an economic system that rests on hard work resulting from genuine incentives tied to output and backed up by a discipline that ties the very possession of a food ration card to output?

It seems to me that we face two alter-

your teeth
deserve
this
scientific
toothbrush

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror
to reach more places

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...WHAT Light Weight

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natives in Europe: The soft Socialist states will either go through crisis after crisis, each requiring new controls and new compulsions, to the full length of the police state, finally replacing the enormously weakened money incentive almost entirely with physical compulsions, thereby reverting wholly to serfdom and slavery; or—goaded by American pressure, if we are wise—they will, step by step as fast as realities permit, drastically alter and deflate the enormous and complicated system of rationing, allocations, controls, etc., and revert to capitalistic incentives even though the terminology remains Socialistic. Thus Russia, faced with low output, introduced "Stakhanovism," which is none other than the good old capitalistic piece-rate system and smells the same even though called a Communist rose.

But to get back to particulars, the fact remains that if America must supply an added loan to Great Britain or help through the Marshall Plan in the way of food and raw materials to alleviate Great Britain's crisis, then Britain's contribution to the Marshall Plan and recovery of Western Europe should be to dig and export coal and to postpone further nationalization of industry until she can accomplish it at her own expense and not at the expense of the American taxpayer.

When I went into Germany to study the problem of German recovery, I expected that the answer would be found in Germany. But as my studies developed, it became amazingly clear that the crux of the recovery problem of Germany and Western Europe lay in the digging and exporting of coal by Great Britain.

It is also perfectly clear that America cannot continue indefinitely its relief loans to Europe. Yet we must take prompt and vigorous action to prevent the spread of Communism west of the Iron Curtain; and the only way to do this is to help Western Europe and Great Britain to get industrial production going and the standard of living rising.

Without question in Germany, and perhaps in Great Britain, it will be necessary to make additional supplies of food available on a declining basis. But this food supply should be made available only on condition that it be used as an incentive to get production going and not merely for relief. It is my definite recommendation that the American Congress stipulate some such plan as this as a condition for the appropriation of funds for the Marshall Plan.

Facts Kept from British People

Even if Great Britain digs and exports coal as outlined, she will still need some additional loans to buy supplementary food and raw materials. In my opinion, the people of Great Britain have not yet been told the truth about the extent of the austerity program required if there is no additional help forthcoming for Great Britain under the Marshall Plan.

It is not in the basic interests of America or of the world that Great Britain should be permitted to fall or, under excessive austerity, to delay her economic recovery.

But it is also clear that unless Great Britain is willing to dig and export coal as her contribution to the recovery of Western Europe under the Marshall Plan, further loans and help from America would not accomplish the objective of recovery.

Even if the cost is several billion dollars a year for the next five years in the form of loans, I believe that if these loans are intelligently made, not as relief but as an incentive to get production, that they can be repaid.

Repayment should not be expected until after five years, during which Western Europe would have a chance to get on a self-supporting basis.

The problem of repayment of these loans to America presents the same transfer problem that confronted us in World War I and World War II. But there is and can be a difference.

Some of the loans required under this program can be made from the International Bank and can be repaid to the International Bank. Some of the loans can be made by private investment bankers and repaid through the normal channels of foreign trade over future years.

But the bulk of these loans will have to be repaid through the transfer of physical goods from other countries to America.

The reduction of tariff walls would go a long way to make possible the repayment of these loans. So far, the program has not accomplished a great deal.

Our Congress might consider a new plan to permit a generalized quota of imports, duty free, up to 10 per cent of the physical quantities of the production of any American industry now having a protective or prohibitive tariff.

Would Not Injure Our Economy

Over a period of years, such a moderate importation would not be destructive of either American industry or American labor, and over a long period of years would permit the repayment of these loans advanced now for reconstruction.

Another method of repayment that should be considered by the American Congress is to make some of these loans for the reconstruction of Europe through our Export-Import Bank and then accept payment in the years to come in the kind of goods that can be used in our own relief programs. This would minimize the taxes levied internally to meet relief requirements.

In effect it would mean paying out American credit now to bring relief to Western Europe and Great Britain and later accepting goods manufactured in Europe that could be used for relief work in the United States.

To stop the march of Communism beyond the Iron Curtain may require another five years of intelligent and constructive help from America. But this help should be made as an inc production—as a means of hel ple to help themselves through ization, small but competent, c seeing that the basic principles lowed and the desired results It should have sufficient autho details so that they can meet requirements that will inevitabl under a five-year program of

Russia's Policy: Wait and

The inevitable question ari what Russia will do in the face constructive plan of action for struction of Western Europe. considered opinion that Russi go to war. Her policy is to w that America will fail to take that England will not dig co France and the other countrie ern Europe will fail to get tog plan of action.

If we fail to integrate our ac did for the invasion of Weste it is my opinion that Russia her hopes—that we fail in W rope and that this failure will an economic depression of portions not only in Western the British Empire but in t States as well. The cost of su sion will, in my opinion, be gr end than the cost of preventi

I do not know whether w collective intelligence or the promptly enough to minimize cession. But I believe that ou of avoiding these consequenc leaders of our government an mittees of Congress to act w most promptness in develop that can be submitted to a sp of Congress this fall.

THE END

Next week, Collier's will pub of two important articles by eign correspondent, Sigrid porting on the German pe —their progress and lack toward democratization, t ground activities, their opera nection with American occup

"I don't know any of these tribal legends, but I can tel you some good stories about my hitch in the Marine

COLLIER'S

Our coach forgot a rule!

"YOU GOTTA KNOW ALL THE RULES," I reminded our high school coach the other day, "if you expect your team to win."

"It's the same way with your car," I said, "from the way it looks and runs, you're playing a losing game."

When he asked what I meant, I told him, "You call me your Doctor of Motors and expect me to make sure that your car gives you trouble-free, economical transportation. If you make it a rule to come in regularly, I can spot little troubles before they get big and costly."

Well, I fixed his car—ground the valves, replaced the gaskets, put in Perfect Circle Piston Rings to stop her oil pumping, tuned her up—and from the way he smiled you could tell he felt like he had another winner.

Then, he agreed that it was just plain common sense to bring his car in for regular checkups—that he would make it his No. 1 car rule and never forget it again.

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Your Doctor of Motors restores power . . . saves gas . . . saves oil with . . .

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 23

summing up their conversation. "It gave me deep satisfaction," he said, "to find while with you yesterday that out of the depth of your understanding sympathy with Hitler's victims you welcome the proposal which is now before the State and Treasury Departments."

F.D.R. forwarded the letter to me, and I sent it to Hull with a note reaffirming the Treasury's approval of the proposal.

Hull replied in like spirit. "Any view that this would make funds available to the enemy," he said flatly, "is not correct; the funds would remain blocked in Switzerland until the end of the war."

Everything now looked clear, and I relaxed. But I could not have been more mistaken. Months passed without action. It was not till late September that the State Department cabled to Switzerland the Treasury's clearance of the financial phases of the evacuation program. Harrison replied that, in accordance with standing instructions, he had referred the license to the British Legation, which would not concur without specific advice from London.

It took the State Department 17 more days to get back a cable to Harrison saying that Washington had carefully considered all eventualities and desired him to issue the license. But by now the British Ministry of Economic Warfare wanted to take the matter up in Washington. Harrison requested specific instructions as to whether he should proceed without the British.

Inhuman Herding of Children

The license was still held up. Meanwhile the news from Europe was increasingly depressing. Cables from Bern disclosed, for example, that 4,000 children, between the ages of two and fourteen, had been taken from their parents in France and deported in sealed trains, locked in windowless boxcars, sixty to a car, without adult escort, without food, water or hygienic provisions. We gritted our teeth and kept putting on all the pressure we could.

But the worst was still to come. On December 17, 1943, the State Department received a cable from London quoting a Ministry of Economic Warfare letter to the embassy. The Foreign Office, this letter said, is concerned with the difficulty of disposing of any considerable number of Jews should they be released from enemy territory. For reason they are reluctant even to a of the preliminary financial ar ments—though these were now ac ble to the Ministry of Economic W The letter was a satanic combinat British chill and diplomatic doub cold and correct and adding u sentence of death.

After the months of excuses, po ments and sabotage, this callou munication came as a climax. We if this impeccable and immovab ance of the foreign offices was mined to stand forever between and the hapless thousands behi ler's walls. The British Foreign was only living up to its reputat we had now come to believe that State Department, through the p of its cables on the subject, was signaling its own indifference whole "Treasury" project.

John Pehle, the hard-hitting Foreign Funds Control, put it thr a staff meeting:

"This file is full of State Dep cables which are full of little like the Treasury wants this, the ury desires you to do this, and th ury this, and the Treasury th Harrison, unless he is just a du can see through that." Pehle sum up: "State is, in effect, saying (only) *what the Treasury wants do.*"

The morning after we receiv copy of the Foreign Office letter a long staff meeting at the Treasu conclusion was unanimous: The had dragged on too long; now w put the issue directly to Cordell H if necessary, to the President. T heartsick, I telephoned Hull—th Saturday—told him what I w talk about, and made an appoin see him on the following Monda

On December 20th Pehle an over to the State Department. with me a Treasury memorandu ing out that the British position beyond the concrete issue unde sion. "If it prevails, it means should give up trying to rescue enemy territory."

Hull and Assistant Secretary ec ridge Long were waiting for Secretary looked tired and wor

"You don't see beams like that nowadays!"

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lment to your guests
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. . . their unequaled slip and resilience in play! Be sure
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NO FREEZE...
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Give your car the same fine protection they give theirs. One shot of "Prestone" anti-freeze. That's all. And that's enough . . . because one shot lasts all winter! The weather can shoot up or plunge down —"Prestone" anti-freeze won't boil away . . . you're safe and *you know it!* That peace of mind alone would be worth a higher price, but *the price has not gone up!* It's still the same as *before* the war!

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sensitive to the criticism that eveled against the State De- eemed anxious to please. Be- ld start to present our case, ed that he had studied the ca- Vinant and had already sent a

ed me a pink sheet of paper. l at his best, rejecting com- forcibly the British position. ly seen such strong language mmunications with an ally. message has been "read with nt," Hull said, and the State t is "unable to agree with the w set forth." The "philosophy s "incompatible with the pol- United States government and usly expressed British policy en understood by us." Then hat he had ordered Harrison long-awaited Foreign Funds Riegner on December 18th— ense the Treasury and Secre- d favored five months before. ly five months of tearing our was finally producing results course, by the shocking Brit- which had proved too much l's Tennessee temper.

se, the people down the line these things," Hull explained, r his own genuine outrage at und. "When I don't know . I just can't handle them. e line they just don't under- things. . . . You just sort of things out if you want to ne."

y of Cable 354 Revived

a propitious time to clear tery about cable 354, which y now refused several times So I sprung it on them. sly attached no significance est for a copy of 354 and, ong, asked him to see to it. e up to me as we were leav- he would like a minute with He realized that there was a among underlings in both , he said, and he was par- bled about rumors of anti- the State Department. Vell, also, since we are being u might as well know that n has grown in the Treasury ing in the State Department e as expressed in that cable n about the Foreign Office; difference."

ested. He said he hoped our could work together.

Breck," I said, "the United erica was created as a refuge who were persecuted the starting with Plymouth. . . . he concept of the United s Secretary of the Treasury dred and thirty-five million n carrying this out."

l, "Well, my concept of a place of refuge for perse- is just the same."

ghted to hear it," I said.

ent, the problem seemed to trol. "But the tragic thing," easury staff later, "is that— is thing could have been bruary."

time State sent over a copy But the cross reference to ble of January 21st (the no- gave 354 its meaning) was knew our case was not yet ld Long over the phone that understand the paraphrase had asked Randolph Paul, ounsel, to get a copy of the e as it was sent. Paul fol- with the State Department. we were shown a mimeo- y of the cable, which did fer to the earlier cable. Our complete.

y 12, 1944, Hull and I had another conference. We spent the first 45 minutes discussing Argentina, on which the Secretary was well briefed. Then we turned to the refugee question. Looking harassed and weary, Hull did not seem to be well informed as to what was going on. When I said I would like to be introduced to the head of the visa division and the political adviser on refugees, both of whom were in the room, Hull simply looked bewildered. He did not know which they were.

Our talk was consequently inconclusive. But Hull's heart was in the right place. He agreed with me vigorously as I remarked, "When you go through this record for the last year and a half, it is one of the most shocking matters."

It was time to go to F.D.R. I made an appointment with him for Sunday morning, January 16th. Then I sat down and prepared a highly confidential document which I called my "Personal Report to the President."

Paul and Pehle accompanied me to the White House on that all-important Sunday. The President skimmed through the report, then listened soberly to us.

The report pulled no punches. It charged that certain State Department officials:

1. Utterly failed to "prevent the extermination of Jews in German-controlled Europe."

2. Hid their "gross procrastination" behind such window dressing as "intergovernmental organizations to survey the whole refugee problem."

3. Suppressed, for two months, reports to the State Department on German atrocities after publication of similar reports had "intensified" public pressure for action.

The last paragraph expressed the Treasury's profound conviction. "The matter of rescuing the Jews from extermination is filled with difficulties. Only a fervent will to accomplish, backed by persistent and untiring effort, can succeed where time is so precious."

The President was sympathetic. He knew that Mrs. Roosevelt and Marshall Field had been frustrated for months in their effort to get entrance permits from the State Department for 5,000 refugee children. He suggested that Secretary of War Stimson be placed on the proposed board. And he urged us to bring in Ed Stettinius, the new Undersecretary of State. Then he gave us his blessing.

Later that afternoon the three of us from the Treasury met with Stettinius. Pehle gave Stettinius the cold facts. Stettinius said he was not much surprised.

On Tuesday, Rosenman reported that he had cleared the special committee with the Secretary of State.

"Hull wanted to send for Breck Long," Rosenman said, "but I told him I didn't think that would be helpful."

On January 22d the President announced the establishment of the War Refugee Board. The State Department's responsibility for refugees was now transferred to Board members—to the Secretaries of State, Treasury and War. The actual work of finding havens for as many as possible of the tortured millions in Europe was the job of the board's executive director. The President wanted a big name for this post. My own candidate was Wendell Willkie; but when I suggested to the White House that he was a man worth building up, one of the President's secretaries observed acidly, "I think he has had all the build-up he has coming to him on that trip." Meanwhile John Pehle was made acting director. He moved ahead with such speed that all soon agreed he should be named regular director.

At the first board meeting, Hull kept insisting, "One thing I want is, I want this out of the State Department. I want it outside."

I congratulated him on the magnificent cable he had sent all embassies instructing them to co-operate with WRB.

Quick as a flash, Hull turned to me and said, "What you mean is you are congratulating yourself."

Stimson laughed, "That is better than throwing brickbats at each other, anyway."

The President was very much pleased with the way Pehle lit into the problem. On March 7, 1944, he talked to me about the ultimate destination of the refugees.

"What I am trying to get the English to do is this," he said. "They don't want to change the White Paper, but I want to get them to say publicly, if I am successful through the Refugee Committee in bringing any Jews out of Europe, (that) they will let them go to Palestine. . . . I want them to mention Palestine by name."

A few minutes later he said, "You know, the Arabs don't like this thing."

Large-Scale Exodus of Refugees

The War Refugee Board under Pehle and under his successor, General William O'Dwyer, now mayor of New York, made an impressive record in spite of tremendous difficulties. It was instrumental in getting thousands of Jews out through the Balkans in 1944 and 1945. Its agents had powerboats running across the Baltic, ferrying refugees to asylum in Sweden. It negotiated through intermediaries with Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Nazi secret police, to get several trainloads of refugees out of Germany. It sent funds to France to assist refugees who had long been in hiding. It helped get South American passports for refugees in Switzerland.

It did a magnificent job. But think what it might have done had it begun work a year earlier! As a result in part of the delays in beginning a serious rescue program, only one out of seven European Jews is alive today. Still the record of the War Refugee Board did a good deal to redeem before the world the moral position the United States lost through the procrastination and worse of the delinquent officials in the State Department.

President Truman has been outspoken in his efforts on behalf of the refugees. Secretaries Byrnes and Marshall have cleared out of key positions some of the officials who obstructed our government's policy on this problem during the war. But a great deal more remains to be done. There are 850,000 displaced persons in Europe today, living a miserable life in cold, crowded and cheerless cantonments. Of these about 40 per cent are Roman Catholics, about 20 to 25 per cent Protestants, about 20 to 25 per cent Jews. But the problem of the displaced persons is not the problem of any particular race or religion: It is a problem of suffering humanity. Their misery will remain a haunting reproach to every well-fed, thriving, happy American.

I will never forget a remark Franklin Roosevelt, in an unusually serious mood, made at a Cabinet meeting on March 18, 1938. The Nazis had just marched into Vienna.

"America was a place of refuge for so many fine Germans in the period of 1848," he said. "Why couldn't we offer them again a place of refuge at this time?"

He was keenly aware that America's historic tradition made it an asylum for the oppressed and for the homeless, a refuge for the victims of foreign tyranny. No true American today can be happy to see the United States shirking its ancient responsibility and trust. We must take action ourselves to succor our share—more than our share, for we have more to give—of the wretched people of Europe. To do less than this would be a betrayal of America's traditional role as the birthplace and conscience of human liberty.

THE END

WILL *Yours* BE THE CAR WITH THE *flying* START?

Will your car fly into action on cold mornings this winter, and handle with a feather touch? Or will chilled oils and greases make your starts battery-draining grinds, and the steering wheel and shift lever things to fight with? Don't let these cold weather troubles hold you back. Get quick starts and smooth handling with the famous additive . . .

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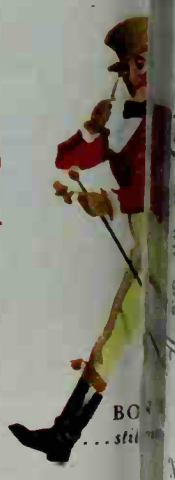

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.

LIKE TO THE LARK

Continued from page 35

the violins glided into Their
:. A swirl in the strings and
eeping upward on thickening
soaring free like a bird in
ng—lifting . . .

t his arm. "Let's have a ham-
."
ed, blinking. They had come
lobby. The usherette with
nd hair and mascaraed eyes
ig at the curtained entrance,
the darkness, nonchalantly
r gum.
under the marquee, an old
standing on a stepladder,
n the big letters.
thing the matter, Dan?"
le illusion of the movie had
eces in his mind.
ning," he answered sharply.
n't you want a hamburger?"
d and looked up the wet
quivering pink sign. Inside,
ool kids would be crowded
throbbing juke box. The
ress in a stained apron would
s off the booth table with a
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with silver forks. . . .
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efore it would stick.
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eaning against him. . . . In
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oss the countryside, lulled
purring motor. . . . He saw
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of a main-bearing knock.
opy; same old street. He
ver to his side of the seat
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t of the garage.
hem," she said.
t it." But the door handle
stuck, and while he was
was already out. He
self. A woman opening
ors. What kind of a setup
ng to be anyway?
d under the wash lines on
rch. He flicked on the
and looked away quickly
es in the sink. She was watching him. "I wanted to do them," she said. "I knew how it would be."

Over her head he saw the dented breadbox. He swung around and walked into the living room. He turned on the soft light over the chair and reached for his book.

"Aren't you coming to bed?"

A soft, curving inflection—the way She had spoken to Him. But when he looked up she was outlined against the bright kitchen light, and the enamel on the stove was splintered and stained.

"I think I'll read for a while," he said.

"You read this afternoon, too."

"So what?" It was beginning to break through, but he didn't care.

"What's the matter, Dan?"

"What's the matter! Are you blind? Next month we'll be married a year and look at us. Same old apartment, same old smoked walls—"

"You want too much, Dan. We'll get it. I know we will." She came across to him, leaned over and ran her fingers through his hair. "You're too impatient. You're a perfectionist." Her cheek was smooth and he smelled the perfume from her hair. And then over her shoulder he saw the big X of adhesive tape on the window pane.

He pushed her away. "Oh, go to bed."

She walked to the door and turned. "Dan."

He ground his knuckles against his forehead.

"I love you, Dan."

He slammed the book on the floor. "For God's sake, go to bed!"

She left.

HE WAS trembling. He sat down. He picked up the book. The colored back tore under his shaking fingers. How could she say that? How could she? The yellow-stained enamel, the torn linoleum, the rickety, spread-legged table . . .

Slowly he closed the book and stood up. He looked around the room and said softly to himself, "My God, how can she say it?" And he put the book down and tiptoed to the bedroom.

He leaned over the bed in the dim light, and put his arms around her and kissed her. Her wet eyelashes fluttered against his cheek.

"Darling, darling," he said.

She pulled him down toward her and rubbed her hand across his forehead, smiling.

"Come on to bed," she whispered.

THE END

"No timer, no electrical outlets, no thermostats, nothing automatic. It just cooks things!" ADOLPH SCHUS

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Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%
CLOSER SHAVES —Said 69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN—Said 82%

Only Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Offers You This Proof!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves!

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2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
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Weaver equipment is endorsed by car manufacturers and insurance companies—and is used by most Official Motor Inspection Stations operated by states and cities.

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But yeast is sensitive. The slightest contamination might alter the yeast and so change the taste and lightness of the bread.

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* * *

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Nickel
...Your Unseen Friend

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KEEP IT CLEAN

Continued from page 26

then tightly sealed, is moth- the paper is broken. Paradi- ne or naphthalene crystals in , to asphyxiate any moth that popped in while you were re advisable. But such crys- and the like, tossed into the et, won't give even an ounce on unless directions are fol- isely *re* amounts per cubic ight sealing of the closet. The g to real mothproofing of ne in a hot dye bath during e.

ays, however, if properly ap- ically wetting the garment, r whatever, are effective some firms guarantee results s, provided of course, they do g. DDT still needs further n, says the Department of before sure recommenda- made for its use. At present t spraying baseboards, car- ng, any possible breeding a five per cent solution in osene, with no flame near by. leaves a residual effect that ae of moths and carpet bee- ; over it.

vention: In the days of no d little bathing, incense and ere essentials in masking, eliminating, unpleasant scent-emitting products we the house today serve the e. They generally combine g perfume with a mild an- t gets to work on your rves before you've had a tect anything lurking under , working on the principle ou can't smell won't offend iness and good ventilation, l have their points.

is fine, but it doesn't solve se-cleaning problems. Short we need. Luckily there are m. Here are a few:

lver: It will take ten seconds r silver, plus the time you ut a large enamel or glass eled sink will do), pour into hot water, stir in a magic an aluminum foil envelope, lope wide open, drop it in ld your silver, making sure it e envelope or other pieces ch do. (For your weighted ilverware you will need to also simple, directions that e package. This is a stream- n of Grandma's method ed an aluminum pan, salt, boiling water—and some- the pan afterward. Elec- t it's called.

Grease: Want your oven t swab on something called vipe it off in a few minutes, . Do the same with your In solution with water, the eans greasy pots, walls, working clothes. A syn- nt is only part of the well- t.

n Hard Water: In hard- ts particularly, synthetic gaining favor because, un- y do not form curds with in the water, for prompt whatever's being washed. water districts bathtub ring r be the cause of family ay everyone is dunking in s that leave no film and ing. And the whole family ut without wiping dishes, themselves sparkling and hen washed the synthetic

new synthetic detergents the time, though none of them has yet been able to beat out soap for all-round service. A new one for washing woolens does the job in water no warmer than 120 degrees (shrinkage occurs over 140 degrees). "Sensational," its manufacturer told us modestly. Some of them aim to handle anything washable. A new one brought out through the joint efforts of a chemical and a washing-machine company will, they say, do this in an automatic washing machine, in hard or soft water, and without the excess sudsing that is often the problem of soap.

To Remove Rust: Steel wool will remove rust and so, we are told, will a good brass polish. Newer rust removers depend chiefly on chemistry rather than abrasion to do the job, loosening the rust and washing it away.

To Remove Wax: Based also on chemistry are the wax removers that take old, dirty wax off linoleum surfaces with no scrubbing and toil. Spread the remover on, rinse it off in a few minutes, and let dry. You're ready for a new coat of wax. There's no possible soapy film to remain, since there's no soap in the concoction.

To Put Wax On: We wax to protect surfaces, and to make the cleaning of them easier. We also like the sheen of wax. The quicker we can get it, the better we like it. Hence the popularity of so-called self-polishing waxes, which require only spreading and no rubbing. There's even a popular gadget with a long hollow handle through which to feed the wax so that we don't have to bend an inch in the process.

Waxes that clean as they go, taking off dirt and putting on wax at one and the same time ("Wipe it on—and you're done!" chortle the ads), are hard for us to comprehend, but the Bureau of Standards explains them this way: There are two general types, one a wax blended with a solvent, the other a water-emulsion wax, the latter requiring no rubbing afterward, though polishing never did furniture any harm. Solvent or water, it cleans as it goes, your cloth taking up the dirt. As the solvent (or water) evaporates from the furniture, it leaves a thin film of wax. That's all there is to it.

No rinsing, no rubbing, no work at all, is the theme song of a myriad more specialized cleaners that would like to crowd onto your cleaning cupboard shelf, to help you out with cleaning your enamel, your metals, your walls, paint, windows, leather, rugs, upholstery, etc., etc.

There's no doubt they lighten the job. But don't let them fool you: elbow grease is still a necessary ingredient. Do all the quick no-rubbing, no-bending waxing you want, for one instance. But underneath, for a long-lasting job on a wood floor, there's still nothing to replace a paste wax, preferably applied by you on all fours, certainly buffed to a fine finish with electric or human power. Fine furniture still looks its finest, many a cabinetmaker will tell you, painstakingly waxed and buffed and waxed again, by hand. And if you want your silver to have a rich sheen, hand polishing still has it over electrolysis.

There's one short cut you do take that is no timesaver: You don't read instructions. You douse your bottles of wonder stuff around helter-skelter, and then complain if you don't get results. You drive direction-writers crazy, trying to catch your eye.

Sit down and read before you run. It'll rest your feet and speed the job. Heaven knows, the housewife needs both.

THE END

Names of products mentioned will be furnished upon request. Address Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

YOU can't halt the onslaught of winter. But you can get ready for it. Take your car for instance. *Now* is the time to prepare for the hard winter driving ahead. *Now* is the time to change over to winter grade oil. And while you're about it, remember this! There is no better oil than Wolf's Head. Wolf's Head is a premium grade oil of proven superiority . . . a superior refinement of only the finest 100% Pennsylvania crude. You'll be too late if you wait till the freeze sets in. Get ready now with Wolf's Head and be sure of top performance. Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Inc., Oil City, Pa., New York 10, N. Y.

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100% Pure Pennsylvania —"Premium Grade"

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Sad is the case of Angus MacDuff,
Who said to his wife, "There's time enough."

But came a freeze (can you bear to look?)
His motor's shot — *so's his pocketbook!*

Get a DU PONT ANTI-FREEZE today

"ZERONE" GIVES YOU safe anti-freeze protection at *minimum cost*. It's made from the most efficient of all known safe anti-freeze materials: three quarts of "Zerone"* will do the work of four quarts of most other types of anti-freeze. "Zerone" needs only an occasional check-up. It improves cooling—retards rust and corrosion—keeps a clean cooling system clean. Get "Zerone"—the dollar brand in most demand.

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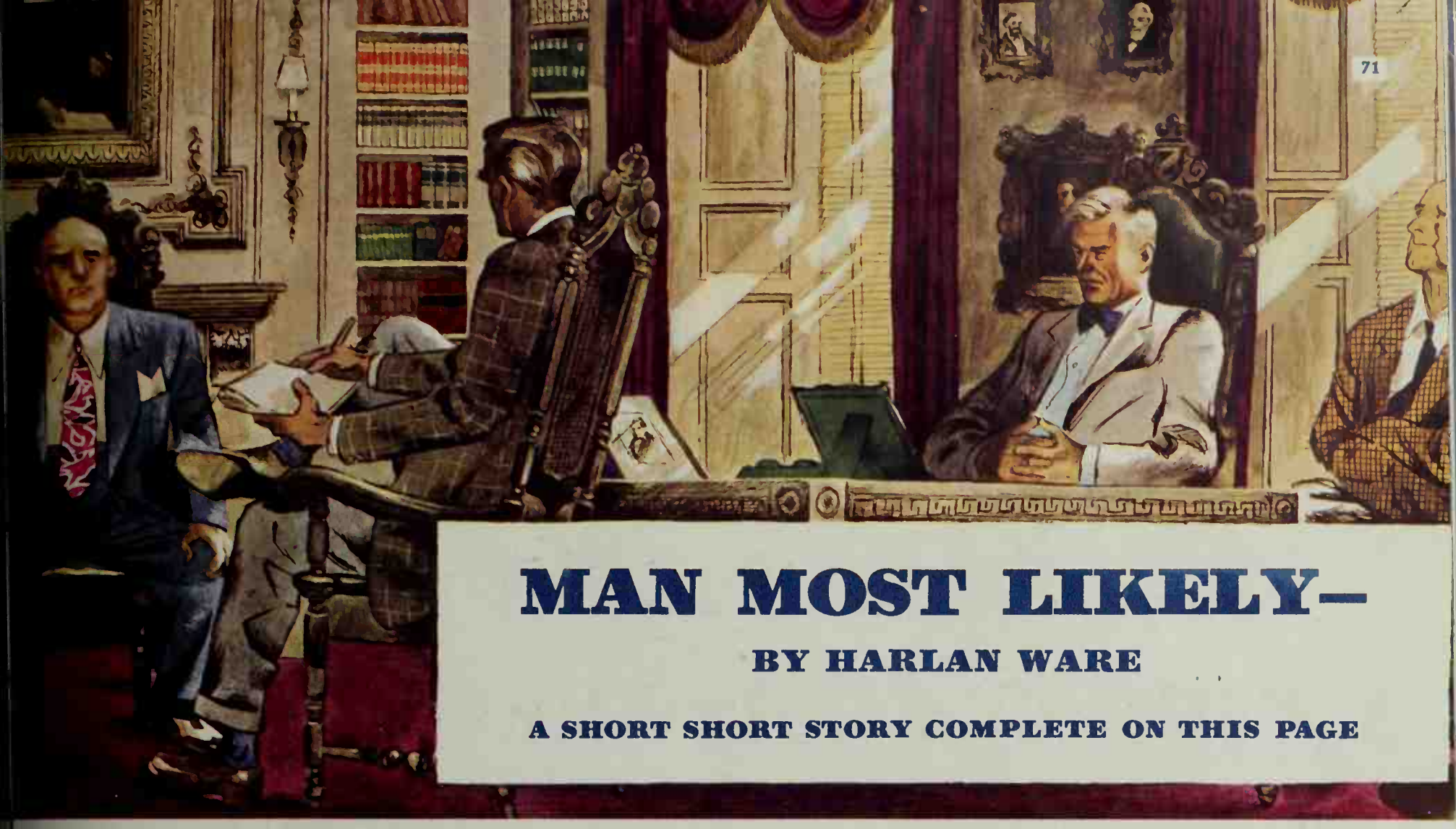


MAN MOST LIKELY—

BY HARLAN WARE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"When a millionaire goes to college at the age of fifty-two and flunks his freshman course," said Casey, "it's a pretty good story"

HE president of the university, Dr. Hartley Keith, was chat- ting warily with Jim Casey, a er from a metropolitan paper, the door opened and his secre- aid: "Mr. Smith is here now." president jumped to his feet. are, bald little man, carrying a freshman's cap, came in hesi- followed by Osgood Pitken, of Men. When the introductions ver, Dr. Keith said: "Well, Mr. —it's out." He added, quickly: answered no questions. Any ent must come from you."

Smith found a chair, put his his knee, and eyed the reporter pprehension. Pitken moved to ow bench. There was a moment ion.

en a millionaire goes to college age of fifty-two and flunks his an course, it's a pretty good A sidewise grin nudged a shade or into Casey's long face. "Any nt?"

Smith lit a fat cigar. He looked for an ash tray. Not seeing flipped his match past Pitken t the open window.

e," he said. "I was at the bot- my class and that's that."

haps your business affairs took of your time?"

-uh," said Mr. Smith. "Told s at the office not to bother me y didn't. Nobody here studied than I did."

've built a successful business he ground up," Casey said. did you decide to go to col-

ded to know more," said Mr. riskly. "I got my plants organ- could take time to pick up the n I missed when I was young. college fellas very much. Lots employees have college de-

took his tongue out of his cheek, made a note, and asked: "Are you married, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith said, guardedly, "Yes, why?"

"How about your wife? Is she a college graduate?"

"She is." A chill came into the blue eyes. "But you make anything of it and I'll sue you."

Casey smiled affably: "Mind telling me your average grade?"

Mr. Smith turned to the Dean of Men. "F, I know—but what'd it figger?"

Mr. Pitken hesitated.

"Go ahead," said Mr. Smith. "Tell him."

"About fifty-two," said Mr. Pitken reluctantly.

Casey whistled.

"Look here, young fella," said Mr. Smith sternly. "I don't care what you say about me but I don't want you mentioning my wife, or slanting the story to make fun of the University. Me flunking out—that's human interest. But I want no smarty-pants stuff about higher education. I believe in it." He leaned forward and asked: "You a college man?"

"No."

"You're not!" Mr. Smith had been sitting on the edge of his chair. He sat back now, crossed his legs comfortably and relaxed. He turned to the President. "Tell him about the scholarship, Prexy."

"Yes, indeed," said Dr. Keith happily. "Mr. Smith has established a scholarship fund of one hundred thousand dollars for people thirty years of age, or older."

"And still you flunked him!" grinned Casey. "When did you do this, Mr. Smith? And why?"

"Yestiddy. And I did it for fellas like you that'll wake up all of a sudden and realize they need an education," said Mr. Smith, sharply. "And also because I hold this university and Dr. Keith and Mr. Pitken"—Mr. Smith beamed at the Dean of Men—"and all the professors in the highest esteem."

Casey chewed his pencil. "What course did you take?"

"Business Administration."

"How do you account for your failure to pass?"

"I just didn't get it."

"You mean, it was too abstract?"

"I don't know what you mean by abstract. I couldn't understand it."

"Did the rest of the class understand it?"

"Oh, sure. They seemed to get a lot out of it."

Casey studied the dimple he had put in the pencil.

"Mr. Smith, what did *you* get out of this year? You must have got something of value out of it." Casey's pencil was poised.

Mr. Smith shot his cuffs and looked abruptly at his watch.

"Son," he said briskly, "you've had enough of my time. You just run along with Mr. Pitken and he'll tell you the details about the scholarship. If you ever want to take advantage of it yourself, let me know."

CASEY stood up, a little surprised, and Mr. Pitken escorted him out. When the door had closed, Dr. Keith said: "I'm afraid you gave him material for a rather humorous story, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith cupped an open palm under the long ash of his cigar and walked to the open window.

"That doesn't matter," he said, dusting off the ash. "I was leading him away from the main nub." He grinned. "I knew we could handle him as soon as he admitted he wasn't a college graduate."

"Beg pardon?" said Dr. Keith.

Mr. Smith moved his cigar to a cocky slant.

"Notice how fast I got rid of him when he asked me that last question about what I'd gotten out of college?"

"Yes?" Dr. Keith turned one ear.

"Now, a journalism graduate, well, *he* wouldn't have let me shove him around, I'll betcha. He'd have kept on askin' that question until he got a big gossipy yarn that'd embarrass the University and you and me."

"What yarn is that?" asked Dr. Keith.

Mr. Smith's lips parted.

"Oh, say! Hasn't Osgood Pitken had a chance to talk to you yet?"

"About you, Mr. Smith? Why, no."

"Oh." Mr. Smith cleared his throat. "Well, y'see, yestiddy, when Mr. Pitken told me I'd flunked out, well, he couldn't have done it nicer. He's a very bright warm-hearted fella, Mr. Pitken is. Diplomatic. I don't think I ever saw a smoother performance." He threw his cigar out and watched it arch over a flower bed. "That reporter!" he scoffed. "Look what he missed. No proper education, y'see. Stumbling around, half-trained."

Dr. Keith now had his hand behind his ear.

"I'm not sure I follow you, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Why, I hired Mr. Pitken yestiddy —when we got through talkin'. Personnel manager for the Hartford plant—at twelve thousand a year."

"You've hired my Dean of Men?" Dr. Keith's voice went shrill in surprise.

"Yep. That newspaper sure missed a swell story by sending out the wrong fella." He warmly held out his hand. "Well, so long, Prexy," he said. "It's a shame to raid your staff like this, but I got a rule to always get *some* value outa anything I do."

The President looked thoughtful as the little man put on his ridiculous green cap at a jaunty angle and walked out, whistling.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

PREPARE FOR WINTER DRIVING NOW

WINTER

is always a bad actor!

Collier's Preventive Service is your "cue" for winter car care

Winter is always unpredictable, may be just ahead—with icy highways and low temperatures. Nip in the air tonight may mean rip in your radiator in the morning. Winter tune-up is the best insurance you can buy for your car—for your safety—your family's safety—the other fellow's.

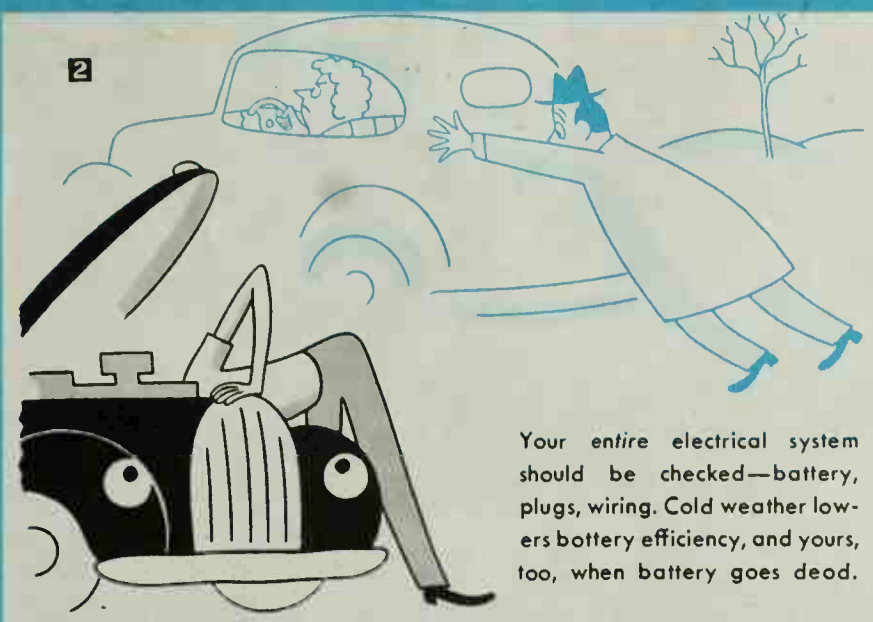
The life of many a car has been shortened by not being prepared for winter conditions, and repairs are costly after the damage is done. Tempers are shortened, too, when your car has to be towed and important engagements missed. Drive with a free mind—your service man can give your car its winter tune-up and supply the necessities to meet rough conditions at surprisingly low cost.

The ounce of prevention—Preventive Service—is always worth the pound of cure.

1

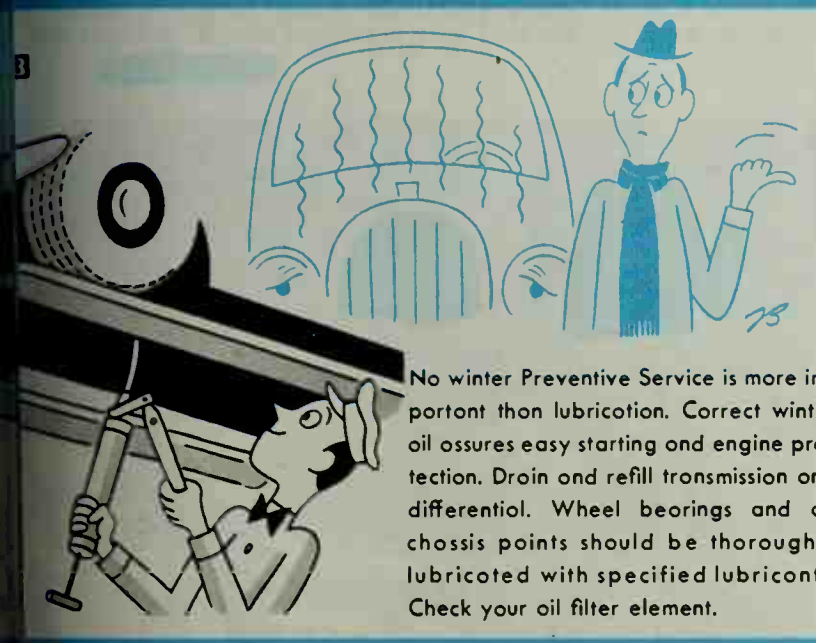
ANTI-FREEZE, not steom, belongs in your radiotor in winter. The entire cooling system should be cleaned, flushed and leak-proofed first.

2



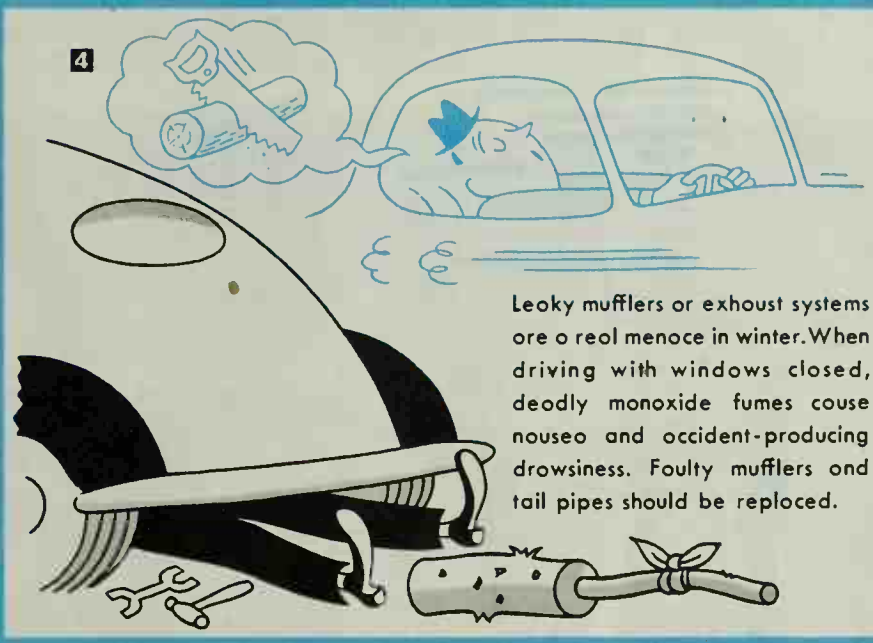
Your *entire* electrical system should be checked—battery, plugs, wiring. Cold weather lowers bottery efficiency, and yours, too, when battery goes deod.

3



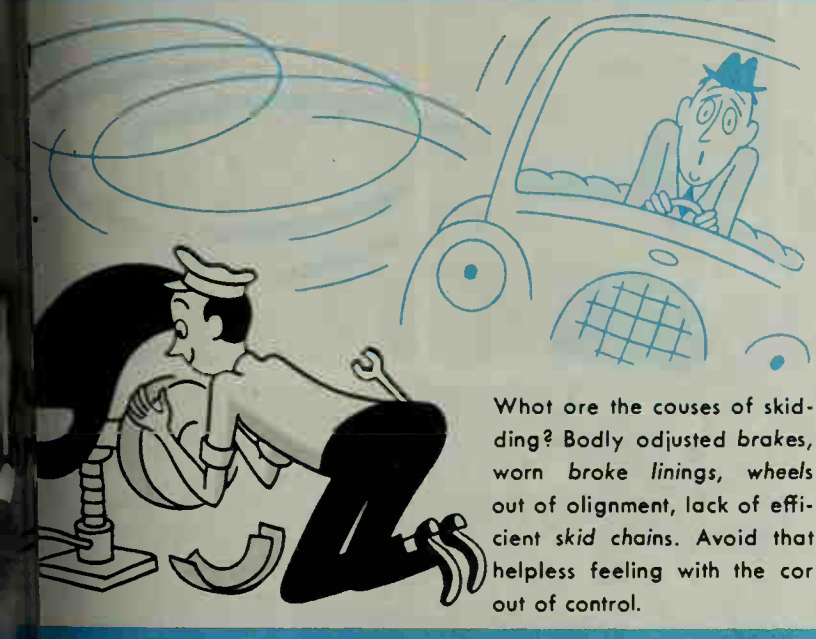
No winter Preventive Service is more imporiont thon lubricotion. Correct winter oil ossures easy starting ond engine protection. Droin ond refill tronsmission ond differentiol. Wheel beorings and oll chossis points should be thoroughly lubricoted with specified lubriconts. Check your oil filter element.

4



Leoky mufflers or exhoust systems ore o reol menoce in winter. When driving with windows closed, deodly monoxide fumes couse nouseo and occident-producing drowsiness. Foulty mufflers ond tail pipes should be reploced.

5



Whot ore the couses of skidding? Bodly odjusted brakes, worn broke linings, wheels out of olignment, lack of efficient skid chains. Avoid that helpless feeling with the cor out of control.

6

You've got to see to drive. Windshield wipers in perfect order plus o defroster insure good vision.

...er's P. S. recommends the above pre-...er measures to every car owner. Fore-... is better than hindsight every time.

P.S.

Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

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For Pleasant, Safe Driving

POOR MAN'S RACE HORSE

BY VIVIEN B. KEATLEY

The celebrated American Quarter Horse is an old breed but only in recent years has it been admitted to the equine Social Register

Small alert ears, huge muscular jowl and small muzzle are typical quarter-horse conformation points. This is the stallion Hank H., with Trainer Lyo Lee

Photo finishes and dead heats are far from unusual in quarter-horse races, as handicapping is l horses are caught by the camera at the finish line in a very near dead heat at Rillito Track,

K any cowboy or dude wrangler on a Southwestern ranch about quarter horses, and y: "A quarter horse is just a hat can run faster than any orse in the world, up to a of a mile."

r as this explanation goes, it's the quarter horse will run round a thoroughbred at 440 nd shorter distances. Nearly ders agree that a good quarter an run an eighth of a mile, or ds, in ten seconds with a full tart, and many contend that pable of even more fantastic ances. Melville H. Haskell, raised quarter horses for 20 his Rincon Stock Farm near Arizona, said a few years ago doubted if the horse ever lived ld run an eighth of a mile in nds from a true flat-footed

he thinks he may have to eat ls. On official quarter tracks, Gal, a four-year-old quarter arrying 120 pounds, ran an 12.1 seconds, starting flat- rom a mechanically operated so that her head was exactly ine. A little later, Texas Jr., 115 pounds, equaled her far, that's the world's record istance, as recognized by the n Quarter Racing Associar the quarter mile, the record conds, made by a nine-yearter mare, Shue Fly, carrying nds, and by Miss Princess Web), carrying 111 pounds. rincess, like another King hampion, Assault, was sired Venture.)

ere's a great deal more to the orse than speed. In the first 's the oldest race horse in The American Quarter hich is his official name, was d as a breed as early as 1665, ty years after 17 English nd mares had been imported nia and crossed with the rought to America by the . This was about 160 years e establishment of the Engughbred, and more than 200 ore the publication of the rican Stud Book.

Standard Speed Test

any years the Stud Book, w lists only thoroughbreds, the quarter horse, and outstanding ones as Celemerican Quarter Running This classification has been the Quarter Racing Assond by the American Quarter ssociation, which keeps a k and Registry and is dereserving the breed. Today ed American Quarter Rune is one which can run a f a mile, from a standing he line, in 23.4 seconds or

merican Quarter Horse has to a greater extent than any d in the world; he has kept tive characteristics for al- centuries, and the quarter oday is the same compact, uscled animal that resulted riginal crossings. Dr. Dartt, a distinguished Western n, says that "no breed of s greater prepotency nor ility to beget his own like-

occasional exception, the red is fit for nothing but he stud, and maintaining a stable of good thoroughbreds is an expensive proposition. The American Quarter Horse has been called "the poor man's race horse" because he is a useful or "performance" horse; to provide a run for your money he requires neither expensive equipment nor professional trainers and riders. All a quarter horse needs for a race is another horse and a straightaway. Off the track he is an ideal stock or saddle horse, and he performs very well hitched to a buggy.

Alert, quick, and fast, with an extraordinary turn of early speed, the quarter horse is in high repute as a polo pony; a year ago a string of highly trained Argentine ponies, all thoroughbreds, went begging for buyers while American sportsmen eagerly shopped in Texas and Arizona for quarter horses to replenish their war-depleted stables. The quarter horse is the finest of cavalry mounts, sturdy and tough, raised without much artificial feed and used to hard riding and rough country.

Used by British in Boer War

During the Boer War, the British army bought a large number of quarter horses in Texas, and the verdict of the English cavalry commanders was that "they proved their superiority in competition with horses drawn from every country in the world."

But above all, the quarter horse is a stock horse. The cow ponies of the Western cattle ranches are quarter horses and so are the horses ridden by the stars of the rodeo. Next time you're at a rodeo notice how quick the horses are on the getaway; as an old poem puts it, they leave the starting line as if the devil had kicked them from behind. As a cow horse the quarter horse is probably the only really essential equine in our modern economy. Until the Western mountains are cut down to hill size, or unless something a lot more versatile than the jeep comes along, the quarter horse will continue to rule cattle ranching.

The quarter horse has been defined as "more horse to the height than any other breed." One rarely stands more than fifteen hands (five feet) but he will often weigh 1,200 pounds and more. He is built along the lines of a slightly overdeveloped ballet dancer, and is equally quick, graceful and muscular. He has small, alert ears, a huge muscular jowl, a small muzzle, a thin mane and tail, and no fetlock. These are bloodline characteristics, and breeders say they have nothing to do with his strength and speed.

But certain of the peculiarities of his bodily structure do account for his performance abilities. In a way, his center of gravity has been shifted; he is heavier in front than other horses. He has well-developed shoulders, deep girth, full chest, large arms and forearm.

All this accounts for his ability to get started quickly; as Dr. Spratt puts it, his "direction of power" is almost horizontal. He can start, turn and stop quicker than the fastest steer.

His tremendous strength—he has been bred to carry a full-sized man and a 40-pound stock saddle, and he can withstand the frantic jerk of the most powerful steer without budging—is accounted for by his short legs. A beam supported by short posts is stronger than one supported by tall posts. A thoroughbred, even one bred for the shorter distances, is usually taller than he is long, with long legs. But a good quarter running horse will

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Jean Jacobs rides her favorite mount over the rough foothills of Arizona. Used to hard riding, off the track the quarter horse is an ideal range horse

J. Rukin Jelks and Melville H. Haskell, two of the leaders in quarter-horse racing. Below, Piggin String, champion quarter running stallion. Typical of the breed, he is docile and good-natured, though rather high-strung

I was all wrapped up

...in our home!

This June bride had a January gloom! Chill winds turned our hallways into 3-lane highways . . . the place was always like a barn . . . our furnace was puffing overtime, and don't think we weren't paying for that! When Tom (he's my call-me-mister) grumbled . . .

"What we need is a permanent housing-warming"

. . . I decided to use my head for something besides Sniffles, Inc. So I 'phoned a CAREY Approved Home Insulator. Almost as fast as you can say, "CAREY Rock Wool Insulation is blown in, no muss or fuss," he winter-proofed our home.

***now,* we're saving a third on fuel**

(that pays for the insulation in a few seasons) . . . we're cozy, everything's rosy. And my CAREY man tells me the insulation will pay dividends year 'round . . . will keep our home as much as 15° cooler during summer's hottest days. Yes, and it's fire-proof, too, gives your home additional protection.

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be a little longer than he is tall, while a good quarter cow horse, bred more for utility than speed, will be almost perfectly proportioned; that is, his length and height will be approximately equal.

The shorter-legged quarter horse gets his long stride, which is essential to speed, from an extended underline resulting from his great sloping shoulders and croup. Big lungs within a deep heart girth and full chest provide the extra oxygen required for sudden bursts of speed. His short legs limit his running distance, but that doesn't matter; he doesn't have to run even a quarter of a mile at top speed to catch the fastest steer.

For well over 200 years, whenever an American spoke of a race horse he meant a quarter horse. But interest in the running quarter horse subsided with the establishment of the thoroughbred, developed primarily for long-distance speed, and longer races in the English tradition became popular. The quarter horse was unable to compete, and gradually dropped out of organized racing and was omitted from the Stud Book.

For several decades the only quarter-horse competition was an occasional matched race, and a few sprinting events at rodeos and fiestas. But owners of quarter horses, continued to boast that their animals were the fastest in the world in the short sprints. Nothing was done about it until 1939, when Joe Fleiger, who operates a ranch near Tucson, said to some fellow members of the Southern Arizona Horse Breeders' Association, "Let's stop talking about how fast we *think* our horses can run, and find out what they can really do."

The Rise of the "Four Horsemen"

Fleiger's suggestion was accepted as a challenge by four Southern Arizona ranch owners—R. C. Locke, Melville H. Haskell, J. Rukin Jelks and Jake Meyer, who later became known as "the four horsemen" of organized quarter-horse racing. Locke had built a track for harness racing at his ranch, Hacienda Moltacqua, near Tucson, and to this he added a quarter-mile chute and a six-stall mechanically operated gate to insure accurate standing starts.

The first Annual Quarter Horse Speed Trials were held there in 1941. The war slowed things down considerably, but races and speed trials were held every year, and by 1945 the American Quarter Racing Association had been organized on a national basis.

Meanwhile the American Quarter Horse Association had been formed, with offices at Fort Worth, Texas. For a time it looked as if the two associations might be operating at cross-purposes, but matters were quickly straightened out, and now there is complete amicability between them. By maintaining an official stud book and registry, the Quarter Horse Association provides a permanent and authentic record of bloodlines producing quarter horses which prove to be "best by test," the tests being cow-horse shows where conformation is the chief factor in judging, as well as rodeos where speed and skill are judged.

The Quarter Racing Association is interested only in the quarter running horse and in racing. Small quarter meets are held in the South and Southwest from Orlando, Florida, to Danville, California, but only records made at tracks recognized by the association can qualify a horse for the Register of Merit, reserved for Celebrated American Quarter Running Horses. At present, tracks are operating under the rules of the association at Reno, Nevada; Salinas, King City, Corona and Los Alamitos, California; Tucson, Arizona; Albuquerque, Raton and Ruidoso, New Mexico; Tulsa, Oklahoma; and at El Paso, Eagle Pass, Del Rio and Houston, Texas. Standard distances for quarter-horse racing are 220, 330, 440, 550 and 660 yards, but

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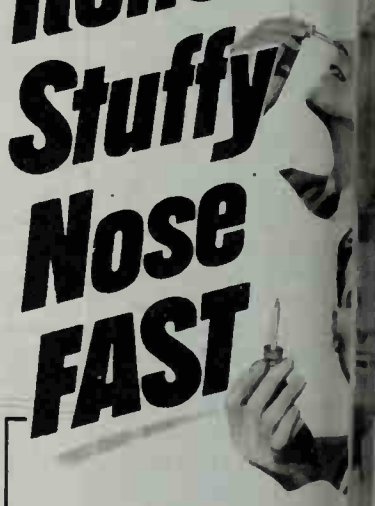

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opens up cold-clogged nos...
you breathe again. Also, i...
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Try it. Follow directions in ...

VICKS Double...
Nose ...
VA-TRO-N...

nd 440 yards are not consid-
tablishing quarter-horse rec-

hort distances, including 250,
nd 400 yards, are also recog-
l records not established at
s are ignored, because in many
ing start is used and the timing
The Daily Racing Form, for
credits. Big Racket with the
erican record of 20.8 seconds
arter mile, in Mexico City.
e day at the same track seven
s were credited with running
r mile in better than 22
But when two of these horses
ucson, under the rules of the
neither came anywhere near
as a Celebrated American
unning Horse. The world's
cognized by the Quarter
ociation, all made from a flat-
ding start, are as follows:

	Time	*Horse*	*Age*	*Wt.*
fur.)	12.1	Tonta Gal	4	120
		Texas Jr.	3	115
	15.8	Barbra B	4	110
	17.3	Pep	4	106
	18.2	Tonta Gal	5	125
		Miss Bank	6	122
		Prissy	6	122
		Punkin	6	catch
nile)	22.3	Shue Fly	9	124
Princess		(Woven Web)	4	111

quarter track in the country
hich used to be a training
e Jelks ranch near Tucson.
ewpoint of a horseman it is
not a fast track, because of
and a ten-foot rise in the
t is an easy one. Horses
lame after a race. There's
ths-of-a-mile straightaway,
ile oval.
fans accustomed to the im-
mality of a big-time track,
illito is a new experience.
s strictly informal. Every
know everyone else, and
lls the breeders, trainers and
n the same man) by their
lorses which are to be raced
e Tucson Rodeo Field and
trailer to the track each
ng the meet, which begins on October 15th and continues for 25 weeks.

Betting is done by pari mutuel, and there are no show bets, only win or place. Almost all of the mutuel net is distributed in purses, with a minimum guarantee of $100, the final figure being from 7 to 8 per cent of the total bet on each race. There are no entry fees except in stake races and championship trials, when the fees range from $10 to $250 and are added to the purse. At some quarter tracks there are no races above a quarter of a mile, but at Rillito there are always at least four up to that distance, and four longer ones, up to a mile and three eighths, for thoroughbreds.

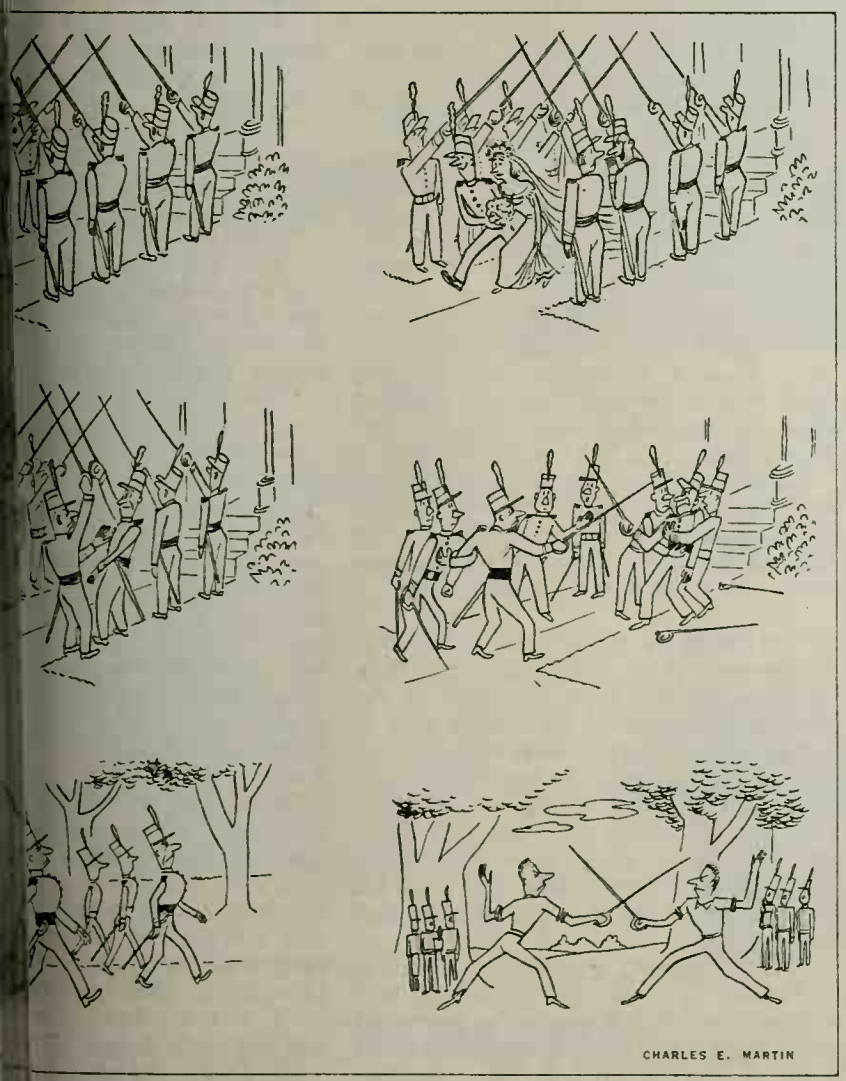
Races Are Hotly Contested

Most of the short-distance races run at a recognized association track are graded handicaps, which insure close competition. Handicapping is so precisely done that photo finishes and dead heats are far from unusual. There are no claiming races at a quarter mile or less, since speed is not the only indication of a quarter horse's value. On the quarter tracks, a maiden is a horse which has never won a race in which the winner's share is $50 or more, and a match race between two cowboys on a ranch counts just as much in determining maidenhood as money won at a recognized track.

Horses are regraded after each race, and within each grade, winners pick up weight at the rate of "about eight pounds for a tenth of a second of estimated speed under standard conditions." A horse is promoted to a higher grade mighty fast, staying there until proved to be outclassed.

There's very little opportunity for tricky riding on a quarter track. For one thing, the course is a straightaway, which rules out riding for the curves. For another, the horses are trained to run in a straight line, and they cross the finish line in the same lane in which they left the gate. If they crowd into another lane and thereby shut off a horse, they are disqualified. Racing under such conditions has little appeal for big-time jockeys, or professional gamblers or race-fixers. So far, the quarter tracks have been free of them.

THE END



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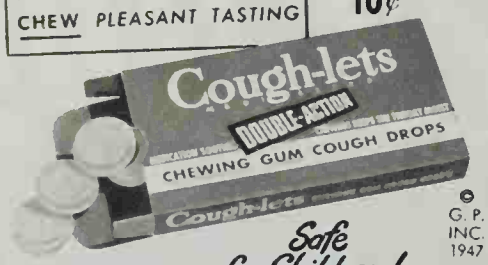

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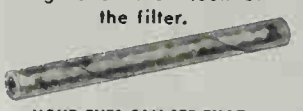

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BLOW ME BLUE

Continued from page 21

Tell me why." Joey Kelp leaned forward eagerly.

On the bureau inside the cabin—that's what Mama called it, the bureau, although he had just nailed some wood together—was a photograph. Posed in a studio in New Orleans, five men and a dark-haired woman. The woman and two of the men were sitting in the front row, leaning on each other, and each of them had an arm around her. One of the men was Biff Baussier, but she was looking at the other man. He'd had that picture twenty-odd years, in hotel rooms and flophouses and then in the houseboat, with her looking strong and steady at that other man. The day she got married Ed sold his horn and bought whisky.

"I just stopped," he said. He crossed his long legs. The houseboat rode so low that the heels of his old tennis shoes almost touched the water. "And I don't guess I'll start again, either," he said.

Joey Kelp was surprised and then he got excited.

"Twelve hundred dollars!" he said. He glanced wildly around the houseboat. "You could use twelve hundred dollars, couldn't you?"

"I expect I'd drown in it," Ed said, and grinned. "I guess I quit for good."

Joey Kelp got very excited. He got up and stamped around and started to talk a half-dozen times and then changed his mind every time. Finally he ran over and picked up the canvas sack he'd carried under his arm. It had something lumpy inside and the top was closed with a drawstring. Ed knew what it was before he opened it.

"This is a special surprise," Joey said. "A present for you. You fool around with this and see what happens. And hang onto the record machine, spin one whenever you feel like it, and I'll see you in a couple of days. Plenty of time to talk business. You think about it, Pops."

He started up the slope.

"How'd you find me?" Ed called after him. "Who told you?"

"Hazel told me. You remember Hazel Tolliver?"

Ed's mouth dried up and his hands trembled. He said nothing for a long minute. The catfish jumped and fought against the stringer, kicking up the water.

"Sure," he said finally. "I remember Hazel."

"She says hello; I forgot to tell you. Love and kisses; she talks a lot about you. Hazel's doing fine; she's making some records for us. Sings in a place in Birmingham and drives a fine big car. How'd you like a fine big car, Pops?"

Ed waited until the fire-engine convertible scooted around the bend, leaving the dust hung up behind it, before he opened the sack. There was a trumpet inside. A shiny new trumpet.

ON FRIDAY morning Ed woke up at seven o'clock. This was earlier than usual; a whistle blew him out of his sleep, and he opened his eyes in time to see the stern of a river boat slide past. It was pushing a string of gasoline barges. Ed sat up in bed, blinking. As usual, he felt fine. He'd slept fine; that was usual, too. He slapped about halfway down on the rounded form beside him and his hand stung on the skin beneath the thin cover.

"Hey!" he said.

The horn and the record machine both sat on top of the bureau, the horn bell down on the crocheted cover. There was a lot of crochet work in the cabin; his woman was handy, and w couldn't buy crochet thread, string. Plain old string. The the machine had been sitting touched, since Joe Kelp broug

"Hey!" he said, and slapped sat up in the bed and pulled a hairpins, and the braids that twisted on top of her head her back. She was warm to and she smelled good. She for beating on her just to get h she was gonna get up anyho this every morning.

Ed slid into his pants and to the stern and inspected leaning over the stern. Th were in a net made out of b and hung in the water; he ha day before, and there were e crawdads were in a big lar holes punched around it, an crawlers were in a box on dec

LIGHT NOTE ON A DARK I

The cocksure and despotic sun
Makes panting slaves of everyon
But this A.M. he's had the grace
To hide his stimulating face.

I dearly love a rainy day—
It gives me an excuse to stay
At home, instead of trudging fort
To west and east, to south and n

Though Mother Nature's mighty
Sometimes she lays it on too thi
So waft me no come-hither breez
Today. Just let me take my ease

—Margaret

bottom dirt. He needed mo There had been a little rain, in the box smelled good.

The woman was talka breakfast—talkative for her

"You just gonna let those she said, nodding toward the

"Maybe you'd like some your breakfast," Ed said, g

"Don't play it on my a said, biting off the words. they was mine. Because the the bottom of the river by n

"Why, Mama!"

"First chance I got!" she She was suddenly in a tem was a thing that didn't happe She covered her eyes with got up. Ed smiled at her ba

"Don't think you got mu for music," he said gently. answer, and she didn't turn

It was about ten in the n Hazel came. The fine car mentioned sort of felt its w and got off the road on bucked and bounced wh stopped. Whoever that is himself, he don't know muc ing. Then he saw it was a didn't know her when she of the car. She was standin before he was sure. She wa fine.

"Well, you may have c the world, but you sure l That was the first thing she both arms out and hugged and panting. "I'm short o said. "Man, they got me l berized so tight, acting be got spots in front of my ey

"You look fine." He and had a good look at he really pretty; she never had

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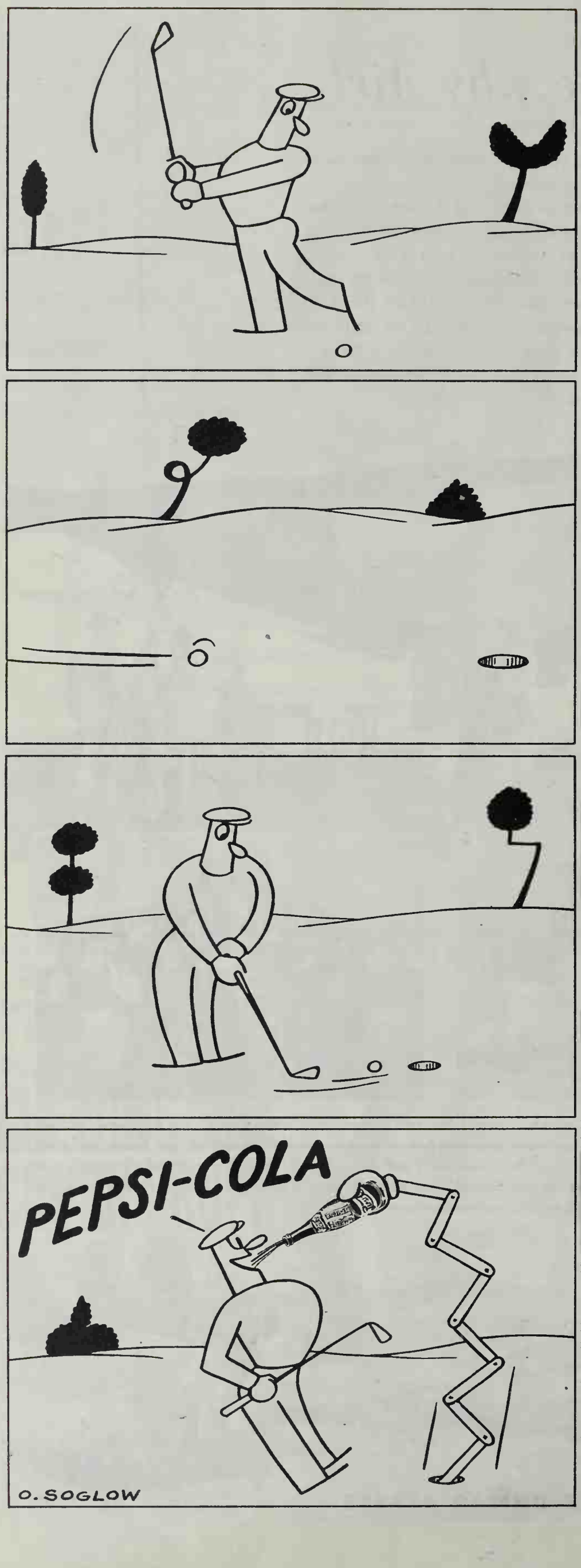

was prettier now than ever before. Her features were rough, her mouth a little too big—like most of the good singing women he'd ever seen—but she had a skin like cream, and deep eyes.

"You can look all you want to," she said, grinning, "but don't get took in. It's as phony as a plaster steak in a hash-house window. It's just me."

"I guess that's good enough," he said. They stood and looked at each other for a minute and then he said, a little awkwardly, "You want to come in and set down, Hazel?"

"That funny-talkin' man from the record company said you wasn't interested, and I said, 'I'll talk to him—he'll get interested.' I said I'd drive down here and bring you back to Birmingham. You'll go back to Birmingham with me, won't you, Biff boy?"

She asked him straightforward and honestly, and he knew that she wouldn't wheedle if he said no. But he didn't. He hesitated only a second before he said sure.

"I told him so." She was tickled. She squeezed him again. "We got to hurry, because it takes me a long time to get *anywhere* driving an automobile, but we can set for a minute first. So I can breathe some more."

He introduced her to Mama and then they all tried to make small talk, but it didn't come off very well. After answering one question about the weather, Mama gave up altogether and sat quietly on the edge of the bed—there were only two chairs—and listened. Ed and Hazel talked a little about people they'd known in the old days, where they'd gone and what had happened to them. Mama hardly looked at the other woman; she watched Ed all the time, sitting with her hands folded together and her face blank.

When they got ready to go he told Hazel to go on ahead, he'd be right along, and she left the two of them alone.

"You coming back?" Mama said. She was looking out the window.

"Well, sure," he said. She turned and looked at him for a long moment and then looked away again. "I expect to."

"You won't," she said. "That woman wants you. And you been wanting her for twenty years."

"Now, wait, dammit—" he said, half angry. There was a silence, and he saw her shoulders twitch. He sat down beside her.

"Look," he said, "we never talked about it or anything, but you knew. You knew it could happen. Probably you didn't expect it to, I *still* don't expect—but you knew. You sure should've."

She didn't say anything, and he leaned over and kissed her under the ear.

"Don't go," she said.

He patted her on the shoulder, picked up the rolled newspaper that held his clean shirt, and went out.

ON THE way up to Birmingham, Hazel told him about the gin mill she was singing in—"It costs you two dollars just to sit down at a table, but it's still a gin mill"—and about the band, all names he'd never heard of, and about Joey Kelp who was running around rediscovering the Great Jazz Men of the Past. They had a good laugh about Brother Kelp. Ed told her about the offer and said that twelve hundred dollars was enough money to drown in.

"That's peanuts," Hazel said. "There's a fella talking to me about big money. That's why I want you in Birmingham tonight." She took a deep breath, as if it took a lot of strength to even mention it: "Seven hundred and fifty a week, maybe for most of the winter. And the Big Time."

"Ju-das priest," said Ed, although he had no understanding of that kind of money, week after week. "Where?"

"Man down here from New York, man that's got a finger in some of those fancy New York gin mills. I talked to

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...e of times, and tonight he
...d and I sing for him."
... to go to New York?"
...nother hard breath. "Like a
...nts the full moon," she said.
... wants candy."
...ket of money," Ed said.
...y's nice, but that's just part.
...ere. You know I'm forty-
...t tell the man from New
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...ost put them in the ditch
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...pened to the Number One
...ed.
... got him. It almost got me
... through." She threw back
... laughed. "Lord, I'd almost
...hat."
...out me?"
..." she said.
... got to Birmingham she
... a hotel, a fine place that
... been there when he was
...wn. She got him registered
...pstairs. She said Joey Kelp
... him and Ed said, no, it
...til tomorrow. It was funny
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... they had the band. Little
...d air and hard-faced peo-
...of nickels and dimes. He'd

...came back to get him that
...x o'clock, she had a suit of
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...it from one of the fellas in
... said. "You're about his
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...is is a *fancy* gin mill.". . .
... was called Walter's, and it
... edge of town; Hazel had
...on the way in, a low build-
...rved roof and a variety of
... glass tubing in front. In-
... dark that Ed could hardly
...thing he could see seemed
...rple. A tall man in a tux-
... at the door; Hazel called

... said, "this is the fella I
..., and I want you to fix him
... Right up in front, where I
...ood."

The tall man looked Ed over with a careful eye.

"Well, sugarfoot, I'll tell you," he said soothingly to Hazel, "this being Friday night and all, we're a little short on front tables."

Ed knew what the man was talking about; he didn't like the way that borrowed suit fitted, or the country haircut and the sunburn, but Ed didn't mind. They finally put him at the end of the little hall that connected the stage and the dressing rom. There was a drape in front of him, but by leaning against the wall he could see fine. After a while a waiter brought him a drink.

THE band wasn't much. They all hit the notes fine, but they were blowing from their heads, not their stomachs. They had sheet music on fancy stands, which meant they had to keep their eyes open to read. The place was warm and Ed had almost gone to sleep when Hazel woke him up.

"That's him," she said. "That's Mr. Number One from New York, sitting in front with that Joe Kelp."

Ed turned around and his mouth dropped open. He had never seen such a fancy woman in his life. Hazel had on a white dress that was tight and shiny; she was slim-waisted and high-chested, and considerably exposed. She had the reddest lips and the longest eyelashes he had ever seen.

"Judas priest!" Ed said.

"I look good?"

"You're the Christmas tree."

The band played a little riff and a man began to talk into a microphone and Hazel leaned over Ed and squeezed his shoulders.

"Stick with me, baby," she whispered, and swung out to the stage.

The big man from New York was really a little man. The top of his head was as bare as Hazel's wishbone; he wore glasses, and he had big hands that kept moving. From the water glass to the ash tray to his cigarette holder and back to the water glass. While Hazel was singing her first number he kept fiddling with these things, as if he were maybe thinking of trying to buy them. He hardly glanced at her. When the number was over he looked sharply at Joey Kelp, and the young man leaned over and started talking earnestly.

Hazel wasn't very good. Ed knew the minute she opened her mouth. She had a terrific case of the shakes. She sang

"Martha is extremely set in her ways. All four of her husbands were connected with real estate" JOHN RUGE

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some song that he'd never heard before, something with faintly dirty lyrics about wanting to get married, and she tried to be cute. She wasn't; she was a lead balloon.

Then she sang St. Louis Blues, and the big man from New York completely rearranged the table a couple of times. Hazel worked harder and harder, laying it right in his lap, but the big man wasn't having any. In her desperation she fluffed some of the words; finally she turned and sent the chorus right to Ed. He did his damnedest to look encouraging. When the group was over she almost ran to the dressing room. Joe Kelp was only a few steps behind her. Ed got up and followed him in.

"Baby!" Joe was saying. He looked hurt. "For days I been tellin' him about you. Baby, you're making me look like an old peculiar."

"What difference does that make?" Ed said. "You work for him?"

"Mr. Saltonberry is a chum, only," Joey said. "But I like for my opinions to be solid in the eyes of my chums. You know what he said to me? He said, 'Look, the poor man's Hildegarde.' "

Ed took him by the elbow and gently led him toward the door.

"He's threatening to leave," Joe said. He shrugged. "Well, it's no skin off me."

"You keep him happy," Ed said. "Just for a little while."

HAZEL was sitting with her chin in her hands when he came back, looking at herself in the mirror. She didn't say anything; she didn't even look at him. Ed had a look around the dressing room. Over in one corner there was a closet, and he opened the door and looked inside. There were two or three dresses on the rack; he hauled them out and looked at them, one at a time.

"All right," he said, "put this one on."

"Man, that's my practice dress," she said, surprised. "That's just somethin' to put on when I come around to rehearse!"

"It looks big enough," Ed said. "It looks just about right. Put it on. And take off that stuff underneath, the"—he stuttered a little—"you know."

She got up and went behind the flowered screen in the corner, and pretty soon pink things came floating over the top of it, items the like of which Ed had never seen. He looked the other way, feeling foolish. When Hazel came out she was two inches bigger in all dimensions except height. She looked comfortable and easy. She looked like a waitress in the Oriental Gardens, in the fine city of New Orleans, a long time ago. Except for all that paint. She thought about that before he could mention it, and reached for the jar of cold cream.

"Let your hair looser," said E

She sat down in front of the r began to pull hairpins. Ed le her.

"Ain't no big man from N he told her. "Ain't nobody You and me are just gonna g make some jazz music."

"You blowin' for me?"

"If somebody will lend me a agreed.

"All right," she said. "Jus me. Come on and blow me bl

She led him onto the tiny s ing him by the hand, and f there was some excitement. T ers went *buzz-buzz* and th player looked confused and when Hazel asked for his hor man in the tuxedo, this Felix m up to the stage, but Joey Ke him and began to talk in w ment, pointing to Ed and arms. Finally the trumpet m his horn and Ed found a ha in the pocket of his borrow wiped the mouthpiece caref he turned around to the man hind the fancy, neon-lighted d

"Just give us a slow, stead said. "Easy blues beat." H the piano man and said, "Yo on when you feel like it. Yo and go, just when you feel li he looked at the man with electric guitar and said, "Yo of this. Somebody's liable t trocuted with that thing."

Then he lifted the horn to blew.

He blew the first chorus of blew it slow and easy, bec was rusty, then muted the h hand when Hazel came in.

Woke up without you, bab Lord, I woke up dead.

Hazel had pushed the aside and stepped up, right in big man from New York. T came out and rolled aroun and the *buzz-buzz* stopped a tinkle stopped and people l got a glimpse of the man fro sitting perfectly still, starin holding the ash tray in his he'd started to do something then forgot what.

When Hazel finished th turned around and looked spotlight swung and hit him He closed his eyes and blew again. The piano man caug came and went, fooling ar high country with a light fin could feel that stuff coming heels, coming up through hi

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COLLIER'S "Daddy says I can't go to the movies, can I?"

hen Hazel came in again he
wl obbligato, squeezing the
h his fingers clenched around
the horn. It was like getting
e'd forgotten; it had been a
me.

Bes is one of those things that
rds as it goes along, every-
s his own; it's got a hundred
n Hazel sang most of them.
mouth kept opening and clos-
sh out of water, and the man
York just sat there with the
l in his hand and stared at
distened.

without you, babyeee. . . .
oke up dead.

s beat inside Ed's head, and
himself thinking something
; those words didn't mean
more. For a while after he
a long time ago, that song
much that he couldn't even
t; it bored a hole in his heart,
blues is a lonesome song.
t lonesome. He hadn't woke
long time, he woke up easy
nd watched the long braids
a familiar back—hell, he
what that song was about.
re.

sn't much hand clapping
nished; none at all, at first,
a light spattering. The peo-
vaited. There was no noise,
ddenly Ed laughed, for no
Then he carefully laid the
of the piano and walked off
st as he reached the edge of
turned around and faced the
tion in Hazel's eyes.
fine," he said. "You go
g, baby."
aside the drape and went
hall and out the way he'd
stopped at the checkroom.
gnize this suit?" he said to
u know who it belongs to,
n the band?"
l at him in surprise, then
it.
e said, "That's Sheldon's.
big shoulders."
a piece of paper," Ed said,
name down on it." He put
his pocket. "You tell him
suit through the mail," he
rra or the next day."

Outside it was cool and damp; there was no moon, but it was clear, and there were so many stars they crowded one another. He walked to the edge of the highway and when the lights of a car swung around the curve, he put up his thumb. . . .

He had to walk the last couple of miles, and it was almost daylight when he got back to the houseboat. He opened the cabin door and slid inside. The woman was lying on her stomach, her arms spread, her face turned toward the window. Her breathing was slow and regular. The cover had slipped from her shoulders; he carefully pulled it back into place.

HE CARRIED the horn and the record machine out to the stern. He set the machine up on the corner of the box that held the night crawlers, lifted the lid, and fumbled around until he found the winding key and twisted her tight. Then he put the needle down on the record and raised the horn.

The light was coming up fast in the east and he pointed the horn at it. The record sounded loud in the summer-night quiet, playing the Farewell Blues, and the music he blew was like a razor blade, cutting the world wide open. He took the last chorus, hit a fine A-flat, and then slid off easy and let it die.

Then he leaned over and dropped the trumpet into the water. It glistened briefly, turning over, and sank.

"Looks like you came back."

She was standing in the doorway, hugging herself a little against the chill. She smiled at him.

"I guess I woke you up," he said. "I never even thought."

"It's all right." she said. "You play fine. I never heard you play before."

He looked down at the ripple that was left where the trumpet sank.

"Not bad," he said. "Only I could do better with a good horn. No wonder he gave it to me, a cheap thing like that. Just a plain old twelve-dollar horn."

A river boat came around the far bend, pushing a lumber barge in front of it, and hooted at the new daylight.

"You comin' to bed?" she said.

"In a minute."

He put his hands in his pocket and stood there for a while, watching the river boat go by.

THE END

"I quit smoking yesterday, didn't I? What do you care what I do with the savings?"

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LABOR'S BIGGEST BOSS

Continued from page 13

North Carolina, whose municipal bonds had gone blotto. When the Coral Gables, Florida, real-estate bubble exploded, Denham was there.

When the banks closed in 1933, and a couple of thousand of them found it impossible to open again, Denham transferred his salvage operations to the government and went to work for Francis G. Awalt, the acting comptroller of the currency, whose headache it was to wangle the nation's kayoed banking system back on its feet within a year.

You would think that all this personal contact with disaster would have taught Denham how to avoid same—personally. But alas, he lost a good deal of his own fortune in 1929, and what remained went in 1937. At the end of that year, Denham had little left but his home in Chevy Chase, Maryland, and a piece of land north of Kissimmee, Florida, to which he was considering retiring to raise cattle—except that the land did not have a clear title. At this point Lawrence Hunt, a friend of his in the newly created National Labor Relations Board, offered him a job as a federal trial examiner at $4,600 a year. Denham grabbed it.

Under the old Wagner Act setup, the federal trial examiner was an important gentleman who sat as a sort of lower court judge in cases involving charges of unfair labor practices—except that his rulings could only be taken as recommendations, not as decrees. If a union, for example, wanted to charge an employer with an unfair labor practice, the union would file its charges with the regional NLRB office in its area. A field examiner would investigate, and if he found that the charges merited action, the regional director would issue a formal complaint against the employer and set a date for a public hearing. Then the NLRB in Washington would dispatch one of its 30-odd trial examiners to hear the case.

In the trial examiner's hearing, the local NLRB office supplied a government attorney to prosecute the case, and regular courtroom procedure was followed. If everybody wasn't happy about the trial examiner's decision, or "intermediate report" as it is called, it could be appealed to the board in Washington, which could either reverse him or order compliance with his recommendations.

If you *still* didn't like the decision, the next step was to go to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, and finally to the U.S. Supreme Court itself.

Excoriates Absent Witnesses

Denham made quite a name for himself down on the bottom rung of this judicial ladder. For instance, on June 22, 1943, he was hearing a case against an oil and pipe line company in Shreveport, Louisiana, when two witnesses failed to appear. At a crucial point in the proceedings, Denham got red in the face, rose up to his full height and roared, "Their refusal to be here is utterly inexcusable, highly contumacious and contemptuous. If I had the power to punish them for contempt, they would be in jail—both of them!"

A few months later, Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., of the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, had things to say about Denham's behavior.

"We cannot agree," read Judge Hutcheson's decision, "that the respondents have had a fair trial by a disinterested, impartial trier of facts (Denham). His general attitude was not impartial, but partisan. . . . He made rash and unguarded statements . . . and had a wholly improper attitude for a judge or an examiner who sits in judicial place to hear and determine facts, draw conclusions of law, and make reports and recommendations based thereon. The judge's remarks evidence bias and prejudice."

On the other hand, Denham received commendation from the 7th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for his decision in the

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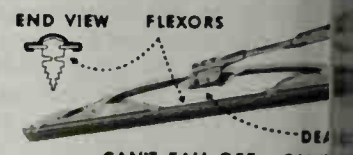

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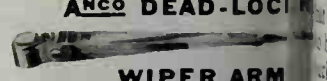

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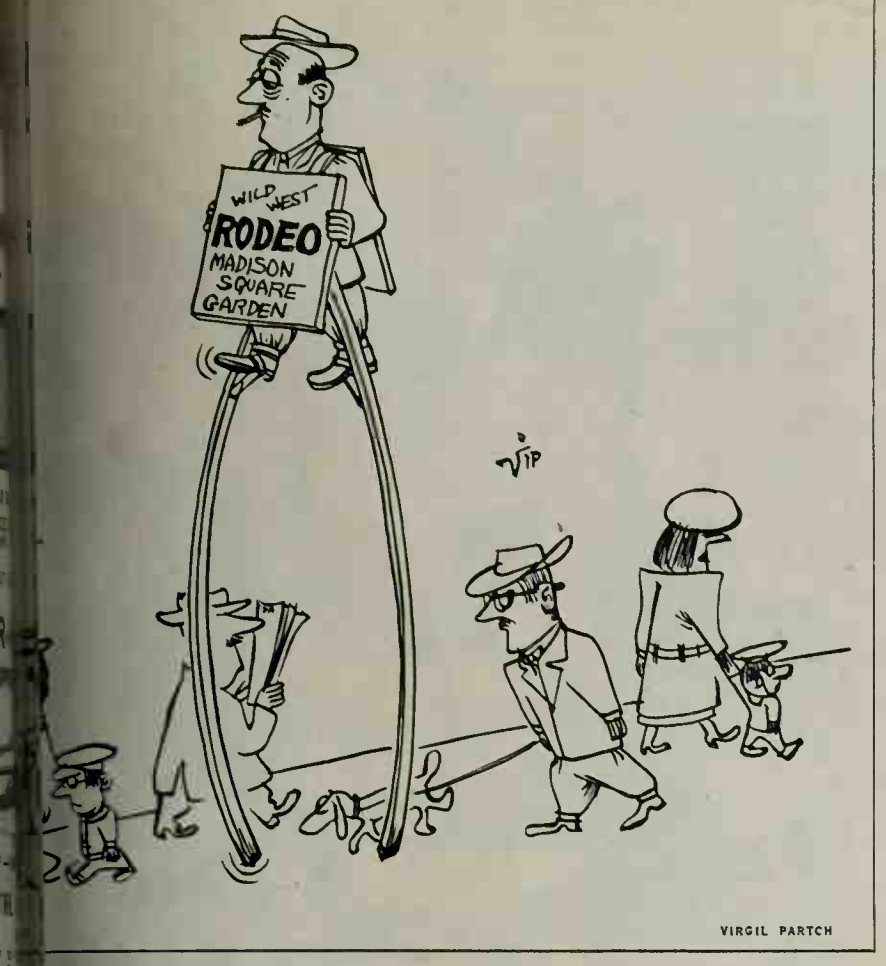

VIRGIL PARTCH

...on case in Chicago during ... this case, Denham upheld ... for firing a group of men ... slowing down production. The board reversed Den... among other things that ... fired for union activity and ... down charge was a smoke ... circuit court on February ...ed down a decision calling ...ruling "asinine," assailing ...m, and upholding Den...s.

...s by far the most pictur... NLRB's trial examiners. In ...iser shipbuilding case, he ...elt hat down over his eyes ...e hours around the saloons ...nd, Oregon, water front, ... on the conversations of ...n. The union complained ..., and eventually another ... was sent out to "back-... But Denham set prece... Public Service Company ... shipyard worker named ...s was fired for union ac... applied to the NLRB for ...

...nd that instead of going ... of the other war plants in ..., all of whom were clam... Thomas had done noth... or a brief hitch as a ... a bowling alley. Denham ... case—and it later became ...—that a man fired for un... to be reinstated, but he ... back pay unless he had ...ther job at the U.S. Em...ice while he was out of ...

...ases, Denham's superiors ... intolerance toward wit...cting at times like a mar... Firestone Tire & Rubber ... in Des Moines, Iowa, in ...he company listed an ad...estigation report as the ... one, Harry Mayse. The ...d not, however, enter ...dence because they had a ...he credit agency to keep ...ts confidential. At this ... took a private peek at the ...hout letting anyone else ... at it, indicated he would ...mpany's position.

...ment attorney shouted, ...ous! How can I cross-ex... amine if you won't even let me see the principal evidence?"

Denham, however, remained adamant. The government attorney thereupon filed a protest to the NLRB, which disqualified Denham "for prejudice."

In the Phelps case in 1943, Denham challenged the veracity of Negro witnesses. He incorporated this challenge into his written draft report, which still is in the files of the Trial Examiner Division of the NLRB in Washington.

In explaining why he took the word of a white man named Harlan as against the testimony of several Negro witnesses, Denham wrote, "The reluctance of the Southern Negro to discuss his affairs with his white bosses, particularly where such matters might tend to prejudice him, and his tendency to concoct almost any fabrication as an answer in such circumstances, is well recognized among the white men of the South. Close and intimate contact with the Negro has taught the white overseers to recognize when a Negro is lying."

This judicial reasoning, cut out of Denham's final report by his superiors, resulted in a strong verbal protest against Denham by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Nine Years Without Promotion

Denham remained a trial examiner for nine years, and despite his seniority, he never was promoted. During nearly all of this period, he led a small group of four or five conservatives in what he called "a rear-guard action against the 'radicals' in the NLRB." Allied with Denham in this crusade were two other trial examiners and Gerard D. Reilly, a conservative member of the board and a reformed New Dealer, who later became Senator Taft's labor adviser and who generally is credited with writing the original tough legislation which eventually became the Taft-Hartley Act.

Beginning about November of 1944, Denham and two of his allied trial examiners in the NLRB staged a revolt against what they termed "the board's attempts to dictate their decisions." They deliberately handed down three decisions in their intermediate reports which ran counter to sections 8(2), 8(3) and 8(5) of the Wagner Act. Unfortunately, their decisions also ran counter to the Supreme Court, which had long ago de-

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"I knew your husband well in nineteen twenty-four. Noth ing serious, though. Just mah-jongg and the Charlesto

COLLIER'S

cided the same three issues, and the insurrection collapsed.

The result was a memorandum from the board on March 28, 1945, informing Mr. Denham *et al* that "the board expects the trial examiners not to deviate from board policies. The board welcomes suggestions as to possible changes in board policy, but such suggestions shall be made *after* the trial examiner's intermediate report has been issued." Reilly had his initials on the memorandum, along with the two liberal members of the board.

However, as Republican strength grew in the nation and in Congress, the strength of Denham and his colleagues grew within the NLRB. The board, which at one time was reversing Denham in whole or in part three times as often as the average trial examiner, found itself agreeing with him in more and more cases. Then, in the spring of 1947, Congress began its deliberations over the Taft-Hartley legislation, and Denham sent a long memorandum to his old classmate, Senator Forrest C. Donnell, who saw to it that some of Denham's suggestions were incorporated into the act.

For the New Post in NLRB

When it came to picking a man for the new job of general counsel of the NLRB, Reilly (by this time special counsel of Taft's Senate Labor Committee and the Republican party's acknowledged labor expert) saw to it that Denham's name was included in the list of recommended candidates which the three members of the board sent over to the White House.

President Truman's only stipulation when he looked at this list was that the choice be a Republican—to administer (and, if possible, to take the blame for) the predominantly Republican legislation. The choice was put up to John R. Steelman, the President's labor adviser, who reached into the distinguish of government-agency heac yers and law-school profess out with the darkest of d Denham.

From the moment of his Denham began kicking up a amount of dust. In the Committee hearings which for the job, Denham indica Joseph H. Ball an eagerne with the Joint Congression on interpretations of prov Taft-Hartley Act, before t position on them." In fact formed Ball at one point, would be a privilege to do s

Since the Constitution bids Congress to interpret a the laws it has passed and p and executive officers to functions, Mr. Denham's r several lifted eyebrows, ir of Senator Claude Pepper. (page 33) reveals that the Florida thereupon asked you would be seeking the Joint Committee in makir of the law?"

"Correct," said Denham

"Do you think," cont "that the Supreme Court, w upon to construe this law, i for anybody in the Congr

"I'm afraid not," said D

"As a lawyer," said Pepp be rather shocked if they you?"

"Yes, sir," said Denhan

"I wonder," said Pepp any difference between yo theirs. Are you seeking here as a member of the judicial or the executive government?"

According to eyewitne question was asked of M Mr. Truman when the Pr

tl carpet at the White House a
ys ter, except that the President
dl out it more bluntly, saying, in
A you working for me, or are
rk g for Senator Ball?
t s, Denham settled down and
as efficient job of reorganizing
R administratively. The Taft-
t had increased the board
e members, and then had
of nearly all its prosecution
itrative powers, leaving it lit-
n a court of appeal. Instead
itself, Denham now decides
should be tried before the
ham, instead of the board,
nds the regional offices, the
ctors, the regional attorneys
examiners.

ho Makes Many Decisions

regional director dismisses a
is Denham, not the board,
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the local union, the officers
l or international union to
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rs of the C.I.O. and the
the union was affiliated
these.
uling of Denham's was announced, a howl of protest went up, and Denham found himself assailed not only by liberals, but also by such as the New York Times, the Washington Post, columnists Joseph and Steward Alsop and Senator Taft. Some of the critics held that the wording of the act was ambiguous and could be taken either way, but all agreed that Denham had gone to extremes in including the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. officers. Both of these organizations, they claimed are loose federations of unions with no direct chain of command, from the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. downward, except in the case of a few A.F. of L. "federal" unions.

They held that A.F. of L. Vice-President John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, for instance, couldn't conceivably have anything to do with the affairs of the bassoon players in James C. Petrillo's American Federation of Musicians. Senator Taft said that the non-Communist affidavit provision of the act was not intended to be a "catchall" to include "loose federations" which have no real control over union locals. The chairman of the Senate Labor Committee added that he thought it would be sufficient if the actual heads of the locals —the men with real authority—signed.

In any event, Denham refused to backtrack, and the national officers of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. refused to sign, and Denham's early activity, therefore, was limited mostly to a few cases *against* labor unions.

"Denham is way out in left field on this ruling," said Vermont's Senator George D. Aiken, "and if he makes a few more mistakes like that, the Taft-Hartley Act will be on the rocks."

A more immediate danger was that it may have been the beginning of a rift between Denham and a majority of the members of the board, and, as Senator Irving M. Ives told Denham before the Senate Labor Committee, "If you get at loggerheads with each other, the whole thing will crack up."

All this dust being kicked up is not unlike that which beclouded the scene when the Wagner Act was first declared constitutional in 1937. The dust may settle, to allow the Taft-Hartley Act to function as a smooth-running machine.

On the other hand, it may blow up into a major storm which could clog up the machine—and the party which built it.

THE END

n make out, he stands for what he thinks the people will fall for!"

HARRY LAMPERT

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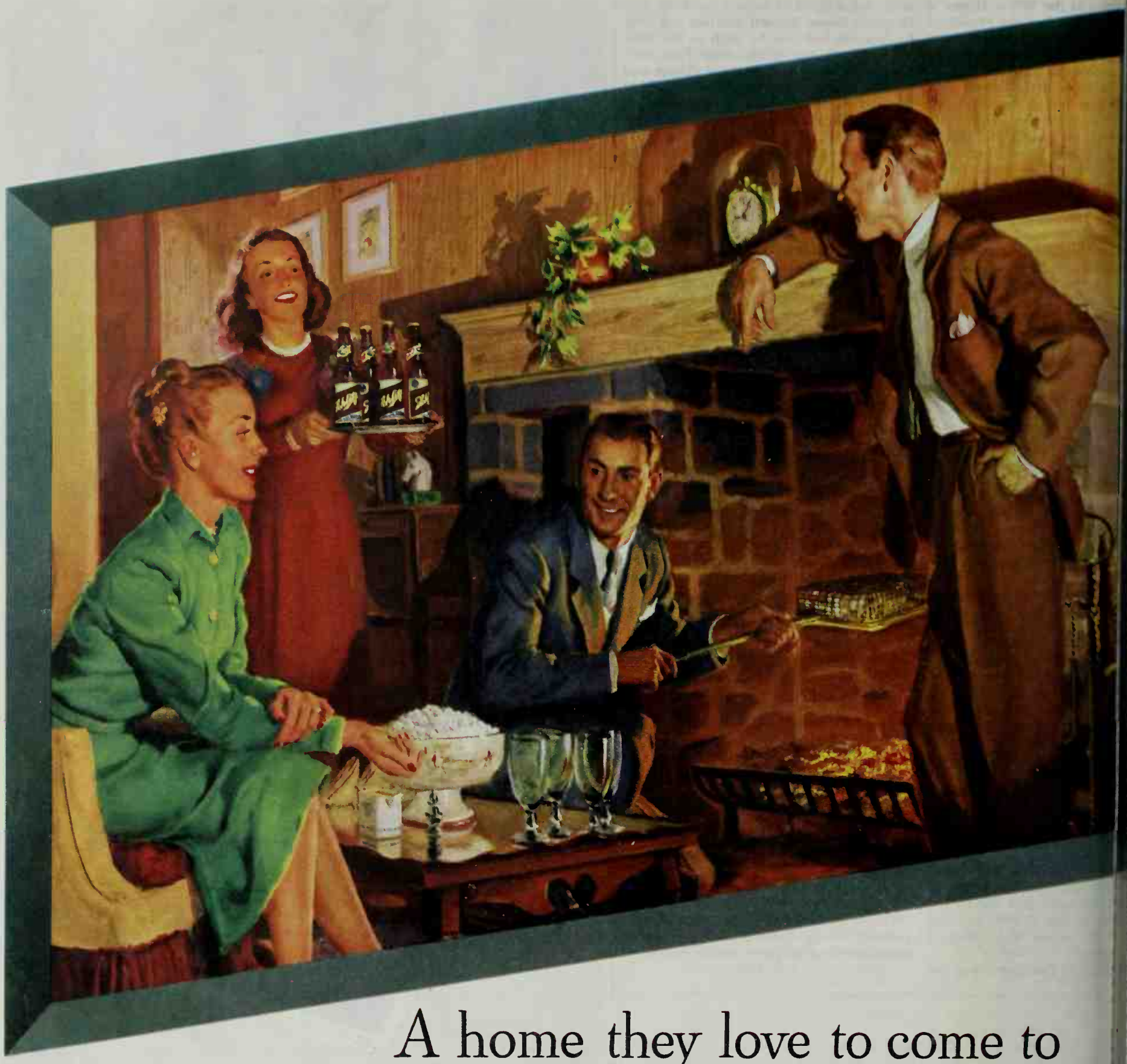

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The Beer that made Milwaukee Fam

UNCLE HARRY'S SWAN SONG

Continued from page 15

t morphine in their food?" door she turned and said, like to know, you mental hat I have a date with Gor- and most nights to come." rdon's a good quiet type," "Is his mother going along?" ed solemnly and left. Gor- a young insurance man in e-sized, mildly plump and bout the temples. He sings Odd Fellows quartet. He's t's just that he's so careful e gets under your skin.

of hours after Susie blew, arry arrived. He had pres- ll, including a new sixteen- r for me. He had changed last saw him, before the ned taller than six feet one hung looser; he was thin- was brown and angular, and blue and set deep behind ebrows, gave you the feel- looked at you that he was kull and chuckling at what re. Uncle Harry never ap- nything, but he gets a good e's thirty now and owns a na with 700 head of Here-

had more coffee, this time , and had jawed about rela- war, we got to duck-hunt-

f them here," I said, "gorg- eat. Mallard mostly, some ils."

y's face began to glow with "We'll start at four in the said.

Mother winding up with a arry," she said, innocent, e of the women hunt, too. sweet girl next door, and I to show you some of the

uldn't be allowed near a le Harry said, "unless they o swim with ducks in their smiled over at me. "To- rday; I'll take Red."

ther said, stymied, "I just ention it."

uman thing more frightful poker player is a female he said, his eyes laughing. ortsmanship is a defect in his beard."

ed at Mother and grinned. e were going to bed I saw eek and pat her shoulder. y the next morning Uncle were huddled on a small point in Halvorson's slough, eight miles north of town. In that cold dim half hour of legal shooting before sunrise, when ducks pull their heads out from under their wings and hustle out to feed in the stubble fields, we clouted six mallard. But when the sun came rolling up across the prairies east of us, hunting was ruined. A warm sun brings out the bum in a duck; he lazies around out of range, shooting off his mouth with his pals, straightening his feathers, or maybe chasing a girl duck. It was not until around four in the afternoon, when a cold wind started pouring down from Canada, a few miles north of us, that we got ready for more shooting.

Our eighteen cork decoys were anchored out in a piece of open water on the lee side of the point. Uncle Harry and I had cover in two clumps of brush, about thirty feet apart. With ducks stirring as the weather turned ugly we kept down, watching the sky; neither of us saw the hunter bellying up through the tall grass at the edge of the slough. First we knew of it someone rose suddenly in front of us and with both barrels blasted our decoys.

"Hey, Knucklehead!" Uncle Harry roared. "You just ground-sluiced yourself a cork duck!"

The hunter turned; it was Susie. She was gotten up like a male hunter in an old hunting coat, brown duck pants, rubber boots and a corduroy hunting cap; but, being Susie, it was pretty plain she wasn't a man. I stayed hidden to see the opening of hostilities.

"I'm terribly sorry!" Susie called. "They looked so natural!"

"My God, a dame!" I heard Uncle Harry say. "No wonder!" Susie was out in a foot and a half of water, wading after the decoy she'd decapitated. "Leave it be, Toots," Uncle Harry called. "Just get out of range is all I ask."

Susie stopped wading. She doesn't like for people to talk to her like that; furthermore, I knew she'd be at a boil at having made a fool of herself. "Call me Toots once more," she cried, "and you'll have sorrows!"

"Uh-huh, now back talk," Uncle Harry said. "Stumbles around like a clown, shoots people's decoys on the sit, and tops it off being churlish."

"I'm warning you!"

"Just beat it, Toots, will you?"

"By Judas!" Susie yelled. "That does it!" She raised her gun and shot the head off another decoy.

I glanced over at Uncle Harry. He was watching Susie in a thoughtful way. "Okay," he called. "It's all my fault. I

"It isn't the 20-year rap they gave you—I don't mind that. It's the idea of losing my first big case!" DAVE GERARD

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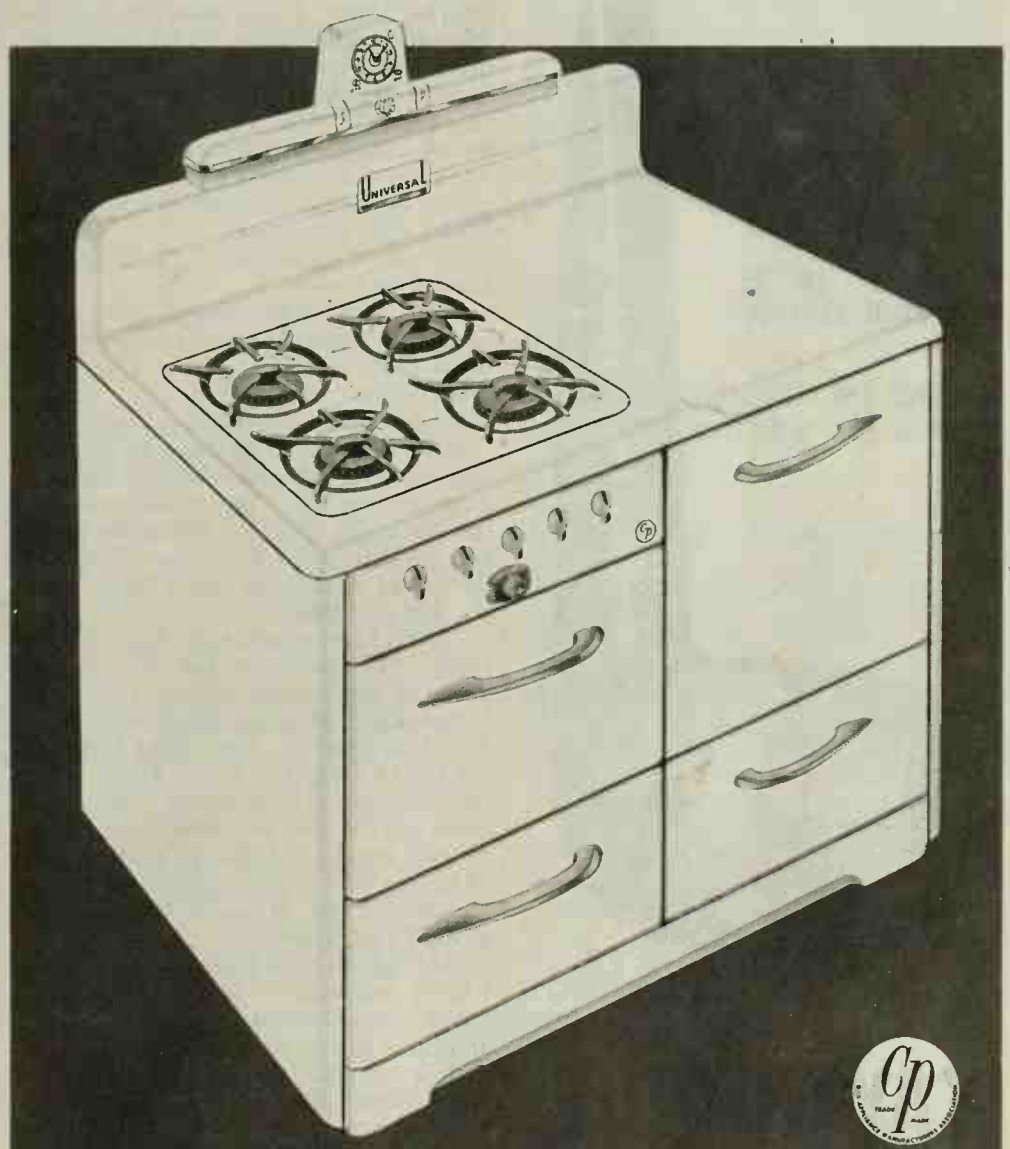

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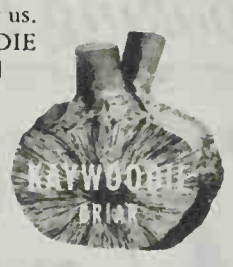

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shouldn't have let my decoys rush you."

"Now, please, don't be sarcastic," Susie said. "I told you I was sorry."

A flock of mallard coming in from the south, bucking the wind, interrupted things. "Hey, Precious!" Uncle Harry called. "Ducks coming in at us from the south! Get down! Don't move!"

The most delicate maneuver in duck hunting is to get down while you're standing knee-deep in water. The trick is to bend from the hips, keeping your legs straight. If you squat you dip your bottom in the ice water; most people squat. I was too busy to notice what Susie did.

THE ducks reconnoitered our decoys while we waited, motionless. With Susie in sight we knew they wouldn't slide in for a landing, but once ducks have their eyes on decoys they become preoccupied and aren't nearly as astute as they usually are. They circled in close enough for Uncle Harry and Susie, and they shot four times. Two greenheads—drake mallard—fell near Susie. She waded over and picked them. "Didn't you get any?" she asked Uncle Harry.

Uncle Harry is a fearsome wing shot, so he walked fast to the water's edge where he could chew Susie down to size. "Girlie, listen. I can stomach your unnatural stupidity in potshooting my decoys, or blowing their heads off in seizures of shrewish temper, or in general carrying on like someone needing a mercy killing. I've learned those things are normal in female duck hunters, like germs in cheese. But see if you can get this: I shot those ducks."

"Really?" said Susie. "I happen to know I shot them."

They were close enough now to see each other clearly and it appeared to impress both of them. Uncle Harry said mildly, "Just hand me the birds and I'll write off the decoys to experience."

Susie had waded to shore by this time and stood no more than twenty feet from me, shivering like a pup with worms, her lips the color of slate. When she turned her back to me I saw why. While the flock was circling us Susie hadn't bent, she had squatted.

"Don't blow a gasket, Noisy," she chattered. "I'll pay you for the decoys." She dug some soggy currency from her hip pocket. "Here are three dollars, that ought to cover it. The ducks I slew, so the ducks I keep." Uncle Harry had a sort of bemused look, so she added, "And don't get the idea of rassling for them."

"Not me," Uncle Harry said, smiling. "I have a hunch you bulge with muscles. Shoveled a lot of grain in your time, haven't you, Toots?"

He ought to have known better, though I think the sight of Susie had begun to scuttle his judgment; anyway, he said it and Susie busted him alongside the head with a wet mallard. "I told you," she cried, "about that word!"

When Susie had stalked off to her car, and Uncle Harry had picked the wet feathers from his face, he called over asking if I knew who the maniac was that had shot our decoys and slugged him with his own duck. He wasn't mad, just awed.

"She lives back of us, across the alley?"

"Married?"

"Nope. Got her traps out though."

"Incredible temper. Except for Donald Duck I don't know I've ever seen one like it. Amazing eyes, too."

"Uncle Harry?"

"M'mmmm?"

"You're wrong about her bulges, too."

"Wouldn't be at all surprised." I saw him chuckle, then suddenly dive into his blind. "Look! Coming at us across the slough! Geese!"

I looked and there they were, about twenty of them, flying ponderously, like bombers in formation.

"They're white!" Uncle Harry said. "Must be snow geese!"

I knew of snow geese, but never had I seen any. They were heavy birds and they flew with a sort of dignity. They kept coming and we knew we were going to get a shot. Then they were over us, big as airplanes, and the *swish-squeek* of their wings got very loud. We each fired three times, and two folded and dropped in the grass behind us; it was impossible to say who shot them. When I got to them they were dead, so I picked them up by their heads. I knew then what we'd shot. The necks were about three feet long.

"They're colossal!" Uncle Harry yelled. "Big as swans!"

"They are swans."

He studied them a moment, then he slumped down and conscientiously swore the edge off his disgust. When he was done he glanced up at me. "As I recall the law, shooting swans is notably against it."

He was right; if we were caught with them we could be fined, jailed, our guns taken and our licenses torn up. Uncle Harry's car was parked among some cottonwoods about four hundred yards away. Beyond that a quarter of a mile was the highway, hidden from us by a small rise in the ground. By following the edge of the slough for a way and then keeping the trees between me and the road I could get to the car without being seen. I told Uncle Harry.

"There are few things as charming as small crime," he said, smiling. "Morally, we're guiltless, but I don't suppose it would cut much ice in court. Go ahead, hide the brutes in the gunny sack we had the decoys in."

WITH the swans in the sack I jogged up to the car and hid them in the rear compartment. When I came back around the edge of the slough I saw Uncle Harry had company. It was Susie; she'd been up to her car and changed into dry pants.

I crawled in through the long brown-green grass close enough to hear. "Don't tell me I'm having spots before my eyes!" Susie snapped. "Those swans came right over me after they went over this point. I saw two drop here. Where are they?"

"Steady, dear," Uncle Harry said, easy and friendly. "Are you *sure* you haven't been hitting the bottle? On their bad days boozers often see—"

"Quiet!" Susie cried. She fumbled in her pocket and came out with a card in a leather case. "Read that!" she said.

Uncle Harry read it. "It says Susan Nygaard is a deputy game warden." He handed back the card and smiled gently. "Well, Susie, what seems to be crosswise in your craw?"

"Oh!" Susie said. "You big grinning anthropoid!" She flounced away from him and began kicking the grass, searching for the swans. The only thing she found was me.

"Hello, decoy slayer," I said.

"Red! What are you doing here?"

"Listening to my Uncle Harry toy with women."

"Uncle Harry! Oh, *no!*" She looked over at Uncle Harry, who nodded and smiled pleasantly at her, then she looked back at me, then she sat down on a gopher mound and cried a little. She'd been humiliated, needled and frustrated and now she was picking a fight with her best friend's brother, a toothsome bachelor. I suppose she wept to take her pressure down. Uncle Harry began to look ashamed of himself and gave her his hanky. After a while Susie blew her nose and stood up; her chin stuck out farther than normal. "Did you shoot any swans, Red?"

"Swans? Wild swans?"

She eyed me a moment. "No. No, of course not, no one related to that cretinous felon would lie!" She stalked over to Uncle Harry, who was leaning on his gun, watching her affectionately. She shook her finger at him. "If I ever find those swans, by Judas priest, you're go-

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ing to the clink, Catherine's brother or not!"

Susie covered two or three acres and even waded out into the rushes looking for the swans she was so sore.

"Maddest mouse I ever saw," Uncle Harry said, fascinated. "How can anyone so pretty get that mad?"

When Susie came back she was calmer. She looked at her watch and consulted a timetable. "Half hour before sunset," she announced. "No more shooting."

Uncle Harry looked at her with a strange look on his face. "I'm sorry you didn't find the swans."

"Move along," Susie said, but she'd lost her ferocity.

SHE watched us while we took in our decoys. When they were in she walked with us to Uncle Harry's car. We gave her a lift down to hers and on the way back into town she drove right behind us. No one said much. Finally, when we were alone, Uncle Harry asked, "Can she cook, do you know?"

"Makes the best *lefsa, rommegraut* and *kjottkaker* in town. A sharp hand at free-style American, too."

"Any noisome habits, like cheating at cards or arson?"

"Except for stealing ducks, she's absolutely square."

"Figured that," Uncle Harry murmured. He seemed a little upset. "She's so confounded honest. Maybe we should have told her about the swans. I don't feel right about it."

I knew I was watching the decline of what Father claims is mankind's noblest and rarest product. I pointed out that Susie wanted to jail us, but he didn't answer. He was having thoughts, I guess, and we drove home in silence. It was dark when we got there. We waited while Susie put her car away.

"What about the hot white cargo?" Uncle Harry asked.

"We can't take them in. Mother's too honest not to tell Susie. We'd better bury them in the ash pile back of the privy."

Like all privies in a small town ours sat on the edge of the alley with its back to it. It was about thirty years old, white, with a green shingled roof. Grandfather, who was a small-town boy himself and informed on the qualities needed in a small-town outhouse, had it set in concrete. It developed sort of a name for itself because for thirty years at Halloween small fry have pushed at it until their eyeballs hurt and never tipped it. I've tried it myself for six years, because it doesn't pay to be chintzy about one's own privy. For as long as I can recall, ours has been kind of an auxiliary, never used except when our pipes froze inside or when visitors up from Minneapolis thought it was quaint and gave it a whirl. About the only thing it's good for nowadays is for stopping wild throws over first base when we play baseball in our back yard. Also it hides the ash pile.

While Uncle Harry carried the swans to the ash pile I went inside and shook down the furnace for another basketful of ashes. Father watched me carrying them out and I heard him say to Mother that I was working up to putting the bite on him or had gone insane. Outside I found that Uncle Harry had gouged a hole in the ashes and dumped in the swans. I poured the hot ashes on top, banking them against the back of the privy. Then we went in for supper.

We'd just finished dessert when Susie came over bearing an enameled pan with two picked ducks in it. She was dolled up and beautiful, her white skin flushed a little and her red-gold hair swept up and corralled on top of her head. She wore a soft, paralyzing smile.

"Susie," Mother said, eager and happy to promote a romance, "I want you to meet my youngest brother, Harry. Harry, Susan Nygaard."

Uncle Harry stood up and bowed. "Miss Nygaard and I have met and traded a few shots in the swamp. You are even lovelier without your shotgun, Miss Nygaard."

"Oh," Mother said. "Well, for goodness sakes!"

"That's why I came over tonight," Susie said. "I want to apologize for the ugly way I acted this afternoon." She asked Uncle Harry, "What size shot were you shooting?"

"Fours."

Susie nodded. "These are your ducks. I was shooting sixes and there isn't a shot of mine in either duck. I'm so awfully ashamed to have claimed them."

For a man hep to women, Uncle Harry wasn't standing up well. Susie had potshot his decoys, claimed his ducks, hit him with one, threatened to imprison him and called him an anthropoid; in fact, she'd more than upheld what he'd said about female duck hunters; yet, there he sat with a foolish, yearning look on his face. Then I remembered that he had once said that love is the natural enemy of a man's principles.

"That's the most sporting thing I've ever seen a woman do, Miss Nygaard," he said.

"Susie," Susie said, turning on the current.

"Looks like an interesting fall," Father said. "Better have a cup of coffee, Susie."

"Well," Susie said, "I don't have much time. Just a small cup, Catherine." She blushed. "I just wanted to get this duck thing straightened out."

"Sure," Father said.

"Susie," Uncle Harry said, "would you care to join me in a small snort at the local saloon?"

"I'd love to, Mister Haggarty—"

"Harry," Uncle Harry said.

"Oh, good lord!" Father cried.

"But I can't tonight. I've a date in a few minutes."

"With Gordon?" Mother asked.

Susie nodded and looked at Uncle Harry.

"There's one character you don't have to worry about, Uncle Harry," I said. "Gordon thinks necking is something that *follows* the wedding."

Mother told Father they were going to have to do something about me. Father replied that it didn't concern him; no one on *his* side of the family had a lip like mine. Susie said she hoped she'd see us all tomorrow, and Uncle Harry said he'd walk her home, which he did. It took him a half hour for the 75 yards.

IT WAS calm then until about 1 A.M. when Father began bellowing at Mother and woke me up. He charged out into the hall and I caught his words: "Our privy's on fire! Everybody up! Our privy's burning!"

I got up and looked out the back window and he was right, it was burning. I remembered the hot ashes I had dumped against it, but I didn't mention it. I put on my pants and shoes and a sweater and rushed downstairs. Father was in his pajamas and slippers in the kitchen running water into a pail. I noticed he'd spilled the first pailful on the floor. "Now don't get excited!" he kept roaring. "Don't get excited!"

Outside I found Susie and Gordon throwing ashes on the blaze to kill it. "We'd just parked a minute when we saw the flame and came over," Susie cried. "Isn't it awful? The dear little thing had so much prestige!"

"I hope you have adequate insurance," Gordon said. He was shoveling ashes on with a board. "Good heavens!" he said. "What on earth?"

Gordon had dug up the swans.

Susie dragged the scorched birds out into the alley. She blistered me with a look, then she said quietly to Gordon, "Better buzz downtown in your car, Gordy, and ring the fire bell. Sparks from this may spread it."

When Gordon had gone and Father was loping after another pail of water,

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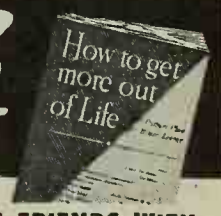

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Susie snapped, "Go help your father, Red."

Inside the house I met Uncle Harry, who sleeps heavy. "I hear the pillar of the Old West is burning," he said.

"She found the swans. Her and that Gordon."

"H'mmmm," said Uncle Harry.

When we got outside again, Susie and the swans were gone and Father was standing there with an empty pail.

"The hell with throwing water on it," he said. "Let her burn. What's the good of saving half an outhouse?"

Just then the fire bell rang in its hysterical way and the neighbors began spurting out of their houses, the men in the lead. In the moonlight you could see them cutting across lawns, sprinting toward us down alleys and streets, stuffing their pajama tops into their pants on the run, most of them hauling up at least once to tie a shoelace. The only one who didn't make it was Sven Olson, who caught his chin on Tollefson's clothesline at a dead run, knocked himself out and missed the main burning. In ten minutes there were over a hundred people in our back yard; they said later the red glow in the sky made it look like our house was on fire. The women were there with wrappers and coats over their nightgowns, their hair in curlers, and chortling when the men called out jokes about the privy at Father.

In Winton we don't have a fire engine, instead we have a pump in the fire hall and a lot of hose that can be run out to a fire. When the fire bell rang, the volunteer firemen tore for the fire hall, got the pump started, and ran with the hose for our place. They ran it out full length and missed reaching our place by two hundred feet. I ran over to help, but Olaf Larson, the fire chief, had studied the situation. "Aw, let the damned t'ing go, boys," he said. "Mrs. O'Rourke's serving hot coffee and cookies." The firemen left the hose where it was and came over. Mother had set up a card table in the back yard, over second base. She had her two big picnic coffeepots going and jars of cookies out.

Susie wasn't there though, and that was worrisome. I hunted up Uncle Harry. He was leaning against our clothesline post, glumly staring at the fire. "Have you seen her?" I asked.

"Susie? No. I don't think we're going to see much of Susie from here on in." He sighed some. "Jimmie, let this be a lesson to you. Twelve hours ago I was a free, contented bachelor, thirty years old, unworried and wise to women and their guileful ways. Look at me. Right now I'd give my spotless soul just to be forgiven by a sassy blonde I didn't know until yesterday."

He was lost, all right, and knew it—which is probably unusual. I took a gander at the Nygaard house and saw that the light in the kitchen was on. I left Uncle Harry and went over. Susie was sitting in the kitchen, bawling. The two swans, looking pretty beat, lay on the floor. "Susie," I said, "about those swans—"

"Go away, you little stinker," Susie said. "You're as bad as he is." She wiped her eyes with the knuckle of her forefinger and sniffled. "Why'd he lie to me, the big stiff?"

"He wasn't nuts about you then," I said. Corner me and I'll try anything.

"He hates women," Susie said, trying to start an argument. "Doesn't he?"

"Not any more. Right now he's as dopey and useless as a man can get. It's disgusting."

"If he liked me," Susie went on, being pitiful and cuddlesome, "he wouldn't have made a fool of me like he did."

"He was snookered between love and jail," I said, heading for the door. "Hold still a minute."

I FOUND Uncle Harry still leaning against the clothesline post. "I located the inflamed game warden," I told him, "and softened her up for you. Give her the works and Mother won't have to visit me at the reformatory."

Uncle Harry followed me back across the alley and Susie's back yard to her kitchen. She had stopped weeping and was making herself some coffee, though I noticed she had three places set.

"Susie," Uncle Harry said miserably, "I shouldn't have lied to you about the swans like I did. I was going to tell you tonight, but I didn't have time, I—"

"You had plenty time to tell me all those other things," Susie said, not looking at him. "About wanting to take me hunting and wanting to see me every night."

"I meant what I said tonight, Susie."

"Sure, he did," I said, "he's been a dead pigeon ever since you belted him with that mallard."

"Shut up," Susie said.

"Yeah, shut up," Uncle Harry said. "Susie," he went on, "would it help if you knew I planned to take the swans down to court in the morning?"

"It'd help some," Susie said softly.

"Close in on her," I said to Uncle Harry. "Smooch her right and we'll both get a pardon."

"Shut up," Uncle Harry said.

"Why should he?" Susie asked.

So Uncle Harry stepped over the swans and kissed her a couple good ones.

Monday morning Father, Susie, Uncle Harry, the two swans and I went down to the courthouse. The judge fined Uncle Harry seventy dollars and never mentioned a jail sentence. It wasn't a month, though, before Susie had Uncle Harry down before the judge again—and this time he got life.

THE END

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

HIGH FINANCE

...: In Mr. Wiggins' article (They ... the Revenue Man, Sept. 20th) ... the evasions of taxpayers, he ... mention (understandably) one ...easury Department has put over ...payers since the introduction of ...-you-go" system.

... portion of everybody's income ...ly becomes the property of the ...epartment. This portion is paid ...erly installments and, theoreti... September 15th of each year, ...s of this obligation is paid off. ...hen John Q. Taxpayer makes ...lement in January, for the past ...ds that no credit is made for ...ment payments *until after* this ...n considered as part of his *net ...me* for the purpose of putting ...her tax bracket.

...nation (tie this!) is that the ...venue Department doesn't turn ...collected over to the Treasury ... until the end of the year!

...HELD (in awe of Mr. Snyder).

...ERMINATE THE B's

... My remedy for Hollywood ... Kyle Crichton (Sept. 20th): ...l production of second fea... double bills, currently being ... per cent of Detroit theaters.

JOHN ECKELS, Detroit, Mich.

...lure of Forever Amber will ...pression then start digging in ...ion it will fall flat on its face ...ake expenses. Not only Fan ...king people and members to ...it, but, so are groups dealing ...and moral codes.

...O FAN CLUBS FOR TEEN-AGERS OF AMERICA, Shreveport, La.

...EOKO D'EENGLEESH!

...AVENPORT: It's "Jornada del ...eet Water map, Sept. 20th), ... del Muerto," though doubt...sing "o" for "a" will seem, to ...nish speoking reoders o very ...

Salud y cartuchos!

...MAR BARKER, Sapello, N. M.

... BUY MY WARDROBE, DEAR?

...ARSON: If I can get dresses ...ou have pictured in your arti...t Your Price (Sept. 27th), for ...en I can buy my husband ...d everyone will be happy. ... who makes these dresses.

...SHANE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

...dine is a McKettrick classic; ... is by Winfield Dress Com...en is by Barmon Brothers; ..., makes the checked; and ...eld the plaid skirt-green top.

... CURTAIN, U.S.A.

...an it be that Paul Porter ...iracle in Greece, Sept. 20th) ...tly given us a glimpse of ... government will be like in ...ant future if we are not vigi... was once a great nation and ... who also wrote learnedly ...nce of government. Since ...roubles seem to be more or ... of putrefaction in govern... see to it that ours is kept ...an and free of parasites. ...ures indicate that ours is ... with deadheads and is ap... point of overload at an ...e.

... BENEDICT, Dubuque, Iowa

...RY WALLACE

...our imbecilic "denuncia... Henry Wallace is possibly ...bute you could have paid him (The Abundant Mr. Wallace, Sept. 20th). His fight against hypocrisy, fear, Fascism and reaction can only be strengthened by such hysteric outbursts as that of your writer, Dickson Hartwell.

JACK SCHWARZSCHILD, Hudson, N. Y.

SLANGUAGE

DEAR SIRS: Re Translations, Please (Sept. 13th) and untranslated foreign words, we also like new words and slang to be translated. In the same issue, I read, "So soddy," "a swelled noggin" and "trepanning," and "a quick gander."

In what dictionary do you find "yap" or "yawp" as a noun?

LAWRENCE MEISSNER, Portland, Ore.

Our dictionary.

A-HEM!

DEAR SIR: Your article on Charles James (Young Man of Fashion, Sept. 20th) was fascinating. In the years Charles has dressed me, I have never seen him lose his dignity. The present business of long skirt versus short was worked out by James for me several seasons ago, so that I am not left, as many others, having to explain how they got caught with their skirts short (and having at the same time to throw away a wardrobe!). In fact, I am wearing clothes today that Charles made for me six years ago. They are still in fashion; the materials have held up remarkably well with all that trouping. . . . The prices start at three sixty-five not eight hundred, suits at four sixty-five. Four sixty-five, for a suit which can be worn for six years without alteration, is in fact cheaper than anywhere else in town.

GYPSY ROSE LEE, New York, N. Y.

... Designer James' ingenuity seems trifling indeed, when compared with that of his model who manages to appear charming while crammed into a gown which, according to the caption contains "36 skirt panels each tapering from one yard at hemline to 1/16 of an inch at the waist" thus making a waistline of 2¼ inches. As though that were not bad enough, she is forced to drag 36 yards of hemline about her feet. By simple geometry, judging from the way the dress appears, it seems the young lady would have to be something more than 17 feet tall to accomplish this.

ROWLAND G. LEX, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

The caption writer neglected to add that this dress also has a bodice which extends into the skirt, front and back, thus supplying the necessary inches for the average waist to cram into. Ludicrous as 2¼-inch waists may appear to Reader Lex, if present trends toward hourglass style continue, the modern girl may yet look like this:

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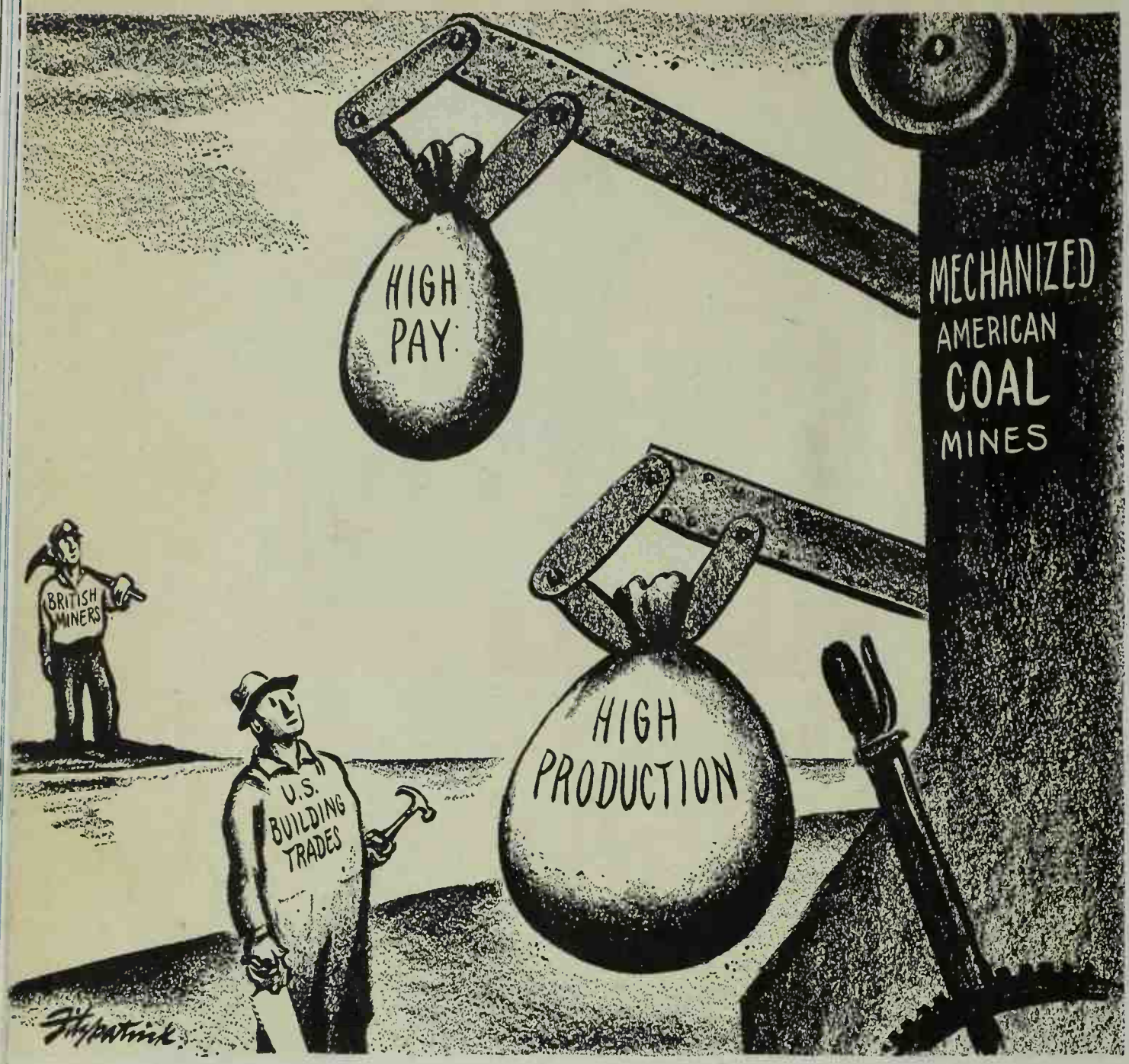

JOHN L. LEWIS is a highly co and periodically hated character yet to hear any responsible pers him of being stupid.

The Lewis shrewdness showed up the from a novel angle. Labor's Nonparti brought out a pamphlet containing the U Workers' chief's testimony on various coal mining, as given before Congressi mittees in the last year.

About British coal, here is what Lewi

The British mining industry has refused f to modernize its mining and productive pro

The British Miners Union opposed it, additional premise that it would augment ment and displace man power with the ma

But, as a result of the failure to mec British mining industry is now in this ter tion where it is unable to furnish the nati quirements.

By contrast, Mr. Lewis added:

Had it not been for the position of Mine Workers in not only accepting, and couraging, but demanding modernizatio modernization, of our mining industry America would have been in just the sam the British Empire today.

That last may be an exaggeration, b it is based on rock-bottom fact. Lew union's long friendliness to coal-mine tion has been most enlightened. It has the fact that per-day productivity in our is now six times that in British mines prices to consumers (according to Lew one third per ton of the cost in Britain.

It should be emphasized that this m insisted on more and more coal-mine not some capitalist eager to grind the poor. He is the nation's top labor leade getting big wages and other benefits for

We hope that labor leaders and th in various other lines will ponder this l attitude toward new machines and ne and that a special amount of such po be performed in the building-trades un

WHAT TO DO WITH BIZONIA

BIZONIA is a new and interesting word, which we'll most likely be hearing for a long time to come. It's the nickname for the British and American zones of occupied Germany, now being merged economically because we cannot agree with Russia regarding the operation of all Germany as an economic unit.

Bizonia is the subject of embittered debate just now because the United States and Great Britain recently decided that it was to be permitted to produce 10.7 million tons of steel henceforth, instead of the 5.8 million agreed on at the Potsdam conference, and that other Bizonian industrial production was to be stepped up in proportion.

This decision is being called criminal, short-sighted and a seed of World War III. We don't believe the problem can be dismissed with such careless words and we doubt that there was anything else for the bosses of Bizonia to do. Since war's end, we and the British have been feeding Bizonia at a high cost, partly because the main German food supply is in the Russian zone. We'll have to go on doing that until Bizonian exports can shoulder the costs. At a production rate of 10.7 million tons of steel a year, Bizonia can export enough steel to pay for its food imports.

But more important in the decision is our position vis-à-vis Russia in Europe generally. In keeping Bizonia industrially anemic, we hamstringing the rest of Europe as wel its need for Ruhr steel and coal. If our means what it says about fostering de ernments by helping Europe help itself provide the basis for economic recove move is in industrialized western Ger

We have no great love for German wish there were some other way o recognize that in letting Bizonia stage industrial comeback, we take our char able to prevent revival of German mili But in a practical and hard-boiled wo can we do?

LET'S STAY OBJECTIVE

THE most illuminating story to come from Soviet Russia in a long time, we think, was the recent report of what happened to one Georgi Fedorovich Alexandrov.

As long-time head of the Communist party's Agitation and Propaganda Section, Georgi supervised the tunes which Russian novelists, journalists, artists, movie makers, etc., had to sing. Latterly, he had been supervising a wide purge (bloodless, we believe) of Russian intellectuals who were charged with straying from the correct party line.

Then, lo and behold, Stalin ordered an investigation of Georgi Alexandrov's own ideology; and Georgi was found to be off the Red beam, too. The worst of his crimes (which he recanted in order to keep his job) was that his "conceptions if developed here would unavoidably lead to objectivism."

Objectivism, then, is a cardinal sin against Marxism. Nothing could illustrate more vividly the gap between Soviet Russian and American attitudes. An objective thinker, as defined by our Standard Dictionary, is one who is in the habit of "grasping and representing facts as they are; unbiased by prejudice or temperament; practical."

In a Communist country, that would never do. Karl Marx outlined a system, and the attitude of the comrades is that they must conform to that system and justify it. If facts cut across the system anywhere, then out with facts, no matter who is hurt or how much the people suffer.

Americans, by and large, are objec and doers. Our attitude is that we pr and error, we don't get wedded to t fiance of facts, and we work out rules from practical experience.

This objective state of mind is ou just as the Communists' subjectivity spring. Today the United States is on successful nations in world history, 30 years after the Communist revol still lacking almost everything that the necessities of life.

Let's encourage our objectivity a nitely; and if the comrades want to s that's their business.

Collier's

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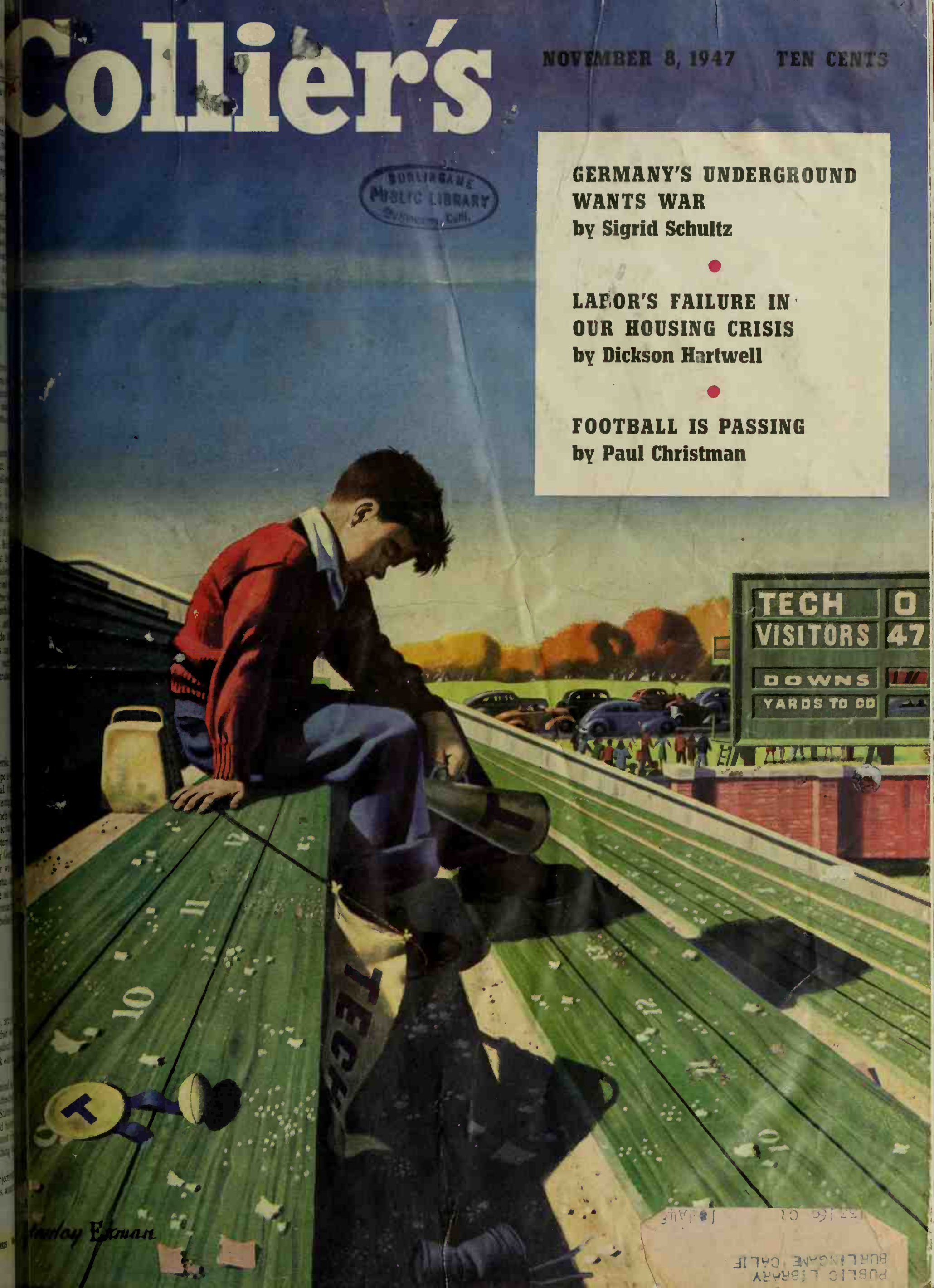

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November 8, 1947

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		JOHN CONNER	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*		

THIS WEEK

FICTION

BABY IN THE BACKFIELD — By WILLARD H. TEMPLE — 12
He was only a few months old, but he just about broke up the game.

THE HOME-COMING OF HENRY — By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER — 16
His greatness was a secret to his wife—as long as he lived.

THE INSPECTOR PICKS THE WINNER — By CHARLES B. CHILD — 22
Chafik gambles on solving a murder at a Baghdad race track.

THE TIE THAT BINDS — By ROBERT ZACKS — 26
The Short Short Story.

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK — By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN — 28
The Serial Story. The third of four parts.

A SONG FOR IT — By NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS — 60
At first, he seemed a hard man to fall in love with.

ARTICLES

GERMANY'S UNDERGROUND WANTS WAR — By SIGRID SCHULTZ — 11
The first of two articles. Camouflaged Nazis still plan world conquest—but more cunningly than Hitler.

ANIMAL KINGDOM — By VICTOR and BETTY JORGENSEN — 14
Kruger National Park, in Africa, world's largest game preserve.

FOOTBALL IS PASSING — By PAUL CHRISTMAN — 18
But the Cardinals' great passer gives his receivers due credit.

LOW-DOWN ON THE SLOWDOWN — By DICKSON HARTWELL — 20
How union rules impede the nation's home-building program.

GOLD-PLATED CORN — By STANLEY FRANK — 24
The success saga of those amazing zanies, Abbott and Costello.

BALLADS TO ORDER — By DEAN JENNINGS — 81
Troubadour Sherwin writes folk songs of places he's never seen.

GOURMET'S PARADISE — By MILTON LEHMAN — 84
A visit to Antoine's famous French restaurant in New Orleans.

•

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COVER — By *STAN EKMAN*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

BAR RELIEF

To the Editor: After reading Fitty-[illegible] Bleachers (Sept. 27th), about televisi[illegible] bars, my uncle went down to his neigh[illegible] hood tavern to see the fights by televi[illegible] Arriving early, he took the best seat i[illegible] house. Pretty soon, the bartender st[illegible] making sarcastic remarks about guys [illegible] look and don't buy, so my uncle bou[illegible] drink. He'd had it for half an hour [illegible] the bartender suggested that maybe [illegible] like a medicine dropper, so he could d[illegible] it slower. My uncle took the hint, d[illegible] up and had another. The bartender [illegible] needling him, so my uncle kept drin[illegible] Finally, the fights came on, and my u[illegible] edged up closer to the screen. Just [illegible] the bartender tapped him on the shou[illegible] "Okay, I'll buy another drink," my [illegible] agreed. "Not here," said the barte[illegible] "You've had too many already. Com[illegible] you'll have to get out."

Bill Goodwin, Los Angeles, [illegible]

SPIRIT

Sirs: I have just read John Kord [illegible]emann's article Out of This World [illegible]ct. 27th) and my feelings are of nausea [illegible]d disgust.

The only good thing I can say abou[illegible] writing is that his title Out of This W[illegible]ld was truly fitting. For when you visit [illegible]y Dale you leave behind the confused [illegible]a-terial world and enter a realm where [illegible]rit—the Spirit of Love—predominates. [illegible]he people who go there are not seeking [illegible]ne or publicity but a clearer consciousn[illegible] of God and His invisible world.

Mr. Lagemann's approach is as fal[illegible] as the world he comes from and his sup[illegible]r attitude could only stem from ignor[illegible]ce

Gracie Shoup, Ft. Thomas, [illegible]y.

. . .When great minds of the world ar[illegible] debating and investigating the natural [illegible] of psychic science, how can *one* man [illegible] so egotistical as to believe *he* has the ri[illegible] to attack a religion which, seemingl[illegible] knows little or nothing about? It is [illegible] evident to us that the original purpos[illegible] and intent of this article was merely to [illegible] sensational copy through the conde[illegible]tion of spiritualism.

B. J. Cummings, Janet O. Ca[illegible]
Paul F. Johnson, Dunkirk, [illegible]Y.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

Dear Walter Davenport: There [illegible] very serious error in the article (Inch Lines by Sullens, Sept. 13th) concer[illegible] myself: "They (meaning the Daily [illegible] now own what, for many years, was [illegible] only opposition, the Clarion-Ledger-

(Continued on page 83)

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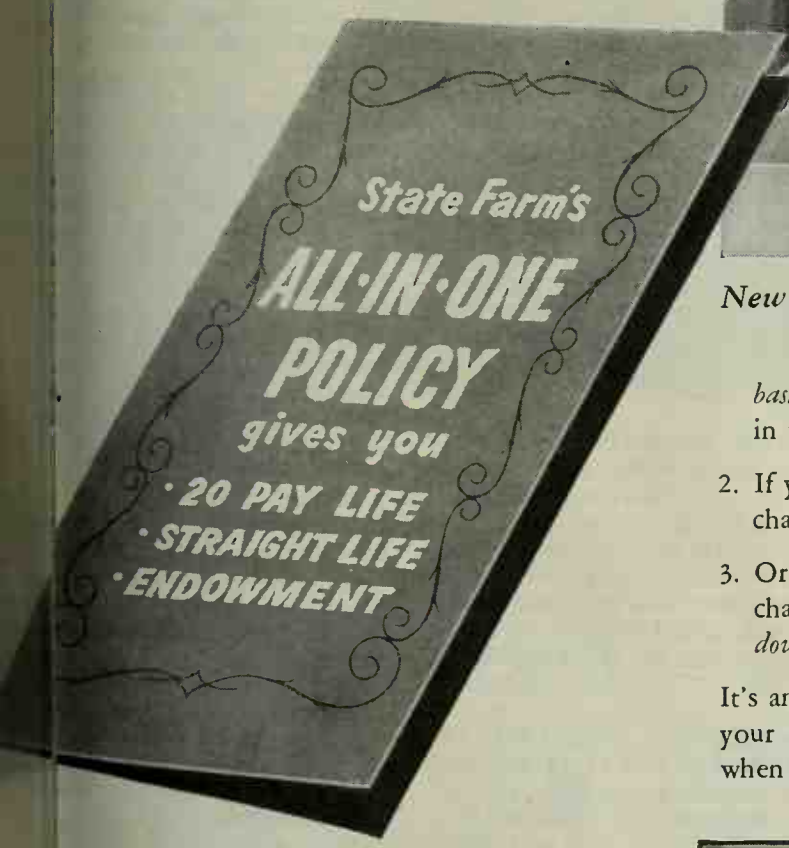

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This one policy gives you 20-Payment Life adjustable to Straight Life or Endowment. You can change it to fit your fortunes.

Only the All-in-One policy gives you this extraordinary flexible protection in a single contract.

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1. Start your All-in-One policy on a *20-payment basis.* That way you'll have it fully paid for in twenty years or less.
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Please send me further information about the remarkable All-in-One life insurance policy.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... HOW CAN A MAN AS CLEVER as he be so blind about his appearance? Seems like he never combs his hair. It's so dull . . . and dry looking. And that loose dandruff! Sure signs of Dry Scalp. I think I'll tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT! His hair looks neat and well-groomed now, and so can yours—when you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. A few drops a day make the difference. Hair looks better. Scalp feels better. Loose dandruff is checked. And there's no alcohol—or other drying ingredients—in 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It's grand also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

No weight lifter has ever approached the record made by P. J. McCarthy of St. Louis in 1898. Using his arms, legs and back, he raised a platform holding a load of stone which weighed 6,370 pounds—equivalent to the combined weight of 42 average-sized men.—*By Charles J. Murphy, Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.*

Not so long ago, some used-car dealers resorted to one-cent sales to stimulate their business. For example, in 1938 in Portland, Oregon, Wolfard's Bargain Lot allowed the purchaser of a car to buy a second one for an additional penny.—*By Pyke Johnson, Washington, D. C.*

An age-old belief of the Mohammedans is that meteors, or shooting stars, are firebrands hurled by angels at evil spirits when they go too near the gates of Heaven.—*By Henry Zirkel, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.*

Under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, any person in this country who gives or sells restricted data on atomic energy to a foreign nation is liable to a fine of $20,000, or imprisonment for 20 years, or both. If it is proved that the person committed the crime "with intent to injure the United States," the maximum punishment is life imprisonment or death.

One of the oddest criminal trials of recent times was that of 15 wooden Buddhist statues in Foochow, China, in 1900. Because one of these idols had fallen off a temple shelf and killed a man, his influential family had it and the 14 other statues on the same shelf tried for murder. Found guilty, they were sentenced to die and later beheaded in a public execution.

Many of the highest-class people in England attend royal receptions, society weddings and other exclusive functions wearing clothes rented for the occasion from Moss Brothers of London. Even peers have been known to rent their robes of ermine and velvet from this establishment to wear at royal ceremonies.

Few alcoholic drinks take as prepare—15 to 20 minutes pousse-café whose contents, liqueurs of different colors a cific gravities, must be floated c in equal layers so they will not gether. Most popular Americar calls for, from the bottom of t up: grenadine (red), crème de (black), maraschino cordial curaçao (orange), crème Yvett let) and brandy (amber).

Between 1830 and 1840 in burg, Massachusetts, a Joseph was the target of the strange cution in American history. he wore a beard against the p tions of the townsfolk, he was s by his friends, sneered at by the people, stoned repeatedly b boys and finally attacked by fo who attempted to cut off his w by force. Escaping unharmed, was arrested for fighting and, a fused to pay the fine, he was jail for more than a year.

Inaudible sound waves a used to open garage doors. A by a button on the dashboar vice in the car emits a "silent that sets in motion a device in rage that opens the door and t the lights.

During the 1,400 years in w New Testament was copied b so many changes were made copyists in order, for insta soften harsh sayings and to str indecisive statements that th at least 150,000 variations in t ing manuscripts of this part Bible.

A new recording machine its grooves so fine and close that a 4.5-inch disk will take a ute transcription which hereto required a record 14 times as

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WISE BIRDS KNOW
Ford's out Front!

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

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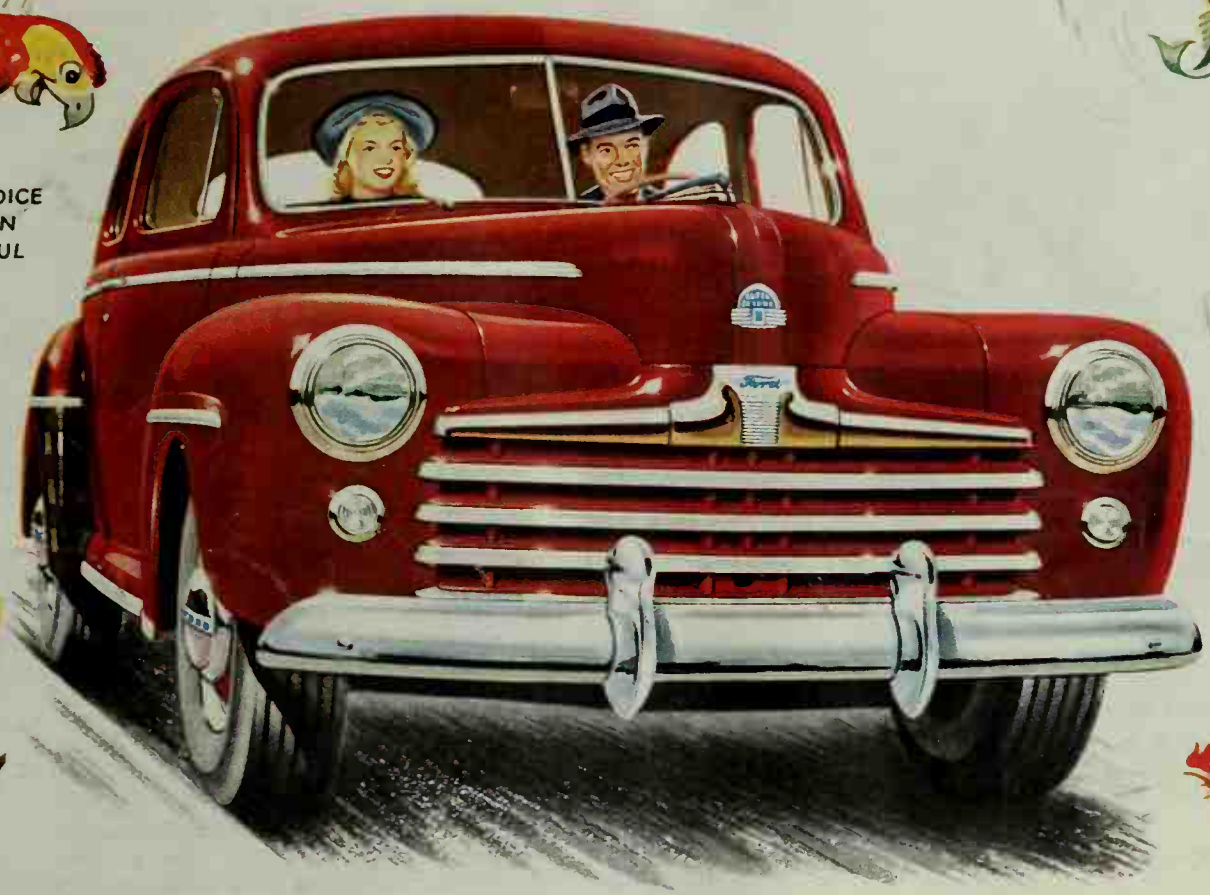

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CHOICE OF
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WAKE UP AND GO!

SMOOTH, QUIET
PERFORMANCE

There's a Ford in your future

OUT FRONT
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Heats Hot in 90 Seconds

For Quick Comfort

Mommy doesn't put me in my snow suit every time we go out. Our South Wind warms the car so quick!

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"Man, what comfort! Before I'm out of the driveway on my way to work, my South Wind is pouring hot heat into the car."

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Over 2,000,000 users recommend this famous heater that creates it own "drive-away" heat. No wait for engine warm-up. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out the exhaust. Easy to install. Fits any car. Get *your* South Wind, today. Sold with or without defroster at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages, service stations, coast to coast.

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90-SECOND CAR HEATER

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Now Ready! New South Wind "Custombuilt"

A luxury heating and ventilating system proved in aircraft, now ready for cars and motor transports. Automatically distributes heat evenly throughout car. Provides complete change of warmed fresh air every 60 seconds like the most modern home heating plant. $99.50 plus installation. Ask your service dealer.

STEWART WARNER

THE WEEK'S WORK

Sigrid Schultz, alongside Russian Ambassador Krestinski, listens to Foreign Minister Stresemann at banquet in Berlin in days of German Republic. At right is present Pope, then nuncio in Berlin.

PROBABLY "that Schultz woman" (whose Germany's Underground Wants War begins its prophetic course on p. 11) is the best-equipped American foreign correspondent to discuss this melancholy matter. Born in Chicago, she grammar-schooled in the U.S., high-schooled and Sorbonned in France. Her father had a portrait-painting studio in Berlin when World War I started.

The illness of Sigrid's mother forced the family to remain there for the duration, finally as enemy aliens asked to report twice daily to the police. They learned to eat crow pie, and Sigrid went to work with the late Richard Henry Little of the Chicago Tribune dodging bullets and mobs when Little got there in '18.

Thereafter for 22 years Miss Schultz, from her writing and broadcasting headquarters in Berlin, watched the Allies lose the peace.

In the thirties she invited Goering to her celebrity-laden parties because he had fairly passable table manners and also to learn what kind of man he was. Goering explained over her food the "only way to treat a woman was to beat her" and "the greatest thrill comes to a man when he kills another." When Hitler in '31 told her she could never understand the Nazi movement because she "thought with her head and not with her heart," her voice echoed in the wilderness.

Wounded in the knee by a bit of shrapnel during the first British air raid over Berlin, Sigrid felt heroic broadcasting to America over a "dead" mike. The Germans were taking no chances with adverse publicity.

Grounded while on leave in '41, with a case of spotted war typhus, Miss Schultz waited until she could join the boys in Berlin and be her helpful, linguistic German-wise self, moving in with the first American detail. She was the first woman to broadcast from German territory, while the war was being waged, covered the war criminal trials, and has joined the "wilderness voices" again in her book Germany Will Try It Again!

MILTON LEHMAN, who waters the mouth with his Gourmet's Paradise on p. 84, is a Pittsburgh boy who started as a litter bearer with the U.S. Army, and progressed to letters by becoming a T sergeant on the Mediterranean edition of the Stars and Stripes. Lehman started o... as managing editor of th... Algiers, then jeeped and l... the battlefield up through ... and France (remember?) ... Anzio, and getting out a ... tion with four assistants ... of the troops marched into ... home on leave before the ... he's gone domestic and fre...

WILLARD TEMPLE ... side story on his hila... Baby in the Backfield, p. ... somewhat of a rabid foot... got the urge this summer t... ball story. I began the custo... procedure of dredging up ... before long hit on the unu... tion in college today wit... the students being married ... ing home from class to wa... spring. Once I was this fa... about a football player to ... his duty as a papa and lo... alma mammy was a natura...

"I myself went out onc... ball as a youth, and in an e... press upon my competitor... a rugged character I took ... tobacco with me. Station ... back, I carried the ball o... Result—a four-yard loss, ... lowed the tobacco. Since ... become a grandstand quar...

Willard Templ...

This week's cover: Life ... ter: Artist Stan Ekman p... soul: "The stadium is n... place . . . the model is Bo... present a high-school stu... cago . . . the scene a bitter ... my boyhood at Lane Tech ...

"I was a freshman— ... loaded with cannon, but ... long after the stadium e... loaded with cannon, unu... my heroes kept running ... way. . . ." T. S...

There's magic in the Weather Eye!

This is you driving a Nash—in *zero weather!*

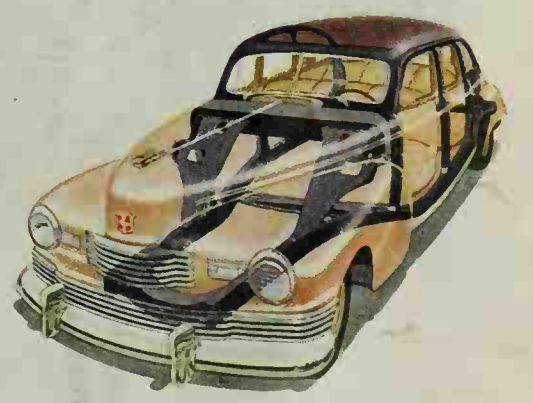
No coats, no gloves. Yet you are as cozy as though you were sitting at home.

Windows are closed to the top. Yet the air you breathe is sparkling fresh and clean—changed every minute without a whisper of a draft. The smoke of your cigar mysteriously disappears. No stuffy air, no fogged windshield, no danger of monoxide fumes! No matter how cold it gets, the temperature in-a-Nash remains the same—*automatically.*

In rain-storms, in dust-storms, in *all* kinds of weather, the Nash Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System controls your comfort and health. It was invented by Nash, perfected by Nash—and you won't find it in any other car at any price.

And it is only one of the amazing, incredible engineering features that you find in a Nash "600." More than 25 miles on a gallon of gas, at average highway speed! Larger interiors . . . single unit body and frame, welded rattle-proof construction . . . the cradled ride of coil springs on all four wheels!

In any type of driving, in any kind of weather, you'll see the difference in a Nash. There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. There's where you'll find the great new Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.



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Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

"Weavers of Speech

To you, who each day
Take on anew your tasks
Along the lines that speech will go
Through city streets or far out
Upon some mountainside where you have blaz
And kept it clear;
To you there comes from all who use the wires
A tribute for a job well done.

For these are not just still and idle strands
That stretch across a country vast and wide
But bearers
Of life's friendly words
And messages of high import
To people everywhere.

Not spectacular, your usual day,
Nor in the headlines
Except they be of fire, or storm, or flood.
Then a grateful nation
Knows the full measure of your skill and wort
And the fine spirit of service
Which puts truth and purpose in this honore cre
"The message must go through."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

GERMANY'S UNDERGROUND WANTS WAR

BY SIGRID SCHULTZ

Germany is full of people who see a war between the U.S. and Russia as the best answer to their hopes. These include ex-Nazis who still retain amazing power, fanatical anti-Communists and a mess of royalists, Junkers, and politieal hacks

EIGHT thousand kids squealed with joy as fifty motorcyclists in bright red pants careened over the green fields of the Polo grounds at Berlin's Olympic Stadium with one foot on the saddle and the other stuck out in the air. The squeals turned into shouts of delight as a clown came weaving on a tiny, twisted bicycle, tumbling about, mainly trying to emulate the performance of the crack motorcade. From the top rows of the galleries came the loud guffaws of young fellows in British khaki.

In the tense, bitter atmosphere of Berlin, this joint laughter of children under fourteen and young English soldiers seemed the first genuine peace demonstration since the end of World War II. Though the children's elders fiercely resented the show staged by the British, the youngsters forgot their teachings of hatred at the first opportunity.

But will the warmongers of today, in Germany and in other countries, give these kids a chance to grow up in a peaceful world?

As I watched them, I kept remembering an incident in a villa in Lichterfelde, a suburb in the American sector of the German capital. A group of successful Berlin businessmen were being entertained there, when their host startled them by saying, "The broadcasts of the corpse of Hitler are more interesting than anything you can hear nowadays."

Conversation had been dull up to that moment. But the minute the host trotted out the ghost of Adolf Hitler the atmosphere changed. Those who had never heard of the clandestine broadcasts of a man who claimed to be the "living corpse" of Hitler clamored for information.

At that time, little was known about him. It turned out later that he was a young Socialist, whose main purpose in taking to the air was to trade invective with Communists. Their sport has since been dropped.

With zest the dozen Germans present launched into discussions about secret broadcasts. Thus, two years after the end of the war, these university-trained, well-to-do non-Nazi Germans still indulged in whispering campaigns reminiscent of the Hitler era. Nobody talked of the vital news of the day that had appeared in the papers. Why?

An embarrassed silence greeted my question.

The meek-seeming little man whom I had known as a brave anti-Nazi during the war spoke up, "We were fed so many lies by *(Continued on page 74)*

PIX

BABY IN TH

—Or how to be a father though a

IN COLLEGE these days if you meet a pretty coed on the campus you don't dare to smile at her in too friendly a manner because there is an off chance that she is married and has from one kid up, and her husband may pop out of a physics building and clip you one.

But even with all the changes I was still astonished when I met Bert Tuller pushing a baby carriage across the quadrangle. Bert is six two, as rugged a fullback as ever cracked a line, but it was hard to realize this because of the way he was talking. It cannot be exactly reproduced but it went something like this:

"Coo," said Bert. "Smile for Dada. Ickle bickle pickle."

He stopped beside me and I looked in the carriage and there under a blue bonnet was a small image of my fullback. Bert, while being all man, is no collar ad, having somewhat uneven features, and obviously the baby had taken after his father. In fact, it was the homeliest baby I have ever seen. But, of course, I did not mention this.

"I'm sorry I missed practice today, Coach," Bert said, "but I had to walk the baby."

"Missing one practice session is all right," I told him. "Just so you're in shape for Saturday's game with Updyke Teachers. Incidentally, the train leaves at nine on Thursday night. Be at the station twenty minutes early."

Bert shuffled his big feet and looked uncomfortable. "Coach," he blurted, "I'm not making the trip."

"Not going!" I screamed. I couldn't believe it. Bert was the entire Spooner attack, and the Updyke game was Home-coming for them. They were our biggest rival, and we hadn't beaten them since 1941. If we didn't take them this year, Spooner alumni would be rising up all over the country and demanding that something be done about Coach Bucky Kane.

In case you haven't guessed it my name is Kane.

"You can't do this to the team, Bert."

Bert shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you know I married a girl from England when I was in service. She has a sister arriving in this country and she went to New York to meet the boat. I've got to take care of the baby over the week end."

"You can get a sitter," I said. "There are hundreds of coeds who would be glad to take care of Junior."

"I'm sorry," Bert said. "My wife would leave me if she came back and found I had deserted Junior to play football. She would go home to Mother, and her mother lives in Kensington, England. And she would take Junior with her."

"Look, man," I said, "explain to your wife that this is the *big* game. We've—"

Bert shook his head. "You can't explain that to my wife," he said. "I have tried. And being British, she cannot understand how Americans feel about football. In fact, I have been having a thin time as it is. I gave some coed my autograph the day we beat State. The girl kissed me before I could get my guard up and when I reached home there was lipstick on my chin. It took me two days, and an orchid to get over that. I'm sorry, Coach, but nothing can be done."

I GAVE him approach B-7. I drew myself up and glared at him. "So," I said, "you are going to let your alma mater down. You are going to be a traitor and throw the game to Updyke. In years to come, the alumni are going to speak of Benedict Arnold Tuller, who lost the big game for Spooner."

"Coach," he said, "that line won't work these days. I am not a rah-rah boy. I am making up for the war years and hitting the books hard and I am a married man with responsibilities. I would love to help beat Updyke Teachers but when it comes to a question of football or family, the family comes first."

Thinking fast, I turned to the baby. "Someday," I said, "you will want to tell your little boy how you beat Updyke Teachers. You will pick him up like this—" I reached down and grabbed the baby and he let out a howl.

"Here," said Bert, and he snatched the kid away from me. "What do you want to go scaring him for? Don't you know better than to grab him like he was a box of groceries?"

And he put the baby back and pushed the carriage down the walk and talked baby talk. My fullback! I went over to the Sigma house and told the bad

"You are no beauty," Hartley said, "but I hardly figured you'd have a kid like that." The baby tweaked my nose and I couldn't answer

ACKFIELD

WILLARD H. TEMPLE

news to Tommy Rankin, quarterback and captain of the varsity.

"We will put the heat on him," Tommy said. "We will go over tonight and give him a fight talk."

We went over that evening, the whole first team and myself. We started in and Bert sat there shaking his head, but finally a glow eame into his eyes.

Tommy Rankin said, "I ean see the picture now. We're behind by three points. There's a minute to go. It's up to you, Bert, you're our only hope."

"Yeah," said Bert. "Yeah." His eyes got bright; his chest heaved.

" 'Give me the ball,' you say."

Bert is breathing hard.

"Everyone's shouting your name," Tommy said. "You're running for a touchdown."

Bert sat there hating Updyke like poison. We had him where he wanted him, and then suddenly that big stupid tackle, Bennie Molinsky, lost his head. He jumped off the davenport and yelled, "Yeah, team," at the top of his lungs.

And when he finished, the baby woke up bawling.

"Get out of here," Bert said. "Look what you did. Beat it. I can't make the trip."

THE next day, it was all over the campus. Sixty-three coeds volunteered to look after the baby. They all wound up at Bert's apartment and when he came out with the baby to give him an airing someone from the Spooner Herald snapped a picture of Bert surrounded by coeds.

Bert groaned and dashed back inside and I went in after him. He was joggling the baby up and down and mumbling.

"I am going to be a dead pigeon when the wife gets back," he said. "Dames, dames, dames. I get mash notes. Women call me up on the telephone. My wife thinks I'm a billy goat. I tell her it's just because I may make All-America and she can't understand it. Things like this don't happen in Kensington, England."

"Bert," I said, "you and I must have a serious talk."

"Can't. I got to feed the baby. I got to look at the schedule Connie left. I think he gets chopped egg tonight."

I sat in a corner and watched and it was revolting. Eighty per cent of the stuff got in the kid's hair and ears. Bert sat there with a baby spoon in his big fist and made faces at the kid.

All the time I talked about the game. Finally Bert said, "Coaeh, I don't mean to hurt your feelings but I think you're upsetting Junior. I'll have to ask you to leave."

"You want to play Saturday," I said. "But you have to take care of the baby. All right, you ean do both. You can take the baby with you."

"Take Junior on the train? Not a chance."

"Why, I'm surprised at you," I said. "Don't you want the kid to broaden his mind? Do you want him to spend his life like an oyster?"

"Listen," Bert said, "this kid is only six months old. You insinuating he's narrow-minded—"

"We're staying at the best hotel in town," I went on. "We'll order a crib. We'll get a high chair. The kid will live off the fat of the land. We'll take a jug of our own water. During the game he can sleep in his carriage right near the bench. I'll wateh him myself. He'll sleep like a baby."

"He is a baby," said Bert. "I don't think the wife would like it."

"Listen," I said, "Spooner is giving you an education."

"The government pays the freight," he said. "They give me an allowance—"

"What are you studying to be?" I shouted. "A lawyer? Shut up a minute. Spooner is paying your expenses on this trip. Spooner is paying the baby's expenses. It's about time you and Junior did something for Spooner."

Bert looked at me and I could see he was weakening.

"And in years to come," I said, "you ean tell Junior how he helped score the winning touchdown against Updyke Teaehers."

Bert sighed. I knew I had him. "All right," he said, "but I don't think the wife will like it." . . .

It was all settled. We left on schedule. We got a compartment for Bert and Junior. I crawled into a lower berth and was dropping off to sleep when I heard a *wah wah wah* and big feet clumping down the aisle. I looked out and there was Bert bouncing Junior up and down.

"The slob of a conductor *(Continued on page 72)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

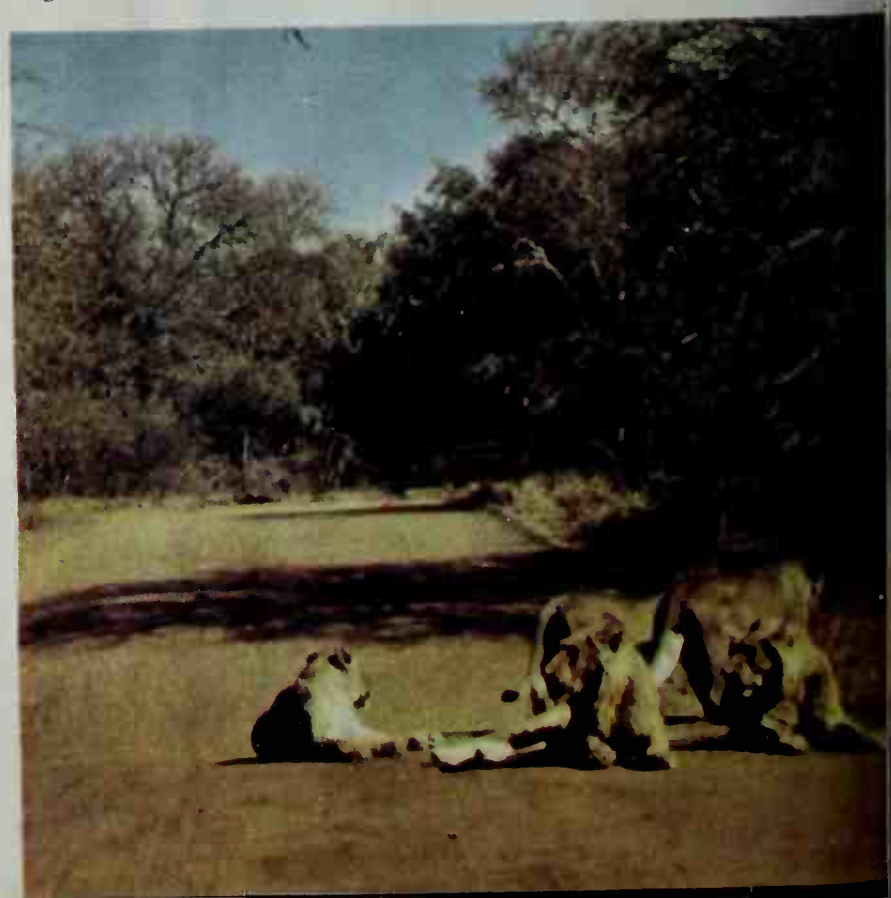
ANIMAL KINGDO

Next time you're in South Africa drive through Kruger N
tional Park, largest game sanctuary in the world. But wat
your step—your wild hosts are dangerous and easily ril

A herd of impalas, large African antelope, grazing in the 8,000-square-mile tract inhabited by approximately 400,000 game animals. Three fourths
are impalas, gazelles, wildebeests, kudus and other members of the antelope family. Every type of African animal seen in circus or zoo lives in the sa

Tourists watching a bull hippopotamus take a dip in the Sabi River. The park, closed to visitors during the war, now attracts thousands annually

Lions sunning themselves on a road in Kruger National Park will not mol
ing motorists if the latter respect the animals' rights and keep their



's first ranger, H. C. Wolhuter, with the lion he killed with a small sheath knife

aboon dog, one of the tamest animals in and always popular with the tourists

are found in the middle area of the park e acacia tree, their favorite food, abounds

BY VICTOR AND BETTY JORGENSEN

THE automobile, a small English car with a "sunshine roof," was speeding because it was sundown and the driver was anxious to reach his rest camp before dark. He rounded a sharp bend in the red dirt road, and ahead of him loomed the gigantic bulk of a long-legged animal which stood spraddle-legged in the middle of the road, chewing ruminatively and looking off into the bush. The car skidded to a stop, and the driver looked upward through the glass panel in the roof at the underside of a full-grown giraffe.

Obviously bewildered, the giraffe looked down for a moment at the obnoxious, evil-smelling insect squatted under his belly. Then he smashed the hood and radiator of the car with two blows of his powerful forefeet, stepped gingerly over the machine, and lumbered off the road in the characteristic giraffe gait, which looks like an exercise in slow motion but is really very fast. Luckily the engine of the car was not damaged, and the driver managed to reach his destination, where he described what had happened. Everyone believed him, for things just as unusual occur in those parts every day.

There is only one place where a motorist might have an adventure of this sort—the 8,000-square-mile Kruger National Park, in the Transvaal Province of the Union of South Africa. This enormous tract of land, the largest game sanctuary in the world, averages about 40 miles in width, and stretches for some 200 miles from the Limpopo River in the north to the Crocodile River in the south. It is inhabited by approximately 400,000 game animals, of which about three fourths are gazelles, impalas, wildebeests, kudus and other members of the antelope family.

Among the other denizens of the sanctuary are lions, apes, baboons, monkeys, wild dogs, buffaloes, leopards, cheetah, wart hogs, elephants, zebras, hyenas, giraffes—every kind of African animal you've ever seen in the circus or the zoo, and many others besides. There are reptiles and birds by the thousands, and crocodiles and hippopotamuses in the pools and rivers.

All the animals are wild, and most of them, potentially at least, are dangerous; even a timid antelope, if cornered or frightened, may kick a man to death. They have become accustomed to automobiles and to men on horseback, although there have been a few instances of elephants trampling small cars, and a buffalo may charge a horseman if the latter comes upon the beast when he happens to be irritated. But a man on foot, unless he is well armed and capable of taking care of himself, is in considerable peril, especially in the lion country.

In one park area where lions abound, an average of about one a month is killed because it develops man-eating tendencies. In all the history of the sanctuary, however, only one elephant has turned rogue and had to be killed.

The park is open to the public again—most of it was closed during the war—but visitors are required to observe strict rules. All must be in one or another of the nine rest camps by dark, and during the night they are not permitted to leave the camps for any reason. Only the park rangers may travel the sanctuary's 2,000 miles of dirt roads after dark, and they do so only on important errands.

There are signs everywhere, warning visitors not to leave their cars, to keep on the roads, to watch out for elephants on the road, to beware of lions. Visitors may approach the rivers and pools on foot to see the crocodiles and hippopotamuses, but only when escorted by rangers. All communication within the park is by radio; the telephone was tried and found to be impracticable because the elephants unrooted the poles.

Nine white and 125 native rangers patrol the park and try to make the thousands of visitors observe the rules; stiff fines are imposed upon those who do not and are caught. But there are always smarties who do not believe in signs. Not long ago a man with two children came upon a lioness frolicking with two cubs in the grass alongside the road.

"Oh, Daddy!" cried one of the children. "Look at the pretty kitties!"

The man stopped his car, and they watched the animals for some time. There was no danger in this, for the lioness ignored them so long as they remained in the machine. But that wasn't enough. One of the children wanted to play with the "kitties," so the foolish father got out of the car, took a child by each hand, and started toward the lioness.

"Come on," he said. "I'll show you the kitties."

Luckily a ranger happened along just as the lioness was about to spring and frightened the animal away with a shot over her head. Had he appeared a few minutes later, the man and the children probably would have been killed, and the rangers would have had to kill another man-eating lion. The man was fined heavily.

A few days afterward, on another road, a visitor stopped his car to watch a beautiful pride (group) of lions lying in the grass a few yards off the highway. When he started to drive on he found he had a flat tire. Instead of waiting for a ranger to come along, and working under the protection of the ranger's gun, he climbed out and went around to the back to get his jack and tools. He had just thrown out a bedding roll which was on top of the spare tire, when a ranger pulled up alongside and shouted:

"Get back in your car, quick! There's a bloody lion beside you!"

The tourist leaped into the car, barely in time. A lioness, which had crept unobserved through the tall grass, sprang across the spot where he had been standing. Apparently the lioness had had her eye on the bedding roll, which she carried off and destroyed, but if the man hadn't been warned he also would have been torn to pieces.

Oom Paul Suggested Preserving Wildlife

The history of the Kruger National Park goes back to 1884, when Paul Kruger, then President of the Transvaal Republic, suggested that something should be done about preserving the fast-vanishing wildlife of southern Africa. However, it was not until 1902 that the Sabi Game Reserve, about 1,800 square miles between the Sabi and Crocodile rivers, was set aside as a refuge for wild animals.

A resident staff to protect the game was appointed, with Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton as the first warden. For twenty-four years Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton tried to have the area designated a national park, but this was not done until 1926, when the Union of South Africa passed the National Parks Act, and changed the name of the Sabi Game Reserve to Kruger National Park. Through government grants and private gifts of land, the park has since been increased to 8,000 square miles. Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton retired in April of 1946, and was succeeded by Colonel J. A. B. Sandenbergh, the present warden.

A month after the Sabi River district was set aside as a game reserve, H. C. Wolhuter, an Afrikander of long experience, became the first ranger.

In those days the chief duty of the rangers was to protect the game from both whites and blacks, who for years had hunted this part of the Transvaal Republic. A ranger out on patrol might be gone from his base for several weeks, and it was a dangerous business. He was always accompanied by mounted natives, who handled the pack donkeys, loaded with supplies. One night, riding ahead of his native assistants, Wolhuter was attacked by two lions. Before he could spur his horse, he was knocked out of the saddle by one of the beasts, and seized by the other almost before he hit the ground.

The lion dragged the ranger into the bush, about a hundred yards off the trail. Finally, although he was in agony from the wounds inflicted by the teeth and claws of the beasts, Wolhuter managed to draw a small knife from a sheath attached to his belt. He stabbed at the lion, and by good luck plunged the knife into the beast's heart. Pulling himself from the relaxed jaws, Wolhuter climbed into a spindly thorn tree, where he clung to the puny branches and hoped that his natives would come to his rescue.

Meanwhile, the other lion, after chasing Wolhuter's horse for a little distance, returned, and paced growling beneath the thorn tree. Suddenly, with a roar, the lion ran into the bush, frightened away by the approach of the two natives and the pack donkeys. Wolhuter was loaded aboard a donkey and taken to a hospital.

Today, seventy years old and retired, Wolhuter lives quietly at Pretoriuskop, in the southwestern part of the park. The sheath knife and the lion's skin hang over his fireplace, and a commemorative plaque marks the site of the struggle. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSEN

Once Agnes found him at the gate, trying to swing on it, pushing vainly with one foot on the ground. He looked absurd. "Too heavy," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Agnes tried to listen to the eulogy, but she was thinking of what Henry's friends had said

THE HOME-COMING OF HENRY

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

After it was too late she discovered what she had lost

D not seem possible to Agnes that Henry d be dead. Even as she dressed for his ral, she found her mind running on with hat began, *I must tell Henry to*—or *I'll mind Henry*—. It was quite dreadful ked back each time into the realization ould never again be able to tell Henry to g or remind him of anything.

nds would not understand her grief, or the vacuum Henry had left. They had erstood her attachment to him, never wonder why she had married him, when ooks and charm she could have had al- ne. Henry, after all, was not their kind— nd, really, when it came to it. But she s had been deeply fond of him, and they ery happy together.

linked back the tears and sat down to pull ck stockings. She still had good legs, a e, though somewhat more ample than yle now. For a woman well along in she was very handsome, with firm skin bright eyes and thick hair that had tractively. She had looked ten years han Henry instead of two, even before

nes, when her friends hinted at the ques- ked it bluntly outright, she had tried to exactly what it was that had made her Hary in the first place. But she never could —it had all been so long ago. She knew he had never been much to look at, just a pleasant-faced, rather small man, with mild gray eyes and a gentle smile, and he had always been quiet, never really entered into things when he was young, any more than he did later on.

When she thought of him, she saw him standing in a doorway or sitting in an uncomfortable chair that nobody else wanted, smoking his pipe and looking on.

Agnes had certainly always tried to make him a part of the life in which she was such a leader—tried to make him at home with her friends. But he had never responded very well. It had been hard for him, of course. Everyone she knew was—well, somebody. Either successful in business or important in the government, or in one of the arts. Agnes had a way of gathering such people around her, guiding them into sparkling talk. Someone had told her once that she should have lived in the days of salons.

Henry could not enter into this kind of talk. He was out of his class. If anyone asked him what he did, he always just answered, "Hardware," and smiled. Because what, after all, could he say about being the manager of a store's hardware department? That he had started in the stock room, gone on into sales and ended up as manager? It was hardly exciting, hardly the picture of a successful man. His yearly salary was exactly equal to Agnes' income for two months from her father's estate. She had often told him that it was foolish for him to keep the job at all, but this was one of the few things he had ever been adamant about. Some kind of pride, she supposed.

Margaret Sellers arrived just as Agnes finished dressing. Margaret was Agnes' oldest friend, almost like a sister. In fact, they looked something alike, though Margaret was larger and not nearly so attractive. She had never married, though she certainly had had chances. Agnes thought it was because she had kept looking for someone whose background and abilities were equal to her own, and after all . . . Margaret's father had been a very wealthy and brilliant diplomat, her mother had been a successful concert singer, and Margaret herself was always publishing little books of verse that got good reviews.

Agnes had often thought that Margaret might better have been satisfied with some ordinary man, the way she herself had been, instead of waiting for the impossible.

"You've been crying!" Margaret said at once, in such an astonished tone that Agnes was annoyed.

"Well really, Margaret, after all," she said. "My husband is dead."

It occurred to her that this was the first time in years she had referred to him as "my husband." She always spoke of him to everybody as Henry, except of course to tradespeople or servants, to whom she said Mr. Murray. *My husband*, she thought, and for some reason the words caused the tears to come again. (*Continued on page* 91)

FOOTBALL IS PASSING

BY PAUL CHRISTMAN

It's passing that puts the thrills into a grid game. But it's the receiver, not the passer, who deserves most credit for the sensational play. A famous All-America, now a pro star passer, tells why

IN FOOTBALL, it isn't the passer—it's the receiver. Is that heresy? Maybe so. Undoubtedly an unsound financial statement for a guy like myself who earns a living throwing a football around. But it's true.

Passing, I'll agree, has done more to swing football into the spectators' delight than any other factor. Still, few of the folks who are turning this fall's football into a mass sellout are giving those receivers more than passing fancy when they're actually responsible for fancy passing.

Let's take our own Chicago Cardinals. Our fortunes really rest in the adhesive-fingered hands of such adroit pass receivers as Mal Kutner and Billy Dewell.

They're ends—and you can tell it the minute you look at them. A passer can run the scale in appearance from a skinny bag of bones like Sam Baugh or a half-pint like Dave O'Brien up to a paunchy guy with piano legs like me. But you can't miss on an end. If you see a big ape standing out there with his hands hanging down to his knees, he's an end.

It's this physical requirement that leads to every pass receiver's greatest asset—an ability to maneuver.

Let's put it this way: If I'm running forward and you're running backward, and I know which way I'm going and you don't, I hold quite an advantage over you. Still, only the good receivers learn to apply this.

For the sake of our lesson in pass receiving, let's break the receiver's basic maneuvers down into three categories: running at you and then breaking to either side; running at you and then breaking back toward the passer; running out, stopping, and then breaking loose again.

Acting plays a mighty big part. Let's take the case of Kutner. He came up last year after Pittsburgh had drafted him before the war. He had been a sprinter and All-America end at Texas.

For the major part of last season, Kutner tried to run past every defensive back. Mal's a great guy, and we all hounded him to death to maneuver, for we knew what he could do.

It took us eight games to convince him, and eventually at Green Bay he started faking. When he caught two successive pitches that carried us from 20-yard line to 20-yard line, we knew he had gained the knack.

Finally, came that all-important season's windup with the Bears. You know we'd rather beat the Bears than pick up a bonus. Mal was doing more than his bit. On one play, he slipped down about 10 yards till the defensive back started to backpedal. The lean Texan stopped dead, took a step back toward me and speared the ball.

Then instead of trying to drive straight for the goal, he spun around the halfback and dashed for a touchdown.

With less than a minute left in the game, the score stood 28-28. I called a long pass, which required Mal to cut down the field and then fan out toward the side line. He had only the halfback to beat. Kutner held his course down the middle until the halfback started to move in. Then he broke to the outside, gathered in the ball and finally was knocked out of bounds on the four-yard line.

Jim Conzelman, our coach, came pulling down the side line swinging his leg so violently to indicate a place kick that I was afraid he would suffer a Charley horse. Pat Harder already had kicked four straight extra points.

Not feeling this was the time or place for an argument, I smiled cordially to Jim, nodded that I understood, stepped back into the huddle and called a pass.

Here was my trend of reasoning as I shuffled into the huddle:

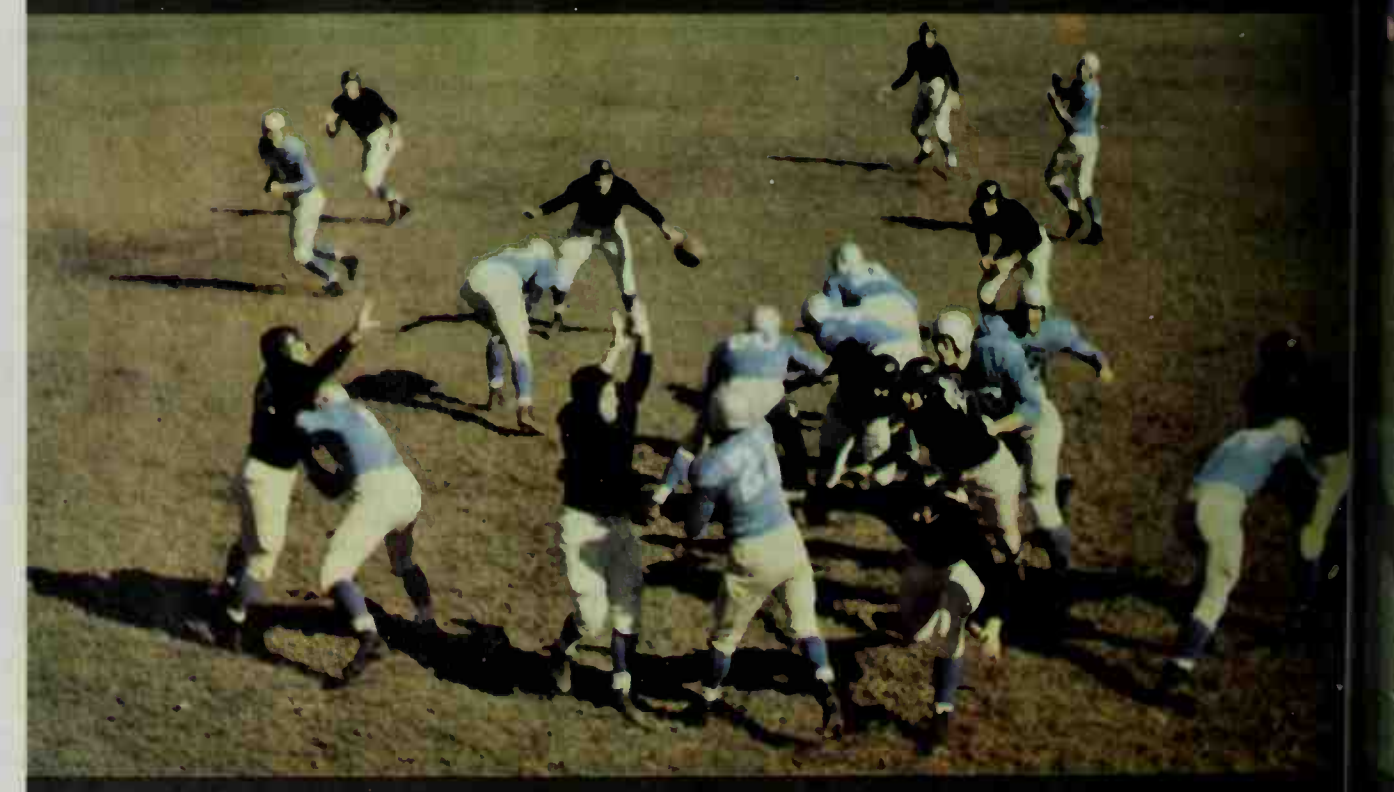
If we run, all the time is gone. Few teams can run two plays in the 15 seconds that remained. My problem is how to work in another play before giving up with a final effort at a field goal. There's a tough cross wind such as only Lake Michigan can drive across Wrigley Field.

I decide I can fool 'em with a short pass. If the guy is covered, I'll throw it away. (Pro passers learn very quickly how to throw a ball convincingly by sailing it barely the defenders' heads.)

Most important of all, I know if I have to throw it away, the will require no more than a seconds and I still will have ti attempt the field goal.

So I called the same play for K again—on a four-yard scale shot out of the line straight defensive halfback. The halfbac a step backward to keep up wit and at that moment Mal cut to th side. My oldest boy could have to him with the three-yard le maneuvered.

Lon Little's Columbia varsity demonstrates how a pass is completed. Quarterback Rossides fakes a hand- baek Yablonski (33), who apparently is going through the guard slot. Center Shekitka (51) double-teams Guard Karas (60) on the defensive right guard for further deception. This is drawing in the two backe bringing in the safety man to cover. Ends Gehrke (83) and Rakowski (84) are getting into position for the p baeks Kusserow (41) and Olson (14) are moving out to wall out the ends, who will come in to rush t



The two ends are in position. The right end has drawn in the safety man to cover him, and the fullba brought in the left backer-up and kept the other backer-up in position. The left end has faked a turn to the turned to the outside and is about to receive the pass from Rossides (21), who is being rushed by a defe

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

You know the answer. He scored
e to hdown, and we won the game.
My rst season as a pro in 1945, I
vent Green Bay and watched Don
Hutso playing in his last year. He
corec twice on the same play. He
in pl ran a little bit to the outside,
rnec lownfield at full speed and ran
ast er ugh so that the defensive player
as f eed to turn his back on the
er o keep up with the fleet Hutson.

Bit of Perfect Teamwork

The oment Irv Comp saw that de-
v player turn his back, he merely
e ball farther to the right, and
c just curved and ran under the

ing how to cover these tricky
s has caused many a fine col-
spect to flunk his pro test. For
, we were playing at Boston
son. Boley Dancewicz, the
Notre Dame quarterback who
orming at right half, was con-
an outstanding college defen-
k.
ll swept down on him, start-
he outside and then breaking
ward the middle. Dancewicz,
he was one step ahead, started slanting toward the middle on the theory that Dewell had made his fake and then was on the way to his destination.

However, Dewell cut back outside again, and they parted company with Dewell ending up in the end zone alone. Dancewicz is a good defensive man, too, but Billy Dewell has been a pro six years, Boley, one.

The average football fan spends so many years watching the passer that he seldom stops to view and appreciate the receivers. Still, we've seen movies of Jim Benton of Los Angeles, football's leading receiver since Hutson, in which he has executed as many as four fakes before catching the ball.

And there's an old gag of Hutson's in which he would race past the goal posts, hook one arm around the nearest post and, as he swung back into the field, Cecil Isbell would hit him with a pass. Dewell and I tried that a couple of times, too, but the second time I threw to the wrong goal post.

These pro ends are full of savvy. In the 1946 Cardinal game in Detroit, Dewell came back and said, quietly, "This DeCorrevont is getting mighty anxious." We had hit Dewell a couple of times with a maneuver where he went straight down and then cut out sharply.

This time, DeCorrevont figured he had the answer and would sweep down and pick the pass off for a fancy intereception and probably a touchdown. Dewell started down the field and cut out in the previous pattern. DeCorrevont moved in for the kill, barreling at top speed. However, this time Dewell swung back downfield again. They passed going in opposite directions, and there was the answer to a passer's prayer—a 15-yard lead that was good for a touchdown.

Actually, Dewell is not naturally fast. Yet he led the league in touchdown passes and average yardage per reception just ahead of Kutner. Maneuverability is the answer.

Best Catcher of Hook Passes

You won't see the name of Frank Ivy very high on the receivers' list, but he rates as one of the best of all hook-pass receivers. He's not fast enough—or quick enough to handle the long passes with the quick break, but for a short pass there's none better.

He's a dead pan with no expression either on his face or in his action, and you can't tell how far he is going.

The average man in the stands may never have had the theory of the hook pass explained, although he sees the play unfold any afternoon he walks into a football stadium.

A receiver runs downfield. Sooner or later the defensive player must give ground. When the defender takes that first step backward, the receiver stops and takes a step in the opposite direction, back toward the passer. By the time the defensive player can bridge the distance, the pass is completed, as simple as that.

A lot of teams use this means to get a good breakaway back across the line of scrimmage and into the open quickly. Sammy Baugh used to throw hook passes by the dozen to Steve Bagarus when they were a Redskin combination, and the latter turned them into long yardage.

The answer to stopping this pass means just staying so close to the receiver that he doesn't have room to hook.

But there's a joker to that too. We call it the old six-pointer—or the stop and go.

For instance, we were playing at

(Continued on page 93)

The completion of the pass as seen from the other side. Gehrke has caught the ball. The safety man (22) has run up in a futile attempt to block it but is too late as he has been drawn out of position by the right end. The defensive halfback has also been faked out of position, by the left end's feint to the inside, and is too late to knock down or intercept the pass

Contractors dare not make open charges lest they incur union ire and go broke

LOW-DOWN O

When a union plasterer works four hours and is paid for a f day, when a bricklayer lays 500 bricks a day instead of 1,0 when a house painter limits the size of his brush to 4½ inches the cost of building a house rises accordingly. These and oth restrictive practices in the building trades are costing the Ame ican people an estimated 220,000 urgently needed homes a ye

EARLY this year Mr. Harry Bates, president of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union and chairman of the American Federation of Labor Committee on Housing, was asked how many houses labor could produce in 1947.

Said Mr. Bates, "It should be possible to build 1,500,000; perhaps even as many as 1,700,000 units."

It is now obvious that what Mr. Bates estimated as possible will miss the call by almost 1,000,000 units. Perhaps less obvious is the fact that his statement should have considered the extent to which labor was willing and able "really to get in and work."

For despite wage increases up to 50 per cent or more—in New York one trade started 1947 at $2 an hour, is now getting $3—the failure of labor to produce is one of a number of basic causes for our building muddle. No one actually knows how many homes the slowdown of workmen in the building trades and restrictive practices of the unions are costing us this year. But on the basis of reports from builders throughout the country, I estimate that we will lose, conservatively, 220,000 homes.

In any event, labor, with the full sanction of most building-trades union officials and sometimes on their orders, has muffed its role in a grave domestic problem which, along with contractors, the building supply industry and government, labor was morally committed to solve.

Reporters attempting for months to get the facts have run into a stone wall. Labor leaders deny everything and builders are afraid to talk for fear of drastic reprisals which may bankrupt them.

But this slowdown, the often unwritten rules restricting labor output, and the feather-bedding practices in the building trades, as well as other factors in the industry which have caused the failure of our housing program, are now under investigation by two committees of Congress. These are the Joint Committee on Housing under Wisconsin Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and the House subcommittee on labor under New York Congressman Ralph W. Gwinn. If these committees have the courage thoroughly to investigate and report on union labor, the public is due for a shock.

For in addition to the homes we haven't built, a few moments' simple arithmetic demonstrates that restrictive practices and slowdown will cost U.S. home builders upward of $300,000,000 this year. One third of our 1947 four-billion-dollar housing bill goes for on-the-site labor. If the slowdown were only 25 per cent—the smallest figure any builder mentions—the cost would be $330,000,000. Unless there is a reversal of fundamental conditions, the cost next year may be twice as much. Such a reversal will result only from public revolt against a condition which is sentencing hundreds of thousands of families to a lifetime existence in slums.

These conditions won't be corrected by the Taft-Hartley Act. According to Senator Taft, almost all housing and home building is intrastate commerce and therefore outside the act's jurisdiction, and it should be emphasized that labor is not alone to blame. Far from it. Cost-plus, money-no-object contractors have bid up black-market wages to fantastic heights—$28 a day is not uncommon. Building-material producers, suppliers and equipment manufacturers participate (often by collusive arrangements) in conspiracy which could operate only in such an industry.

A. F. of L. Denies Charges

Labor bears only part of the guilt, but it is a major factor, despite fast-talking spokesmen for the American Federation of Labor who "categorically" deny all charges. One of them recently challenged a reporter "to show a single example of a building-trades union restricting the output of its members."

The facts are often obscured, but they're there. Off-the-record, back-of-the-barn talks with builders who operate throughout the country, with local housing contractors and individual workingmen, reveal enough examples of feather-bedding, hair-splitting definitions of work allocation and cost-raising production slowdown so that the miracle is we've b any homes at all.

Here are examples cited to me builders, housing-project direct and laborers. On a housing proje the East, all the carpenters quit cause a laborer picked up a hamm In California, a top state housing cial estimates the efficiency of bu ing workers is 55 per cent lower t it was in 1940. On a large hou project, a worker operating an e trical floor-scraper must have an e trician—at full union rates—plug cord into the light socket and det it as the scraper is moved from ro to room.

In Newark, a veterans' hous project was delayed for months w carpenters and laborers disputed to which should carry lumber fr the delivery trucks to the job. Un plasterers throughout the country estimated by an outstanding bu to be turning out in a day just half prewar work standard.

In Springfield, Illinois, electric connecting a thermostat cont which takes two hours, get a full d pay for their work. On Long Isla lathers who formerly put up 60 b dles of wood lath in an average w day now knock off when they h completed 35, though it may be 1:30 P.M. But they get paid for a day. In St. Louis, when a stand make of elevator was delivered t new apartment house, local ele cians ripped out all the complic wiring installed in the factory then put the wiring back in. Even number of outlets an electrician install in a day has been limited Detroit it is 60 per cent of prewar

In Virginia, bricklayers secretly told contractors that they would be dropped from the union if they laid more than 400 bricks in a day

Common laborers are not allowed by the union to unload and carry a b tub onto a job. Four highly paid journeymen plumbers must do the car

...IE SLOWDOWN

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

...Cago, the plasterers' union ...bi the use of fast, efficient "dry ...l...er," the huge sheets of wall- ...which provide a durable base ...or paper.

...Washington, no laborer may lift ...a radiator, at $1.25 an hour. ...a steam fitter is qualified—at ...hour.

... examples affect almost ev- ...pt of building. Union rules ...hat expensive bricklayers ...n down their own walls, and ... skilled journeymen paint- ...scrape paint spots off win- ...hen a carpenter sets an iron ...union ironworker must be ... stand by—and draw pay. ...on, when structural steel is ... the truck driver stops at the ...ironworkers drive the truck ...load it.

... York, plumbers refuse to ... items of equipment unless ... of a local master plumber. ... cities, operating engineers ... drivers have nullified the ... of transit-mix concrete. ...-ers of the teamsters' union ...allow the mixer to operate ...truck is moving. When the ...riven to the site, an operat- ...er steps up and pushes the ...t starts the mixer.

... one international union of- ..."Oh, we just did that to get ... wage-stabilization regula- ...ng the war. We don't ex- ...p that up indefinitely."

...erstand how such practices ...equires some appreciation ...craft unionism applies to ...ling. There are 19 major ... unions in the construction ... all involved in housing. ...ubject to any central au- ...d each has its own not too ...fined field. The national ... "internationals" as they ...efer to be called—them- ... little authority except to ...t a united front to outsid- ...osed-shop areas, union lo- ...a monopoly on the labor ...ey can make their demands

Here is one simple and typical example, cited by a contractor, of how this system works: On a steel frame building, carpenters lay the wood sills and stand aside while waiting ironworkers put down the steel joint. Then the ironworkers stand by while the carpenters put in a wood floor. Next the ironworkers put in the steel frame before joining the carpenters for a smoke, while asbestos workers apply insulation.

Then sheet-metal workers do the exterior metal finish, and finally the carpenters finish off the interior walls.

Full Pay for Half-Time Work

The result, says an important builder, is that none of these men works more than half the time, but they get paid for full time. Unfettered by regulations of competing unions, competent carpenters could do the entire job.

Such dividing up the work affects cost. A builder erecting Quonset huts in one nonunion area told me he was able to use only carpenters. The cost was $1,600 per hut. On a similar job, done in another area, by the same builder, but where unions required strict division of labor, the cost jumped to $3,200.

Another estimate of the cost of restrictive practices to the home builder is given by Gale Bradford, 38-year-old builder of Bradford Homes, Incorporated, of Evansville, Indiana. Working on a 261-house project, Bradford signed up with the C.I.O. United Construction Workers. But the C.I.O. union was not interested in preserving the craft practices so jealously guarded by the A.F. of L. They permitted power equipment, spray painting and the erection of a wood mill and a cement-mixing plant. All wood parts were precut in the mill, and any prefab savings by the builder were encouraged.

The houses went up at the rate of two a day. A 4½-room house sold at $7,300 or $46 a month with all charges. With wholehearted labor support and the use of streamlined methods Bradford effected a savings of 14 per cent, in comparison with a similar conventionally built house. To the buyer of a minimum-size house this saving amounts to $1,022.

No effective action has been taken heretofore to curb cost-hiking labor practices, because few contractors have the courage to make open charges and back them up. To incur the displeasure of a building-trades union in most cities is to invite bankruptcy.

When Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt tried to get the facts in voluntary open hearings in several cities, contractors shut up like clams, mumbling, "I don't know anything about it."

Builders still flatly refuse to discuss their labor relations with reporters without first extracting a promise not to reveal the source of the information. Even the Department of Labor, which is supposed to provide accurate, impartial labor information, approaches the subject the way a rabbit approaches a wildcat.

By throwing the fear of reprisal into those qualified to talk, labor has dispersed its critics and reduced their strictures to vague generalizations which labor leaders say are "without foundation." But this is nonsense, as anyone who digs deeply enough can discover.

For example, to reduce to precise figures the vague charges of slowdown then circulating, The Plumbing and Heating Business, largest circulation trade paper in its field, last spring published the results of an extensive survey covering plumbers' efficiency in 64 cities in 28 states. Here are the figures on some of the simpler home-building operations:

Hours to Install:	*1940*	*1946*	*Per cent Slowdown*
Toilet	2.2	3.6	38.9
Lavatory	2.6	3.9	33.6
Built-in tub and shower	6.1	9.0	32.2
Automatic water heater	3.8	5.7	33.3

The average number of radiators connected in a day dropped from 6.9 to 4.6, off 33.3 per cent. The over-all loss in plumbers' efficiency, the survey showed, was 32.4 per cent.

Here, too, is a quick look at a few typical practices current in various cities.

Cleveland building trades have been closed shop for many years. Where prewar bricklayers in some other sections of the country laid 1,000 bricks a day, 750 were considered a day's work in Cleveland. Today a contractor is lucky if he gets 500. The slowdown affects practically every operation in home building. In an average home it takes eight days to do plumbing work which should be done in five. No Cleveland contractor would be naïve enough to order factory-made windows with the glass installed. If he did so, Cleveland glaziers would solemnly and methodically remove the panes of glass and then put them back in again. Window sash for Cleveland homes is shipped without glass, and the cost to the home owner is therefore 200 per cent greater.

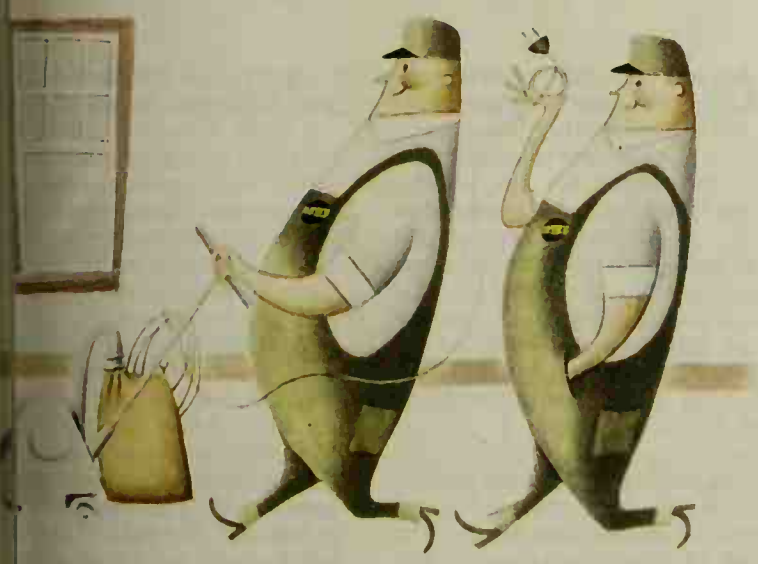
One outstanding Cleveland home builder told me in September, "Carpenter work on one of my typical small houses cost $600 before the war. Wage increases of 45 per cent since then put that figure up to $870. But actually carpenter work on such a house costs me $1,200 today. The difference is the slowdown."

The difference is 40 per cent. Cleveland plasterers are off 50 per cent. But one conservative estimate of the slowdown for all building trades in that city is 25-30 per cent.

In Detroit, says a leading builder, union lathers put up no more than 35 bundles of lath a day. Before the war, an excellent lather could complete all the work on a small house in a single day's work. Now, he says, it requires two men a day and a half. The union says there is no limitation on the amount of work a lather may do; 35 bundles is, the union says, merely a fair standard.

Detroit plasterers have a pleasant

(Continued on page 70)

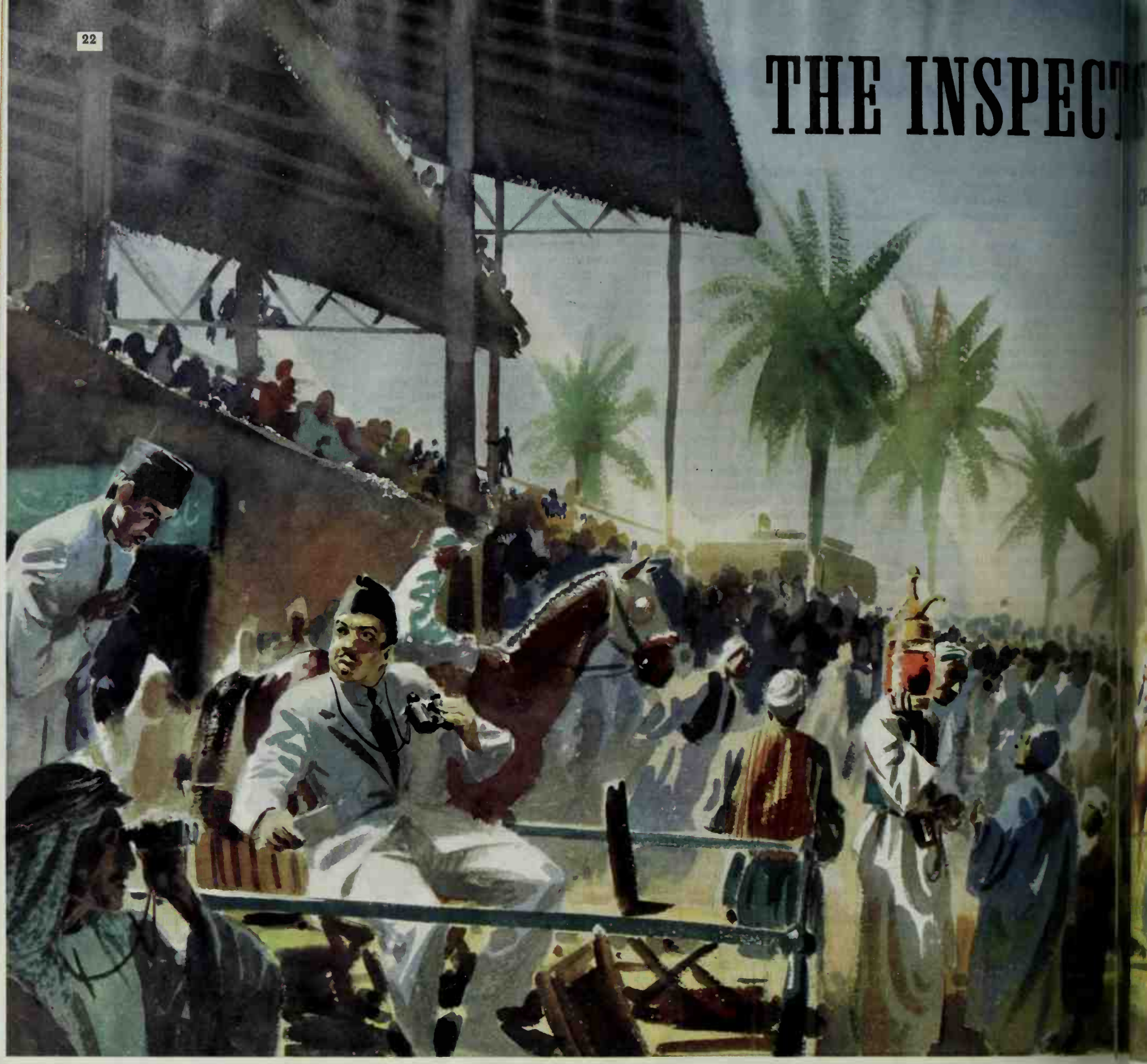


...sing project a worker operating an electric floor-scraper must ...anied by a union electrician to plug in and detach the cord

In St. Paul painters stopped work on a veterans' housing project when a union member found they were using a brush one-half inch too wide

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

THE INSPECT



WHEN the telephone bell roused Inspector Chafik of the Baghdad police from a refreshing sleep, he lifted his sleek head from the pillow and remarked to Leila, his wife, "I sometimes wonder if the devil, not Graham Bell, was responsible for this invention." Propping himself on one elbow he daintily held the instrument between finger and thumb and said briskly, "Chafik J. Chafik, C.I.D." He added after a pause, "I come," and sighed as he slipped from the bed and began to dress. "It is, of course, a body," the little man said as he carefully knotted his tie.

Leila said reproachfully, "Must you look at bodies at this hour of the night?"

He answered, "My joy, the climate of Iraq does not encourage bodies to keep. Furthermore, the dead man is Hamud, a jockey who was to ride the favorite in the Abbasid Cup at tomorrow's races, and I have noticed that crimes concerning horses and women are always woven in an interesting pattern." Chafik studied his neat reflection in the mirror behind the door, tidily adjusted the angle of his *sidarah,* sprayed himself with orange water from his wife's toilet table, and then snapped out the light and left the house.

The telephone call, relayed through headquarters from a police post on the outskirts of Baghdad, had come from Inspector Chafik's assistant, Sergeant Abdullah, an experienced officer who would not have disturbed his superior unless the case presented some unusual features.

As Chafik drove through the empty streets of the dun-colored city, he reached into the card index of his mind and recited parrot-fashion, "Hamud. Born Mosul in 1924. Registered as an apprentice jockey in 1938. Runner-up for the championship in 1943. Reasonably honest, but involved in a race-course scandal in 1945 and suspended for the season. Expensive tastes include several mistresses—" Suddenly aware of his voice, he said with faint annoyance, "I really must break myself of this habit of thinking aloud." He slowed the car to light a cigarette and in the brief flame of the match his thin face with its high cheekbones floated as detached as his thoughts.

THE fine houses and gardens of the Saa'dun Quarter changed to a wilderness of gravel and dust. The headlights of several stationary cars guided the Inspector, and when he stopped near a ruined shrine, known as the Tomb of the Mongul, a tall, gaunt man rose like a jinni from the ground and saluted.

"May I be forgiven for dist[urbing] you, sir?" said Sergeant Abdul[lah].

Chafik answered graciously. "[I am] sure you had good reason." H[is] faded as a middle-aged civil[ian] prosperous appearance push[ed] sergeant aside and began shout[ing] is high time you came. I wish t[o] plain. I did my duty when I [discov]ered the body, but—"

Abdullah said, "Sir, this [is] Yusif Biedawi, the owner of th[e] Hamud was to ride. He dis[cov]e the body when driving to his [stable] I asked him to await your arr[ival]

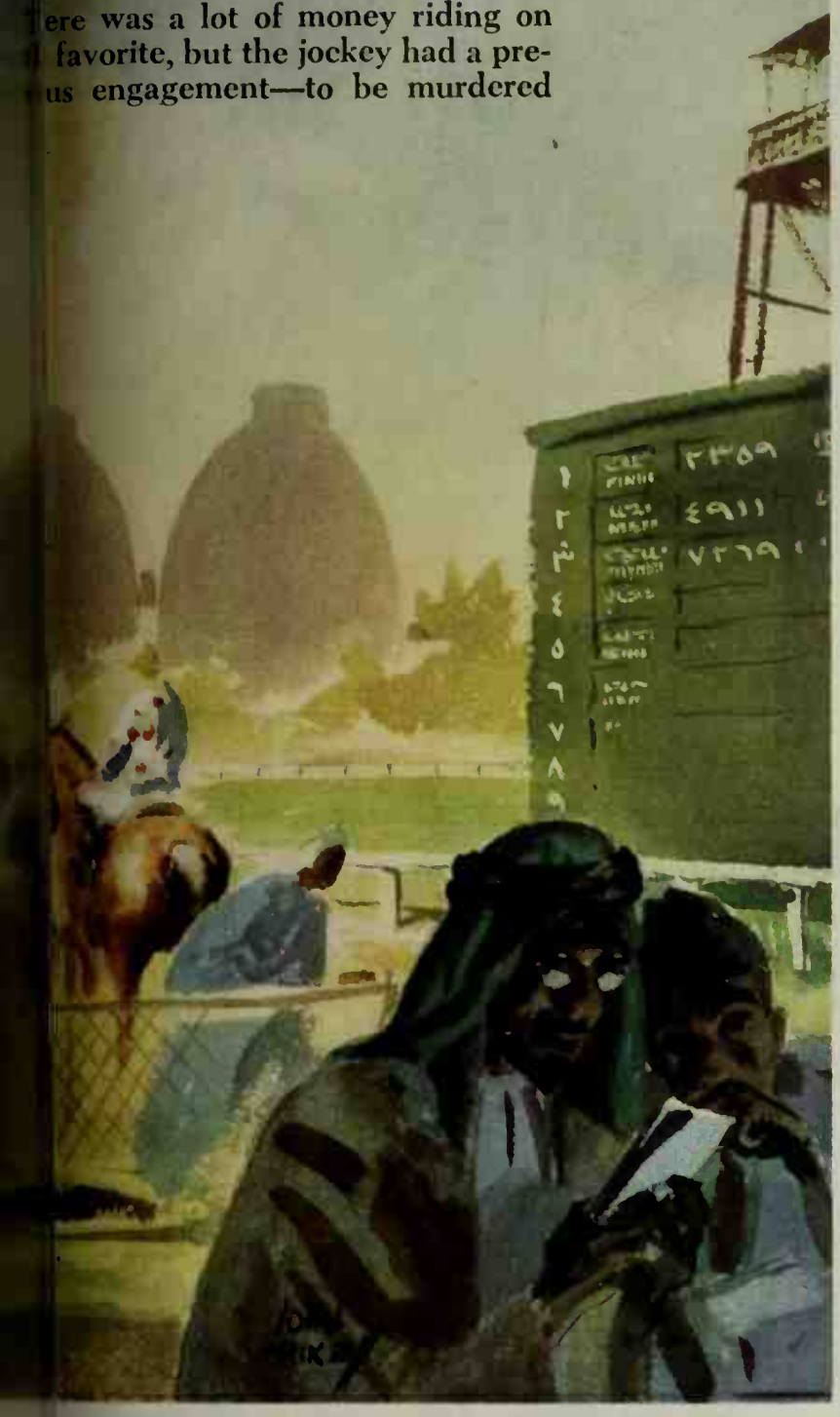
The Inspector raised the cur[led] gers of his right hand to his *si[dara]* a salaam. He said, "Mr. Bie[dawi] see that you, too, were disturbe[d] urgent call. I am sure a promin[ent] zen of Baghdad would not ot[her]be wearing a nightshirt tuck[ed] his trousers!"

"It was a very urgent call.

S THE WINNER

CHARLES B. CHILD

ere was a lot of money riding on favorite, but the jockey had a pre- us engagement—to be murdered



ize, Mr. Abid! I am Chafik J. Chafik, of the C.I.D. We did not meet ccasion when certain investigations I directed sent you to jail . . ."

n for my complaint. The at the stables telephoned ya was savaging the groom. ses are temperamental crea- b the groom is an old man d the mare from a foal. She to him and he to her. Obvi- nething unusual has hap- d I insist—"

erstand your anxiety, Mr. but something unusual has ened here." Chafik gestured open car parked near the d guarded by two police A shadowy thing huddled e wheel and the night air led by the sickly odor of How did you discover the e Inspector asked.

"The road is bad and I was driving slowly. My headlights picked up the other car and I recognized it as belonging to Hamud, the jockey I had retained to ride Zoraya. I thought he was entertaining a woman and I was angry because the hour was late; I feared that without rest he would ride poorly. I shouted, and then went to investigate." The race-horse owner shuddered. "Horrible!" he said.

"You touched the body?"

"Yes. There was warmth. I thought the killer might be lurking in the shrine so I ran to my car and drove to the police post. That is all I know, and I must request you to let me go to my stables."

Chafik said, "Give me a few moments to view this thing that is labeled 'Hamud,' and I will come with you. The weaving begins and every incident is a thread in the pattern." He nodded to Sergeant Abdullah and they went to look at the body.

The jockey had been beaten to death by blows of some heavy object directed at his head and shoulders while sitting in the car. His left arm was crooked around his head as a shield, but the fury of the attack had flung him sideways and the unprotected right side of the skull was crushed by the blows. Blood was splattered over the upholstery and on the ground.

SEVERAL dinar bills were scattered on the seat and floor of the car, and the stiffening fingers of the corpse held a thick wad of the money. Sergeant Abdullah said, "There are one hundred dinars, sir. He also wears a good watch and a valuable ring. Robbery was not the motive."

"A man does not come to the Tomb of the Mongul to count his money," Chafik said. "We may call it a fact that he kept an appointment here and was given the money. One can also theorize that the money was a bribe from a person interested in the defeat of the mare—"

"The anger of Mr. Biedawi if he witnessed the meeting," interrupted Abdullah, "might explain the beating."

Chafik said severely, "One does not begin to weave a carpet by tying the final knot. Until we collect the facts, the part played by Mr. Biedawi in this crime is known only to God." He stood midway between the car and the shrine, and the beam of his flash ranged the wall. There were pear-shaped drops of congealing blood on the roughcast plaster six feet from the ground, and the Inspector said, "The blood was thrown there by the backlash of the weapon. The arc of the swing between those marks and Hamud's head should be measured, but I judge the killer was of medium height. His weapon was a staff."

Abdullah made a gesture of disappointment. "A staff is commonly carried by watchmen, desert dwellers and footpads. It would appear that Hamud was set upon by a thief who fled when he saw the lights of Mr. Biedawi's car."

"There would have been time to snatch the money. And why such a savage beating? There is rage in this thing. . . ."

He entered the shrine by the gaping doorway. The domed roof had fallen and the floor was covered with rubble, but it was a likely place for a man to wait in ambush. Inspector Chafik swung the beam of his flash while his assistant searched for footprints.

"The ground is too hard," Abdullah presently said. "But there may be fingerprints on the doorposts."

"I leave you to find them—but have you noticed a peculiar smell?"

"Sir, there are many odors here. Some of them are disgusting."

"This one," Chafik said, "is not unpleasant. It is the ghost of a smell held in the air like the essence of perfume. It is the cleanliness of disinfectant mingled with the sweetness of sun-dried grass, and blended with it there is something animal. It is perhaps more important as a clue than the prints of fingers and feet. But I leave it to you to investigate. Mr. Biedawi is rightly impatient and I cannot delay him longer. And obviously I must check his story about being called to the stables."

As he left the shrine he glanced back. Sergeant Abdullah stood on the rubble of the fallen roof sniffing the air first in one direction and then in another. His forehead was corrugated and he looked like a worried bloodhound. . . .

Yusif Biedawi's stables were about a mile away, near the high wall of yellow brick which enclosed the main buildings of the race course. The stables were temporary quarters for horses brought up from the owner's estate down the river a few days before a race.

The big doors of the yard were opened by a chokidar armed with a rifle. The man wore a dirty cotton gown and a ragged turban cloth, which was wrapped around his head and looped under his chin. His face was puffy with drink and sleep. He said, "Sahib, I telephoned you again but you had left. All is now well, praise God! But when I heard the mare scream and saw Talah fly from her box as if the devil had him by the hair, I was much afraid." The guard stopped and tried to stand to attention, but he swayed and hiccuped as he added in a whining voice, "It was my duty to telephone you. I am always alert in your service."

"You are drunk," his master said. "If your news was not good I would beat you."

AN OLD man carrying a lantern came across the yard. The years had bowed his shoulders, but he had a thin wiry body and moved briskly. He was dressed, in contrast to the guard, in a clean gown still creased by the launderer's folds. His head was covered by a kaffiyeh held in place by a coiled rope of goat's hair, and he smelled of strong yellow soap.

Biedawi turned to Chafik. "This is Talah, my syce." To the groom he said, "Then there is nothing wrong with the mare?"

Talah answered in a gentle voice, "Sahib, if my darling were ill, would I not also sicken? She rests peacefully. Perhaps she dreams of the gazelles, her brothers, or of the wind that sired her. Perhaps of tomorrow's victory."

"Yacub the guard says she savaged you."

"Does a daughter turn on her father? Yacub is foolish. He drank *arak* and slept and saw demons."

"He says he saw you run from the stable."

"Sahib, it is true I ran but it was to get water for my dove. Some evil jinn disturbed her and she knocked over the bucket."

The old man raised his hand to smooth his white mustaches, and the loose sleeve of his gown fell back. There were dark blue marks above his elbow, bruises which might have been made by the clamp of a vise. Inspector Chafik, who noticed everything, thought: Some of the demons that disturbed the chokidar's sleep had strong teeth. . . . But he said nothing and followed the owner and the groom to Zoraya's stall.

The mare was the perfection of Arab breeding. She stood a little over sixteen hands. Her head was small and carried by a gracefully arched neck. In the light of the lantern she was a shining statue cast from silver. Hoofs and fetlocks were dyed with henna and the tail, also dyed, was waved like a woman's hair.

Chafik said, "She is beautiful," and went into the box. He retreated hurriedly when Zoraya, with the beginning of a scream, flattened her ears

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Young Christine Costello steals the spotlight from her famous father while sisters Patricia (left) and Carol Lou look on. Mrs. Costello holds the baby

GOLD-PLATED CORN

BY STANLEY FRANK

Out in Hollywood, Abbott and Costello are reaping a rich harvest from the oldest crop in the world

A scene from the famous "Hole-in-the-Wall" skit. Abbott is about to make Costello surrender to the police. The boys can rattle these off without a pause

IN 1946, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, a pair of low comics who literally had been dumped out of burlesque by the earthy competition of strip-teasers, earned $687,332.54 in the movies and radio. The material they used to convulse their countrymen was exactly the same, slightly laundered, for which the team was paid $140 a week, tops, in burlesque. This is a great little country you've got here in America.

Professional funnymen who knock holes in their ulcers and their writers' heads searching for fresh gags must be restrained from approaching open windows when Abbott and Costello are mentioned. The latter barely have begun to exploit the most profitable cornfield in the history of the world with their backlog of 2,000 stock situations which were old when their fathers were born. It is not clear whether the whole thing is an indictment of the public's intelligence or a tribute to the team's artistry, but this much is certain: Abbott and Costello were an instantaneous success as soon as they were turned loose upon the mass audience, and their popularity shows no signs of diminishing.

Most movie stars are restricted to one picture a year lest they strain the devotion of their fans. Abbott and Costello's forthcoming opus, The Noose Hangs High, is their twenty-first film in the last six years. They were voted the box-office champions of 1942 after they had been seen in only seven movies—a phenomenon without a remote parallel in Hollywood—and they again were acclaimed the Number One attraction in the industry by theater managers the following year.

Little Costello, the laugh-getter, is supposed to be strictly visual in appeal with his mugging and prat falls, but the team's radio show recently was selected by the ABC network to employ a scheme of co-operati[ve] sorship which may revolutio[nize] broadcasting business. The bo[ys] a personal appearance at th[e] Theatre in New York last su[m]mer the height of a brutal heat w[ave] played to $397,637.66 worth [of] missions in three weeks. Bosle[y] ther, the scholarly critic of t[he] York Times, fractured trad[ition] leading off his movie review [of] stage presentation rather than [a] ture.

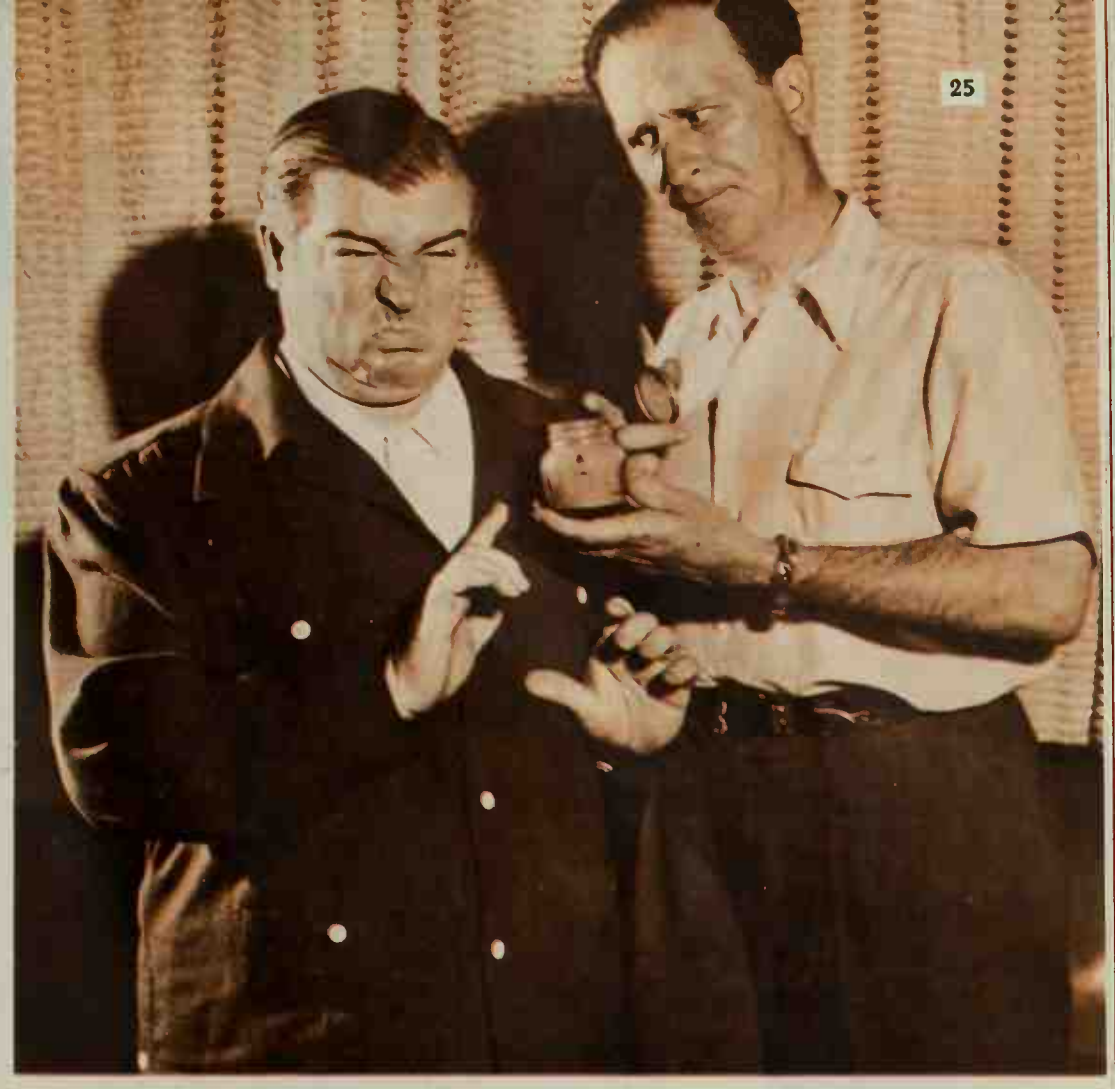
"With Bud Abbott and L[ou] C[o]tello as the stars of its stage [show] Crowther wrote in the Times [on] 24, 1947, "the Roxy Theatre [can] flashing the telephone directo[ry] screen and still draw the cl[ean] customers."

Although the equivalent o[f a] year's pay for a banker is ti[ed] production costs every time [they] curl a lip at a camera or mic[rophone] they rattle off scenes as spont[aneously] as though they were still d[oing] shows a day in converted st[ock] the burlesque circuit. They r[e]hearse—but never. They ra[rely] at a script. All they have to [know] how long the director wants [them] to run and they'll break it o[n the] button.

"You get too mechanical i[f you] hearse," Costello says. "Th[ey] killed vaudeville, guys neve[r] ing their timing. After all th[ey] I can tell by the gleam in [Abbott's] eye when he's going to thr[ow a] line and I have to hit that du[mb] of mine."

The team's refusal to h[ire] truck with rehearsals f[rom] leaves directors and other [em]of the cast dangling franticall[y in] air, but watchdogs of the bu[dget] upon such highly irregular [deals] with great favor. The avera[ge] ture requires from 12 to 16 [days] actual shooting. Abbott and [Costello]

ott takes his wife and Bud, Jr., for a spin in an old-time jalopy. He in show business all his life and thinks his present luck can't last



Mustard is another old stand-by that has made the team famous. When Costello objects to mustard on his hot dog, Abbott bullies him into eating it anyway

ly complete full-length fea- ur to six weeks. Since their at a scene invariably is their time is wasted on retakes. A. & C. picture automati- s with the most profitable turned out by the Holly- factories. Their first star- le, Buck Privates, probably all-time record for propor- turn on investment. It was $200,000 and to date has ore than $4,000,000.

eally keeps the Abbott-Cos- mill grinding steadily, how- e proprietors' utter disregard ed for, a story. They want hore than a feeble frame- et off their sketches, and a who tries to palm off an orig- ubtle twist in the story line splendid chance of winding fat lip. As a consequence, screen play for the masters the elapsed time of three cluding time outs for gin elephone calls to the book- d draughts of strong coffee ensitive stomachs.

opsis, if such be the word, bbott-Costello opus can be ree sentences. Witness their e Noose Hangs High: The t as window washers, are a highly improbable man- unch of gangsters to collect $20,000. They get the money it by mistake to a girl, who to spend the windfall. Our ve 24 hours to find the girl, he twenty grand and square s with the mob. Curtain.

s will ensue when this cold otatoes is foisted upon the cause Abbott and Costello the presence of mind to a half-dozen skits that ill be prostrating adoring . They addressed themselves tail as an afterthought on the crowded morning of August 18th.

They launched their careers as independent producers that day by visiting for the first time the Eagle-Lion lot, where The Noose was made. They leered pleasantly at the female help, demonstrated a loud-speaker gadget for conducting multiple conversations over a telephone, then went into a meeting with the big bosses to discuss the 75 per cent tax on American movies in England, where they are enormously popular. They emerged five minutes later for a huddle with Charles Barton, the director, to review their special material in the picture. Costello announced he had to get out of there fast to see his third daughter, born two days before.

"You boys got any bright ideas?" Barton inquired. This is the same as asking an ex-G.I. whether he has any gripes against the Army.

Hot Dog Without Mustard

"We've never done 'Mustard' in a movie," Abbott said.

Barton's raised eyebrows were the go-ahead signal. They raced through a telescoped version of the sketch, pitching cues with triphammer rapidity. (Abbott buys two hot dogs but Costello objects to the mustard on his. Says it always makes him sick. Abbott, roundly denouncing his miserable partner, assures him such selfishness will result in unemployment for thousands of mustard workers and send their children to orphan asylums. At the blackout, Costello eats the hot dog, with mustard, as he turns a delicate shade of green.)

"Sounds good," Barton commented. "We can work in a scene at a hot-dog stand while you're chasing the dame. What else?"

"We killed 'em at the Roxy with 'Hole-in-the-Wall,' " Costello said.

Like a trained bear hearing his music, Abbott went into the act. "Isn't this a magnificent building?"

Costello (reverently): "It sure is. Wouldn't I be a dirty, despicable man if I made a hole in that beautiful wall?"

Abbott (sternly): "Why did you do it?"

Costello (blankly): "Do what? I was just saying . . ."

Abbott (severely): "You just admitted you made a hole in the wall."

This piles up until Abbott has Costello ready to surrender to the police for vandalism.

Without drawing a deep breath, they plunged into "Burned Toast." (Costello, a bashful oaf, is introduced to a beautiful girl in a restaurant. In the confusion, he stuffs a piece of bread he is eating into his pocket. The girl kisses him with such ardor that the bread turns to toast.) Abbott brought out a bill and they were off and running in "Ten-Dollars-You're-Not-Here," another old chestnut from burlesque. (Abbott bets Costello ten bucks he can prove the other fellow is not where he thinks he is. Through circumlocution too devious to relate, Abbott wins the ten. A stranger approaches. Costello, falling all over himself with anticipation, tries to pull the same dodge on him. The fall guy gives the wrong answers and picks up the marbles, leaving Costello covered with frustration.) The four sketches took six minutes, by the clock.

"We can do the 'Telegram Elimination' gag," Abbott proposed.

Barton threw up his hands. "Let me kick these around for a while." Costello left for the hospital to see his wife and baby, and Abbott departed to sample the waters served in the bar he owns in the San Fernando Valley.

"They can toss those old routines at you all day long," Barton said, "and come up with stuff adaptable to any situation. You've got to hang the gags on the thread of the story, or the picture will become a series of vaudeville acts."

It will come as a great surprise to the boys to learn that the rigid pattern of their comedy, as formal as a Chinese drama, is older than recorded history. The fundamental appeal of Abbott and Costello, if you care to get profound about it, goes back to the murky dawn of the day Man first attempted to assert his imperishable individuality and was conked with a stone club by Authority.

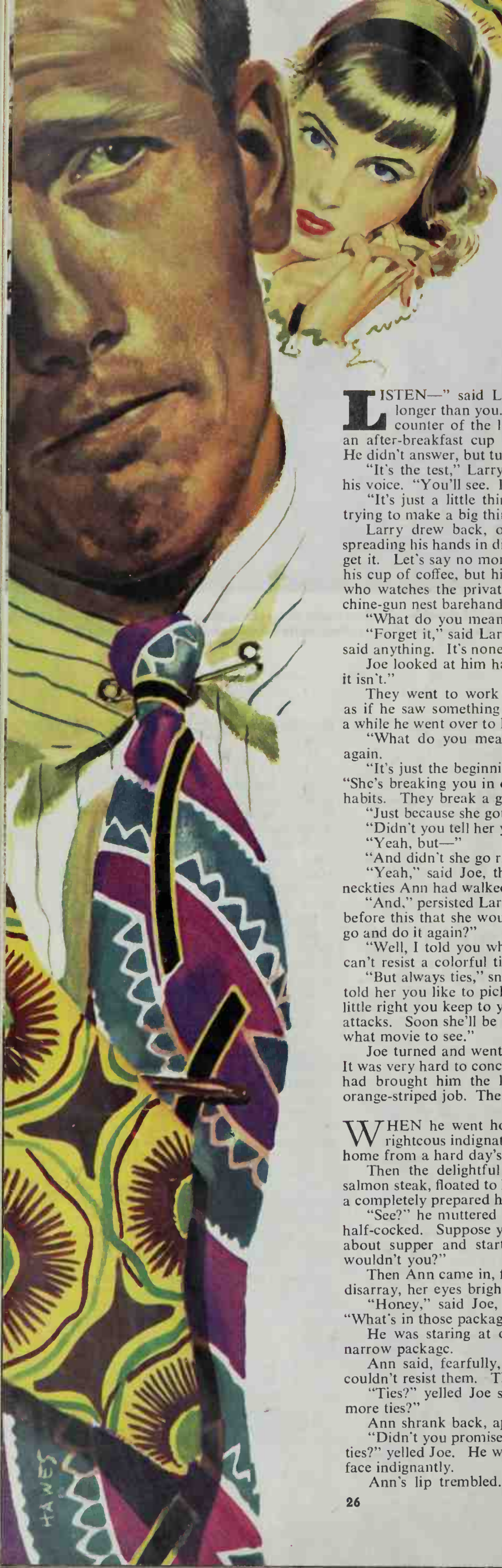
Lean, sardonic Abbott is the austere Voice of Authority and fat, little Costello is the incarnation of the poor *schmoe* or sucker who, throughout the ages, has struggled against the confusions, contradictions and complexities abroad in a harsh world. All sympathy is focused upon Costello because everyone in the audience sees some self-identification in him. Costello seldom wins—that's life, brother—and when he does succeed in outwitting his persecutor, you know his triumph is purely temporary as he struts off stage. Abbott has put a banana peel in the wings and is grinning at the catastrophe about to befall the pompous, pathetic buffoon.

Everything in the team's extensive repertory conforms to this timeworn formula. Their most popular gambit is a gimmick they call the word mix-up. Costello makes a perfectly innocuous remark which Abbott distorts until the little guy believes he has committed a heinous offense against society. A switch on this device is to have Abbott talk Costello into doing a dirty job—breaking a wild horse, getting shot to the moon in a rocket, taking a poke at a sinister character—for which he (Abbott) already has collected $100. Maybe it's not high art, but its appeal is universal.

The war, coinciding with their sudden rise, cut down the foreign export

(Continued on page 88)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY



THE TIE THAT BINDS

BY ROBERT ZACKS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

LISTEN—" said Larry to Joe, firmly. "I'm married longer than you. I'm experienced." Joe stared at the counter of the luncheonette where they always had an after-breakfast cup of coffee before going in to work. He didn't answer, but turned over his grievance.

"It's the test," Larry continued, bitter memories tinging his voice. "You'll see. It's the battle for mastery."

"It's just a little thing," growled Joe uneasily. "You're trying to make a big thing out of it."

Larry drew back, offended. "Okay," he said briskly, spreading his hands in dismissal. "It's a little thing, let's forget it. Let's say no more about it." He devoted himself to his cup of coffee, but his eyes were pitying, like the general who watches the private who has decided to take the machine-gun nest barehanded.

"What do you mean—battle for mastery?"

"Forget it," said Larry in a friendly tone. "Just forget I said anything. It's none of my business anyway."

Joe looked at him hard, then said bitterly, "That's right, it isn't."

They went to work with Larry smiling a distant smile as if he saw something Joe didn't. It worried Joe. After a while he went over to Larry's desk.

"What do you mean battle for mastery?" he growled again.

"It's just the beginning, that's what I mean," said Larry. "She's breaking you in on little things. She's molding your habits. They break a guy's spirit slowly."

"Just because she got me ties I didn't need—" began Joe.

"Didn't you tell her you liked to buy your own ties?"

"Yeah, but—"

"And didn't she go right ahead and buy you ties?"

"Yeah," said Joe, thinking of the too-brilliant summer neckties Ann had walked in with yesterday, "but—"

"And," persisted Larry triumphantly, "didn't she promise before this that she wouldn't do it again and didn't she just go and do it again?"

"Well, I told you what she said," said Joe glumly. "She can't resist a colorful tie. And she likes to get me things."

"But always ties," sneered Larry. "Which you definitely told her you like to pick yourself. Wait and see. The one little right you keep to yourself—buying your own ties—she attacks. Soon she'll be telling you what to eat, where to sit, what movie to see."

Joe turned and went back to his desk and tried to work. It was very hard to concentrate. He kept seeing the ties Ann had brought him the last two times. The lavender- and orange-striped job. The purple and yellow polka dot.

WHEN he went home, Ann wasn't back. A wave of righteous indignation flooded him. When a man came home from a hard day's work he deserved a hot meal and—

Then the delightful odor of his favorite dish, broiled salmon steak, floated to his nostrils and Joe traced it down to a completely prepared hot supper waiting in the oven.

"See?" he muttered to himself as he ate. "Don't go off half-cocked. Suppose you'd gotten all excited and accusing about supper and started a fight? You'd be sorry now, wouldn't you?"

Then Ann came in, flushed and lovely, her blond hair in disarray, her eyes bright.

"Honey," said Joe, his heart sinking as he kissed her. "What's in those packages?"

He was staring at one package in particular. A long narrow package.

Ann said, fearfully, "Please don't be mad, Joe. I just couldn't resist them. They were so—"

"Ties?" yelled Joe suddenly. "Did you go and get me more ties?"

Ann shrank back, appalled. She nodded dumbly.

"Didn't you promise me *twice* that you'd stop buying my ties?" yelled Joe. He was wild. He waved his hands in her face indignantly.

Ann's lip trembled. Her eyes filled with tears. Joe's anger evaporated like mist before a strong sun. He [illegible] at her in dismay.

"I'm sorry," said Ann. "I know I promised. B[illegible] were so lovely. And you don't have one for you[illegible] suit—"

Joe shouted again. "I don't want any more ties! Y[illegible] broke your promise—"

Ann was hastily opening the package. Joe stopp[illegible] gasped. There was a gray one with blotches that look[illegible] purple inkstains. There was a gray one with a sou[illegible] design; already it looked old. Joe opened his mo[illegible] moan, then saw Ann's face. She was looking at t[illegible] lovingly. "I'll take them back, Joe."

A wave of helplessness swept over him. "Oh, h[illegible] sighed. "They aren't bad; let's keep them."

Ann's face lighted up. "I broke my promise," sh[illegible] "didn't I?"

Joe nodded moodily. He tried to be distant, bu[illegible] came over and kissed him and before he knew it he h[illegible] gotten all about promises and neckties.

THE next day when he met Larry for coffee, Joe t[illegible] avoid Larry's eyes. "Any more neckties?" asked [illegible] cheerfully.

Joe grunted.

"Beg pardon," said Larry. "Didn't hear you."

Joe glared at him. "I said, yes."

Larry gave Joe a slow smile and then didn't say [illegible] word about it that morning. But Joe brooded abou[illegible] day. Maybe he'd better clear this misunderstanding u[illegible] before it grew too big, before he was beaten.

On the way home he found himself passing a ha[illegible] and the great idea struck him. He went inside.

"I want," he said to the startled salesgirl, "a lad[illegible] that's so horrible that no woman could possibly want."

He got it. A green monstrosity with enormous ro[illegible] fussy ribbon streamers. He had it gift-wrapped an[illegible] home.

At home Ann kissed him and looked at the packa[illegible] shining eyes. "A present for you," said Joe, softly, [illegible]

Ann let out a cry of joy and kissed him fierce[illegible] opened the package eagerly and took out the hat.

The smile in her eyes died as she looked at it. [illegible] quivered. Suddenly a sick feeling came to Joe's st[illegible] The grin faded from his face as he saw the pain in h[illegible] She hated that hat.

Then Ann turned, a muscle moving in her chee[illegible] smiled bravely at Joe. "I love it, Joe," she said quietly [illegible] him a look of pure love. "Thank you."

Joe couldn't stand it as she started to put it on. U[illegible] watch he turned and stared out the window. Ther[illegible] moment of silence during which Joe wished he we[illegible]

"Joe," said Ann softly, hesitantly. "I hope yo[illegible] mind. I—"

Joe turned and stopped, stunned, at the miracle t[illegible] taken place. Deftly Ann had stripped the fussy [illegible] streamers and excess roses from the hat, had replaced [illegible] rose saucily over her ear, had tilted the hat rakishly [illegible] eye. Now it was a thing of beauty.

"Do you mind, Joe?" Ann asked anxiously. "I cha[illegible]

"No," said Joe, humbly, swallowing the lump [illegible] throat. "I don't mind. I don't know much abo[illegible] Gosh, you sure look beautiful in it. We'll have to [illegible] it. We'll go out tonight. Just wait a minute, till I [illegible] my necktie."

AT THE luncheonette next morning, Larry looke[illegible] tie Joe was wearing, the same purple and gray [illegible] put on the night before.

Larry grinned. "Your wife buy that?" he aske[illegible]

Joe moved his nose up to Larry's, very close. [illegible] he growled. "Why?"

Larry's grin faded. He paled.

"Nice tie," he gulped. "On you it looks good!"

The "fresh up" family drink!

You like it... it likes you!

RIGHT '57 BY THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:

BRUCE INGRAM, young Los Angeles real-estate broker, is in love with Hollywood Star JEAN RUTLEDGE. Jean, however, is still officially married to gambler FRED WILSON, who ran out on her four years ago. Secretly back on the Coast after his long absence, Wilson is murdered in the huge abandoned house in which he and Jean had once lived; the body is found by Jean and Bruce.

Unknown to Bruce and Jean, Wilson's body is removed before the police get to the scene, and the body of a small-time gambler, BERT ELLISON, is substituted. Thus Detective MARTY WALSH, who is working on the case, doesn't even know that Fred has been killed—and Bruce and Jean, who have not told the whole truth about the original discovery of the body, don't mention it.

Bruce and Jean consult her lawyer, ARNOLD TRAVIS. Travis tells them that Wilson owed a lot of money to a Los Angeles gambler named RICK MADIGAN, and that the mysterious Ellison was also in bad with Madigan.

A few nights later, Fred Wilson's suitcase is left on the doorstep of Jean's bungalow, evidently as a warning. Shortly thereafter Jean and Bruce arrive to find a tough character named GUS ACKERMAN waiting on the front porch; Ackerman throws a scare into them by telling them he knows all about Fred Wilson. Then he leaves. Bruce thinks Ackerman is working up to a demand for blackmail.

Later in the week, a hip-swaying brunette named MIMI FOWLER walks into Bruce's real-estate office and makes a big play for Bruce. She evinces an overpowering interest in Jean Rutledge's house—which she wants to buy—and in other matters pertaining to the murder. She confesses she is lonely and she asks Bruce to take her to Madigan's club. Wanting to know what she's after, Bruce makes a date with her.

III

I FIXED up a good party at El Cielito. I wanted Mimi Fowler to think I was a real-estate agent trying to put across a nice deal, so I shot the works. I invited Jean and my partner, Danny Singleton.

I had talked it over with them. I didn't want Jean to have anything extra to worry about, but it seemed to be in the cards that the two women should get together. Not about the house. That was a stall, and I knew it. But because women *do* have a sixth sense, especially with one another, and I wanted Jean's reaction.

I gave them my story in capsule form. I took a hunk of ribbing from Danny, but it didn't mean anything except that he was trying to inject a bit of lightness into a grim situation. Jean was in danger. She had to know the score.

We hit a good evening at the club. You can't ever

The girls said they were delighted to meet, which probably wasn't true, but it didn't matter, anyway

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

CONTINUING THE BREATHLESS ACCOUNT OF LOVE AND MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Can you tie this?
Here's the height of hospitality and the peak of good whiskey taste . . .
your Perfectly Marvelous meeting molded to the mellowness of PM!
Just offer a charming toast, proffer a gift of gardenias,
and thou'lt be a Prince, Man! (Can you tie that?)

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be sure it'll be crowded except on Friday and Saturday nights. This was a break, because not only was it pretty well filled, but a lot of celebrities were there. Names you had seen in newspapers and on billboards all over the country: important stars, producers and writers who went out of their way to take a brief ride on the band wagon by being cordial to Jean. What they said about her after being cordial, I wouldn't be knowing, Hollywood being what it is. But that didn't matter. On the surface everything was milk and honey.

Mimi had done herself up proud, almost too proud. In a roomful of people who all wanted to be seen and talked about, she was the most visible. She had on a cocktail dress. It was black and at first you'd think it was simple. But it wasn't. With that dress on, Mimi didn't have any secrets, and didn't aim to have. She gleamed like a lighthouse on a stormy night. She said she was ecstatic over meeting the famous Jean Rutledge. She sounded sincere, but I detected a thoughtful, speculative light in her eyes.

JEAN looked sweet and acted the same way. She didn't gush over Mimi. She carried things just far enough, but not too far. Unless you knew better, you couldn't have guessed that there was anything on her mind. On her performance that night, she rated the Academy Award.

There was the usual meaningless chatter. The Monterey Canyon house was duly mentioned. By all the rules, it should have been a casual mention, but Mimi wouldn't let go. She explained that if she asked personal questions it was only because she was such a fan of Jean's —a star's private life always seemed to be public property. Having apologized, she sailed right in.

She wanted to know why Jean wasn't living in such a lovely place. Jean said it was too lonely.

"And from what I've heard," prompted Mimi, "it probably has associations you'd prefer to forget."

That was straight from the shoulder. Jean looked startled but I signaled her to play it along those lines. She said, "Well —something like that. It was given to me as a wedding present. My husband and I lived there until our separation."

"He must have been a very stupid man to have left you, Miss Rutledge. And you never saw him again, after he walked off."

Jean smiled disarmingly. "You know an awful lot about me, don't you?"

"I'm a fan, like I said. I r movie magazines."

"I never saw Fred again," s "I never wanted to.

"But you stayed married, di

"That wasn't my doing. H give me a divorce."

Right after the entree, the chestra started beating out a asked Mimi if she'd like to d said yes, and a few second were wiggling our hips in the a dense, enthusiastic crowd. love Cuba."

"You've been there often?"

"Once. For almost two d on a cruise."

We were skirting the edge o I caught a glimpse of a youn was wearing nothing more t and a brassière and carrying cigarettes and cigars. I had t to find out who she was. I'd her briefly and impersonally I'd been at El Cielito with Je got a bright idea. I said to the cigarette girl?"

She was indifferent. Scant young ladies evidently mean nothing to her.

I said, "Remember asking man who was killed in Miss house?"

"Bert Ellison?" Mimi d names.

"Yes. Well, that was his There's a rumor that she Madigan's girl, and that Ellis away from him. Then Ellis marry her."

Mimi was plenty interested wasn't just another girl with a Mimi asked her name and I Babe Johnson, which was been told. She said she'd lo Babe, and I said I'd buy som from her.

We stopped dancing and I over. She smiled at us—a n sonal, professional smile—a me to name my brand. Wh tearing off the Cellophane myself, and thought I detecte est spark of interest in her v introduced Miss Fowler. T said they were delighted to other, which probably was didn't matter, anyway.

Mimi said, "I'm a strange thinking of renting a house Canyon that belongs to Jean

That hit right on the bu

BUTCH by LARRY R

"I told y' not to answer th' door—now you figure out what t' give them for Halloween"

COLLIER'S

"All the Comforts of Home!"

Pabst Blue Ribbon

"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC

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don herold says:

Until this year I don't honestly think I've ever had a coat that really fit.

I've looked in mirrors and in store window reflections (yes, we men do that, too) and there was my collar yapping out behind . . . and my lapels bulging out in front, showing my suit underneath. And my "skirt" ballooning out either in front or behind.

But the makers of Mt. Rock Coats have found that about 10 new measurements in a coat design will produce coats that will fit living men perfectly. And they've bravely flown the slogan "*They fit*" for their coats.

As an example of their new styling, they have increased the width on all their coats from here to here:

This helps defeat lapel bulge.

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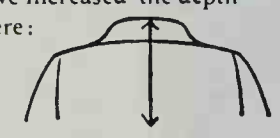

This helps prevent that gulch in your collar at the back of your neck.

And they have made the coat to hang perfectly on the shoulders, so that you stand in the middle.

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Write for Don Herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

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They fit!

Johnson's baby face lost its softness. She became a hard, hostile woman. She asked, "Why?"

"Because it's beautiful. And it has such a fascinating history."

Ever see two first-rate main-bout scrappers who aren't afraid of each other? They come out in the first round and start throwing punches. Dynamite every time. That's what Mimi and Babe were doing.

"I'd hate to live there," stated Babe.

"Why? That fellow being murdered?"

The color drained from Babe's cheeks. I saw the danger signals and stepped in quick. I said, "Easy, Miss Fowler. You couldn't know it, but the man who was killed in that house was a friend of Babe's."

Mimi said, "Oh! I'm sorry—" But she wasn't. She had done it deliberately. And she kept right on throwing 'em. She said, "They've never caught the man who did it, have they?"

"No." Babe was bitter. "Bert wasn't very important. The cops didn't give a damn."

"You must have some idea, haven't you?"

"No. If I had, I'd do something about it." Babe's voice was flat, but the words weren't. "Bert Ellison was a louse. He shoved me around. But I loved him."

SHE walked away, a cute, seductive little gal in practically no clothes. The sort of girl who had to have a nickname like Babe. But her exit had been magnificent. And dignified.

We returned to the table, and had fancy desserts, coffee and liqueurs. I was just about to suggest an excursion into the gambling room when a pleasant voice sounded from behind me. It was saying, "Good evening, Miss Rutledge. It's a pleasure to have you back again."

Rick Madigan. Huge, immaculate, suave, inscrutable. Danny and I got up. I introduced Mimi Fowler. I said she was from New York, but expected to become a native Californian. I said to Mimi, "And this is the famous Rick Madigan. He's the most important person in the room."

Mimi gave him two hands. One might have done the work, but two clinched it. She said, "Rick Madigan! Not really!" Like she might have said, "President Truman!"

No man is so smart that he can protect himself against a pretty woman who really goes to work on him. Not even a wise guy like Madigan.

I invited him to pull up a chair, and he did. He ordered drinks on the house. Mimi was pitching with all she had, and she had plenty. If I thought she had worked on me during the day, I revised my opinion.

Here was an artist in action. A little obvious, a little crude, even—but still an artist. Within fifteen minutes she had Rick Madigan gawping. We got a picture of a real big shot playing like a big shot. He was as obvious as an elephant in a jewelry store.

It was developing into quite an evening. Vera Bradley detached herself from an important group near the bar and bounced across to us. She said howdy to Danny and Jean and myself, and dropped a friendly hand on Rick Madigan's shoulder. She said, "How's my big, shrewd, silent hero?" and Madigan smiled up at her.

Jean said, "Vera, this is Mimi Fowler. Miss Fowler—Miss Bradley."

As per usual, Mimi was delighted. Danny said, "Vera is Jean's personal bodyguard. She stands between Jean and the obstreperous public."

Mimi looked vague. Vera explained, "I work at the studio. Publicity. I'm more or less permanently assigned to Miss Rutledge, she being a valuable slice of property at the moment. It's my job to keep her out of trouble." Vera chuckled. She jumped to her feet—Vera never did things slowly—and beamed at us. "Got to get back. Never do to give my friends over there the false impression that they'd gotten rid of me."

She was gone like a breeze. Rick nodded appreciatively. "I could use a gal like Vera."

Mimi looked a question.

"She's smart," elaborated Rick. "Smartest dame in Hollywood. Knows everybody and what makes them tick. What she doesn't know—she finds out."

He was smiling when he said it. He went on, as though it weren't important, "Sometimes you'd almost think she'd find out too much. She could get in someone's hair awful bad." Then he turned his attention back to Mimi. He suggested showing Mimi the place, and she was on her feet before he finished talking. She said, "These folks have seen it all. No sense boring them. *You* show me."

Rick was apologetic, but eager. He observed certain amenities by producing a gold, jewel-studded cigarette case and passing it around. The thing was gaudy, but it seemed to fascinate Mimi. Everything about Rick was having that effect. She was putting on a great act, and I'd have been sold if I hadn't been on the receiving end of the same routine earlier in the day.

They walked away. Rick was beaming. They went into his private office.

Jean and Danny and I looked at one another. I said, "You got to adm Fowler is good."

"Her technique is amazing," sa "But why?"

"That's what I'm trying to I told them about Babe Johnso made them thoughtful.

Danny, particularly, didn't lik said, "We're all full of people interested in our private affair we?"

"Yes—" I didn't relish the w were shaping up. Too damned terest. Bert Ellison didn't rate Rutledge didn't rate it. Certainly I said, "I can't peg her."

Danny spoke softly: "Madig for her. All the way. As for he

"An act," I stated. "She tried me this morning. Not as fancy same general idea. I'm asking w

"I'll put the question anothe Danny said. "Mimi fits. But She's interested in too many t don't want her to be interested

TIME passed. Not much of it swiftly. But it passed.

One night we invited Dann ton and Arnold Travis over, played cook while the three of u Jean told Travis about Mimi Arnold didn't like it. He said he we'd made a dumb play, ins Mimi into the thick of things.

Things appeared to be movi ing to pattern. Rick Madigan a had fallen for Mimi. In any e wasn't working on me quite s ously as she had been doing. played the available siren, but I didn't seem to be in it. What s wanted was to be turned loos Monterey Canyon house. A didn't fall for that one.

Jean's studio had been maki orate arrangements for some stuff. The picture she was wo had a railroad background. night they were shooting in an the railroad yards near the U tion. It's a lovely station, but downtown. Some of the territor it isn't choice. I knew there'd be

There must have been a m tails to arrange, aside from the ones. The entire area was rope policed by special cops in addi detail of regulars assigned fron Division. Nobody could come police lines without a pass. At was the rule. It was simple e get around it. Go up the trac hundred yards and you were i proscribed area. But the view w where the ropes were.

Light towers were scattered

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"Pass it in, please"

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t. Tremendous arcs cast a weird,
ral light over the sprawling rail-
ards. There were innumerable
workers: grips, carpenters, elec-
; big shots from the production
cameramen and their crews; stars
d actors and bit players and more
hundred extras.
eads, including, of course, Jean,
d his own dressing room. Jean's
incredible trailer. All the com-
home, plus dozens of gadgets
ver find in any house.

T with Danny. Helen, the office
had begged, and we dragged her
hadn't seen Jean all day. She'd
orking all the morning, and rest-
e afternoon. Chances were she'd
wo thirds of the night. They
e scenes fast, but they take for-
prepare them.
hree of us. Danny, Helen and I,
er at the Union Station. Arnold
oined us there, by appointment.
d to fight our way through the
Once we got through, our
d the rest. People were looking

I said, "I don't like it."

"You don't like what?"

"Everything."

He informed me that I was a jittery, crochety idiot. He was right.

Jean came out of her dressing room. She looked like the daughter of a drunken railroad section foreman, which was the role she was playing.

The entire battery of lights flashed on. A slim, pretty girl, who was acting as Jean's stand-in, posed under the glare. They were getting ready to shoot a scene. A loud-speaker bellowed for silence. The director summoned Jean and the actor who was playing her father.

They took their places beside a boxcar. They did a lot of rehearsing. The director was hard to please. He was courteous and pleasant, but exacting. He had a lot of reputation riding on this picture.

Finally they shot the scene. They shot it four times.

After that there was a lot more confusion. Somebody brought us a covey of little chairs with canvas seats and backs. Having those little chairs marked us as persons of distinction.

"Sure, it was lousy, but you must remember the average producer has the intelligence of a twelve-year-old"

HANK KETCHAM

t because it was us but because
nside and therefore important
extra-special stare boring
e back of my head. I turned
didn't like what I saw.
kerman was there. Inside the
w he'd gotten inside, I didn't
didn't matter, really. What *did*
that he was there.
Arnold Travis, "Don't look
our friend Ackerman is here.
at tool shed. Maybe I should
thrown out."
that be wise?"
as only one answer. I'd bet-
ll enough alone. Ackerman
much. He could stir up too
ble too easily.
e pointed out Jean's trailer. It
star painted on it. That would
ity's idea. We moved toward
and met three other people,
igan, Mimi Fowler and Vera
Everybody present or ac-
r.
s concentrating on Vera. She
questions like a machine gun.
d to be having a wonderful
was explaining things glibly,
gan smiled.
ged me away from the group.
convention," he observed.
d to make it complete is Fred
You convulse me."
ed at me oddly. "Why so

The director came over, accepted introductions without catching a single name, and notified Jean that they were going to shoot one more scene before breaking for supper. If she didn't mind.

Our group was enjoying itself. Somebody called Jean. She excused herself, and Vera Bradley walked off with her. Vera was talking earnestly. I saw Jean nod several times. That meant she agreed with whatever Vera was saying.

The scene they shot was a honey. The hero was in it. He was a big, handsome guy, dressed tough. This was the scene where Jean was to tell her father that she was going to marry the hero regardless, that she had a right to live her own life in her own way. Brand-new idea. The old man was to raise hell and take a poke at the hero. The hero wasn't going to hit back. Whoever heard of a hero slugging an old man, especially the heroine's father? He was going to walk off. That'd be followed by a tense, bitter scene between Jean and her father.

There were a lot of rehearsals. Then something went wrong with some of the lights just before they were ready to roll. The director dismissed the company for a few minutes, but told them to stand by. Jean joined us again. According to the script, this was summer. She was wearing a gingham dress. It was cold.

She said they'd have the lights fixed in a few minutes, and then they'd shoot the scene, and break for chow. "You're all going to eat with me," she said.

"As soon as they're through with this scene?" inquired Mimi.

"Not immediately. Vera Bradley's got something on her mind. She says it's important. I'm meeting her in my dressing room as soon as they've shot the scene. Then I'll rejoin you right here."

Mimi and Rick promptly said they'd walk around. Mimi had to circulate. There was too much going on for her to be content just to sit. Danny took Helen's arm and carted her off into the railroad yards. Arnold Travis winked and said he'd better make it unanimous: Maybe Jean and I would like to be alone for a few minutes. I grinned at him and said it was an idea.

Jean was shivering. Gingham is cute, but it doesn't fit a February night in southern California. She beckoned to Margie, the maid, and asked her to fetch the fur coat which had been left in the dressing room. Margie said, "Yas'm. Right away," and scurried off.

Alone with Jean. Alone in the midst of lights and shouts and hammering and confusion, and with thousands of strangers staring at us. That's the kind of alone we were.

In the midst of all the activity, there came one of those sudden, inexplicable moments of silence. Sound stopped as though on signal.

The stillness was punctured by a scream. A woman's scream: shrill, terrified, hysterical. There was an instant's pause, and then came another scream. Both had come from the general direction of Jean's dressing room. I saw men start running in that direction.

We half walked, half ran, toward the row of trailers which served as dressing rooms. That's where everybody seemed to be going. Apparently no one within earshot had missed the urgency, the terror, in those cries.

The crowd was congesting in front of the biggest of the dressing rooms—Jean's.

JEAN and I were running. I took the lead and fought my way through the crowd. Men were asking, "What happened?" Nobody was answering. Someone recognized Jean. They opened a path for her.

There were three little steps leading up from the ground to the rear entrance of the trailer. At the top of those steps was a big policeman. Jean tried to shove past. He blocked her with a powerful arm. He said she couldn't go in, and she told him that she was Jean Rutledge. His expression changed, and his voice softened, but he didn't lower his arm. He said, "It still ain't a good idea, ma'am. Something happened."

I said, "What?"

He looked at me. He saw that Jean was holding my hand, which marked me as belonging. He said, "Look, buddy—be a nice lad, and take Miss Rutledge somewhere else."

Jean spoke. Her voice was tight. She said, "I've got to know."

The cop looked at me and then at Jean. He said, "A lady has been murdered. In yonder. Throat cut."

Jean asked, "Who?"

He shrugged. "I don't know for sure, ma'am. Your maid's hysterical, sort of. But she says it's somebody named Vera Bradley."

Everything seemed grotesque and unreal: the too-bright lights which nobody had bothered to turn off, the cameras, the crowd fighting to get through the ropes, the group in front of Jean's portable dressing room where Vera Bradley had just been murdered.

An idea came out of nowhere and almost slapped me down. I glanced inside the trailer. A second cop was in there, keeping watch until the Homicide boys arrived and took over. There was one light on, a rather sickly ceiling bulb. It was dim and gloomy.

A woman had been killed in that dress-

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a RIGHT time...

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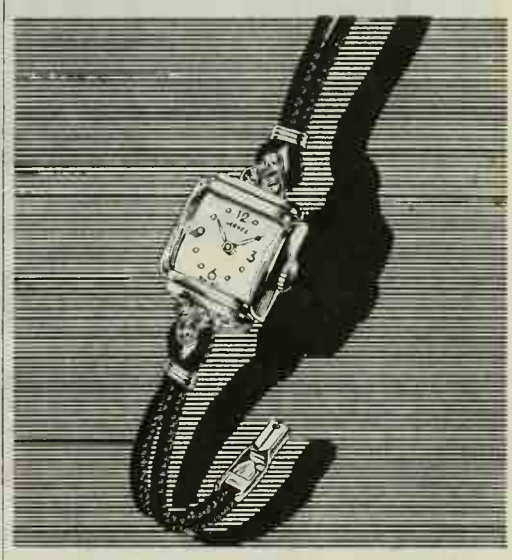

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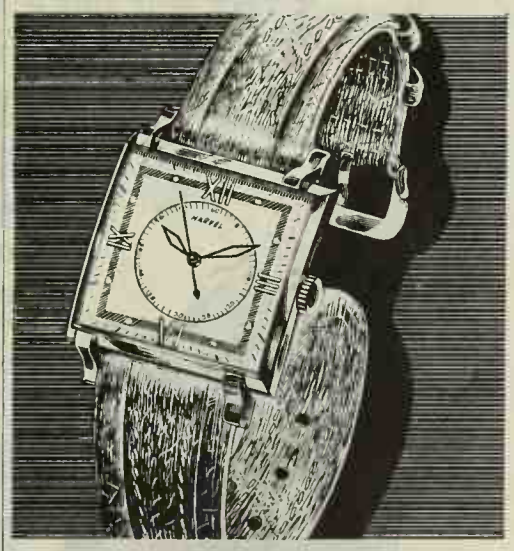

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FIT WELL! STYLED SWELL!

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ing room. The door of the place was marked with a star, and that meant Jean Rutledge. Everybody knew she had been off the set while they fixed the lights. The thought that hit me was that the murderer had been after Jean, that Vera was merely the unfortunate victim of a mistake.

My mind flashed back to the house in Monterey Canyon. Someone had tried to decoy Jean out there alone. Maybe he had meant to kill her. I thought of Gus Ackerman. By all the evidence, it hadn't been Gus out at the canyon home. But if it were some other man, then I wouldn't know him. He could be here tonight—a dozen of him, for all I knew. Playing his own game his own way.

I was holding Jean's hand. It was cold as ice. Tears were ruining her make-up. Her eyes told me a lot. They told me that this was almost more than she could bear, that she could crack up at a moment's notice.

A PROWL car sirened through the police lines, and two uniformed cops got out. They relieved the special officers, and asked a few questions and started enjoying their few moments of spotlight before the lads from Homicide arrived.

It'd be on the air by now. In no time at all we'd be flooded with reporters and newspaper photographers. This was the sort of yarn you could sink your teeth into. Murder on Location. Woman's Throat Cut in Dressing Room of Famous Star. Death Strikes in Filmland. Here were all the ingredients. This was no cheap punk who happened to get killed in the home of a celebrity. This one had everything. It had Jean Rutledge right in the middle of it.

The director came hurrying up. He looked bitter. I expected him to say that this would play hell with his shooting schedule. I thought he'd say that the bosses at the studio would hold him accountable. What he actually did was to say to Jean, "Sorry, Kid."

Behind him came Jean's co-star. The handsome lad in the raiment which marked him as poor but honest. He was nice, too. He said he thought Jean ought to get out of the crowd. He offered his own portable dressing room, which was parked next to hers. Arnold Travis agreed emphatically that this was a good idea. He and I both thanked the actor, and dragged Jean away.

Danny Singleton appeared. Alone. I didn't know what he'd done with Helen, and didn't care.

Things were happening next door. Detectives, technicians, smart lads from the D. A.'s office, coroner, police photographers, reporters.

In the narrow confines of the trailer we didn't do much talking. We were concentrating on Jean, trying to keep her from going to pieces.

Time passed. An eternity more or less. Lieutenant Marty Walsh came in. It had to be Walsh. It couldn't be somebody less keen, less skeptical.

He looked us over and took charge. He looked slimmer than I remembered and twice as hard. He was sharp as a razor. He didn't bark, he didn't shout. He displayed precisely the correct degree of concern for the nice young lady in the gingham dress. He made conventional apologies, and went right ahead.

"Let me check a few things, Miss Rutledge. That was your dressing room, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"When were you there last?"

"About an hour ago."

"Vera Bradley was assigned to you personally and exclusively, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"How come she was in your dressing room when you weren't?"

A little frown appeared between Jean's eyes. She said slowly, "I was sitting out near the set with my friends. The director said he'd need me again in a few minutes. Just before that, Vera had me that she wanted to see me a something private and important."

"What sort of something?"

"She didn't say. She just said she learned something which would int me. She wanted to talk to me a didn't want anyone to see us toget

"Did she suggest meeting in the ing room?"

"No. I did. I knew we could privacy there. I was to meet her as as we finished the scene, before we up for supper."

"But you didn't go, did you?"

"No. We haven't yet shot the I was waiting over yonder"—she tured vaguely—"with these peop she indicated Danny, Arnold myself—"and three others."

"Who?"

"Mr. Madigan, a Miss Fowler, girl named Helen, who works Ingram's office."

"Madigan?" Marty Walsh co quite swallow that one.

I said, "Madigan seems to hav veloped a sudden passion for Fowler. She wanted to be here, brought her—according to them."

"How about this Helen?"

Danny Singleton said, "I left he side when I heard what had happ

He gave Walsh Helen's last Marty stepped to the door and spok detective. He told the man that Madigan, a girl named Mimi Fowl another named Helen were some around. He wanted to talk to the

"Did Vera Bradley seem scare asked, turning back to Jean.

"No."

"Excited?"

"I think so— That is, she kept ing that what she wanted to tell n important."

"She mention any names?"

"No."

He took his time about asking th question, as though he wanted it t maximum effect. Then he said, " anything from your husband re Miss Rutledge?"

HER eyes opened wide. There w in them. I could see her guard So, I imagine, could Lieutenant I looked at Arnold Travis and he my signal. He edged closer, prep step in if Walsh started shovin too hard.

Jean said, "No. I haven't hear him."

"Since how long?"

"Since he left me."

"You knew he was in Califon

"Mr. Ingram told me you said

Marty tried to make his voice soothing. He said, "Now look, Mi ledge—we all got to help each oth help you, and you help me. Rig

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"You know we believe Fred killed Bert Ellison, don't you?"

Jean looked startled.

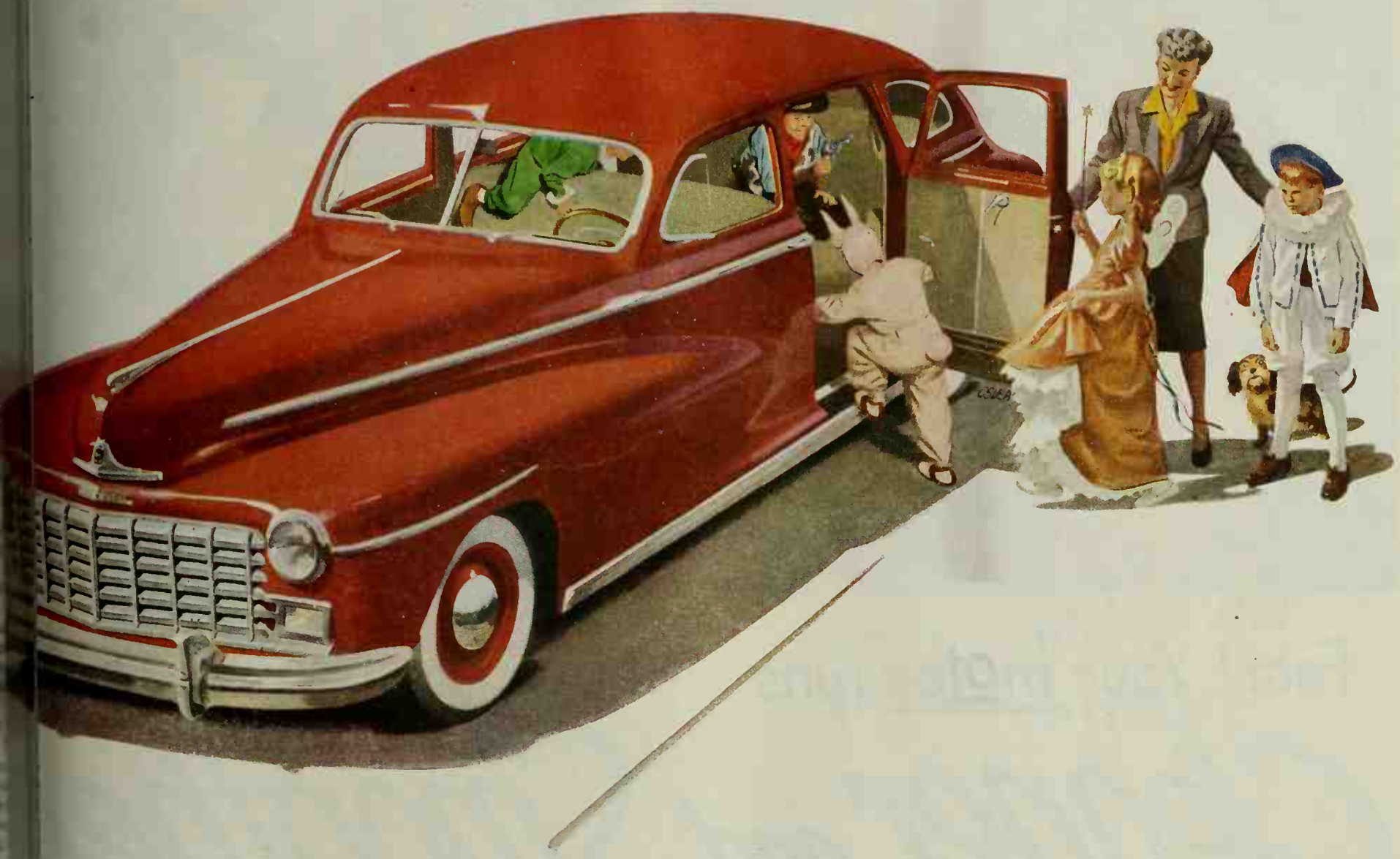
"What I think," said Marty W that Vera Bradley found out for s Fred Wilson killed Ellison. She to tell you private because a you're still married to the guy. Sh spilling it generally because she's protect you against bad publicity was maybe here tonight. He mig been tailing Vera, figuring she w to tell. He wouldn't be too scared but he wouldn't enjoy facing a rap. So he followed her up to yo ing room, argued with her, lost t ment and then let her have it."

"That couldn't be!"

"Oh, yes, it could. If he kil son, he could have killed Vera The second murder comes easy, when it's done to cover the firs

"But it couldn't be that wa tenant—"

I flashed Arnold a signal. He in quick. He said, "Look, Mar



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s that way, Miss Rutledge
ever believe it."
se she knows it's true and is just
cover up."
that, either."
ome you're so smart, Travis?"
r lawyer. She would have told
Believe me, Marty, she would.
asn't heard from her husband.
knows about his being in Cali-
e got secondhand. And, aside
g her lawyer, I think like she

what you're paid for."
w I think. If I thought it had
, I'd throw him to you quick as
t would clear up a rotten mess.
o percentage for me in shield-

s a client of yours once, wasn't

ut that doesn't add up to what
He's not my client now."

SH smiled coldly. "I'm sorry
ver met the guy. He must have
a character, the way every-
to cover for him. What was
avis?"
rdly, okay. Quiet dresser.
e. Quiet manners. He looked
ed, which was probably due
streak in his hair which gave
ppearance of a banker or a

ntil something better comes
rite him off as our murderer."
hrugged. "That's your privi-
."
rned to me. His eyes gave me
er. Then they took in Danny

o boy scouts," he said caus-
ppose you both start explain-
u're always in the foreground
body gets murdered in Miss
vicinity."
Lieutenant," I said with what
as a reasonable manner, "the
ar into me isn't going to buy
."
"If Miss Rutledge was in the
omething, you'd try to protect
In't you? For some reason
rying to gum up the works."
got no right thinking that.
simple answer to everything,
adigan—"
n!" he snorted. "That's your
tune, Ingram. You sing it all the time."

"Why not?" I said. "Let's just turn your theory around. You're harping on Fred Wilson. I'm thinking Madigan. Things fit better my way. Madigan didn't like Bert Ellison for lots of reasons. He could have killed the man, or had him killed. Suppose Vera Bradley found out Madigan did it. Remember, he was in our group when Jean told us where and when she was going to meet Vera to hear something important."

Marty Walsh said, "Hell! I ain't checking Rick Madigan out. Nor that slick chick of his, either."

"Is it in character for Madigan to leave his night club to watch a picture being made?"

"It's in line for him to be cut in the head over a dame. The guy is sentimental."

I said, "Why isn't it a good idea for you to be talking to him right now, instead of to me?"

"Because he ain't here, that's why, smart boy. We'll pick him up pretty soon. He most likely checked out and took Mimi back to El Cielito. I'll be hearing about that right away."

"Vera's throat was cut." I saw Jean wince, but that couldn't be helped. I had to start Marty Walsh thinking my way, if possible. The way he was figuring was no good. All his thinking said that Fred Wilson had done these two killings. I knew different. But I couldn't tell Marty what I knew.

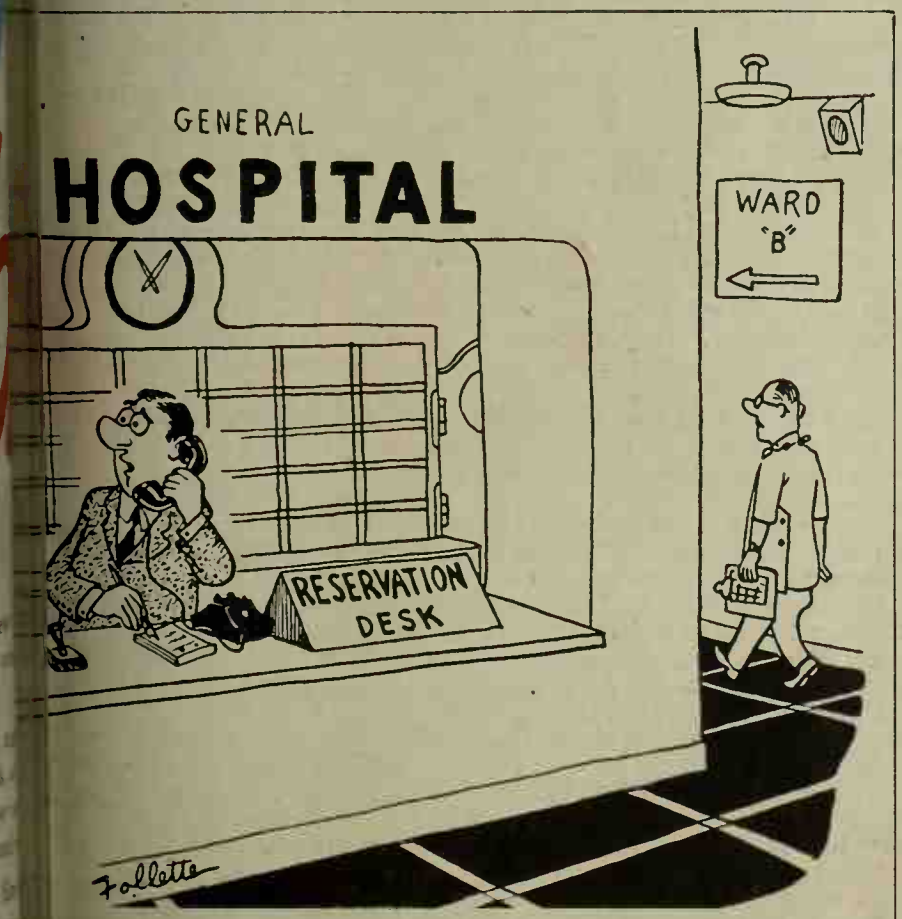
I asked, "Have you found the knife?"

"Yeah, sure we found the knife. And now you're going to ask if we're checking it for fingerprints. The answer is that we are. I'll go further and say that we don't expect to find any. I'll know that in a little while, too. Any more questions you want to ask?"

"No."

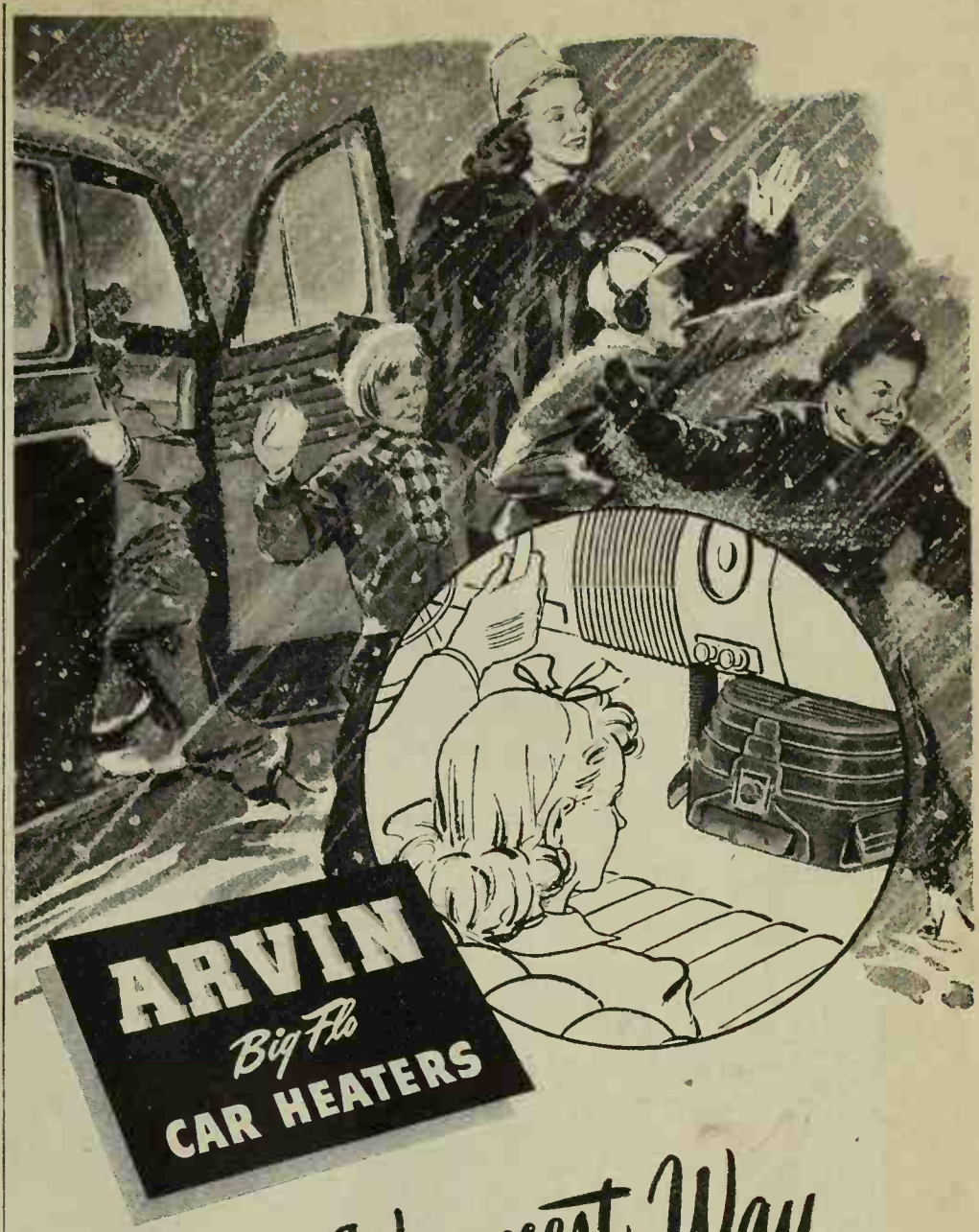
"Fine. That's just fine, Ingram. Because now it's my turn. I let you have your fun. But I can see something. You're nervous. You're carrying the fight to me. Why? It ain't natural."

A detective poked his head in the trailer door and beckoned to Walsh. Walsh went outside and came back in a few minutes. He looked pleased. He said, too sweetly, "I was right one time, anyway. No fingerprints on the knife. No convenient clues lying around. We found Madigan. He just got to his club



'Vell, we're terribly crowded, but I'll try to squeeze you in
omewhere. Would you prefer a private or semiprivate bed?"

LEW FOLLETTE



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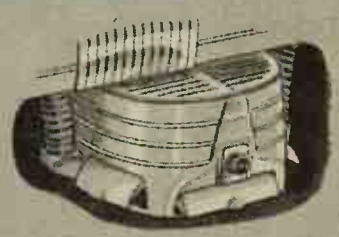

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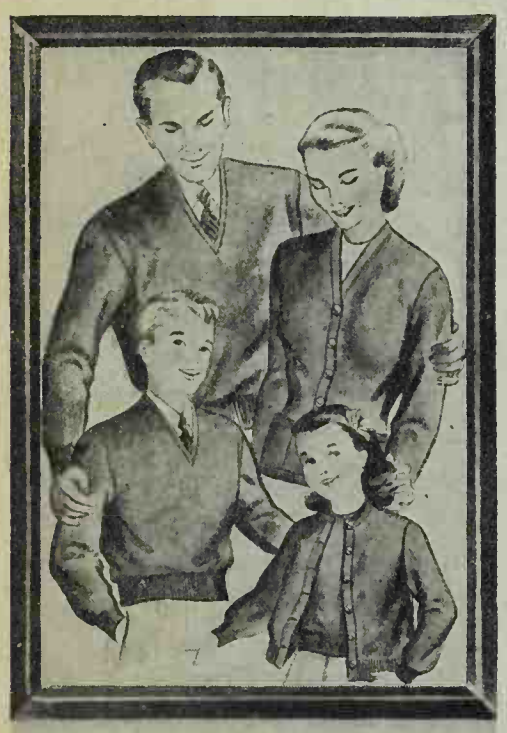

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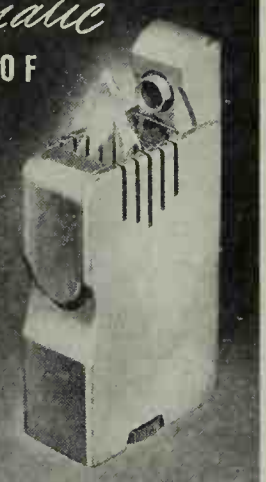

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—with the girl. He says what our man told him was the first he knew of Miss Bradley being killed. Now Madigan says he met Mimi Fowler through you. He says she was with you and Miss Rutledge at El Cielito, and that you introduced him. Maybe he's lying, huh?"

I said, "That's the truth."

"Where did you meet her?"

"In my office. She was a client. She wanted to buy a house."

"How come she found her way to Brentwood? Why did she pick you out of the hat when this town is lousy with real-estate firms?"

"It just happened," I said. "Strangers drop in every day."

"But not strangers like Mimi Fowler. Madigan tells me she's been interested in the Monterey Canyon house. That right?"

"Yes. I showed it to her."

"Her idea?"

"Yes."

"She knew about somebody being killed there?"

"Yes."

"The setup didn't strike you as peculiar?"

"Yes, frankly—it did."

He took a new tack: "You usually take your clients night-clubbing?"

"No. Mimi Fowler wanted to talk to Miss Rutledge. She also said she was lonely—"

"Lonely! Her?"

"Madigan joined our table. He went for Mimi right away."

"That guy again."

"It's always Madigan in my book," I said stubbornly. "You haven't said a thing to show me I'm wrong."

"Okay. If that's the way you want it, Ingram, that's the way you can have it. But you know what I think: I figure you're trying to make me dizzy. I figure you got your own private reasons for acting like that."

I shrugged. Nonchalant. Calm. Like hell I was. Danny Singleton horned in. His voice was as cheerful as the circumstances permitted. He said, "You two are doing a lot of talking, and saying mighty little, aren't you?"

"Could be," I agreed.

Danny turned to Marty Walsh. "Miss Rutledge is pretty upset, Lieutenant. Why not lay off for a while?"

Marty turned to Arnold Travis. "See what I mean?" he said. "No matter what I do, I get told off. I'm back in rookie school. These two guys know more about my business than I do."

ARNOLD looked sympathetic, but didn't say anything. He wasn't fanning the flames. Walsh said, "Okay. But I'll be seeing you."

He walked out. Danny followed. He came back in a few minutes to announce that there'd be no more picture making that night. He said there were a flock of reporters outside. They wanted to interview Jean and grab some pictures. Arnold went out to beg off for her while I got ready to take Jean home. Danny on one side, me on the other. The press boys flashed some bulbs, but we got her home and to bed.

Danny and I drove home. He ran his car into the garage, but I didn't. He wanted to know why.

"Madigan," I said. "He's still my Number One boy, I'd like to talk to him."

He didn't argue. He simply said he was going with me. We did some talking on the way over. I said, "Remember that telegram I told you about, Danny?"

"What telegram?"

"The one Jean and I found in Fred Wilson's pocket when we first stumbled over him."

"Sort of. Freshen me up on it."

"I memorized it. It went like this: 'No word from you regarding our recent talks. Unless you agree immediately to follow course outlined, I shall be compelled to turn certain information over to the proper authorities. Do not b... you would like this. Suggest you... tact me by long-distance within... eight hours.' That's how it went, D... There was no signature. It was s... Fred and it brought him out here. ...—that suitcase I've got in the gara... told you about it. All of Fred's stuf... questionably left at Jean's house l... murderer. Well, it just occurred ... that one thing was missing. Tha... gram wasn't there."

"You sure?"

"Yes. It didn't register at the... You notice things that *are* ther... things that are missing. It can on... up one way: The only thing of Fre... killer was afraid of was that tel... The answer has got to be right th...

Danny nodded. "Maybe you'... something, Bruce. But this M... business. Better play it cute. Esp... if you're right about the guy."

I didn't say anything. What I ... to say, Danny knew already. Sur... playing Madigan. Sure, I wanted ... him. Maybe I was wrong. But ... Marty Walsh was wrong. You c... blame Vera Bradley's death or ... Wilson.

EL CIELITO was still doing b... at 3 A.M. It was against the l... gambling was against the law, too ... fanatics were riding with it. Eith... were trying to recoup losses, or th... working overtime trying to los... winnings. It was going to work o... for the house any way you looke...

Madigan was sitting alone at ... table next to the bar. If he was su... to see me, he didn't show it. I su... that Danny buy himself a drink.

I sat down opposite the big, sua... prietor of El Cielito. I said, "You ... the excitement, Madigan."

He nodded gravely. "So I he...

I said, "Where's Mimi Fowle...

"She was here for a while, the... my chauffeur drive her hom... Marty talked to us."

"Any way you can alibi your... cept by Mimi?"

"No." He smiled. "Marty t... you think maybe I killed Ellis... Miss Bradley."

"I haven't been able to think ... thing better."

He leaned across the table. ... "You could be a nice kid. You... but you could be. Right now, ... like you. You get in my hair."

I waited.

"You aren't showing a lot of s... went on. "I don't go in for viole... I could learn."

"Sounds like a threat."

"Take it any way you want. ... to the cops enough, maybe yo... them ideas. I don't like them ... ideas about me. I'm in an ille... ness. I want to stay in it. I hav... desire to be mixed up in murd...

"Maybe you should have th... that sooner."

He got up. So did I. He sa... seem to have good health, Ing... advise you to keep it."

He walked away. He was a ...

I joined Danny and gave hi... résumé of the unsatisfactory t... said, "What gives now?"

"Ever hear of having the be... tail, Danny?"

"Yes."

"That's me," I said. "I don ... let go." . . .

Vera Bradley's death hit Je... She had been a friend. She had ... anything, didn't want anything. ... gone snooping because it was ... find out what was worrying Jea... shield her from it.

There was a lot of publicity ... investigation, a lot of sympat... of it real, and some ghoulish. ... it amazingly well. She had ta... rific beating, and she was still t...

ation could be filed under the nfinished Business. The more of that, the less I liked it. I ht so much that I was walking ls. I was scared to death that might happen to Jean. The had lain in wait for her at the Canyon house was still some- the background. Maybe he 'd to kill her that night. Maybe illed Vera Bradley had in- kill Jean. Thoughts like that I p to myself.

ere other things, too. I gave o recover from the shock of ley's death. Then I arranged ning together, just the two of dinner, we turned out all the pt the bulb in one standing sat on the couch, Jean in the put a big ash tray on the and said, "Stock-taking time, etheart?"

ded.

Way I figured it, we can't just ling with the punches. They're hard and too often. I'm gure a story I could take to sh. He's got to know eventu-

been prepared for that.

n't tell the police," she said. time they could ever have as right at first. Everything ppened since then has put us If you tell the police anything e got to tell the entire truth. matter how plausible your sound to you, it won't sound m."

ou're thinking that if I tell art of the truth, he'll slap me cooler."

something to do with it. But id of that alone. If that hap- wouldn't be able to keep on . We know Walsh is on the now. He has practically dead man of two murders."

ilent for a moment. Then h a gallant attempt at light- ness, "It'd be easier if we were married, darling."

That did it. There was a brief and stimulating intermission. Then she pulled out of my arms. She said, "That's another reason we've got to learn the truth. Until the whole thing is cleared up, we can't ever get married."

She wasn't telling me anything I hadn't thought myself. It was ironic. For a long, long time we had wanted her to be free. Now she was free. She was a widow. The law gave her the right to marry anybody she wanted to marry. But a grim combination of circumstances said *No* in a louder voice than the law ever did.

I said, "There's somebody in this we don't know anything about."

"Who?"

"The man who phoned you that night and said he was Fred Wilson, the one who batted me over the head—"

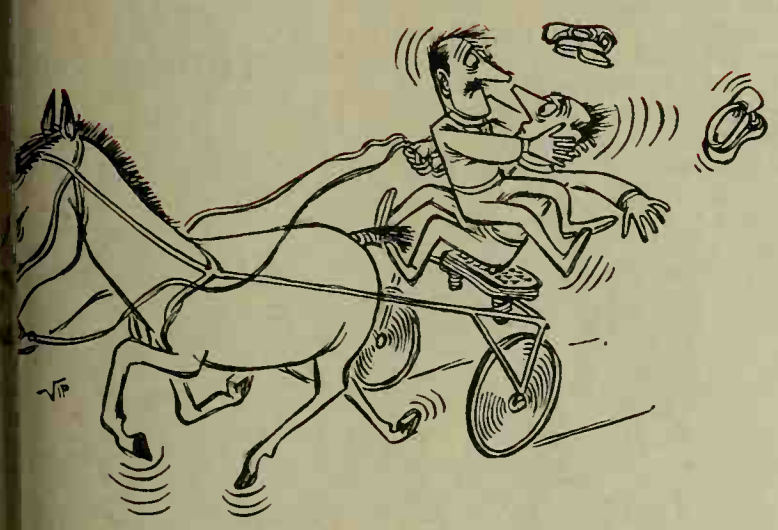
"—And who probably intended to kill me." She made the statement calmly.

AFTER a moment, I said, "Who would want to kill you, and why?" She said she didn't know. I went on. "From what I hear there are three basic motives for murder. Jealousy, profit, revenge. Find someone who can wear one of those."

She tried, bravely enough. "Jealousy. That could be you. Don't laugh. I'm trying to figure like Marty Walsh would figure. You could have visited the house first—before we got there together—and killed Fred. But you didn't phone me that other night, you weren't hiding behind the hedge when you were in the ear, you didn't hit yourself on the head. You also didn't kill Vera. You were with me."

"Profit?" I prompted.

"Nobody." She didn't hesitate on that one. "I make a big income. I'll make a bigger one now that I own 25 per cent of Olympus. But I haven't much money saved. There's been too much going out in taxes. Any way you look at it,



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Bruce—I'm worth a lot more alive than I am dead."

"Revenge?"

"I don't think so."

"We're back where we started. We're always back there. That's why I keep thinking Madigan. He was sore at Fred and disliked Bert Ellison. If he killed Fred, the rest could follow. Even you—because he might figure you'd be bound to find out."

"Would Madigan have packed all Fred's things and left them at my house?"

"Somebody did. Why couldn't it have been Rick Madigan as well as anyone else?"

"It could be. But why?"

"To put you behind the eight ball. If they hadn't wanted that, they'd have sunk the suitcase in the ocean or tossed it into a canyon. You'd have a hard time explaining that suitcase if it were found. Even Marty Walsh would have to change some of his ideas. If Fred had killed someone and was hiding out or running away, he wouldn't have gotten rid of all his personal belongings. So Walsh would take a new line. It wouldn't take him long to learn that Fred is dead, and that you know it."

Jean said, "How about Gus Ackerman?"

"I can only figure him one way, and it'll probably turn out I'm wrong on that. I still don't think he had anything to do with the killing of Fred or of Bert Ellison. But he could have been a witness. That'd make his racket blackmailing."

She said, "Which brings us to Mimi Fowler."

I HAD known that this was coming, but I didn't try to evade. I said, "I don't like it."

"What don't you like?"

"The whole Mimi setup. The play she made for Madigan and for me. But I assure you it wasn't Mimi who slugged me that night. It also wasn't Ackerman; he was downtown in a beer parlor."

"Madigan?" she asked.

"Not likely. I weigh one hundred and sixty and I'm in good shape. I can't peg it as Madigan."

She smiled wanly, "So it's got to be X. Where do we start looking for him? At the beginning we were only afraid of my career and of scandal. Now we're facing what might amount to a murder conviction—and a murderer."

"And so—?"

"We go on as we are, hoping for the breaks. We didn't have much chance of getting married before all this started happening. Now we haven't any. I'm tired, Bruce. Maybe it would help if we stopped talking and if you just held me close and—"

Just then the telephone rang. Jean said she'd answer.

It was one of those conversations of which her end didn't tell me anything. I stopped trying to figure what it was all about. I'd know soon enough.

She came back into the room. Her eyes were shining, but I didn't like the quality of the brightness. She said, "That was Gus Ackerman."

I waited.

"He has made his play, Bruce. Now we know what he wants."

I said, "Slow down, honey. You're way ahead of me."

"He did practically all of the talking," she said. "He demanded fifty thousand dollars cash. He's going to call me tomorrow night to find out when I'll have it for him. He says he'll come here for it, but I've got to be alone. He said if I didn't do what he wanted he'd see to it that the police found out all about Fred Wilson and what happened at the Monterey Canyon house."

We looked at each other. Maybe this was it. Maybe it wasn't. But it was definite. It was something.

She said, "What do I do, Bruce?"

I said promptly, "We'd better call Arnold. Get him over here fast. I'll ride along with his advice on this."

She phoned Arnold. He said to hold on, he'd be right over. She hadn't told him what it was, but no one could mistake the urgency in her voice. . . .

Arnold Travis was a good listener. He settled himself comfortably in the big club chair and let Jean tell it her own way. He smoked a couple of cigarettes. He gave an impression of casualness, which was good. Except that if you looked at his eyes, you could see that he wasn't missing a bet.

Finally she finished. Arnold looked at her. "Blackmail is no good. You pay once and you're sunk."

Jean said, "He told me—"

"—That he'd tell the cops?" Travis smiled a wise smile. "I wouldn't worry about that, Jean. The only thing he's got of any value is some damaging information. He wants to sell it—not give it away."

She said, "It's too much of a chance to take."

"You wanted my advice, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'm saying—don't pay. I know Ackerman. I know his type. Blackmailers make a strong pitch, but they're bluffing."

I said, "Even if you're right, Arnold, if he were convinced that there wasn't anything in it for him he'd spill to the police just out of plain cussedness."

Travis gave that one a going-over. "That's a point," he conceded. "So I'd split the difference. I'd advise stalling. Tell him you haven't got that much cash, that it will take time to raise it."

"How long will he fall for that?"

"As long as he thinks there's a chance."

It sounded like common sense. We tossed the idea back and forth, and still didn't like it much, but we couldn't think of anything better. Finally, Arnold crashed through. He said suddenly, "Here's a thought to chew on. Ackerman is a punk. They're all punks, they're yellow. Suppose," he said slowly, as though he were standing off looking at his own idea, "suppose when he calls tomorrow night Jean tells him that she has decided to string along. That she hasn't been able to raise all the cash on such short notice, but that she's got—say, ten thousand. That isn't fifty thousand, but it's still a lot of money. She can tell him to come get it, and say that she'll raise the rest as soon as she can."

JEAN looked puzzled, which was exactly the way I felt. I said, "That doesn't fit with what you said a while ago, Arnold. It's still paying blackmail, it's still letting Ackerman see that he's got Jean over a barrel."

He said, "Except for one thing. Jean won't be alone. I'll be here."

"With what idea in mind?"

"I'll have a gun. I'll take no chances with a mug like that. I'll let him make his play and then I'll barge in. I know how a man like Ackerman thinks. I'll be damned sure he doesn't think I'm bluffing."

"Is Jean to have the money?"

"Of course not. There isn't going to be any blackmail paid. I'm driving at something else altogether. Coming to collect the money, he'll be nervous. I'll take the play away from him. I'll threaten to call the cops myself. He wouldn't believe Jean would do it, but maybe he'd believe that I would. He'd think she hadn't told me everything. If I work it right, perhaps he'll spill something of what he knows."

"Suppose he doesn't?"

"Then you still haven't lost anything. Put yourself in Ackerman's place, Bruce. He won't know how scared we are, but he will know how scared he is."

I got up and walked to the window. I looked through the Venetian blinds at the traffic that was whizzing along San Vicente Boulevard—at twice the legal

At the game a
around town

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Wh. Travis was suggesting made
Ho much sense, I didn't know
e. Jwas all based on the premise
cke an could be bluffed.
didn know what Ackerman knew
he'come to know it. I still didn't
e'd elped with the murders of
Wils and Bert Ellison, but I
him s a witness. If that were the
e'd ow who else had been there.
voul be the man we were after.
-and-out gamble. We could
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er way.
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very much. I'll take your

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t I've gotten accustomed to

id, "I'd be hiding in your
hen Ackerman got here.
n't be anything to be afraid

ake two of us," I said. "I'll
"

n looked at me. Jean opened
protest, but Arnold spoke
ed, "What would that gain

rotection. If you're right
an is yellow, he might fold
of us worked on him."
a lot more discussion. In
old agreed. He said, "We
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Ackerman. Then you and
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t could yield results."
n—?"
st exactly that. Beat the
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." I suppose I looked
avis made a gesture of dis-
sn't any time to be squeam-
l sharply. "The way to
like Gus Ackerman is to
wice as tough as he is. Slam
It isn't pretty, but it works.
ow it works. It's the only
he'll understand."
u're right. Of course."
appens that way, you won't
on me, will you? This is
ve got to kick a man when
l keep right on kicking."
it. Jean was a little green
lls at the prospect, but the
hed through. It'd be fighting fire with fire, meeting a hoodlum on his own ground.

The next evening I walked to Jean's house, leaving my car parked in front of the office. Arnold had beaten me there by about three minutes. He said he'd left his car a couple of blocks away.

Jean's little white bungalow is broader than it is deep. At right angles to the living room is a hallway which runs back to the sleeping quarters. Jean's bedroom was in the rear of the house, overlooking the patio. That's where Arnold and I were going to wait.

Mary Gregg had fixed some sandwiches and coffee and we ate them in the bedroom. Then Jean gave her the night off. Mary didn't ask any questions. Her restraint was admirable. She must have been boiling over with curiosity. She went out, locked the door behind her, and said she'd go to visit her folks in Long Beach.

We still didn't know whether Ackerman was coming. Travis rehearsed Jean in how to handle the first part of the scene. He sent her into the living room to arrange the Venetian blinds so that they looked closed but weren't actually. That was so she could see anyone coming up the front walk, and Ackerman could peep in and assure himself that she was alone. Travis and I were to stay in the back bedroom until needed. We were to keep the room dark.

Ackerman phoned at seven o'clock. I listened in on the extension. The conversation was brief. She told him about having ten thousand dollars and being unable to raise any more on such short notice. He asked whether she was alone, and she said yes. She told him about the maid going to Long Beach. She didn't mention Travis or me.

He said, in a hard voice, "I hope for your sake you ain't pulling a fast one."

She said, "I wouldn't be so foolish. What time will you be over?"

"When I get there. You stick around."

I waited until I heard the click of the phone at his end before I hung up the extension. By the time she got back to the bedroom, I had reported to Arnold. He said, "Good. It's all good." He sent Jean back to the living room. It was pretty dark by this time. Arnold and I didn't even light cigarettes. We just sat there looking at nothing.

I said, "I've been thinking, Travis."

"Let's have it."

"Ackerman will be sore when he sees

out old Mr. Lyons in the math department? Tough bird, eh? he's been retired six years? . . . Well, how about old Doc Blanthe locker room? . . . Never heard of him? . . . Well, I guess you g to the ol' Dew Drop Inn . . . It burned down? . . . Oh . . ."

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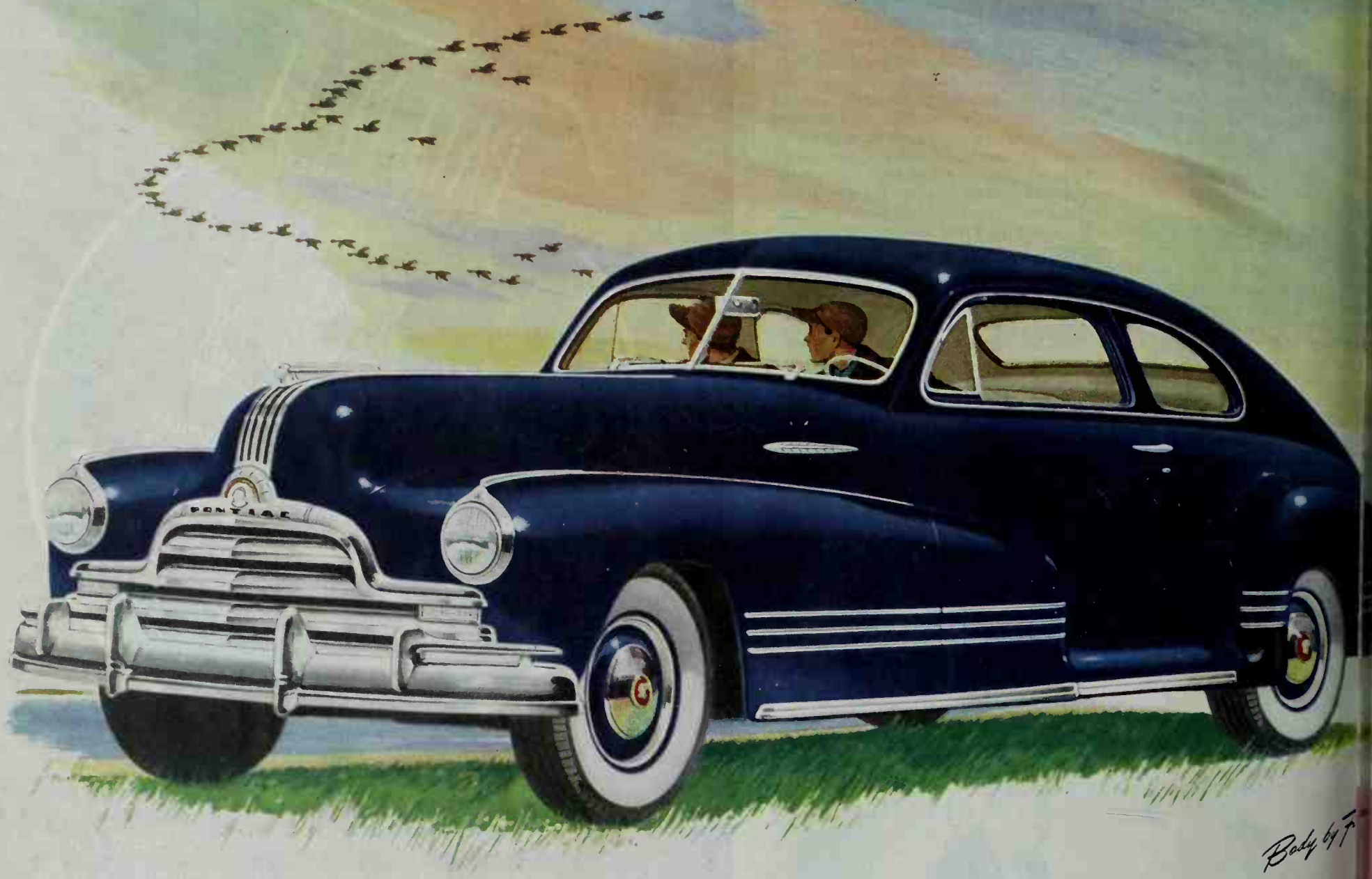

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORA

e's no telling what he'll try to

ink you're the only one here. ake a fast play. Now here's a in mind. We've got the living- ls fixed so someone outside t's happening inside. One of 's is open, so a person could tried. Suppose I go out the nd hide in the yard. When kerman is inside, I'll move up t and watch and listen from nything happens that isn't ac- schedule, I'll pitch in. The ement in case Ackerman ove we haven't anticipated." voice came to me through the e said, "Nice thinking, Bruce.

t was dark out there. There dge and a lot of fancy shrub- uldn't have believed I was dn't known it.

ng was tough. It was slightly forever. Maybe Ackerman ing. Maybe he was snoop- the place right now. I had case of the jitters.

denly, from inside the house oft musical notes—silence— more. The front door. I loor open and close. That that Jean had let Ackerman

oward the front, hugging the he house was built low. The the Venetian blinds were feet above the ground. I to my observation point of the living-room windows, had been left open. I could s hear what went on inside. told me all I needed to know. nding in the middle of the didn't look half as scared as as.

, perhaps a dozen feet away, e, hulking figure of Gus

the outside, looking in. I and I could hear, and that's ould do.

seen Mt. Everest, but that's s Ackerman looked. He of himself. He didn't know didn't know about Arnold was satisfied now that Jean the way he'd ordered. I had asn't going to like the sur- s waiting to happen to him. a quick look at Jean. If cart wheels inside, it didn't ust stood there, waiting. n his gritty voice, "You got , Miss Rutledge?"

nute—" Her eyes and voice ningly steady. "I want to know what I'm buying with this money."

He didn't like that. He said, "You ain't buying only one thing. I keep my mouth shut—when I get the whole fifty."

"You keep your mouth shut about what?"

"Fred Wilson."

"What about him? What do you know?"

That seemed to amuse him. "Look, lady," he said, "that sorta stuff ain't gonna get you nowhere. What I know is hot. It's stuff you don't want the cops should know."

"Neither do you."

"Why not?"

"Because what you want is money. If you told the police what you know, you wouldn't get any."

He nodded. "I give you right on that. But it don't mean nothin'." He held out a big hand. "Lemme have it, sister."

"Not yet. I still want to talk."

His face flushed. He took a step forward. He said harshly, "You gimme or I'll take it. I'll—"

That was as far as he got. Right on cue, Arnold Travis stepped into the picture. He looked cool as an iceberg. "Steady, Ackerman. The lady wants to talk. So let's talk."

I had a bad moment. Arnold could be overplaying his hand. Showing a man you're not afraid of him might be good tactics, but stepping into trouble that way could be foolish.

I didn't see Ackerman's right hand move. It just vanished for an instant and then appeared again. But something new had been added. This time the hand was holding a gun. The business end of it was turned in the direction of Jean and Arnold. Gus said, "Hold it! The both of you!"

For the first time Jean looked frightened. I couldn't blame her. My stomach was doing nip ups. I knew Arnold had a gun, too, but Gus' was out and ready for action.

Gus spoke to Arnold. He said, "What do you think you're gonna do, Travis?"

"That depends."

"And *you!*" Ackerman glared at Jean. "Double-crossing me, huh? You should of known that wouldn't be healthy."

Arnold said, "It was my idea."

"Now ain't that sweet! So I'll tell you what I think. I think it was a lousy idea. You got me mad. I wasn't mad before, but I am now. So you listen: I want that ten thousand, and I want it right now. I'll be back for the rest another time."

Travis said, "There isn't any money, Gus."

"There isn't—" It started like an echo, then it registered. What I saw in Gus Ackerman's eyes, I didn't like. He started talking. He talked low and he talked fast. I couldn't hear every word he was saying, but that wasn't necessary. What I heard was profane and threatening. Ackerman wasn't kidding.

This, I figured, checked it up to me. Arnold had played it straight across the board. He had deliberately needled Ackerman. It was a courageous thing to do, but I wasn't sure it was smart. Get a tough mug mad enough and he might do things. He could get mad enough to forget that if he blasted Jean, he wouldn't get any money.

As far as the three in that room were concerned, the cards were on the table. Ackerman was on top. There was only one thing he hadn't figured on. That would be me. I gathered that Arnold was figuring I'd make my move pretty soon. Maybe that was why he'd been throwing it into Ackerman so hard. Get the guy angry. Give me a chance.

I EDGED closer to the window. My foot nudged something and I picked it up. It was a rock. It belonged on the border of a little flower bed. It wasn't too big or too heavy, but it was a hell of a lot better than no weapon at all.

I tried to figure my move. Opening the front door would make too much noise. Going in through the back door wouldn't be so good. There was too much distance between the back door and the living room. I thought of hurling the rock through the window. That would startle Gus, and give Arnold a chance to do something. But I might simply frighten Gus into blasting away at the pair of them.

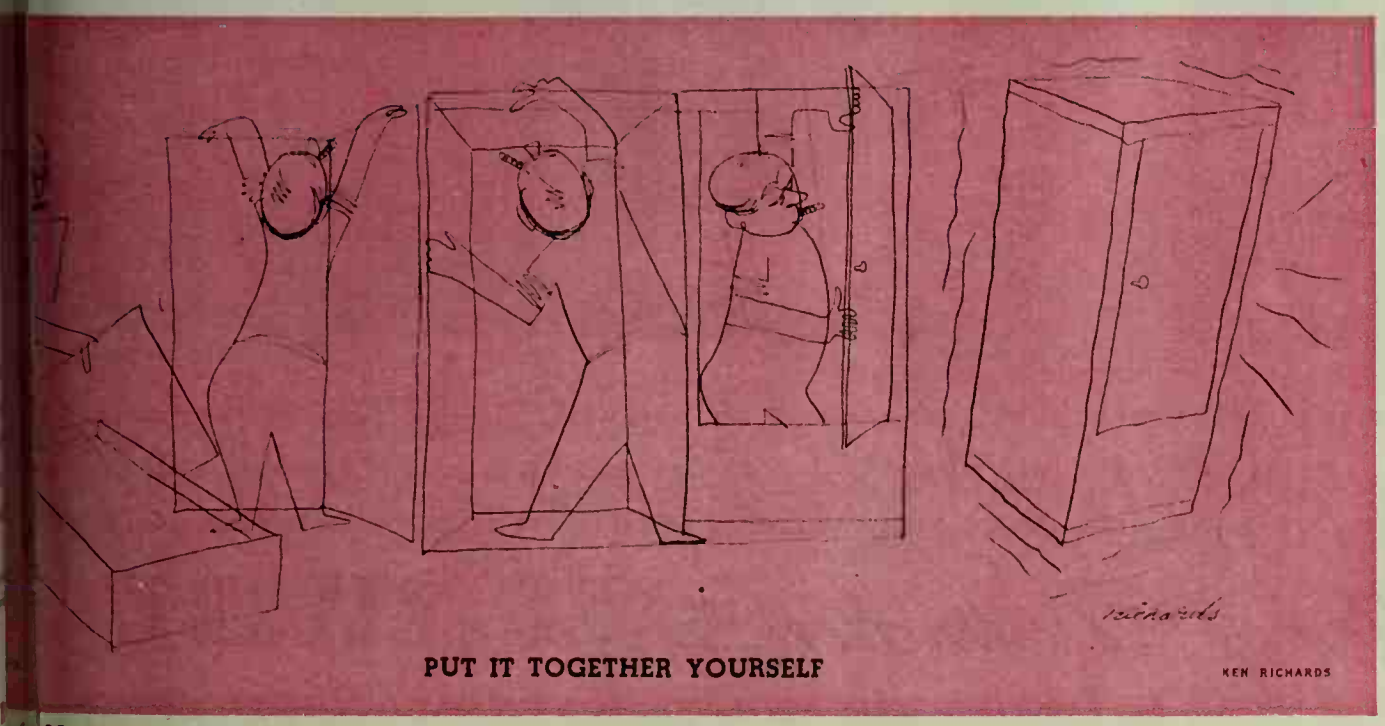
Gus was whipping himself into a rage. What he was saying began to assume a pattern. He was telling them that he'd wait one more day, that if they didn't get the fifty thousand—all of it—within twenty-four hours, he'd give them a double dose of lead poisoning.

I took a deep breath. It began to look as though I was on the verge of getting my chance to contribute something. If neither Jean nor Arnold upset the apple-cart, Ackerman would leave. He was already backing toward the front door. The rock I was holding became very important. Ackerman would back through the door. He wouldn't be expecting to meet anybody. I could hit first, and I knew darn' well I'd hit hard.

Gus was getting closer to the front door. He had backed across the living room and was almost in the foyer. I was near the front door, too. On the outside. There were two shallow steps leading up to the tiny, semicircular porch. Vines growing there. Lots of shadow. That wouldn't make my position any worse. I looked inside. I saw something.

Evidently Arnold had given me up as a bad job. He did something that proved conclusively that he was chockful of guts.

His right hand went back to his hip pocket. I knew what that meant. The



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emed slower than molasses. Why an didn't squeeze the trigger of I couldn't figure.

s had his own gun out. He didn't Two little red streaks spurted muzzle. They sounded like six bombs going off all at once.

Gus Ackerman stagger. He was ding his gun, but he didn't do about it. He started to wilt, hough he'd been shot, but as e were tired and wanted to go to hen his body lost its balance and orward. It hit hard and lay s.

ED the front door and jumped e living room. Ackerman was re he had fallen. His gun was g. He was still-dead. Arnold ms around Jean. She was cry-

d toward Ackerman. Travis ly, "Don't touch him, Bruce. h anything. I want to leave as they are. For the cops." me a wry grin. "Maybe they'll the novelty."

an out of Arnold's arms. Nice going, Arnold. But you of a chance."

ged. "I figured he wouldn't g anything like that, and—"

d. Say it. The U. S. Cavalry e in the nick of time. I was the nt bystander. I never felt so in my life. I had found a If Ackerman had backed through the front door, I was going to slug him with it." I took another quick look at the body on the floor. I was getting all fed up with dead bodies. I said, "What do we do now?"

Arnold spoke to Jean. "You all right?" he asked gently. "Can you think clearly?"

She nodded.

"We're calling the cops. Instantly. People in the neighborhood may have heard the shots. The police will find out about that. They've got to know that we didn't waste any time notifying them. I'll see whether I can get Marty Walsh."

I said, "That guy makes me nervous. His hunches are too good."

"It'll be Walsh's case, anyway. We may as well invite him in."

"What do we tell him?"

"Part of the truth. Only part. Walsh knows I know Ackerman. We say that the three of us were here when a man called and threatened Jean. Told her he wanted money and was willing to talk things over with her. His idea was to convince her that what he knew was worth ten thousand dollars. He asked her whether she was alone, and she said yes."

He was splicing things neatly. There was enough truth in it, so that it was easy to follow. You're not so likely to trip over simple things.

"Anyway, Jean told him to come over. The rest is approximately as it was."

"How about you having a gun?"

"I had brought it over to lend to Jean. I'm in the clear on that. It's registered

"Would you mind?"

BILL O'MALLEY

Over the River and through the Wood

Over the river and through the wood
To Grandfather's house we go;
We spin like a breeze
With the greatest of ease
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
A green-and-white sign, you say?
Let's turn and head straight
For some fresh Quaker State
And *play safe* this Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
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The motor, it sings—
It seems to have wings—
For that's real *Quaker State* inside!

For Quick Starts all winter change to Quaker State today!

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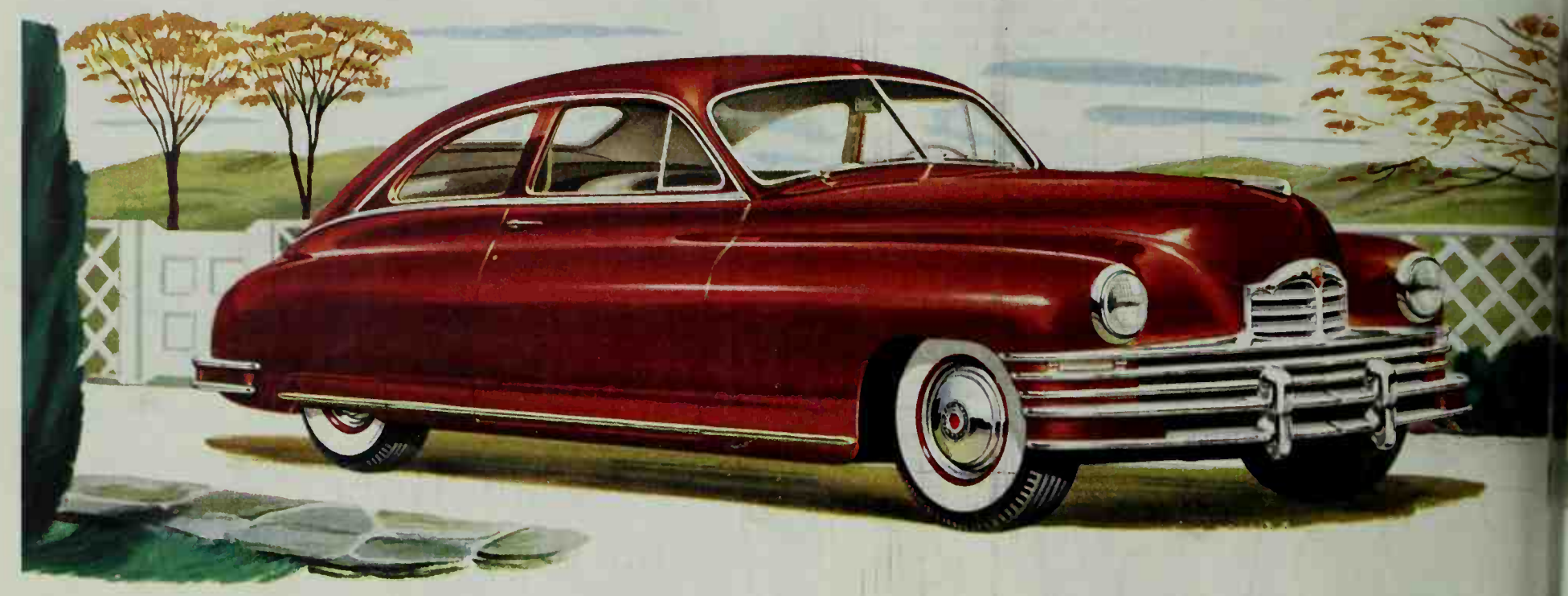

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Illustrated: The DeLuxe Club Sedan

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The smart-about-town Packard DeLuxe Cl
shown here, is one of five body types in
Packard Eight and DeLuxe Eight series, all
by the new 130-horsepower Packard Eight en

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Illustrated: The Convertible

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Beneath their proud bonnets is power that makes distance disappear—the sensational new 145-horsepower Packard Super Eight engine.

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body styles—new conveniences include
control of the front-seat adjustment, th
RoboTop, and of *all four* windows.

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n don't be surprised when you find yourself placing your
rand saying: "I'm going to *be* the man who owns one!"

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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New straight-8 engines!

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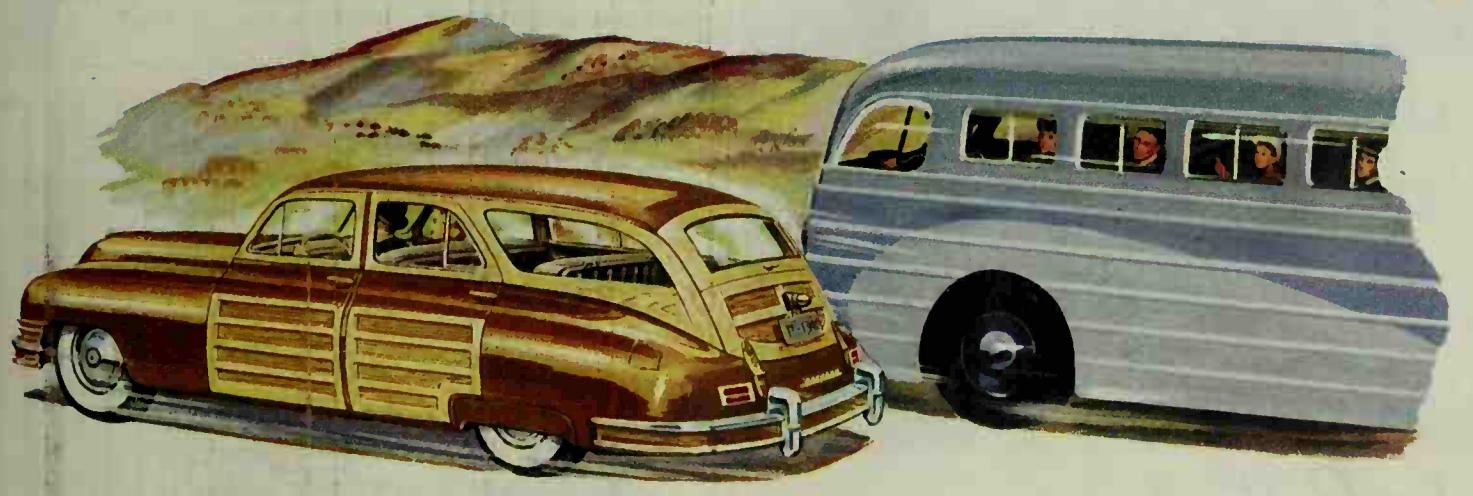

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All coffee—real coffee—finest coffee—97% caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

For your convenience, Sanka Coffee now comes in two delicious forms—New Instant Sanka, as well as your favorite grind for percolator or drip method!

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in my name I put it in my pocket when we got Ackerman's call. We decided to see whether we could find out what he had in mind."

"What did he say on the phone—in this imaginary conversation?"

"Double-talk, but enough to get us interested. We'll say that he claimed to know who killed Bert Ellison and Vera Bradley, and that he knew where Fred Wilson is. We decided to nab him—for the police. He got mad at finding me here, pulled a gun, threatened to kill Jean and me both. I took a chance, and let him have it. You got that clear?"

We said we had it. Arnold went to the phone and called Homicide. Marty Walsh was in. We heard Travis giving him a brief story. Then we heard him say, "Sure, Marty. Right here. Make it snappy."

He rejoined us. We sat in the dining room where we didn't have to look at Gus Ackerman's body if we didn't want to. But we were close enough so nobody could sneak it away like they had done with Fred Wilson.

Arnold rehearsed us. We got the story down pat. We almost believed it.

The rehearsals took time. From San Vicente came the wail of a police car siren. A car whirled off the boulevard into our street. It swung into the driveway. Two cops got out. Arnold opened the door.

Marty Walsh, of course. Pete Bowman was with him. Monterey Canyon all over again.

Walsh's keen brown eyes took in everything. The body, the gun, Jean, me. He looked straight at me.

"Old Home Week," he remarked acidly. "It's getting to be a habit."

Arnold didn't give him time to press it. He handed his gun to Walsh. He said, "You can check Ingram out of this one, Marty. I shot Ackerman. That's the gun I used."

MARTY WALSH jerked his head toward me, but spoke to Arnold. He said, "Why are you trying to cover for this monkey, Travis?"

Arnold's face flushed. He said, "You know better than that, Marty. I'm not covering for anybody. I killed Ackerman. Ingram wasn't even inside the house."

Walsh's voice was caustic. He threw it at me: "Why not inside, Ingram? Running away?"

I felt myself getting mad. Travis stepped into the breach. He said, "Keep your shirt on, Bruce. You're up against smart detective methods. Marty is needling you. It'd be easier for him i got sore."

Walsh didn't seem to mind. H "You know so much, Travis—t you'll share it. Let's have the story."

"In here?" Arnold looked first a had been Gus Ackerman and t Jean. "How about the den?"

"Okay by me." Marty snapp rections at Pete Bowman. "Yo right here. When the boys show me know."

The den was nice. Smartly dec Not even a dead body on the flo

We didn't get started right awa drove up to the house and Bown the technical boys in. Right behin came a deputy coroner.

Arnold told our simplified ver the story, simply and convincin sounded swell. I almost believed self. He didn't spread it out, did any fancy flourishes. There it was could take it or leave it.

He didn't do either very fast. in a straight chair next to the f and looked us over. He drum the arm of the chair, and nodded be," he said. Then he spoke t "About Ackerman phoning you exactly like Travis told it?"

"Yes."

"Ackerman just said he kne about the deaths of Bert Ellison a Bradley?"

"Yes. And also that he kne my husband was."

"He didn't carry it any furthe

"No."

"And now he never will. Th I'd call too bad."

I was thinking the same thin ever Ackerman had known, he s At least he'd never tell it.

Walsh directed another qu Jean. "I want your opinion thing, Miss Rutledge. Why d man come here tonight?"

"To talk to me."

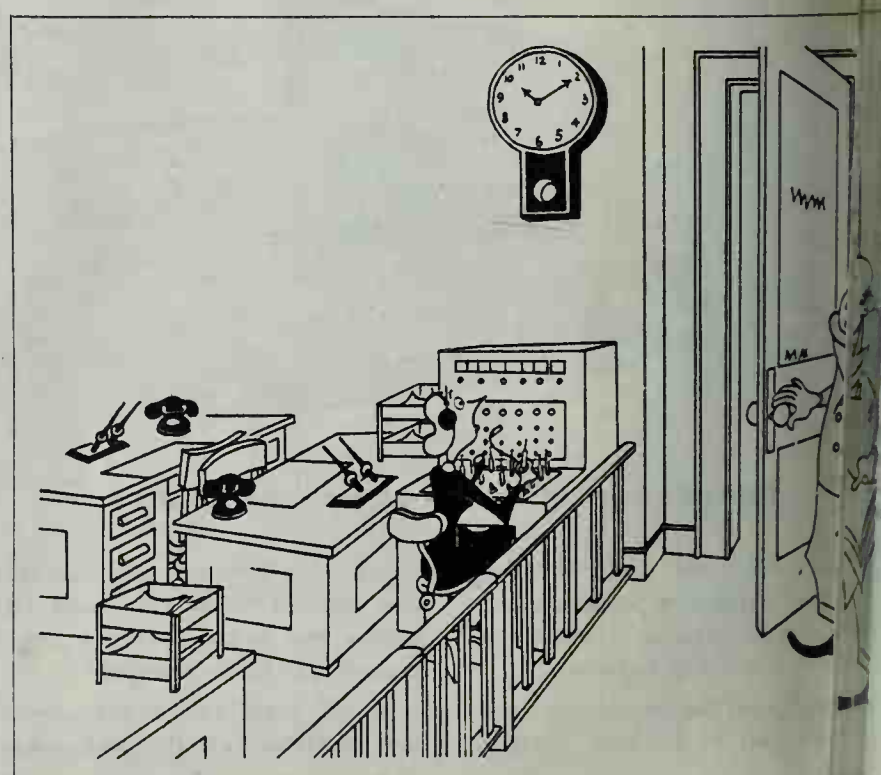
"To talk about what? H money. Ten thousand dollars D think you had it in your hand

"I don't know—" Jean loc ried. That's how I felt.

The story we had cooked u ginning to look as though it sour.

Flash bulbs started popping ing room. They made me nerv was waiting patiently for Jean He had lots of time. She said he wanted to talk."

"But when he got here, he did he?"



"I'm going down to the coffee shop and hold an employees' m

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"He told me I'd better get the money for him."

"Did it occur to you that he might have said that over the phone? He'd have saved himself a trip out here."

She said, "I don't know what he thought, Lieutenant. I only know what happened."

"Ackerman wasn't dumb," commented Walsh. "He'd been around. He'd served a term in San Quentin for felonious assault. That was the only rap he ever took. There should have been more, but we never could pin 'em on him. That would indicate that maybe he was just a teeny bit smart. Too smart to come visiting just for the purpose of announcing that he was starting to put the screws on."

JEAN was being pushed around. I horned in. I said, "She's told you what she knows, Walsh. Why try to force her to make up things? She knows what Ackerman did. She can't possibly know what he was thinking."

"Well, whaddaya know?" If I had wanted Walsh's attention, I got it. His eyes were glacial. "Stepping in at the crucial moment, eh?"

I said, "Miss Rutledge is under a strain. We're not as accustomed to homicide as you are."

"Why not? It's been happening enough. First, at a house belonging to Miss Rutledge. Second, in her dressing room. Third, in her present home. Maybe I shouldn't mention those things. Maybe I should just say, 'Nice to have met you,' and tell the chief she was upset and didn't feel like talking."

"I didn't mean anything like that, and you know it. You put a twist on everything."

"That's because there *is* a twist on it. You're trying to make me think it's simple. Well, it ain't simple. It's my job to find out what keeps it from being that way. It's a long jump from Bert Ellison to Vera Bradley. So far I ain't got but one idea. That's Fred Wilson. Suppose Wilson killed Ellison because he was sore on account of Bert tipped off Madigan he was in town? Then he knocked off Vera Bradley because she knew too much. By that time he's afraid to make a direct pitch. He maybe knows Ackerman from the old days. He uses Gus to pull a few fancy chestnuts out of the fire. By me, it's a neat idea."

He had me. I couldn't say anything.

He went on quietly, as though he liked the way his thoughts were lining up. "About you, Ingram. You found Ellison's body. Yet when you showed it to us, you acted funny. That's not evidence, neither you nor Travis needs to tell me that. It just started giving me ideas. Ideas I've still got. Then when Vera Bradley got her throat cut, you were there or thereabouts."

"I was with Miss Rutledge."

"That's what she says. Tonight you're right on deck for the festivities. A hell of a lot of coincidence, wouldn't you say?"

Jean said, "He's usually around where I am, Lieutenant."

"Check. On two of the counts. But how about the Ellison thing? You weren't there."

"Of course she wasn't." That was Arnold stepping in at the right moment.

"But you had been out for lunch with Ingram, hadn't you, Miss Rutledge?"

"Yes. At a drive-in."

"And right after that, I took her back." I was contributing a nickel's worth because I didn't like the slant he was taking.

Marty appeared to be amused. He said, "I like the way you three work together. Like a good volley-ball team. You keep me guessing. Or if you don't, it ain't because you're not trying."

Arnold got up. His voice was sharp: "You're a smart guy, Marty. You didn't get to be a lieutenant by being anything else. But there isn't any sense of going at everything the hard way."

"No? Well, tell me this, Travis. Do you like the story the way it stands?"

"No. If we'd wanted to make one up, we could have done a lot better."

"You've sold yourself on the Fred Wilson theory," I said. "How far you carry it, I don't know. But you think he's the answer. Now why aren't you giving Rick Madigan at least the same consideration?"

"It doesn't add up to Madigan, that's all." His tone was surprisingly reasonable. "Especially this little party tonight. Madigan wouldn't make a play for money."

"How about Mimi Fowler?"

"How about her?"

"I give up. You get one idea, Walsh—and you chew on it until everybody gets indigestion. You won't even try a different angle."

"No? If it'll make you happier, I'll try one now. Where's your friend Danny Singleton tonight?"

I blinked. "Danny? I haven't the faintest idea. Why?"

"Pretty good friend of yours, isn't he? Loyal, and all that stuff?"

"Yes.". I was beginning to feel uncomfortable again.

"Singleton was at the Monterey Canyon house with you the day the body of Bert Ellison was found. He looked just as surprised as you did. He looks like a noble character. Too damned noble. He'd lead with his chin for the sake of a friend. You and Miss Rutledge are both friends of his. Maybe Singleton might be in love with Miss Rutledge."

"That's the pay-off," I snapped. "I've heard some crazy ideas, Walsh, but that one is the tops."

"So what's wrong with Miss Rutledge that a nice lad like Singleton shouldn't be in love with her?"

"Nothing. Except that he isn't."

"And you'd know it if he was, I suppose?"

My eyes met Jean's. I knew we were thinking the same thing. Maybe Danny *was* in love with her. That wouldn't add up to what Walsh was trying to make it mean, but it could indicate something else. Danny had known that Fred Wilson was in town. He himself had said that he could have gone out to the Monterey Canyon house while I was waiting for Jean the day Fred Wilson was killed.

I tried to shove the thought [illegible] head. It was one I didn't like. [illegible] Walsh had a way of throwin[illegible] you so they stuck.

Arnold said, "No matter [illegible] gleton was tonight, Marty—[illegible] here. You forget I killed Ack[illegible]

"Yeah. But who sent [illegible] here?"

"Ackerman played it as [illegible] were on his own."

"That's your idea. It isn[illegible] Ingram thinks. You folks sho[illegible] gether."

WE DIDN'T say anythi[illegible] safer not to. Walsh ha[illegible] hearing everything, and givin[illegible] interpretation.

He was talking again. Half [illegible] "Might as well confide in y[illegible] There's one other thing alway[illegible] as funny. You handle Miss [illegible] house—for years. All of a s[illegible] Rutledge tells you to get bus[illegible] you and Singleton drop eve[illegible] rush out there to take inve[illegible] the first thing on the inven[illegible] dead body of the man who [illegible] Rick Madigan off about Wils[illegible] town. It's too neat, see what [illegible] so right, I don't believe it."

Somebody rapped on the [illegible] den. The lads in the front ro[illegible] their way out. A wagon ha[illegible] carted Gus Ackerman away. [illegible] us good night. He was t[illegible] about it. He was genial a[illegible] Arnold Travis to drop in do[illegible] next morning for routine qu[illegible] connection with Ackerman's [illegible] made it sound simple and c[illegible] then he was gone.

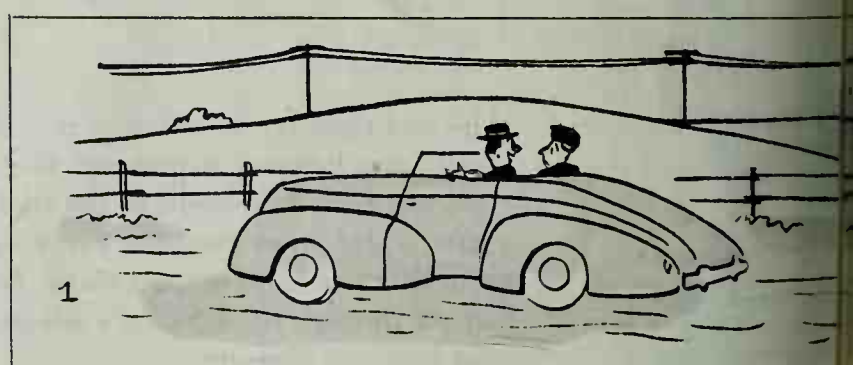
I was the one who broke [illegible] I had something on my m[illegible] didn't see why I shouldn't sp[illegible] "I hope I'm wrong, but there' [illegible] I particularly don't like."

Jean asked what I meant.

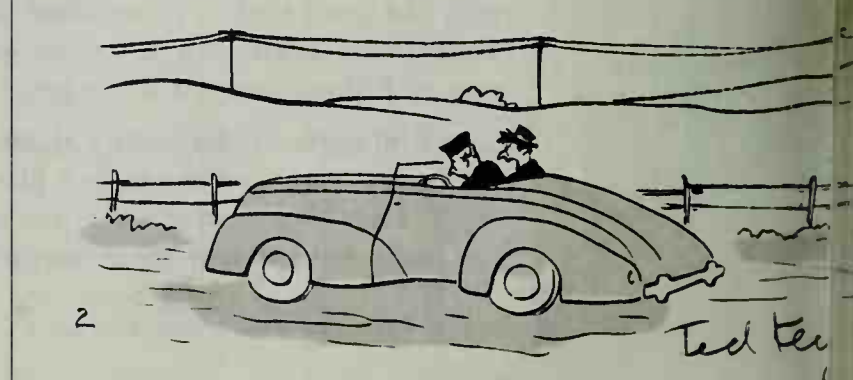
"It's Marty Walsh," I said [illegible] ply that he's shrewd. Not th[illegible] he's wrong about Fred. B[illegible] convinced that Walsh kno[illegible] things he's not telling."

Arnold nodded soberly. [illegible] same way," he said. "And I [illegible] either. Because almost any[illegible] knows or finds out is go[illegible] things worse for all of us."

(To be concluded next



"Remember, darling, nothing to be afraid of, just be calm, steady. I [illegible] Now anytime you're ready we'll change places and I'll give you the [illegible]



"Hold onto the steering wheel, you're wrestling it! Don't look look at the road! Step on the gas—gas—that's the starter—that's reverse—you idiot, you're stripping the gears! CLUTCH!

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'HE INSPECTOR PICKS THE WINNER

Continued from page 23

...de a vicious lunge. "It is regretta-... little man remarked sadly, "that ... women and mares often cloaks ...

...old groom put his arms around ...ceful neck, and the mare sniffed ...spiciously and then whinnied ... As she began to nuzzle him. Talah ...dignantly to Chafik. "By God, ... no devil in her. The maidens of ... are less gentle." And he kissed ...re and began to croon. "Thou ... in the desert! Thou daughter ...un and the moon! Zoraya—" He ...rvent lover with his mistress as he ... name over and over again, "Star ...morning! . . ."

...ey turned away. Yusif Biedawi ...here is nothing wrong here. The ...r is a drunken fool."

... said, "He is certainly a drunk- ... something happened. Zoraya ...eated and been rubbed down ...he hour. She will carry a great ...money tomorrow?"

...derable."

...ere any serious rival?"

...y fear the entry of the English ...Major Munro."

... blew at the smoldering end of ...ette to make it burn evenly. His ...ich were drab olive, were as old ...nd of his birth. "Major Munro ...t have bribed Hamud," he said. ...mebody did, and until I know ...as there can be no progress in ... The thread is broken."

...ou have a theory, Inspector?"

... Biedawi, in theory you could ...rheard Hamud agree to prevent ... winning the race. In theory you ...ve lost your temper and beaten ...ath—"

...lous!"

...t makes it so. There is no blood ...nd the killer was splattered with ... of his victim. So theories, you ... dangerous." Inspector Chafik ... "You will oblige me by keep- ... about what has happened to- ...e went on. "And I need your ...o will now ride Zoraya?"

...ned a second jockey as a pre- ...his name is Fadil."

...t tell him he is to ride until ...fore the race. I will detail one ...n to make sure he doesn't talk. ...m the stewards at the last pos- ...ment."

Biedawi said, "I will do as you ask, Inspector, although it seems to be without purpose."

Chafik replied, "I shall watch with interest the effect on the betting when the substitution of jockeys is made known." He looked at the sky and the fading stars. A rosy glow, like dimmed footlights reflected on a stage curtain, was spreading upward from the horizon of the desert. "When the name of Fadil goes up on the stewards' telegraph, the man who bribed Hamud will try to cover his bets," said Inspector Chafik. "And when I know him I can join the broken thread and complete the pattern," he added in a hard voice.

SHORTLY before three o'clock the following afternoon, Inspector Chafik and Sergeant Abdullah arrived at the race course. As they walked up the path from the turnstiles between tall hedges of oleander the sound of the crowd was the roar of an artillery salvo. A race was in progress and the pair reached the main enclosure in time to see the silks of the jockeys, vivid colors flying over the desert, emerge from a cloud of dust.

The far end of the oval course touched the railroad embankment; beyond, the tall stacks of brick kilns belched smoke into a steel-blue sky. On the right a dark belt of green marked the wandering Tigris. It was extremely hot, but the air was dry and Chafik said, "Providing one could resist the impulse to bet, this would be a pleasant place to spend the day."

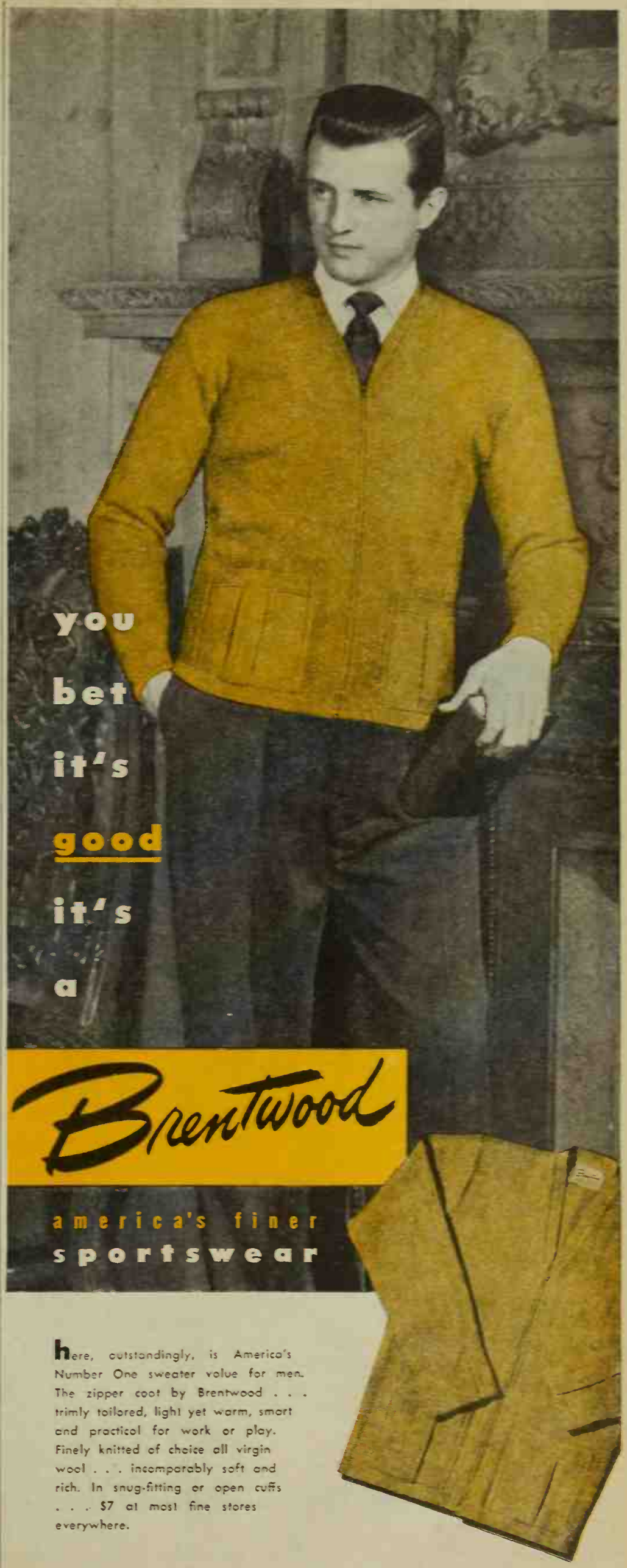
Sergeant Abdullah hastily put away the racing program he had been studying. He said, "All Baghdad is here," and gave the crowd his professional attention.

There were tribal sheiks in flowing robes and sleek effendis in well-cut Western clothes. Swarthy Bedouins and pallid people from the city's slums eyed one another suspiciously. Smooth touts talked confidentially to unwary strangers, and vendors of overripe melons called their wares in singing voices.

Inspector Chafik stood in the shade of the grandstand. Occasionally one of his men reported, but he was preoccupied and nodded curtly. In the voice of a sleepwalker he said, "If it does not work I must report failure. Only the man who bribed Hamud can guide me—"

When Abdullah said, "Sir, you never fail!" Chafik was startled and replied,

"Are we allowed to have the businessmen's lunch?"



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od can make that claim. Let us
ne horses."
tly started for the paddock the
ck up the national anthem. A
oy of twelve had appeared in the
above the grandstand. Chafik
he watched young King Faisal
with excitement, enjoying the
le one of his subjects.
ries for the Abbasid Cup were
ing into the paddock led by
ms, and a few jockeys were al-
upying the riders' bench. Zo-
not yet arrived.
t Abdullah, fingering his pro-
l, "Sir, may I put some money
ntry of Major Munro? On

answered, "I know nothing
n. For myself put one dinar to
mount of the jockey with the
ed silks."
cording to the program the
his horse is Ameer. She is
Sheik Sayed of Kifri, and is
lass. Furthermore, the jockey
rentice from Syria, and with-
enee. Sheik Sayed—"
orse and the jockey and the
id Inspector Chafik, "do not
e, but the pink spots do. It is
y liver that causes spots to float
eyes, but they encourage me
dinar on this animal."

K looked up at the rack on the
ds' tower where an attendant
the names of horses and jock-
he slots. Against "Zoraya"
'Hamud," and Chafik nodded
nd gave his attention to the
which had just opened for

h the race was not due to start
n hour, punters were already
e windows to place their bets.
oard above the tote, on which
d the number of half-dinar
on each horse, gave the first
figure "600" made Zoraya an
ed favorite. There was a "2"
eer.
Chafik said, "Apparently I
pots," and turned back to the
He saw that Zoraya had been
lah, but Mr. Biedawi's colors
bsent from the riders' bench.
satisfied his instructions were
ed out and walked across to
r.
Abdullah returning from plac-
ts. The tall, gaunt man said,
re a good judge of a horse.
carries three hundred tickets,
n report the money was placed
med Abid—"
t in good company," the In-
d. He repeated from his rec-
hammed Abid. Age, fifty.
dad. Imprisoned in 1942 for
e release from jail has formed
ndicate. Believed to be re-
or the bribing of the jockey,
1946, but evidence insuffi-
d with unusual eagerness the
ked, "Where is this man?"
ant indicated Abid by a jerk
The man, who occupied a
the rail in the private en-
powerfully built and looked
perous tradesman. He was
tally board of the totalizer
oculars and presently beck-
of his runners and gave him
d of money. The runner
window marked with the
Sheik Sayed's horse.
id, "He feeds the bet slowly.
rick. If he put the money on
would show on the tally, and
d then back the horse and
ds."
lant reversed the board and
ures showed 3,700 tickets on
810 on Ameer, which was
on the betting list. At that
mounting bell clanged from
and a man dodged through

the crowd and entered Abid's box. He began to whisper a message.

Moving carefully within earshot Chafik heard the gambler say, "*What?*" as he jumped to his feet and stared at the indicator above the stewards' tower. The name of Hamud had just been removed by an official and a board marked "Fadil" was slipped into the slot.

Mohammed Abid dropped into his chair, his face pale and his hands shaking. He cursed Biedawi and the runner who had brought the news. Then he made a rapid calculation on a pad and gave his man more money. "On Zoraya to win," he said, and swore again.

Inspector Chafik opened the gate and entered the box, politely touched his *sidarah*, and sat down. Sergeant Abdullah and two uniformed officers lounged casually near by. Chafik carefully selected a cigarette and said conversationally, "You will hardly cover your bet on Ameer by what you win on the favorite."

Abid stared, then said furiously, "I do not understand you. This is a private box. By what right—"

"I apologize, Mr. Abid! I forgot to introduce myself. Chafik J. Chafik of the C.I.D. We did not meet on the occasion when certain investigations I directed sent you to jail— And now will you tell me why, because Hamud is not riding Zoraya, you think she will win?"

"Is it a crime to change one's mind?"

Inspector Chafik admired the signet ring he wore on the little finger of his left hand. Then he said sharply, "That is not a crime. But last night when you met Hamud at the Tomb of the Mongul and gave him one hundred dinars to slow the favorite, that was a crime. Do not deny you met him."

"By God the loving—"

"Mr. Abid, God may love you but I do not." And in a voice that lashed, the little Inspector asked, "At what time did you meet Hamud?"

The gambler answered, "At midnight—" When he realized what he had said he raised his hands with the palm outward and then let them fall submissively to his lap.

Chafik said, "Now you have admitted before witnesses that you met him, I will tell you why he is not riding. He was beaten to death at the Tomb of the Mongul between midnight and one o'clock last night."

THE horses were coming out on the course for the parade, but Mohammed Abid was blind to the pageantry. He whispered, "Hamud? Dead? I swear by my father's head that I left him sitting in the car counting the money—"

"So we found him—but dead." Inspector Chafik watched the parade for a moment and then went on in a casual voice, "I trust there is nothing crooked about this horse on which you first bet, Ameer, and the Syrian who rides it?"

The man with an effort replied, "There is nothing crooked. Sheik Sayed has merely done what many owners do, kept his horse secret for a particular race. The jockey will ride to win."

"I am very glad. I have money on Ameer, or rather the colors he carries. And I know the sheik as an honest but stupid man. You, as an excellent judge of racing form, feared Zoraya. Hence the reason for the bribe."

"It is so. But I did not kill him."

"It would be unreasonable to bribe a man and then kill him. But I am weaving a pattern and you can give me the thread I need. When did you arrange to meet Hamud?"

"Yesterday, during the early morning gallops here on the course—"

"Where did you speak to him?"

"Behind the paddock as he dismounted. I knew he was in need of money and suggested if he was interested in a little business he could meet me at the Tomb."

Inspector Chafik's strange eyes, drab

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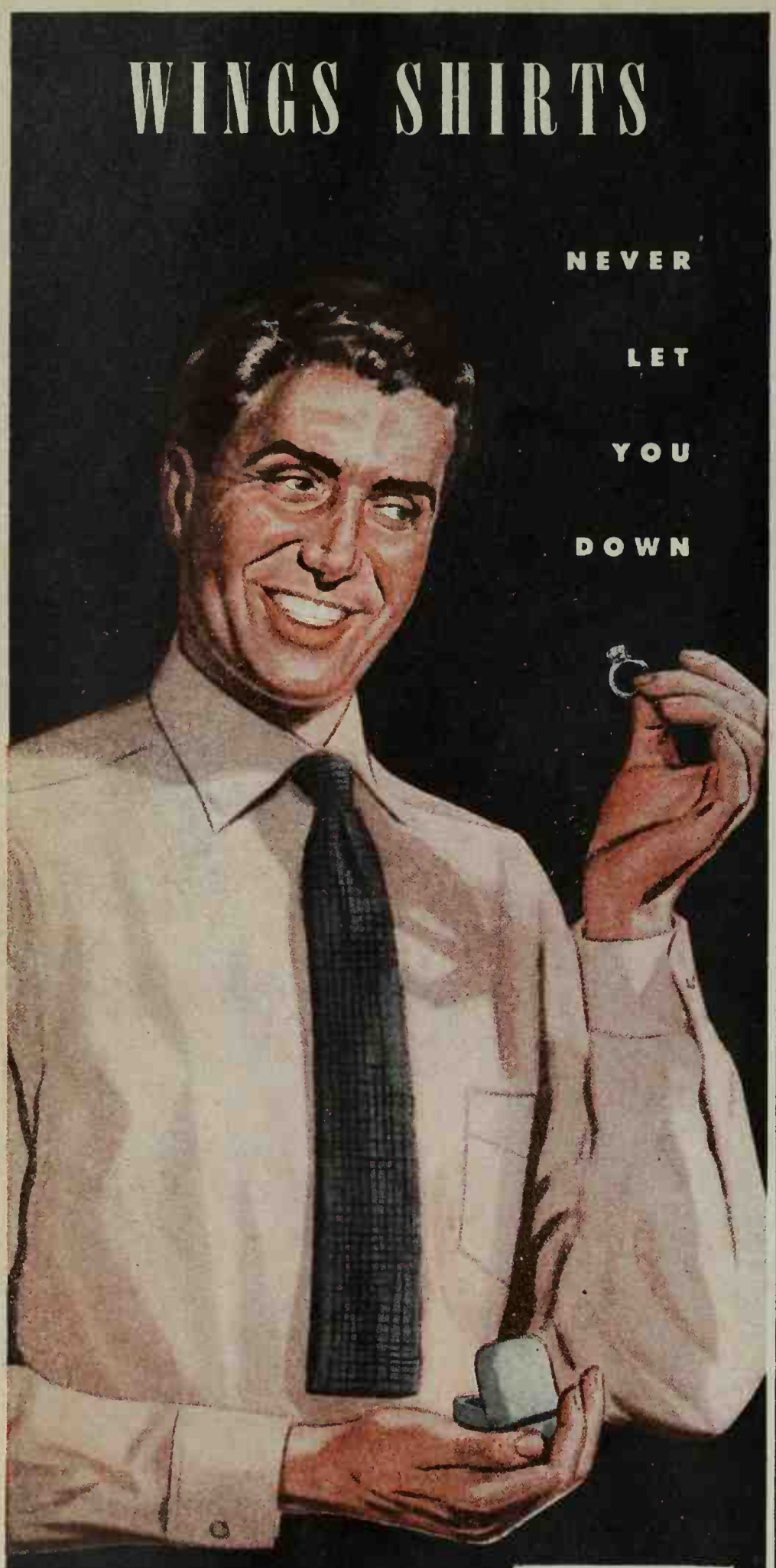

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as the desert, became suddenly brilliant. He said, "The jockey had dismounted. Who held the mare while you talked?"

"An old man. A groom with white mustaches—"

The light faded from Chafik's eyes. They were sad and filled with pity. He rose to his feet and left the box without another glance at the gambler, and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Bring me Talah, the syce."

They brought Talah into the police office under the grandstand. He protested as he was propelled into the room by the powerful arm of Abdullah. "Is there no God that I should be taken from my darling when she needs me? Am I to be blackened before her eyes?"

Inspector Chafik, who was uncomfortable on a broken chair behind an ink-stained table, said, "Your face is not blackened. Sit, old man, and may you have good hearing."

Talah answered, "The ears of Zoraya are sharp, and my ears are sharp. You talk softly, but your voice is the sound of a snake sliding over small stones."

"You are not without intelligence," Chafik replied. "I will tell you the story of a weaving and if the pattern does not please you, advise me of its faults." He put his hands on the table and clasped them so tightly the knuckles whitened. Then he began in a quiet voice, "The threads I have used are these. A man who died from a savage beating, but was not robbed. A clean smell of disinfectant, of sweet dry grass and of an animal, in the place where the killer hid. A drunken guard at a stable. A man who above all things loved horses. A temperamental mare that savaged him, although also loving him. A gown fresh from the launderer, and the odor of strong yellow soap recently used."

He paused and Talah said, "These things mean nothing."

THE Inspector went on, "They meant nothing to me until I tied them together with the fact that the man who loved horses knew that evil was planned against the mare by the man who died." He unclasped his hands and chose a cigarette but did not light it. "Now let us examine the pattern of the weave," he said. "You, Talah, overheard Mohammed Abid tell the jockey, Hamud, to meet him. And out of your love for Zoraya, which is a misplaced passion, you also went to the place of the meeting. The guard at the stables was drunk and asleep when you left. You hid in the ruined shrine and brought with you the smell of the stables—"

"My head is wood!" interrupted Sergeant Abdullah, rapping his forehead with his knuckles. "Sweet dry grass, disinfectant and animals! The odor of stables clings to clothing like the perfume of a woman."

"The comparison, my dear Abdullah, will not endear you to the manufacturers of scent. But let us continue." Chafik fixed his sad eyes on the old groom. "You listened to the conversation. When Mohammed Abid had gone and Hamud sat counting the money, you rushed out and beat him with the staff you carried. And so great was your anger that you beat him. He died from that beating."

He stopped again because the sudden roar of the great crowd outside was deafening even in the police office. The race for the Abbasid Cup had begun. Inspector Chafik said, "And then you went back to the stables. The drunken guard still slept. It was natural you should go immediately to Zoraya, and possibly you did not then know your gown was bloody. To that highly strung creature it was a maddening smell, the smell of a stranger, and she attacked you as she attacked me. The marks of her teeth are on your arm, old man."

Talah pulled back his sleeve and looked at the bruises. He said, "It is so, but no blame goes with her—"

"Old man, old man! Think of self now, not Zoraya . . . the guar awakened by her scream and saw running. While he telephoned Mr dawi you stripped and washed wit strong yellow soap used in stables. changed into the clean clothes you keeping for today. Presently we wi the gown that is stained with Ha blood— When you went back t mare she knew you and was quiet. spector Chafik struck a match and l his cigarette. "Is there any imperf in the pattern?" he asked.

Talah answered. "When I heard voice I was warned by the hiss wh are. But I did not wish to kill hin planned evil against Zoraya, and so him. And so may God judge me."

He bowed his shoulders and fold

"John, dear! I thought you told the car was insured against t

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MA

hands, expressing with a slight shr fatalistic resignation of his race. moment the door of the office and a policeman entered, shouting. *lah!* The favorite was beaten breadth of her nostrils! The wi almost an outsider. Ameer—" Chafik and stood trembling at att

From Talah the groom came a cry. He was on his feet with finger ing and his eyes fixed on the litt behind the table. "She was beat cause of you!" he said shrilly. "I been there to sing to her of the where she was foaled—of the wi caressed her—of the sweet grass—the vastness of the land wh ran with the sun from horizon t zon—"

They took him away. Inspector walked out of the office without and went to the bar under the stand. He ordered a very stiff whis soda, much to the surprise of the who knew him as an abstemious

Sergeant Abdullah, joining hi said, "Sir, the two tickets you had pink spots of Ameer's jockey pa Here are the eighteen dinars you

Chafik put the glass down on t He said bitterly, "There is no joy money. In the name of God the c sionate, the merciful, take it and to the lawyer who will defend Ta

THE END

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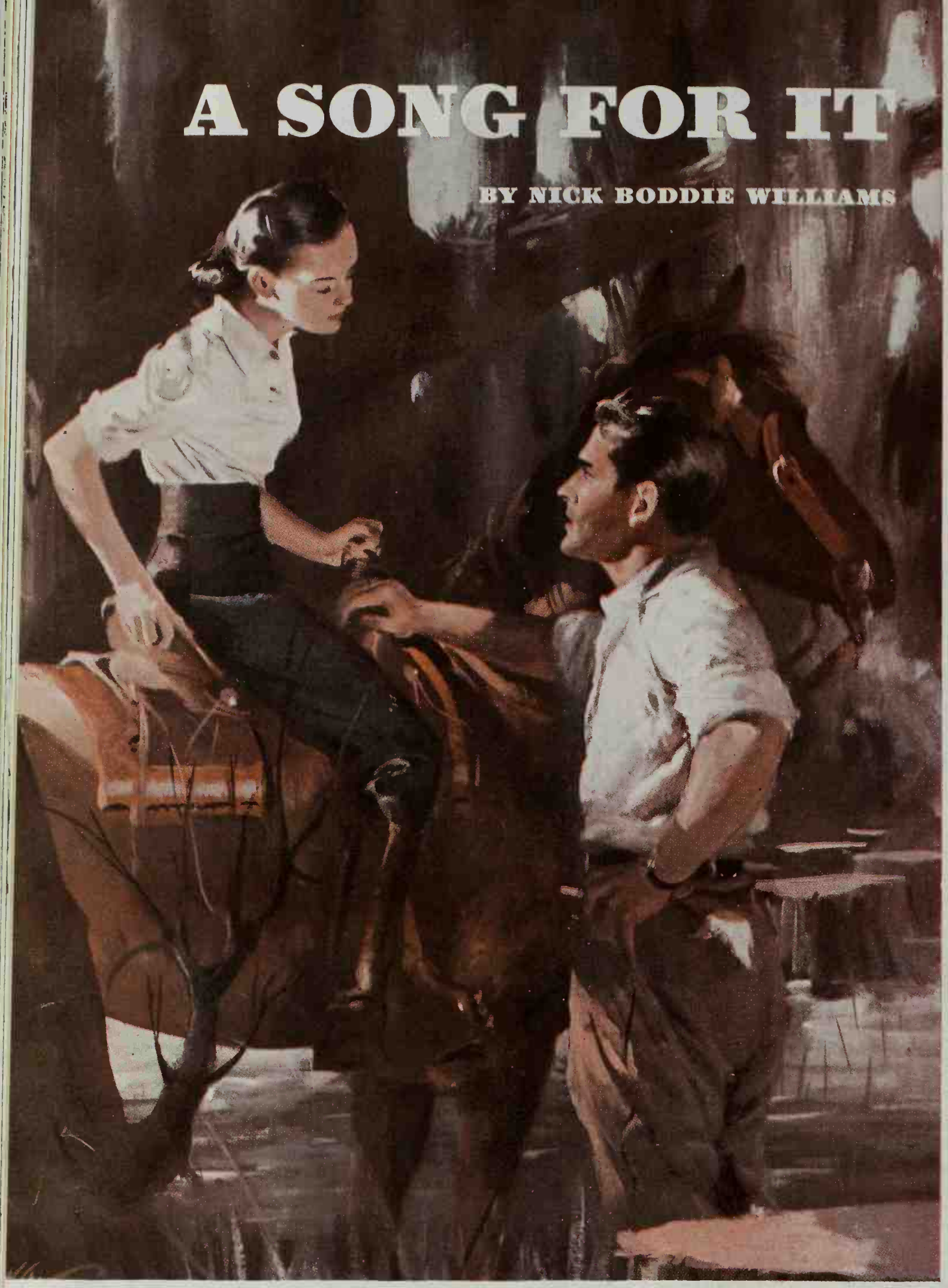
BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS



"It'll be quicker if you ride behind me," Kitty said. "There's mud on me," Tom snapped, "and you don't like mud"

IS THAT you, Ryan-darling?" Kitty Layne called, saying it that way, as if "Ryan-darling" were a single word. She was coming down the spiral staircase in white satin slippers and a white tulle evening gown, and there was a great deal of motion in it. Smooth, swift motion that pressed the white tulle back against her legs so that Tom Dittmar saw instantly she was slender and, from where he was standing in the hall below, seemed taller than he would have believed from her voice. That "Ryan-darling" had an artificial sound, the make-believe of a child. Then he heard her gasp. She had stopped suddenly.

"Oh, hello?" she said.

It was a question, because she didn't know him. He must have been a shock to her. She'd been expecting Ryan Winters and here was this lean, raw-looking man in muddy whipcord breeches and swamp boots.

"Hello," Tom Dittmar said. He made himself smile, but somehow it got twisted on his mouth. He had a good mouth, a good jaw, a face with strength in it. When he spoke there was a faint twang in his voice. "I want to see Major Michaux Layne. I'm Tom Dittmar, his engineer in Old Mawky swamp. Nobody answered when I rang."

"But they're all gone," protested Kitty Layne, as if the thought of Tom Dittmar ringing vainly at the front doorbell was somehow tragic. "It's their night out. Only Papa and I—"

"May I see him now, please?"

It was a curt thing to say, and he knew it. And Kitty Layne knew it. When she spoke again there was no childishness in her voice.

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

There is a sort of melody t
living—a melody so simpl
that some men, to their eve
lasting loss, never listen to

"I think you'll find him in the
brary over there."

"Thanks," said Tom. Deliberate
he turned his heavy boots upon t
polished floor. And then he saw h
falling.

He saw it clearly, all of it within
second. The angry downthrust of h
slipper, the snagging of her heel up
the staircase carpet. She tripp
grabbed toward the banister and th
came plunging down toward him. I
such a rawboned man, Tom co
move fast. He flung his arms out wi
the way a guard in basketball cove
a man, then, as the jolting impact
her body hit him, spun with it, scoo
ing her up. Her mouth swept heav
across his cheek. A moment she w
tense within his arms, her eyes s
dark with fright. Distinctly he cou
feel the rapid beating of her hea
He stood like that. Then, very ca
fully, he put her down.

"High heels," he snapped. "You
kill yourself."

She stared at him, almost incred
lous. Something that could have be
a smile died on her lips. Her han
came out and pushed at him. Push
hard.

"You've got mud on my dress,"
said at last, and that seemed to bre
her tension. Her voice came lash
at him. "It's ruined! If you m
come in from the swamp—"

Tom scooped her up again.
made the four remaining steps do
to the hall. "Temper," he said, "spil
you before. I can't spend all m
catching you."

"Suppose," she said, "you put
down."

"I'm going to do that."

"You put me down! I think you
made sufficient demonstration of y
terrible strength . . ."

"I think," a quiet voice behind th
said, "that's true. Kitty, you sa
Know the man?"

Tom recognized that irony. C
Ryan Winters had that easy, kid-gl
voice. A banker's voice, impersona
quality, never offensive no ma
what he said. A trick in it much
his trick of wearing clothes, of se
ing always so impeccable. K
Layne's "Ryan-darling!"

"He's my friend Mr. Dittm
Winters went on, "late of the Con
Engineers. Nevada-born, then C
rado School of Mines, and now
Layne & Company. A grade-A c
risk, we understand, but if he's n
ing passes at you—"

"Passes!" cried Kitty Layne.
caught me falling down the stairs.

"There won't be any staircas
our dream house," Winters said s
ing. "You're much too apt to fall
Dittmar, that's my fiancée y
holding. Kitty Layne—"

"We hadn't got that far," Tom
"Suppose you catch her while I'm
ing the major."

"I'll do that, Dittmar," Win
said. "Oh, don't forget, tomo
morning at ten."

Tom bit his lip. Coming now,
was going in to see Major L
there was a certain waspishne
that crack. Without answering h
them. He could not help it; h
sented these people, all of them,

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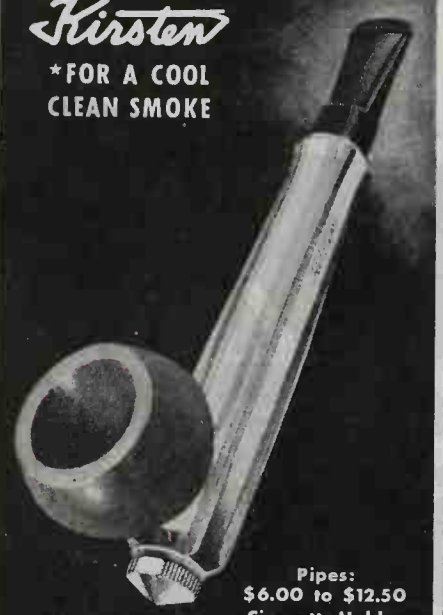

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old Major Layne who had been pretty decent to him. They aroused an instinctive anger in him. Not only because of their familiar way of speaking and their easygoing—"slipshod" was the word that came to him—way of thinking, but for tangible things, too. For instance this house of Major Layne's. The rosewood chairs with their useless little hand-carved florets of fruit and roses, the faded velvets and the dull glow of long-waxed floors, all speaking so arrogantly and yet so listlessly of a time when South Carolina's life was indigo and rice and Negroes fresh from steaming Congo jungles dying in these alien jungles of the Tidewater. The proper background, Tom Dittmar felt, for a girl whose loveliness was marred—he had to admit she was at least a lovely thing to look at—by saying such an artificial thing as "Ryan-darling." He'd gotten back to that! As if it mattered to him now.

MICHAUX LAYNE, alone in the library, looked up wearily, then shoved the loosely sorted sheafs of papers back across his desk. He was not old, and yet he gave that impression. There was in him somehow a delicacy that men like Tom Dittmar associate with age. It was in his hands, the slender fingers; in the texture of his skin, taut on the cheekbones and tinged yellowly. What warmth there was in him was in his eyes. Tired eyes, Tom Dittmar felt, and yet extremely cordial and kind and quick. He sat there in his linen suit, watching Tom Dittmar stride into the room.

"Just dozing over these infernal papers, Tom," he said. "Find yourself a chair." He filled a highball glass from a decanter, added seltzer, dropped in a chunk of ice from a silver bucket and held it out.

"No, thanks," Tom said. "Not in such weather. How do you South Carolinians stand it?"

"Through careful breeding we've developed thermostatic hearts," said Major Layne. He lifted the highball to his lips. "Coming from Old Mawky, I expected you'd have mud on you. But why lipstick?"

Tom flushed. "Your daughter stumbled on the stairs. I happened to catch her. I guess some of her lipstick smeared on me."

"You're a go-getter, Tom."

"Strictly an accident. And Winters took time out to put me straight."

"Did, eh?" The major riffled carelessly through the papers on his desk. "Yes, they're going dancing. Ever try going dancing, Tom? Your age, you should. All work, you know, makes you a jackass. That's a professional opinion—seems I'm a jackass myself." He put his glass down abruptly. "You good at finance, Tom?"

"I've never had to be."

"It's time you learned. Because you're going to do a little taking over, Tom."

"Taking over what, Major?"

"Now relax. You don't need to jump at me every time I make a little suggestion. And this is simple enough. All I'm doing is making you an executive vice-president of Layne & Company. The truth is, Tom, I'm not feeling well at all. I've got to have some man to run the company. You're the man."

Tom's jaw set. "Wait a minute, Major. Don't think I'm not flattered, especially after the trouble I've had on the Old Mawky road—"

"That's it," the major sighed. "Old Mawky. It makes or breaks us. You understand about our contract on the job? A thousand dollars bonus for every day we beat the dead line, a thousand penalty for every day we're late. We can't afford to be late, Tom. Ryan Winters—his bank, I mean—has been right nice, financing us on this—"

"No more than you'd expect a future son-in-law to do."

The major laughed. "Now, Tom! You're so cantankerous. Get over being that way, son. A lot of people besides yourself have had a tough time of it when they were kids. A lot of people have been poor. Fact is, if Ryan has to take us over, I'll be poor myself. I'd hate that, and, of course, he'd hate it, but the laws of banking . . ."

"I suppose that means you can't get an extension of your loan?"

"That's about it, Tom. Old Mawky's got to go through on time."

"Then you're in pretty bad," Tom said. "It's soup, that swamp. I understand why it's got to go through there, to build the Old Mawky Power Dam, but you'll never make it on time, Major, not unless you get some really first-class help."

"We've got the best in South Carolina. Big Jeff hand-picked those men."

"Nonetheless, they're stalling."

"Think so? What does Big Jeff say?"

"Nothing at all to me. I've caught him watching me, his face like a black Solomon's, as if he wasn't sure I knew what I was doing. He may be rated tops in South Carolina, sir, and I suppose that as Negro straw bosses go—"

"He knows his business."

"And I know mine—the engineering, sir. I ought to, I washed enough dishes in college to learn it. And I know how work looks, real work. I've watched my mother doing laundry in a mining camp. I'm fed up with Big Jeff's gangs loafing on the job."

"That's why," said Major Layne, "I'm going to put the company in your hands. We'll shake on that."

"No, sir. I'm sorry, but I can't."

The major's eyes were instantly alert. And then, a little shakily, he laughed. "For Pete's sake, Tom, what's the matter with you? If it's money—"

"It's not that, sir. I couldn't expect a better salary. But it just happens that I want to go into business for myself. That's why I came here tonight. I've got a chance to contract for part of the Old Mawky Dam itself, and I've arranged my backing through Ryan Winters' bank. . . . I'm to sign tomorrow. Of course, I'll stick with you until you find a competent engineer to replace me."

"Confound it, Tom—well, I'm disappointed." Major Layne picked up his highball glass and revolved it in his fingers, peering into it with a scowl that deepened slowly. Then he smiled. "Sure, I'm disappointed, Tom. I don't want to lose you, but I can't blame you if you've got a chance like this. I'd do the same myself. Any young man should."

Tom got up briskly. "I'm glad you see it that way, sir. Meantime, I'll try to straighten out the timetable on the... Suppose we say a month?"

"That's all right, son."

"I certainly don't want to le... in a lurch," Tom said.

But after he walked back... through Michaux Layne's now... house, back to the field quarters t... built in Old Mawky's enervati... Tom wondered if he hadn't done... that. Of one thing he was cert... man was going to work harder t... done, trying to get Big Jeff's gan... ing on the job.

He stood there in the doorwa... pine-and-tar-paper shack, look... across the swamp, now silver... moonglow. Limp moss hung... from the live oaks, and the idiot... of frogs accentuated the hellish... of the gloom. Old Mawky neve... to let a road go through its wi... And it was not so much a road... toon floating upon the mucky... immense logs cradled on it le... to support the smaller crosswise... road that swam in jelly. There... be time in plenty for such a task... but time—this was the key to... running out. The dam depende... road's completion, and dams... well started before the spring de...

IN ANY other place, machin... speed the work, but here... Mawky, only the power of men... hauling these giant timbers in... and the speed of willing men cou... it. And Big Jeff's men weren't v...

Something, he knew, was wr... Big Jeff's men. And that though... him. It was the same feeling th... got in Michaux Layne's ho... sensation of being alien, an unce... a raw man who could feel cont... but not at ease. This was hi... He'd had to drive too hard to t... self. He'd had to fight too hard... to do the ruthless things, lik... Michaux Layne, when opportun... And it was ruthless. For in his... knew that Michaux Layne ne... desperately. But in so precise... sion as engineering what part e... timentalism play? It was as ou... as Kitty Layne had been in... Dittmar's—arms.

"Ryan-darling," he could... her saying, and then that sta... upon her face. It annoyed hi... of that. The mud upon his v... possibly. Well, it didn't ma... could have her "Ryan-darli... somehow, alone there in th... alone as he had always been, th... depressed him.

"Ryan-darling," he mimic...

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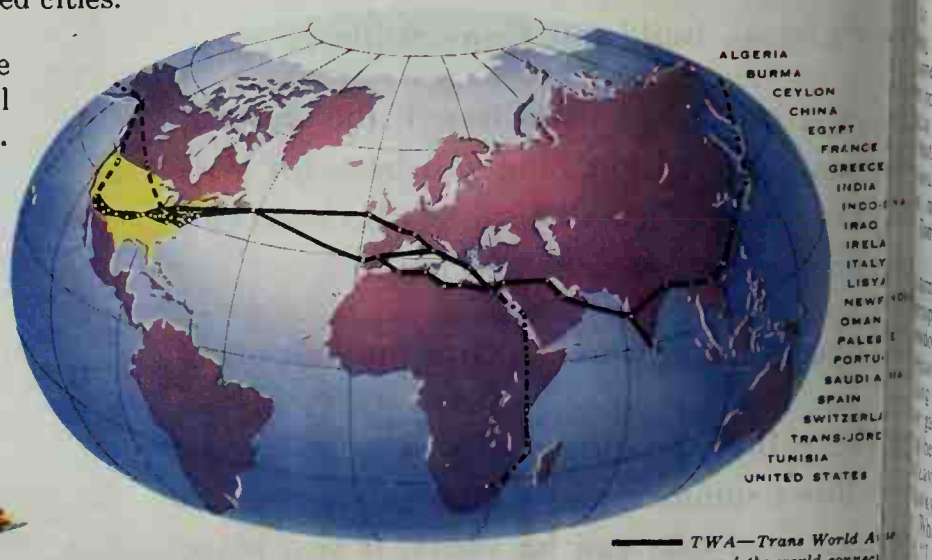

TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

ctly the artificial tone he'd
voice. And hearing himself
was something in it that puz-
hat night he lay awake upon
ing that tone of hers again,
ce again. . . .
m Dittmar returned to Old
his appointment with Ryan
next forenoon, he thought
world where he wanted it.
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was a question of figures,
ad made them talk. He'd
al. He drove back to Old
ving exactly where he stood.
and he'd be on his own. A
, then. A month of driving

l his car at the tool sheds
the end of the finished road,
he remaining two miles far-
swamp, where Big Jeff's
gging at the logs, building
roadbed with them.
d see it was not going
here was an aimlessness in
hen worked, a waste of time
at was infuriating to him.
vanced, it was not so much
that exasperated him, but
ir hostility. It baffled him.
apable of work—he knew
results—but always, when
ed them, there was this
ty, an uneasiness among

THE TRAVAIL OF TRAVEL

ty of gas and a retread spare
urbulent hate for congested places,
highway to breathe the air
made so inviting the open spaces.

ed to extinction, the country skies
breezes, I hear, are a panacea—
t be, provided a million guys
trifle less hepped with the same idea.

—William W. Pratt

s like a fever. It was as if
him. Feared and resented
ig Jeff, as massive as the
Old Mawky, seemed to
hat was wrong with them?
self? Tom asked himself
honestly. Michaux Layne
these men. And yet, when
get work out of them,
them and rasped at

' he snapped.

Negro turned. Something
awky's gloominess was in
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stubborn resistance to Tom
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o that. And I'm going to
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r Tom. Hunting you, I

n turned. It was always
terruption just as he was
howdown with Big Jeff.
prepared for what he saw.
riding breeches and white
hair gathered loosely in a
up her horse.
ss Layne. Never thought
Ol Mawky."
t. When she spoke her
p: "I couldn't wait for
find you. Papa insisted
e's very ill."

The girl was frightened. He couldn't ask her why she came to him. After all, he was a hired man, and yet—well, she had come to him.

"I'll drive, Miss Layne. Perhaps you'd better leave your horse and come with me."

"I didn't think a car could get through here."

"It's two miles back. Wait for me at the tool sheds there."

She leaned down suddenly. "It will be quicker if you ride behind me to the sheds."

Tom scowled. "There's mud on me, Miss Layne. You don't like mud," he reminded her.

"All right," she snapped. "I said a stupid thing. But you were not so gallant. Please get on."

BEFORE they reached the sheds, her shirt was splotched. The swamp's humidity had made strings of her hair. This was not the Kitty Layne who had come swiftly down a spiral staircase, calling in an artificial voice, "Ryan-darling!" When they were in his car, he sent it sloshing savagely through the ooze. . . .

Michaux Layne was in his bed upstairs. Ryan Winters had been talking when Tom followed Kitty into the room. Ryan stood up instantly, nodding to Tom. Kitty moved past them to the bed, then stooped and kissed her father's forehead.

"I've brought him, Papa."

Michaux Layne smiled. His voice was weak and shaky, but there was none of an invalid's self-pity in it. "Thanks for coming, Tom."

"You mustn't talk long," Kitty pleaded. "Dr. Capers said—"

"Old Capers is an imbecile," said Michaux Layne. "Come sit down, Tom . . . Ryan, will you excuse us? And you, Kitty? This is business."

Winters hesitated. "Sure you don't want me in on this, Major?"

"Not just now, Ryan. Take Kitty downstairs."

They were alone then—Tom Dittmar and Michaux Layne. Tom sat down awkwardly, the diffidence a healthy man feels toward a stricken one making it difficult for him. The major watched him steadily.

"What is it, sir?"

"You want to be in business for yourself. That's why you're leaving me, isn't it? Well, son, I'm offering you a partnership in Layne & Company. It's a selfish move, of course. I've got to protect Kitty. The company's all she's got. Might say Old Mawky road is all she's got. And there won't be any company—unless you come in on it. But you won't do badly, son. It's a good name. A name's worth something. That's the part I'm putting up. The name. The rest of it, the brains and energy—that's yours. When I check out—"

"Check out?" Tom asked.

"Six weeks. That's what I've got. I've had my walking papers, son. I don't mind that so much . . . I've had a pretty good time of it, Tom. A beautiful wife, a beautiful home and Kitty . . . but that's it—Kitty. That's what this is about."

"I don't see why you need to worry, sir. She's going to marry Ryan Winters."

Layne sat up. It was an effort. "Would you like to leave your daughter in a fix like that—so she's got to marry a man because you've died bankrupt? A man that she'll be obliged to for helping out her father? You think you're tough, Tom, but you're not that tough. I don't ask you to stay with Layne & Company all your life. A year, maybe. Get it back on its feet. You can sell out then. You're risking nothing except—well, the risk that Layne & Company took on the Old Mawky road. I know that's plenty. But if you ram that through, there's profit, too. You've got to do it for me, Tom."

Tom stood up. "What do you expect me to say to a man who says he's got six weeks?"

Michaux Layne winced. "I expect you to say yes."

"All right, it's done. Now take it easy, Major, and forget that six-weeks stuff. Before the year is out, you'll be buying back my partnership."

The sick man nodded silently. Only when he was alone, the door closing behind Tom, did he whisper: "And good luck, son. On all of it."

Kitty was with Winters in the drawing room downstairs when Tom entered.

"How about it, Dittmar?" Winters asked. "You make a deal?"

"That's right, Winters. Guess we'll have to defer that other proposition. I'm staying with Layne & Company, in a partnership."

"What about the dam?"

"We're going to tackle that—Layne & Company."

"Provided," Winters said, "Old Mawky doesn't ruin your credit. I thought you were a businessman, Dittmar." He laughed softly. "Kitty, I've got to run along. You coming, Dittmar?"

Kitty was watching Tom. Her lips were taut, and he was surprised to hear her say, "Mr. Dittmar's staying for dinner."

"Aren't I invited?" Winters asked.

"Of course, you are," she said.

"Can't, though. 'By, Kit. And stay off those stairs."

WHEN Winters had gone, Tom said, "Look here, Miss Layne, I can't stay like this. Muddy boots and all . . ."

"I'm getting weary of you harping on that mud," she said. "After all, I understand that mud means everything to me. Ryan hinted at that. I've got to know what Papa said to you. And Hattie's getting impatient . . ."

He felt his awkwardness again. It didn't help any when he perched gingerly on one of the Laynes' brocaded dining chairs. Kitty had changed from her splotched shirt to something else.

"What was it, Mr. Dittmar?"

"I'm going to operate Layne & Company as a partner; at least until Major Layne is feeling well again."

She frowned. "I talked to Dr. Capers. I know about that."

"All right—until you think that you can let me go."

"You don't sound very happy over it."

"I'm not."

She forced a laugh. "You give a fair imitation of a Tatar. I'm really surprised you didn't refuse."

"So am I," he said. "It's only because I think a lot of Major Layne . . ."

Her fork clinked angrily against her plate. She got up quickly, her napkin dropping to the floor. "That's the only reason I'd want you to do it—for Papa. I suppose he said something about me. You can forget that. But if it makes my father any happier to think—to think he's taken care of me, then do it, Mr. Dittmar. As long as it is necessary. After that—"

"After that," Tom finished grimly, "you can marry Ryan Winters. A marriage among royalty, planned by exchequer chancellors."

Her dark eyes blazed at him as he came after her. And yet she kept herself under control. She said, "You make yourself extremely easy to detest."

"Do I?"

"You do. You cultivate unpleasantness. You seem to have confused it with your notion of the vital male. But you're wrong, it's not vitality—it's bitterness. You hate us, don't you? You hate my father, really, and you hate me, don't you? And you like to think that now you're

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FRAZER

because that, too, feeds this
tterness of yours. You think
rtyr, but I think you're a mis-
, and I pity you. . . ."
ger swept Tom. He seized the
ess of her arm, jerking her
in his fury, feeling an over-
eed to hurt her for the things
Then, as she leaned far back
ears darkening her lashes, he
he must do. There was one
e himself from carrying this
rs with him forever. One way
e thought of it a coldness that
slash of ice bit through him.
circled her, pinioned her close
d then he kissed her.
let her go, she stood quite
Tom turned and walked out
e.

day Tom drove, not going
re but finding something that
cape in the mechanical, sub-
andling of his car. Macadam,
d dirt, the ribbons of the
vept past him. And still he
at night he went back to his
-paper shack, deep in Old
ires blinked from barracks
here Big Jeff's men dwelt. It
night for Tom Dittmar, a bit-
And morning found him in a
d.
was one for Big Jeff's men to
Tom worked among them as
pended on the next log that
l. The mud and the heat
em as they floundered on. It
ble thing, the tension there
amp, beneath the moss-thick
tangible and a terrible thing,
mounting toward what all of
Tom Dittmar and each man
d with the logs—would be
ur after hour, through morn-
the wet oven of the after-
e dusk. Until—
s it, Jeff! You get those men
get another gang."
egro stopped. He had a pa-
listening to Tom, his gray
a little to one side. He stood
v.
om," he said. He hesitated
nt, thinking slowly, almost
"Mister Tom, you got the
'
l I have. I'm sick of this

om, you can't drive colored
ain't mules, Mister Tom.
't engines . . ."
this straight now, Jeff. I
rap what kind of men are
me."
om, you got to give a rap
hey's all kinds, with differ-
all of them. And you can't
folks."
make a change. I've got to
ve got to get this job done,
hedule, but ahead of sched-
r works for me is going to

as deadly serious. "A col-
orks just as hard as a white
Tom, and he's got more
u know who built the Pyra-
t them little old Egyptians,"
emptuously. "Was colored
lt the Pyramids. But you
em, Mister Tom. I tell you
st leave us alone. You go
u just stop driving, Mister
the only way we ever going
ood is to work out a song

You're crazy, Jeff."
in't. We got to have a song.
ister Tom—and we'll move
s the way we can."
d away. The heat of Old
mud and the limp moss
his spirit. Big Jeff was go-
nong his gangs. Tom sat
was licked, he was licked.
ve their own way now.

He heard it then. The Negroes were standing by the logs they were to lift. Not moving, not talking, simply standing there, as if they were waiting for something. And from somewhere among them came a voice, a high voice with a sorrowing keen to it. It had no shape, none of the cadences Tom knew. It was pure tone, rising and wavering, then falling as it echoed through Old Mawky. But somewhere in it gradually there came a beat. Another voice had joined in it. A deep voice, rich, accenting a rhythm that Tom could not quite catch. The Negroes stooped and placed their hands upon the logs.

It seemed to take a long time. New voices joined, until there was a chorus, but not loud. The voices blended, searching for the rhythm they wanted. And behind it, that strange, rich sorrow. Strength—Tom Dittmar felt it growing—strength in unison. He thought then of the words Big Jeff had used: "You know who built the Pyramids?" And in his mind he saw thousands of Negroes toiling in the desert sun, thousands of Negroes singing as they hauled, their muscles bulging as they strained against the ropes, drawing the giant blocks of stone toward the rising Pyramids. A song for it . . .

The logs were moving. Not swiftly, but so steadily. Precision—that was a word for engineers, and they had found their way to that. Precision, something mathematical, sprang from the music that came swelling from their throats. Then Big Jeff's voice cut through.

It was not an order. It was a note, a single clear tone, but it came off beat and sharpened the rhythm. The chorus quickened. Hands moved, legs strained into the mud. But still with that perfection of the tempo. Precision! And he, Tom Dittmar, had believed that he knew all there was to know of driving men! A song!

IT WAS long after dusk when the door of Michaux Layne's room opened carefully. Tom entered, the mud of Old Mawky dried upon his whipcords. He tiptoed through the room and eased himself into the chair beside the bed. For a long time he sat there, watching the sleeping man, and at last he got up and went to the door.

"You've thought it over, Tom?"

"Excuse me, sir. I thought you were asleep."

"I was. But I could feel you thinking. Something's happened, Tom."

"I think so, sir. I've learned a lot today."

"Big Jeff?"

Tom frowned. "How could you know a thing like that?"

"Maybe it's hindsight, Tom. Maybe I'm looking back, imagining I'm you. Maybe remembering the things I had to learn. I'm mighty glad to see you're learning, son. Good night."

"Good night," Tom said. He closed the door. He stood there in the upper hall, silent, a lean, raw-looking man with mud on his whipcords. And then, slowly, he started down the spiral staircase to the hall.

Somehow he'd known she'd meet him there. She came out of the drawing room. She must have understood where he had been. She didn't speak, but held her hand to him and led him from the hall.

A song. That was the way it was. He felt the rhythm of it in the silence as they stood. Something was gone—the old harshness, the old bitterness, the resentment and the anger.

"Kitty . . ."

She answered him. But in a woman's way, without the silliness of words. Without the silly things men feel that they must say, the explanations and the planning. For how could such things be explained? Or how be planned?

THE END

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LOW-DOWN ON THE SLOWDOW

Continued from page 21

arrangement. If they complete work on a house at noon, they won't start work on another house in the same project until the next morning. But they draw a full day's pay.

The journeymen are taking over the laborers' jobs, too. The simple task of putting together prefabricated forms for concrete can be handled by any laborer after simple instruction—at $1.42½ an hour. But the carpenters say it is their work—at $2.02½ an hour.

In Kansas City, it is customary for contractors to employ a cement finisher whenever concrete is poured for more than two hours at a time, even for concretework in home building where no finishing is required. But the extra man must be on the job and paid, though he does nothing.

More Work for Union Plumbers

In Baltimore, an agreement between the plumbers' union and the contractors says: "No fixtures coming on the job with trimmings already in place [but not an integral part of them] shall be installed by members of Local No. 48 until said trimmings have been removed and replaced by members of Local Union No. 48." Pittsburgh has a similar agreement.

In Washington, D.C., union rules allow one engineer to operate only two generators, or two compressors or two pumps, and if any two of these are not side by side, additional engineers must be employed, at $2.25 an hour. The engineer may need to do no more than turn a switch on and off, and occasionally put in gasoline and water.

The union says this arrangement is necessary since "none of the equipment is fully automatic because all of it needs adjustment, maintenance and attendance." But if a compressor, say, breaks down, the contract specifies that the engineer shall not tinker with it himself. He calls a repairman!

In winter, heating is often required on inside jobs to dry paint and plaster. To keep an oil or gas burner going for 24-hour heat, the builder must employ three steamfitter-helper shifts.

In Virginia, bricklayers who are ashamed of their slowdown secretly have told contractors that they would be dropped from the union if they laid more than 400 bricks in a day. Union membership is essential to livelihood.

Probably no city is more strongly organized in the building trades than Chicago. Practices which have been standard there for many years would make union leaders elsewhere blush.

The trade magazine, Practical Builder, recently reported that carp... Chicago refused to permit the i... of factory-fitted doors, win... frames, including glass, hard... weather stripping—adding $... cost of every house built in... When hardware is included i... built kitchen cabinets, local ... remove the hardware and r... When foundations are put in, ... insist on assigning a man to ... "inspector." He does not w... paid $16.

Plasterers insist on three ... plaster, even though two coat... satisfactory—and though no... by Chicago's notoriously ... building code—adding anoth... the house cost. Painters al... some areas, that three coats ... applied where two were for... sidered sufficient.

Chicago plumbers enforce ... restrictions, such as refusing ... prefabricated plumbing unit... quiring expensive cast-iron ... clay pipe would do as well... have added a novel pract... plumbing equipment is bein... to a job, the union insists tha... must ride in the cab with the t... He performs no function bu... full wages.

In a cost breakdown of m... restrictive and slowdown pr... rent in Chicago, Practical B... they caused an average price ... $703 on every home built. Fo... as a whole, says the magaz... practices up the unit cost fr... cent to 22 per cent.

One of the most controver... of restrictive practice ma... unions is that painters arbi... the size of the paintbrush t... and therefore limit the amo... work—and that they bar f... spray painting. At A.F. of ... ton headquarters, it is ... denied that such restrictions ...

The facts are that for other ... base paints, painters' Loca... Memphis restricts the width ... brush to 4½ inches; the sa... written into the contracts ... Local 218; Dayton oddly ... inches for interiors but rig... a 4-inch brush on exteriors; ... limits the width to 4 inches. ... painters stopped work on ... housing project when an ... member discovered a brush ... too wide.

Most union locals do no... limits in their contracts, ... brush than 4½ inches for ... a union job (the Navy uses ...

"I was afraid this would happen some day—every player is nam...

COLLIER'S

ece. Recognizing this, the
ays that the 4½-inch brush is
efficient size; a wider brush
int. This fact evidently hasn't
unicated to locals in Rock-
s, and Milwaukee, where the
it, on paper at least, five and
spectively.
g that spray painting is re-
A.F. of L. points to the
n of the National Safety
the Bureau of Standards in
conditions under which
e sprayed in home construc-
t endangering the health of
Says the international un-
local which refuses to use
ven these conditions are met
immediate and drastic disci-
on."
ternational has no practical
iministering such discipline,
ttle. At any rate, these health
ere established a year ago.
as September, the business
painters' union told every
major Illinois job that he
ned and evicted from the
did any spray work.
n force today by the Scran-
s simply: "The use of spray
paint, lacquer, varnish or
t having water base or water
nner is prohibited."
t local nose-thumbing at the
unions is typical. Some
ilding-trades union leaders
e in their protestations that
actices—"if they existed"—
le. But most locals don't
ernational leaders too seri-
uspend their charters would
t any result except to de-
mount of dues paid to head-
ch a drastic step is seldom
id thought.
le is the case of Local No. 3
national Brotherhood of
orkers which operates in
ty. Local No. 3 is so tough
n the C.I.O. United Electri-
bought an old New York
tional headquarters, they
tall the fixtures themselves;
y Local No. 3.

Against Local No. 3

nas E. Dewey was district
ew York, his office charged
o. 3 was responsible for
nkrupting contractors, for
urder, and for a $10,000,-
on contracts. More re-
preme Court has declared
. 3 forced all contractors to
otting any electrical prod-
ed by Local No. 3; that it
mit the use in New York of
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n a telephone switchboard
nto New York from Mil-
l No. 3 ripped out all the
ired the board, despite the
oard had originally been
bers of the same union!
l No. 3 exercises a com-
on all electrical equip-
the C.I.O. or nonunion
t be installed in New York
t may cost only half the
ved equipment.
ondemning or disciplining
owever, the International
f Electrical Workers has
ilar boycott for the rest
y. Among many cities
ly applies are San Diego,
St. Paul, Minneapolis,
ovidence. All contractors
ts and Rhode Island have
hat local unions "will no
wire, cable, fixtures or
uit unless it carries the
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nt indication of improve-
hree large builders report
t pressure and wheedling

they have been able to relax some of the more onerous practices. In several places it is now possible for these contractors to use laborers to unload trucks carrying plumbing equipment.

The operating engineers have recently made a most revolutionary concession. A few contractors are now permitted to employ their own engineer to run bulldozers and cranes if the union cannot supply one. Formerly major projects were postponed for lack of a union engineer to operate a bulldozer and prepare the site for a foundation.

But such relaxations are merely verbal arrangements and, strictly speaking, violate the written contract. It will require some effective persuasion before they are reduced to writing.

When Sears Roebuck attempted to build houses at cost for employees in Chicago, it was unable to install its own bathtubs and heating equipment or to use its own plumbing connections. According to Sears' board chairman, Robert E. Wood, the only connections good enough for Chicago plumbing were made by a single Chicago company—at a cost 50 per cent greater than similar union-made fittings purchased outside the city.

Abuses Blamed on Contractors

Home builders say restrictive practices and feather-bedding rules have been permitted to develop partly because agreements between local unions and employers are almost invariably negotiated, for the employers, by the largest and most powerful contractors in the area. Most of these men are concerned not with housing or home building, but with the construction of roads, huge public works, office buildings, etc.

Since they employ hundreds of workers at a time, it makes little difference to them that a union wants a rule which permits only an engineer to push a particular button. Several such engineers are usually employed on each of their jobs. To save on a request for wage increases, it has been easy to concede something which of itself was little more than an annoyance. But the accumulation of such concessions over many years has hamstrung even the commercial construction contractor.

There are no adequate standards today for worker production in the building trades. There have been almost no scientific, impartial time studies which are the basis for standards in manufacturing. But one indication of how far we are from potential production, even under the craft system, is indicated by a study made forty years ago by a former bricklayer, Frank B. Gilbreth.

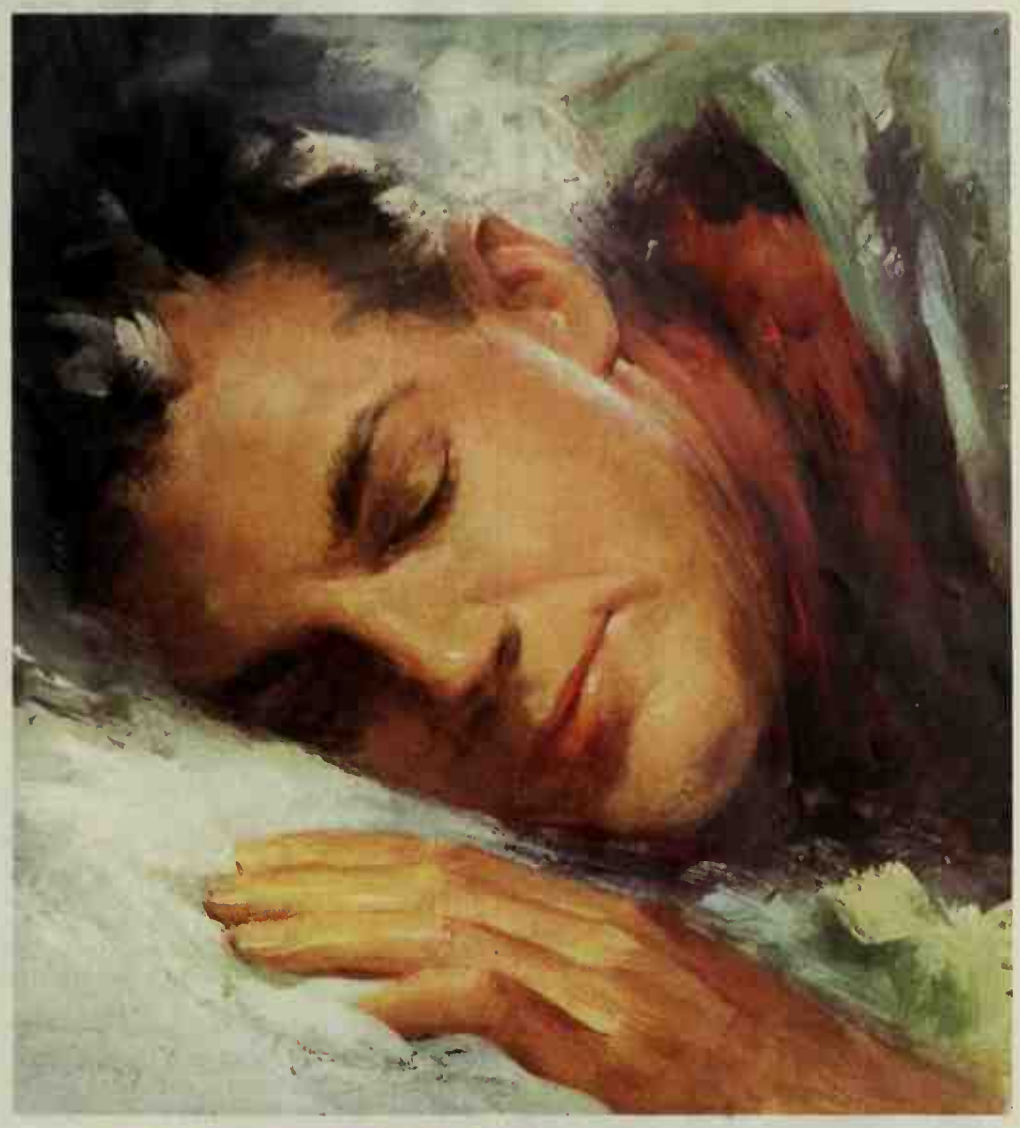
Gilbreth analyzed the motions needed in laying brick and the placement of equipment, and reduced the number of motions from 18 to 5. On a large building, men using his novel methods averaged 350 bricks per man per hour, compared with a local average of 120. (Today: 60-65.)

There is a vast discrepancy in the amount of work done by similarly qualified workers. In a Department of Labor comparison made in 1923 between bricklayers in Indianapolis and Birmingham on duplicate jobs, the score was Indianapolis 96 per hour, Birmingham 241. At the same time, plasterers in Boston averaged 4½ square yards compared with eight in Philadelphia.

Perhaps it would help if the unions would read again the plaque in the cornerstone of the A.F. of L. headquarters building in Washington. It says simply, "This edifice erected for service in the cause of labor, freedom, justice and humanity."

THE END

Let's Rebuild Our Building Codes, by Edward Angly, another reason for our housing shortage, will appear in next week's Collier's.



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BABY IN THE BACKFIELD

Continued from page 13

came through yelling out the station," Bert said. "He wakes the kid out of a sound sleep. I got a notion to write the president of the line and tell him what a lousy railroad he runs."

"Listen," I said, "you need your sleep."

"I can't sleep," he said. "I got to stay up all night. I can't leave Junior sleep in bed by himself. He might fall out."

"Why don't you sleep in the same bed with Junior?" I ask him. "You sleep on the outside. You won't be any good to us on Saturday if you don't sleep."

"I don't dare do that," Bert said. "Suppose in the night I rolled over in my sleep and rolled on top of the kid. I might never know about it, I'm a heavy sleeper. I might suffocate Junior."

"All right," I said, "you sleep in one bed. Junior will sleep in the other bed, I will watch Junior."

That was how we did it. We kept the night light on. I sat there with bags under my eyes and watched Junior and listened to Bert snore. . . .

We got in the next morning and went to the hotel. That afternoon we ran through a final signal drill. Junior was the only person not on the squad who saw the secret plays I'd dreamed up to use against Updyke but I wasn't worried, he couldn't talk.

We went back to the hotel and Bert fed Junior in his room and then put him to bed in the crib we'd gotten. I hadn't slept the night before and I crawled into bed at ten. At ten thirty I heard sounds next door. I got up and knocked on the connecting door.

Bert opened up. He said, "Is there a doctor in the house? Junior's got croup. I'll never forgive myself and my wife'll kill me."

He was holding the kid, and the kid was yelling. "Here we are hundreds of miles from home and our pediatrician," Bert said, "and Junior is desperately ill. It's all your fault."

"Take it easy," I said and called the house physician. We'd gotten him out of bed and he was grumpy when he came in. He put Junior over his shoulder and smacked him in the middle of the back. Junior went *burp* and stopped crying. The physician looked at us as though we were eggheads and put Junior back in the crib.

I WAS groggy but I was too wrought up to sleep. I went downstairs for coffee and saw a blonde at the desk. She had blue eyes with lightning in them and a build to make a strong man's knees turn to water.

"I want to get in touch with Bert Tuller," she said to the room clerk.

"No, you don't, sister," I said. "You can see Bert after the game and get his autograph. Nothing doing now."

I took her by the elbows and walked her out of the hotel. "And don't try and come back," I said, "or I'll sick the house dick on you."

It was no way to treat a lady but I had had enough trouble with girls who went gaga over football stars.

I stood in the lobby feeling virtuous and then she came in again. She had a cop with her and she pointed to me, and the cop came over and said, "What's the idea, wise guy?"

I told him what the situation was. "She can see him after the game," I said.

"That's what you think, wise guy," he said. "She's his wife, ain't she? A wife can see her husband any time she wants, can't she?"

I heard the blonde say, "Where is the lift?" and I dashed over to her. "I can explain everything, Mrs. Tuller," I said.

The cop said, "I don't think the lady wants to talk to you, brother," and held me back. He grinned at me. "She's mad," he said. "She'll give him fits, won't she? He'll probably be lousy tomorrow, won't he?"

I stared at him. "You have a bet on the game," I said. "You big ugly flatfoot with your brains in your shoes, you bet on Updyke."

"Tch, tch," he said. "Such language for a molder of youth!". . .

I went up to bed finally and was just drifting off when I heard a yell next door.

"Get me Hoover," Bert was shouting at the top of his lungs. "Hoover, I said. No, dammit, not Herbert Hoover. The other one. The head of the F.B.I. My baby's been snatched, kidnaped, and I'll shoot the dirty dogs—"

I pounded on the connecting door.

AFTER a minute it opened and Bert was wild-eyed. He took a swing at me that would have separated my head and neck if it had landed.

"It's your fault," he shouted. "I had a premonition. Something woke me up. I had a feeling something was wrong. I looked in the crib and it was empty."

"It's all right," I said.

"What do you mean, all right?" he shouted. "The kid can't even walk. You think he rang the elevator bell and went downstairs for a slug of milk? You big flat-headed stupid—"

"Your wife took the baby," I said. "She had a key to your room. I thought she'd wake you up. I guess she just walked out with the baby instead."

He took a deep breath and then sat down and put his head in his hands. "She heard about me and flew back, I bet," he said. "She'll tie a can to me. She's probably on her way to Kensington—"

"I bet you dollars to doughnuts," I said, "she's in the hotel. I'll find out."

I went downstairs to the room clerk and asked him. He looked down his nose at me and said, "We have no Mrs. Tuller registered."

"She was the blonde I ejected before," I said. "She must be here!"

The clerk yawned and said, "I'm afraid I can't help you."

He was grinning a little. I said, "Haven't I seen you before? Weren't you an end at Updyke once?"

"I graduated in 1940," he said. "The last year you beat us."

"And you have a bet on the game."

I went back up to see Bert. "I'll never see her again," he said. "I'll never see Junior again."

"You'll be the big gun this afternoon," I told him. "You'll win the game for Spooner, and your picture will be in all the papers. You'll be a hero and your wife will come back. With Junior."

"I'm not going to play in the game."

There was only one thing to do, find his wife and plead with her. I stayed in the lobby the rest of the night looking for a clue. At seven thirty a waiter came out of the dining room with what looked as though it might be baby food. I got into the elevator with him, walked behind him down the floor and when he stopped and knocked on a door I yanked the tray out of his hands.

"Room service," I said.

"You!" Mrs. Tuller said as I went in.

"Mrs. Tuller," I said, "I can explain everything."

"No explanations are necessary," she said. She looked as though she had been crying. "It is obvious that my husband thinks more of a silly juvenile game than he does of his wife and child. Everything is perfectly clear."

"Mrs. Tuller," I said, "you have it all wrong. You just don't understand how Americans feel about football. The historic rivalry between Spooner and Updyke dates back to 1903."

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new Coleo *on their costly*
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dentures cleaned with Coleo
Coleo (with that special "
dient) on *your* false teeth too

NEW TYPE Cleanser for

ot impressed," she said. "Bert me to go to the first game Someone blew a whistle and hing I saw was my dear hus- g carried off the field on a It was brutal! I have never ne since and never intend to. Americans call that sport!"

I admitted, "it is true that Bert in the head that day. But no fracture."

ke up in the middle of the rs. Tuller said. "He jumped and yelled, 'Block that kick!' hat means. I thought his mind nently affected."

r Mrs. Tuller," I said, "you baby. You can't keep a boy g risks. If you bring Junior up e Lord Fauntleroy and make his time arranging flowers in will not be proud of him when p. As it is now, Bert, by play- ll, will be a hero to his son Mrs. Tuller, are you going to at precious relationship be- r and son?"

't thought of that angle. She ghtfully at me, her lips trem-

ller," I said, putting a throb , "Bert is sitting in his lonely He wants to play in the game e can say. But he's not going 's sitting there, lonely, heart-

p suddenly. "You make me a horrible domineering fe- aid. "All right. I'll tell him

rl," I said, and we hurried third floor. Bert's door was dashed in and then stopped, had a gun I would have shot

anding in the middle of the big grin on his face and his out and he was surrounded d bobby-soxers. They were ovingly up at him; one had ked through his arm.

rt said in a sickening voice, y I am the best fullback in There are many other fine

r said sweetly, "Don't be ert, dear."

r and his face turned red hite, and I ran across the ooed the females out and re alone.

, baby," Bert said, "I never irls before. There was a e door and someone said n. I opened up and they all at could I do?"

dear," Mrs. Tuller said. n't resist you. You're just a they're all little bees."

ot stood there looking like e scuffed one foot over the est, baby—"

id, "your wife wants you to noon. Isn't that right?"

rse," she said. "I wouldn't rfering. Think of the thou- etty girls who would be d if he didn't play." And ut of the room with Junior. back to Kensington, Eng- id.

no trains out of town un- said. "You may as well , the baby is taken care of."

m was jam-packed, the , and the Spooner band Spooner, Brave and True, r You. The two captains ld, a coin glittered in the e were receiving.

art it was a kicking duel. the bench. We had the ir scat backs but no punch Then midway in the sec- blocked kick gave us the dyke thirty. I sent Bert in sh.

Rankin ran the team from the T formation and hit left tackle for three yards. Second and seven and he fed the ball to Bert on his favorite play, an off-tackle reverse, breaking wide for the end, then cutting back through the hole.

Bert started out as though he were wading through a sea of molasses, and an end came in and dumped him. The ball squirted into the air and the end reached up and caught it. He had a clear field all the way to the goal line and it was six to nothing, Updyke. They missed the kick, which was small consolation.

I pulled Bert out of there and the half ended with no further scoring. I had no bright remarks to make in the gloom of the locker room and I went down the tunnel under the stands to come out into the sunshine. Mrs. Tuller was there with Junior.

"He's upset," she said. "He won't sleep. I can't do a thing with him."

"Let me try," I said. He stopped crying and reached out and took hold of my nose.

"You see," I said, "he likes me even though I am a football coach."

I LEANED against the concrete exit and Mrs. Tuller stood beside me. Someone came down the tunnel and stopped just inside to light a cigar. It was Kip Hartley the Updyke coach and naturally enough he looked highly pleased with himself. He stood just inside the tunnel. He could see me but not Mrs. Tuller.

"Well, Bucky," he said, "you mean some woman finally got hard up enough to marry you."

For years Hartley had been needling me. He was that kind of a guy.

"You are no beauty," he went on, "but I hardly figured you to have a kid like that. What happened, did he fall in a cement mixer? Haw, haw, haw!"

The baby tweaked my nose and I still couldn't say anything.

"Of course," Hartley said, "he may improve. How do you like the game? That Tuller is a lemon when the chips are down. Highly overrated."

He strolled back and I handed the baby over to Mrs. Tuller before I had my nose stretched a foot. Her cheeks were pink and the front of her dress was going up and down.

"I'll tell Bert," she said. "Bert will thrash him within an inch of his life. Who is he?"

"The coach of Updyke," I said. "And Bert is the only man who could do anything about it. Because Bert can beat Updyke. No one else can do it."

I could see her letting that sink in, examining it. Then she said, "I want to see Bert. I want my husband."

I took her down the runway, and the boys were starting for the field. Bert came out listlessly and Mrs. Tuller grabbed him.

I don't know what she said to him, I went down with the boys and when Bert showed up I kept him on the bench. He slid up and down and gnashed his teeth.

"A fine thing," I said, when the game was under way. "Making crude remarks about an innocent little baby who can't fight back. The coward!"

Bert opened and closed his fists. "Put me in," he said.

"Asking did the baby fall in a cement mixer," I said. "For shame!"

Bert gnashed his teeth again. "Put me in."

I let him sit there and steam. He was mad but hotheaded, I wanted him to stay mad but I wanted him cold mad. And finally in the fourth quarter we had the ball on our twenty.

I sent him in. They gave him the ball and he exploded through the line. The secondary finally brought him down but the halfback who had been so rash as to run up against those plunging knees took a minute or two to recover.

There was a lot of noise in the stands,

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but one shrill feminine voice stood out above the general clamor.

"*Bravo,*" it yelled. "Bravo! Oh, very well played!"

Mrs. Tuller was in a front-row box, jumping up and down, with Junior hanging under one arm upside down.

The boys didn't bother with deception. They just gave Bert the ball. The fourth time the boys blocked beautifully and Bert really got up a head of steam. He knocked one halfback spinning and there was only the safety man left.

The safety waited for Bert to shift left or right. But Bert didn't shift. He simply ran over him like a steam roller going over a peanut. There was a head-on crash and then Bert was legging it for pay dirt. He put the ball down as gently as though it were an egg.

I closed my eyes and opened them when Rankin kicked the precious seventh point.

The game ended three minutes later with Updyke frantically throwing passes.

There was considerable excitement for a while. There was to be a dance that night at Updyke, and our winning the game made me feel like going dancing with some coed if the got around to playing a walt

About ten that night I wa myself in my hotel-room m someone knocked at the doo and his wife came in.

"Oh, Mr. Kane," his wife and I are going to the dance. wonderful? I'm so proud of the problem is, you know, th to get a sitter. And you'r person Bert and I really tru you mind staying with him? up crying, just give him a b bottle warmer is in the bath it halfway with water and plu

They went out arm in arm their room I could hear the r ing across the square. I sat looked at the crib, and at tw Junior opened one eye.

"Cheerio, old boy," I sa flapped his right arm at me.

I could be wrong, and on tell, but I think the kid's goin forward passer.

THE END

GERMANY'S UNDERGROUND WANTS WAR

Continued from page 11

the Nazis that we got into the habit of distrusting the papers and the big radio stations. We searched for clandestine sources of information. Confidence in the available papers, in the official broadcasting stations has not returned." But to judge by the faces of his friends, that was not the truth.

"Why should we believe what is printed in papers, what is said over the radio as long as foreigners decide what can be told to the German people?" growled the wealthy grain dealer.

Then the banker added, "We have our own means of information, our own news network. That tells us more than the papers do."

In the Throes of War Hysteria

Out of the men's pockets and women's bags came notes and letters and mimeographed slips. These were read aloud to the party. They were all about troop movements and war material. For one who had watched war hysteria sweep over Germany in Nazi days, this seemed like a nightmare. Most of the news items were mere hearsay, gathered on streetcars, on trains from anonymous sources, from insurance offices.

"Don't you realize that if these anonymous scraps of news should prove true, they would mean war?" I asked.

"Why, certainly," the host replied calmly, "and the quicker it comes, the better it will be." The banker and his wife hastened to assure me that the thought did not really please them: "But one must be realistic about such things."

Did they realize what atomic warfare meant? Yes, they did, but, said one of the guests complacently, "Germany won't be the next battlefield. The war will be fought in the Near East. Others will do the fighting. We'll provide volunteers, and our factories will produce weapons, as the so-called neutrals did in World War II." Naturally since an American was present, they said that all volunteers and war potential would go to the Western powers, in the war that "must" come.

The party then proceeded to list alleged Russian positions in Germany, from which, they said, the Russians were ready to fire new, deadlier rockets, developed by German scientists, at England and probably at the United States.

"Americans don't like the idea of war," said the banker somewhat scornfully; "they won't have to tak tive because the Russians w war." He and his friends kn of the attack. It would star potatoes have been harvested mer long, other warmonger predicting similar dates.

The cry for war is loude but it can be heard in all ot Germany. It is swelled by 12,800,000 refugees in Ge were expelled from the for provinces and from the co the Hitler hordes invaded w of German minorities.

Some Allied officers and peat the slogan of Germ "War is unavoidable." Usua quite an array of German have worked overtime to in and then to see that their vie circulation. Consequently, travel through Germany yo the wildest rumors based statement by an American, F ish or French national. Th of course, horrify those Am sians, Britons or Frenchmer that there is no short cut t it must be built up bit by are working to build it.

International labor joins Communist agents travel zones of Germany cleverly hardships of the population pathy for the Moscow caus

Pronouncements by the of the American Federati Matthew Woll, play an imp the "get ready for war" can dreds of thousands of org ers in the Ruhr and in west have been flooded with ph ies of Woll's editorials in tional Free Trade News. copics are expensive. W them?) The Germans take ments to mean that "G rearm for the coming war munism." Why bother wit lems if the big brother f says that war is coming?

At least three varieties are at work in the dynam the Germany of today:

1.) The disappointed G who rub their hands in glee of a possible clash betwe Allies. They are the least

2.) Camouflaged Nazis who seek to regain the pow

precipitate the war between
st nd the West. They know that
me ey have lost their hold on the
n eople because of the decisive
ry feat they suffered. They also
the for a long time to come, their
tal about new deadly weapons
dri the Germans into a war.
fa tic old-timers also know that
ough again to convince West-
tlt Germany is the bulwark
ommunism, and Easterners
he first line of defense against
This time they have teams of
ilitary scientists in both the
nd Anglo-American camps,
devise and manufacture new
apons. When the war they
s out, the German team on
side expects to enjoy the
the winner for himself and
ral clique in Germany.
Dutsche Friedens Gesellschaft,"
ociety, was the first to de-
activities of German mili-
the first World War and to
sinister role in Russia. Its
ho survived the Hitler mas-
in Frankfurt last summer.
ne of them warn: "It seems
e that after what happened
twenty years, German mili-
merchants of death could
make this or that Russian,
Anglo-Saxon, believe that
operation would ensure vic-
n and that it could be worth
ble with war.
know that even before the
d War II, some of the most
militarists were at work to
dels of German weapons
is did not have time to pro-
numbers) over to the Rus-
was the leader of the SS,
ho tried desperately, in the
battle, to get a whole train
ew-type V-weapons headed
on of the advancing Rus-
failed because American
he train in Halle and de-

s of German scientists and
rts who went voluntarily to
ide are known. They are ex-
ork with more fanaticism
the Russians forced to work
hose who went to America
ry on their scientific work."
rd group which feels that
ne consists of people who
the only possibility of put-
Communism. Pointing to

totalitarian rule in Russia, to the acts of terrorism of the NKVD and others in Russian-controlled territories and to the activities of Communist cells throughout the world, it finds Communism as evil and as dangerous as Nazism was. Therefore, it holds, the Western world must go to war against Communism.

But did the greatest military victory of all times finish Nazism? Would World War III destroy Communism any more than World War II destroyed Nazism?

One thing is clear in Germany: Our victory swept away the Nazi chieftains; it did not finish Nazism.

Marching to Horst Wessel Song

The little group of Germans I saw marching into Berlin early in August were singing the Horst Wessel song. They looked somewhat apprehensive when they saw the American jeep parked near by, with a soldier at the wheel. The soldier did not move. They sang louder.

I went over to the soldier and asked him, "Do you recognize the Nazi anthem?"

"Gee whizz!" said the young man. "Is that really the Nazi anthem? I'm not on duty . . ." He drove away.

On August 25th, the workers of Anhalter Railroad Station held a meeting to protest against "Nazi provocations," such as Germans marching in military formation through the streets of the Kreuzberg district of Berlin, singing Nazi tunes, including the Horst Wessel song.

In many German cities, tablets and monuments erected to honor the memory of the victims of Nazism are being torn down or painted over. In Munich, the police did nothing when signs on the square named for the "Victims of Fascism" were replaced by signs reading "To the Victims of Democracy." They acted only after a Munich paper front-paged the story.

Whereas two years ago, everybody was eager to disclaim any connection with the Nazis, today the former followers of Hitler who have not been arrested as criminals fare much better than non-Nazis. They have a good deal of money left from the days when they could profiteer to their hearts' content all over Europe, and they can afford to be generous to less lucky comrades. Consequently you will find people who suddenly claim membership in the Nazi party to get preferential treatment.

The story of the lawyer from Baden illustrates the new trend. He had never

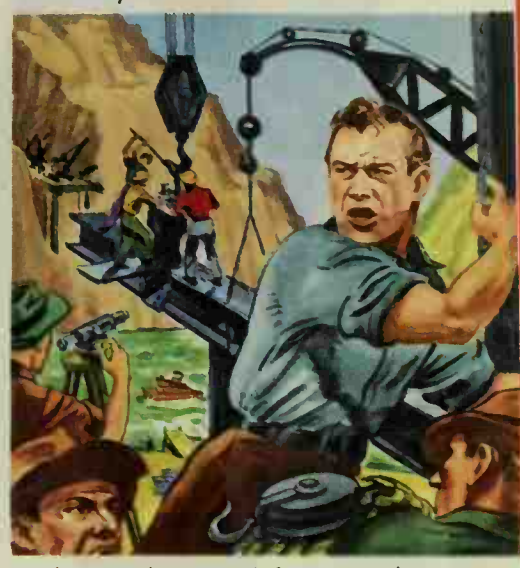
"I don't want to spend any more than sixty dollars . . . show me something worth about twenty-five" KIRK

Hard-fighting Jahnny Munrae (Jahr Wayne) contracts to drive a tunne thraugh an arm of the Andes fo Tycaon Frederick Alexander (Si Cedric Hardwicke). Upan striking saft rock, which will nat tunnel safely, he appeals ta the ruthless millianaire far mare time and maney in order ta build a cancrete lining.

But the Tycaan refuses—and warns Jahnny ta stay away fram his beautiful daughter, Maura (Laraine Day)—unaware that the two are in lave.

The lovers are surprised at a secret rendezvaus by her vengeful father—wha angrily demands the immediate marriage af Jahnny and Maura!

Driven half-insane by the Tycaan's ruthless apposition and the tunnel's callapse, Johnny and Maura bitterly quarrel and then finally part!



With superhuman defiance, Johnny attempts a mighty bridge to replace the shattered tunnel—his ald friends driven off, his maney and time almast gane!

Will the lashing flood tear away the bridge and Johnny's last hopes? Will the Tycoon relent? And will Maura come back to his arms? You'll find the answers in RKO's blazing, action-packed romance—soon at your favorite theatre!

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been a Nazi, but somebody denounced him to the American authorities, claiming that he had failed to report his membership in the Nazi party. Instead of producing the evidence that would have cleared him in court, he put up a lukewarm defense. When the court suspended him from office for six months, he was delighted. "From now on, I shall have rich clients," he told an American friend. "As long as they believed that I was not a Nazi, the big businessmen kept away from me. Now they think I belonged to their brown fraternity. They consult me unofficially, and since this is a private transaction, they send me presents which are worth infinitely more than the official legal fee I could charge."

Still Dangerous to Be Anti-Nazi

The murderous Nazi underground is back at work: In Munich, a Sudeten German by the name of Enders, who had been anti-Nazi and in a concentration camp, met one of his former Gestapo jailers on the street and tried to have him arrested. Two days later, Enders was dead—stabbed in the back.

Another anti-Fascist, Hugo Menner, was to testify in a Munich denazification court against a Nazi official. Shortly before the trial he was strangled to death. These cases were somewhat hushed up; nevertheless, rumors fly and the number of people willing to testify against Nazis dwindles.

The intimidation is so thorough that anti-Nazis who have been beaten up don't dare speak about it. A doctor told me of treating a genuine democrat after he'd been attacked by Nazis. He feared the man would never recover fully. When I went to see the democrat he assured me that nobody had beaten him—that he had fallen down some steps.

The "Werewolf," which Goebbels created shortly before Germany's collapse, was mostly a red herring to distract attention from better organized units. Yet it has a number of nests, especially in the Walchensee area in Bavaria, where the new Bavarian police has its training centers and where it keeps up the Nazi spirit of the young Werewolves—and vice versa.

More important is the "Edelweiss" association, which is firmly organized along military lines and has about 200,000 members. So far, it has been impossible to find out who the leaders are and how they operate. It is known, though, that part of their communications are carried by Nazi ladies whom we allowed to retain their comfortable establishments.

It is relatively easy for the Nazis to finance all these groups. When the Nazis from north Germany, fearing the Russians, moved into the western and the southern provinces, they brought along vast sums of money, just as their friends the militarists and the *Junkers* did. They found their friends and relatives in the west and south equally well-heeled, thanks to the millions distributed by defeated German regiments before they surrendered. Our failure to enforce a currency reform allowed them to bolster their financial positions.

While decent Germans were recovering from the shock of war and defeat, the troublemakers rushed to work to hoard all the supplies they could find. The result is that today the ex-Nazis and their friends control most German goods and they can put over deals with as much ease as the owners of big estates, as farmers or as black-market princes. They can bribe where it does the most good, and they do. They can—and do—flatter foreign visitors with lavish entertainment in their castles or country homes.

Most people who enjoyed the special confidence of the Nazis land on their feet in the Germany of today. There were the officers whom the Reichsbank entrusted with the task of hiding its gold in the mountains of Bavaria shortly before the end of the war. We found the gold and we found a good part of the officers who hid it. After we released them they hotfooted it to their reactionary friends in Munich. A few months later quite a number of them had big jobs in the Bavarian police, others were in the homes of forestry officials awaiting their appointments to higher posts in the forestry service.

If friends of the Nazis can get jobs in the new German police, is there any reason to surmise that Nazism is dead?

In the general tension and distrust that always cripple a defeated country in the first years after a war, the Nazis and their friends have succeeded in preventing constructive forces that exist in Germany from doing active work. Most of the newly formed state governments have failed to gain the support of the people, partly through their own inability, partly because troublemakers sabotage their work.

The mental poison of mutual distrust and hatred, that is part of the Nazi disease, has become so deeply ingrained in many Germans that they see treachery behind every man, sinister implications behind every statement, and double dealing behind every action.

Their doubts are the more understandable because nearly everyone in Germany hides behind a Christian, a democratic or a Marxist cloak—depending on the preferences of the local occupation forces. To add to the confusion, there are millions of Nazis who have spent the past two years cooking up alibis, destroying, stealing and forging documents, either to prove that they never were Nazis, or to cover up their loot. We and our fellow victors increase the muddle by protecting this or that Nazi who happens to enjoy our sympathy. We act somewhat like Goering, who said during the first anti-Semitic campaign, "I decide who is a Jew."

This confusion is especially compounded in the strongholds of reactionary chauvinism—notably Bavaria—by royalists and *Junkers*, ex-Nazis, black-market power-holders, industrialists, wily churchmen and Communists from northern Germany, all of whom are at work with the same fanaticism that marked them after the first World War.

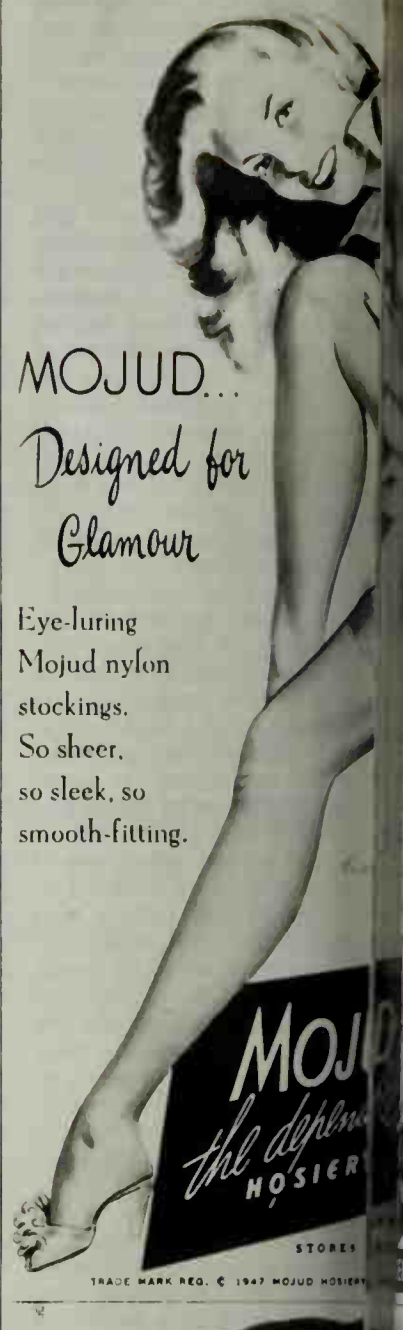
A Variety of Royal Families

The royalists are the most colorful group, whether they be of the Royal House of Braunschweig, that enjoys English protection, or the Hohenzollerns, who appeal to some hyphenated Americans, or the Dukes of Hessen, who entertain charmingly near American headquarters in Frankfurt, or the Wittelsbachs and Hapsburgs, who share the active support of the Catholic church in Bavaria and Austria.

Most Germans who have political judgment feel that the various royal houses have little chance of restoring their thrones. Yet they are alarmed by the impertinence with which royalists stage meetings that are supposedly banned by American authorities.

There is, for instance the Bavarian "Koenigs Partei." We prohibited it early in the days of our occupation because of its intrigues. We even arrested some of the men who tried to ignore our ban. Nevertheless, on June 20th one of them, a banker, whom we had released from prison, summoned his friends to a meeting in Munich. He boasted, "Before I left the jail I went to the American major on duty and told him, 'I shall remain true to the king, and we shall again have a king in Bavaria before I die.' The American asked whether ours would be a constitutional monarchy, like that of England. I said we would accept no such farce; ours would be a king who *knew* how to issue orders and be obeyed."

To understand why genuine democrats



Excuse m
for point

• But it's about the only way bring my real point home. I'v troubles, and I need attention.

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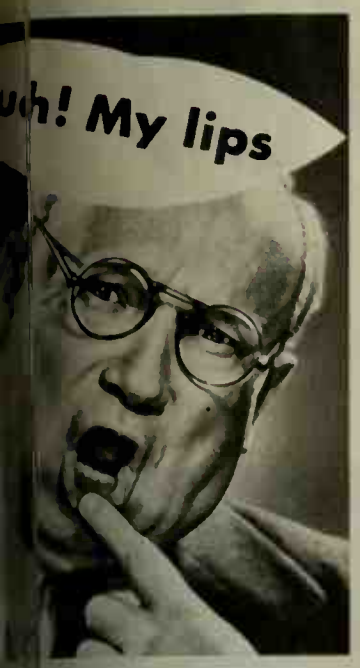

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in Germany are deeply alarmed, one must take a look at the hundreds of democrats, socialists, centrists, Bavarian People partymen and Bavarian Peasant Association officials, whose past stupidity, spinelessness or chauvinism enabled Hitler to undermine the Weimar Republic and to become master of Germany. Today they are in influential posts in Germany, though records show that most of them moved at top speed in 1933 to pass enabling acts that gave totalitarian power to Hitler. They are older than they were then, but most of them are no wiser.

The bickerings and jockeying for power of these old-time parliamentarian hagglers in the Bizonal Council in Frankfurt (which we created with the British to return Germany to work) were as petty and as shameless as their political bartering had been in the days of the Weimar Republic. Their performance has compromised the name of democracy in the eyes of the German masses.

It was in the morass of German reaction in Bavaria that Hitler and Nazism developed. Many an American who now holds power in Germany, and who has not the foggiest notion of the intricacies of German politics, continues to protect some of the most reactionary of these men.

Because some of our officials like the zeal with which Dr. Alois Hundhammer goes to church, we tolerate him as Minister of Education. The Minister of Education should direct the democratization of Bavarian youth. Hundhammer works overtime to prevent it. In his youth, Hundhammer was the aide to the Bavarian Peasant leader, Dr. Klaus Heim, a leading anti-republican. He worked with Heim at a time when Heim protected the political assassin, Tillessen, who murdered the republican leader Matthias Erzberger.

Hundhammer concocted an education program that is a farce as far as democratization is concerned. He sees to it that Munich and Erlangen universities remain hotbeds of reaction and that the few semiliberals and liberals who managed to get jobs as professors or officials in the early days after the Nazi defeat are stymied in all their efforts. Hundhammer's aides threatened Protestant teachers with removal from their posts if they failed to convert to Catholicism. After Americans saw some of these threatening letters, Hundhammer hurriedly rapped his assistants' fingers. But jobs in his ministry are still kept open for months for Nazis, pending their denazification trials.

Bavaria's Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Joseph Baumgaertner, has assured General Clay that he never said, "The worse things get in Bavarian agriculture, the better it will be, because the Americans will have to send us more help and they will give up trying to tell me how to run my ministry and whom to employ." This last refers to the fact that we would like to see a few more democrats in his outfit.

Despite Baumgaertner's assurances of loyalty, German democrats charge that in his ministry, American directives are twisted to make them seem ridiculous to the farmer; the American program for the settlement of refugees has been boycotted; Bavarian land reform has been butchered; Bavarian farms are suffering from a shortage of 78,000 farm hands at a time when the country is overcrowded with refugees who have nothing to do, and officials with Nazi leanings get the best jobs in the ministry.

The system is the same as it was in the days of the German republic: We issue directives, as did the Weimar Republic, and we leave the implementation of these directives to German officials. This would be okay if the orders of these officials were checked with the utmost care before they are sent out over American signatures, since the officials are masters in the art of emasculating directives.

Old Disease Infects Germans

Some of our officials like to say that we can do nothing about sabotaging German state ministers because: "The Germans must learn to govern themselves." This is sheer self-deception. The Germans still suffer from the Nazi disease, which induces the patient to feel it his duty to please the highest man in power. Hundhammer and his ilk circulate the news that they and their wives enjoy the friendship of the chief American representative, General Mueller, and his wife. The claim may not be true, but the old-timer who was too stupid to recognize the Hitler menace in 1933 is not going to risk voting against a man who shows all evidence of enjoying the special friendship of the big American boss.

Thus it is safe to forecast that, for quite a while to come, the reactionaries and their well-camouflaged friends will be able to make their weight felt in Bavaria at the expense of democrats. They find the climate less pleasing in American-controlled Hessen and other parts of Germany, but since they form a special clique of their own, they will fare relatively well as long as any of their friends remain in power.

All these sundry groups, the warmongers, the reactionaries, the camouflaged Nazis, have one common goal: They want to torpedo whatever sound modern government or economy we try to create. They figure that if our efforts to pacify Europe succeed, the Germans and other Europeans will learn to appreciate real democracy and they would lose their chance to regain control of Germany and possibly Europe.

(This is the first of two articles by Miss Schultz on the realities of the Allies' occupation of Germany. The second will appear next week.)

"Would you mind if I brought some people home to dinner, dear?"

COLLIER'S — HERB WILLIAMS

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Tough-film PENNZOIL* gives all engines an extra margin of safety

Where tomorrow

The above composite picture—painted from aerial photographs—shows Hudson plants where the motor car of tomorrow is being built now:

Upper right, building **(A)**, Gear, axle manufacturing, assembly; **(B)**, Service parts assembly, boxing, shipping, export shipping; **(C)**, Metal heat treating.

Lower right, building **(D)**, Monobilt body-and-frame, fenders and sheet metal manufacturing, finishing, painting; **(E)**, Medical center.

Center group, building **(F)**, Assembly and production line for rear axle, springs, shock absorbers, stabilizer bar, propeller shafts, gas tank, muffler, brake lines; **(G)**, Super-Six and Super-Eight engine manufacturing, assembly, testing; **(H** through **P)**, Machine shops, metal heat treating; **(J, L, N)**, Cushion, upholstery fabrication
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for front e
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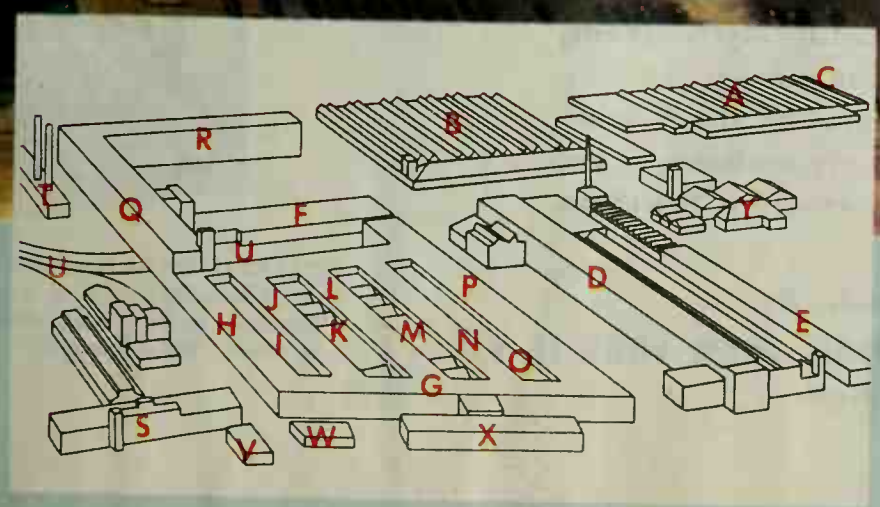
Lower left

motor car
's coming from!



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***Seventeen thousand** people at work now... in these huge plants ... building the most exciting motor car you've ever seen!*

The dreaming is over! The planning is over! Soon you can see and drive, and fall in love with, an entirely new kind of automobile, the car you've been told was years away!

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Here's a hint: The new Hudson is the first motor car to harmonize a low, sweeping exterior with a roomy, comfortable interior; it is the *lowest* car on the highway . . . five feet from ground to top . . . it's a car you step *down* into upon entering, not up on . . . yet its new all-steel Monobilt body-and-frame provides *more* head room than any other car made today, and it maintains road clearance!

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Hudson men *control production* from design to finished car with *on the spot* supervision of every important step in manufacture.

Sixteen million dollars have been invested in new production equipment and in the development of *entirely* new production techniques with which to build the new Hudson . . . a type of car no one else in the world is prepared to build today!

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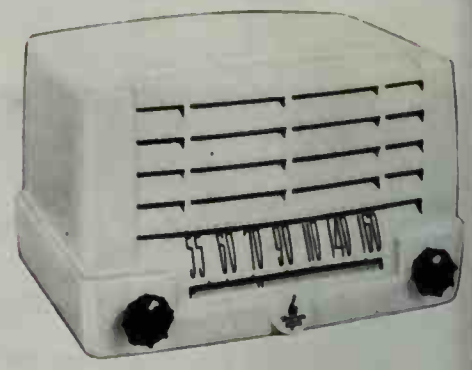

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ALLADS TO ORDER

DEAN JENNINGS

the help of an alias, a portable organ and large tities of peanuts, Sterling Sherwin has made exten- revisions in traditional notions regarding folk songs

E tense week early in the ar, when only lunkheads sked foolish questions and mother-in-law was a poten- nervous, eager young man mysteriously around the alifornia aircraft plants. seen in the local pubs with ut like a wind sock. He friendships with pilots, workers and air-line host- scribbled notes as planes test flights, and he whee- ft photographs from com- agents. Finally, when he mbling with a strange ap- is car at the Burbank field, lled for the gendarmes. ected gadget turned out to portable organ, and the young man was revealed Sherwin, the California ho can write a successful bout anything—and does. material gathered on that emerged as the first group songs ever written for the men of aviation. Indeed, impressed Captain Eddie er that he wrote a glowing r the collection and called re chest of the air frater- sidering that Sherwin had n a plane and can't tell an n a harpsichord, this is a

s a remarkable young man s there's folk music locked uls of longshoremen, car- mbers and others—even s—and all you have to do se. In the prying process, s probably written more any other man in the melodies, sung, recorded, whistled everywhere. ses sea chanties, but he's o sea. He's an authority ngs, but he's never been He wrote an album on , but he never knew any pt a few Hollywood song rwin is also probably the st prolific composer of boy songs—but he never

and, for example, pecks gs and knoweth not that nd is sinning with love he Barbary Coast era. In he is apt to be composing ralian folk songs, though en there, while in the eve- rs with the music of the also by remote control. lutton for punishment." ut then all song writers pecially if they rhyme ne. I don't. I eat peanuts very fond of peanuts. e rhymed with anything r kind of nuts."

nly talks like this when musical mood on his re- mountaintop, some fif- m San Francisco where, s of the San Francisco Chronicle once reported, "nobody lives but squirrels, and they don't need highways." One reason Sherwin is a mountain hermit is because he once lived on Broadway.

"It was quite noisy," he says. "I decided if I ever got home to the West again I would live on a mountain where it was not so noisy."

He made it, but the route was circuitous and rough.

Sherwin was not always Sherwin. He was born John M. Hagen, the son of Sanford and Clara Hagen of Omaha. His father was a real-estate man and amateur singer who brought his family to Santa Monica before the first World War. As a youngster, the lad's obvious talents were encouraged, and Hagen acquired a sound musical education through university and private teaching. He received his degree from Stanford in 1921. He went to New York for a Western music publisher, who soon suffered internal discordance and left him stranded. For the next eight years his life was a sonata in blue, and to keep himself in food he wrote theatrical articles, songs, blurbs for music publishers, and songs and publicity for band leaders. But no hit tunes.

Inspired by Green Pepper

At one time his sources of inspiration were reduced to cheese and tea for breakfast, and sliced green pepper and crackers toasted over an alcohol lamp for dinner, commodities that are now forever banished from his house. However, during one green-pepper jag, Hagen was galvanized by a magic melody that popped into his brain. He rushed for the piano, set it down note by note. He revised and polished it, gave it a shampoo and wave. Then he took it to a publisher for an audition.

"Yes," said the Simon Legree, "it's a wonderful tune."

"You really like it?" Hagen's knees were knocking like a metronome.

"Like it? Why, I was nuts about it when Irving Berlin wrote it five years ago. Now beat it, bum."

Stunned by this duplicity on the part of his subconscious, Hagen returned to California. Sitting glumly on the beach at Santa Monica, one day, he made up a new name for himself—Sterling, a sound as dependable as the Bank of England; and Sherwin, which to him somehow suggested adventure and a do-or-die spirit. But while Sterling Sherwin took over crescendo fortissimo, John M. Hagen lingers on.

As Hagen, dilettante poet and musician, he occasionally hangs around the San Francisco Press Club, for instance, and talks about Sherwin the composer. More than once, to friends unaware of his dual identity, he has spoken caustically of Sherwin's music. There are newspaper columnists who still don't know that their friend, modest John H. Hagen, is the same spectacular Sterling Sherwin they're plugging in tomorrow's column.

Quite often Sherwin feels remorse for Hagen's second-fiddling and injects the latter's name into his albums. Hagen sometimes appears as a lyricist, sometimes as composer, but is always overshadowed by Sherwin the dominant personality. When Sherwin gets fed up with his other self, and vice versa, the monotony is relieved by crediting songs, lyrics or both to other imaginary composers whose names are made up from the phone book. Sometimes Sherwin also works with collaborators. All of this, folk-song collectors are likely to find confusing, to say nothing of the ASCAP bookkeepers.

Under any name, however, Sherwin has a Gargantuan talent and his songs multiply like termites.

Mrs. Sherwin, whom he calls "Beppo," is available for musical midwifery at all hours. She says her husband has inexhaustible reserves of melody and tricky lyrics on tap and can turn out a song in a matter of minutes.

Actually, Sherwin once wrote words and music for a brisk little breakfast-food carol in 18 minutes and was paid $2,000 for his trouble. Sherwin subsequently established another record for the profession when two New York publishers accepted 40 of his songs in one day.

Admittedly these are freak performances, but they do not detract from Sherwin's contribution to the treasury of immortal folk music.

Folk songs, in a broad sense, represent the efforts of untraveled and untutored people to express themselves. They are songs, generally without age or known authorship, that are constantly being reborn. Experts hold that these songs are different from others in that they are not created to a musical plan by trained composers.

A few years ago, for example, he loaded his car with notebooks, road maps and a portable four-octave organ operated with foot pedals. He drove up into the mountains and spent weeks in the ghost towns of the fabulous Mother Lode, listening, jotting down snatches of melody. He went to the village dances and school festivals. He sat in the taverns and restaurants, and went into the homes of the people.

At night he locked himself in his hotel room and pumped the organ, capturing the basic threads of the music he had heard. Then he returned home and wrote a batch of original ditties which were subsequently published as Songs of the Gold Miners (Carl Fischer, N. Y.). Old-timers in the gold country depose that Sherwin's mining songs are indistinguishable in flavor and spirit from Camptown Races, Wait for the Wagon, Sweet Betsy from Pike, and other classics.

In effect, Sherwin starts out as a collector searching for old and sometimes familiar songs. But once having absorbed the fundamental themes, he puts them aside and composes his own folk music. He has an uncanny knack for projecting himself into the atmosphere of his subject and echoing it in songs that are new and yet old.

To cite a case in point, Sherwin knows little about the deep South and had only a humming acquaintance with spirituals, plantations and Negro laments. But when he and Robert Newell decided to compile their own book of spirituals, no less an authority than the late Irvin S. Cobb hailed their work with a glowing introduction.

Sherwin achieved the same sort of musical legerdemain with his volume of railroad songs.

He had never worked on or near a railroad, but he set up camp near the switch yards, the freight sheds, the roundhouses. He called on his old friend, Harry McClintock, a former railroader, and together they prowled the thundering labyrinth of railroad lore. The completed volume, Railroad Songs of Yesterday and Today (Shapiro-Bernstein, New York), was greeted with delight.

His journeys into these unexplored

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

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domains are actually mere side trips. For at heart Sherwin's a buckaroo, with a passionate devotion to cowboy ballads and he'll perforate yuh, podner, if yuh don't agree they are musical documentaries that will outlive all of today's jump, jive and jargon.

Several years ago when his friend Zo Elliott, composer of There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding, visited cattle ranches in New Mexico, he heard the cowboys singing songs that sounded strangely familiar. Pressed for the source of the ballads, one cowhand produced a dog-eared copy of a Sherwin album from the bunkhouse.

"They're plumb purty songs," he said. "The fellow that writes 'em is an old cowhand."

The old cowhand at that moment was riding his gas-fed brone up the old squirrel trail to his mountain hideout, with a couple of pints of canned moo for the evening meal and a new seat for his organ.

Nevertheless, Sherwin has filled many fat volumes with lilting cowboy ballads of such remarkable fidelity that they bring tears to the toughest hombres and make the buffalo roam clear out of sight.

British Go for His Cowboy Songs

One of these albums, published during the war by Britain's largest music house, quickly sold 100,000 copies in England and Australia before the paper supply ran out. Now London has commissioned him to compose a new book of illustrated original cowboy songs entitled Sherwin's Saddle Songs. Sherwin also broke a United States songbook publishing record when a volume, Singin' in the Saddle, sold 12,000 copies in its first three months on the music racks.

"Nowadays the cowboys don't write their own songs," he says. "Instead they listen to the radio and look to us for the new songs people expect them to sing. That being the case, we are obligated to give them songs that are as genuine as any they might compose themselves."

Evidently Sherwin has mastered the idiom, both in verse and music, for his best customers are those same lonely riders of the plains. In Hollywood his songs have furnished the musical background for more than one big-budget horse opera. Sherwin is also proud of the fact that the music department of his alma mater, Stanford University, bought copies of his cowboy volumes for study.

Occasionally, as a reminder that there's love in the subway, too, Sherwin turns out a popular number or a catchy novelty. His contributions to the moon-June school include Courtin' on a Cable Car, Fifty Years from Now, The Moon and You, Tulips Will Blo[w] Holland, Melancholy M[an] Live on Love, So Sweet, L[ove] Roundup, and It's Reliably Certain Quarters (That I'm [in] You).

At home, on the af[ter] mountain, Sherwin's unort[hodox] are a sore puzzle to the n[eighbors]. are no beds in the house, [and] from his New York inter[locutors] and his wife sleep outdo[ors]. becomes conscious about [dawn] if there are gnawing squirr[els] breakfasts on tea and pea[nuts] nuts. Then, trailed by h[is] Airedale, whose pen name [is] walks briskly round an[d] mountain, gnawing a cor[n] munching more peanuts, [and] 25 pounds at a time in S[an] Chinatown.

Sherwin spends his afte[r]ing, swinging an ax, workin[g] cal play, or writing new [songs] collection entitled Worse '[Uns].

He does most of his c[om]tween 6 P.M. and 2 A.M., b[y] feeding on pretzels, cocoa[nuts] pine nuts, cheese or anyt[hing] can be popped into his esc[ape] minimum of interruption.

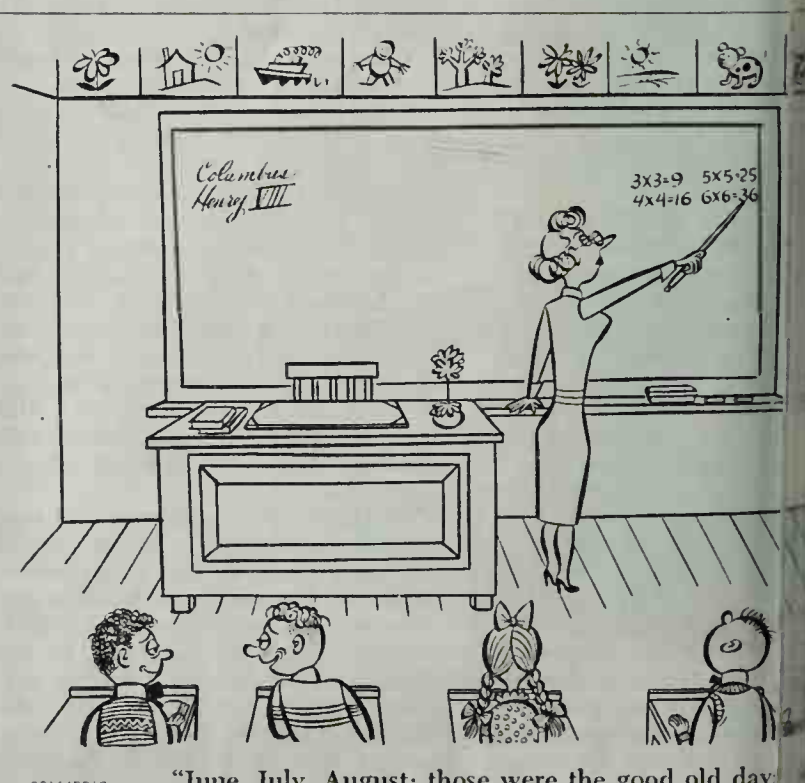
Right now, in betwee[n] Sherwin is sizzling with h[is] of the music of the future [and] the one-dimensional limit[ed] day's music and says the c[ure] is that which will appeal [to] —the nose and eye, as wi[th] He is one of those who p[ro]stance, that some mecha[nical] installed in theaters an[d] which would waft appro[pri]the audience. At the sam[e] ing colors would interpre[t] a screen.

"Imagine the scope of s[uch] says. "Someone could v[isu]piece such as Pink Polo[naise] Gardenia, or Chypre Vio[let] Purple Sage. There are li[ght] We would not want t[he] modernists, such as He[nry] George Antheil, or even S[chu] their hands on this new [in]fearful they would do [to] a Glue Worker, or Clau[de] Sardine Can."

Sherwin will also put [a] the swing craze at the [top]

"Some call it madn[ess]. "Maybe even something [good] out of it, either from the [rhyth]nal instrumentation. Ne[ver] leave its mark on musi[c]. even call it a scar."

THE END



COLLIER'S "June, July, August; those were the good old days"

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

...t is that the Daily News does not ...h Clarion-Ledger, neither does the ...edger own the Daily News.
...o papers are owned by the Mississ... ...lishers Corporation, a Delaware ...on. They are separately operated, ...usiness management and editorial ...d occupy separate plants.
...EDERICK SULLENS, Jackson, Miss.

...ES OF THE ZZYDD CORP.†

...ITOR: Having chronicled the ... Bob Nelson in Ghosts for Sale ..., perhaps Jule Mannix would ...ow about the House-Haunting ... my Aabcco Co., which provides ...rties for a happy séance, from ...loves for striking a Happy Mc... ...icrophones for Broadcasting on ... Ghost Hookup.
... Recorded Wails by a retired ...ord Wailing Captain; Enchanted ...ped from the Ecrie Canal; Mys... ...elodics written in Sheet Music ...ed in a Skelton Key.
...tock are several types of Ghosts, ...lappy Ghosts who are always in ...its: Polite Ghosts who Spooke ... Spooken too; Worried Ghosts ...hat Haunted Look. Incidentally, ...st opened a new branch office ...tc.
...BERT Q. LEWIS, Aastoria, L. I.

LOW PITCH

...OR: I read the story of Eddie ... other Jazz. Aug. 23d-Sept. 6th) ...t because I know Eddie and al... ...ant to know how much gin he ...me. Other than the statistics on ...take, the series seems to be of ...o those of us who love and re... ...can jazz.
...or example, the difference in ...een Brother Jazz and Dorothy ...ing Man With a Horn. Miss ... jazz a soul. Mr. Condon and ...ive it ulcers.
...LLADAY, Jackson Heights, L. I.

LONGIES

...TOR: Ruth Carson's Fashion ...rice (Sept. 27th) may have ... into some hearts, but in my ... reminded me of the new long ...at in turn reminded me of my ...e, when I'm hit by a barrage of ...spouse's new wardrobe.
... different if I liked the darned ...ey completely baffle me. The ...kirt looks, the longer the man ...wer the skirt, the higher the ...
...lower waist and hemlines, a ...s as though she's been pulled ...othole, and a hefty girl looks ...t to be.
... most noble of all joints, has ... behind yards and yards of ...o us men if next summer the ...e that bathing suits, too, ...e the new low hemline!
...I've felt there was something ...e long skirt. I've just taken ...t a group of models wearing ...ast I know what is missing— ...omstick!
...alf-eyed chum,
...RTHUR GODFREY, New York

STIFF NECK

...t All Comes Out in the Wash ...ntano (Sept. 13th): If he had ...tah he wouldn't have made ... "Today, the laundry does ...man's shirt or collar unless ...ucted."
...e as stiff as a 10″ × 10″ tim... ...e note not to use starch.
...MOND PFEIFER, Ogden, Utah

...N. Brentano whitewashing the ...n still annoyed, if only be... ...cause they do such a poor job on my Kleenex. I'd like to see someone design shorts with a new low hemline to allow for shrinkage. Instead of using starch in collars, I'd suggest pancake flour, so they can turn themselves. As for those disappearing buttons why not make them out of lead? If the atom bomb can't hurt lead, they ought to be reasonably safe in a laundry . . .
THOMAS REYNOLDS, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

O, MARRY ME!

DEAR WALTER DAVENPORT: I disagree emphatically with your editorial Looking for a Wife? (Oct. 4th). Don't you know that marrying ambitious and demanding women is exactly what creates the nice, big crop of widows in the U.S.?

Which shows the higher intelligence, the type of wife you advise men to marry or one who, with greater vision and wisdom, can show her husband the contentment and riches in the simple life—in the intangibles; can teach him that too much strain to achieve so-called success is solely a manifestation of asinine masculine pride; show him his health and comfort are paramount; permit their children a true father with time to pal with them, not just a provider? The type you suggest has been the chief contributing cause to the exceptionally high mortality of middle-aged businessmen.

Next question: What more does any man need than a wife who is NOT demanding, three square meals a day, a pipe and a copy of COLLIER'S?

E. G. ROBERTSON, Portland, Maine

NEVER LET THE LEFT KNOW WHAT—

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Mr. Porter writes that General Zervas' resistance movement has "the smell of Nazi collaboration." (Wanted: A Miracle in Greece, Sept. 20.)

Having since 1941 been a leading member of General Zervas' organization and an officer of EDES Greek National Guerrilla units, I would like to protest most strongly against this unjustified and libelous insinuation of Mr. Porter's.

If Mr. Porter has visited Epirus his car's wheels have certainly rolled over the bones of German and Italian soldiers killed by the forces General Zervas organized and commanded during his 935-day resistance. The highways are full of the signs of hard battles.

It is obvious that Mr. Porter never tried to find out to whose activity and strong determination Greece owes the fact that she did not follow the fate of Yugoslavia and today be ruled by another Tito.
MICHAEL MIRIDAKIS, Amaroussion, Athens

. . . The Regular Greek troops evidently have rifles with left-hand bolts which would sure slow down any of the guerrillas who may be able to capture one.

Can it be that the Greek troops are all left-handed? Then again it might be that the illustration is a reversed print, used to confuse the foreign powers.

HAROLD D. RING, Toronto, Ont.

The Greek army tends toward the right. We'll flip the picture and prove it.

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in planned patterns to go with what you wear!

Present proprietor, Roy Alciatore (right), is the grandson of the original Antoine. Like his predeeessors, he often helps prepare dishes personally

For over 50 years Dorothy Dix, first lady of New Orleans and popu to the lovelorn, has dined at Antoine's. She's had the same waiter

GOURMET'S PARADISE

BY MILTON LEHMAN

Connoisseurs of fine food consider Antoine's fa restaurant in New Orleans the nation's shrine t stomach, but it is no place to order a ham sand

Antoine's refuses to rush its cooks, waiters or diners. The waiting line may extend for a block in the Vieux Carré, but serviee remains unhurried

ONCE a week during the late war, Antoine's Restaurant of New Orleans reserved a linen-covered table for two G.I.s. Winners of a weekly contest sponsored by the New Orleans USO, the lucky soldiers would come to the dark, shuttered door in the dingy alley of the Old French Quarter.

In passing from the depths of the chow line to the heights of Antoine's, the pilgrims had reached the nation's shrine to the stomach. At the door they waited until Cassou, the black-mustached headwaiter, escorted them to their table and whispered the treasures of the house. Sometimes Roy Alciatore himself appeared at their table—Roy, the son of Jules, the grandson of Antoine—and toasted them in Napoleon brandy.

When the feast was over, Antoine's had turned out two more customers, to be forever unsatisfied with the cooking of mess sergeants, mothers and wives. Like others who went before them, from privates to Presidents, they vowed to return. This no longer surprises the management. After 107 years of hysterical praise, Antoine's knows that it's good.

Antoine's firmly believes that it's the best restaurant in the nation. Throughout the restaurant, from floor to ceiling, are posted the tributes of its guests. While cynics say that the Alciatore family has solicited these testimonials, it's still a fact that few restaurants in history have been praised so much.

There are words of pra men, accustomed to muc coe "Fatty" Arbuckle, the silent screen, scrawle in 1900 and Eugene Pa star of the talkies, did Primo Carnera, sitting propped up with bricks, c short-lived heavyweight ship at Antoine's gorgin two succulent roasted ch pot of Spaghetti Milana

Five Presidents ate the liam Howard Taft to F ano Roosevelt. Epicures have united at its tables

Antoine's occupies a a building, scarcely eighty years. Its menu same as it was twenty y with a few additions, no ent from what it was in the nineteenth century.

The staff has change the restaurant. Cassou headwaiter, has been the Bus boys at Antoine's n ten years' apprenticeship graduated to waiter.

Roy Louis Alciatore generation descendant chef who founded A than a century ago. Bo leans, reared in the rest tore seems no less ari the dignitaries he serves

For Americans accu Great American Diet eggs, sausage and whea boiled coffee and appl

ps Morrison of New Orleans helps Mrs. Morrison to the table. d with autographed pictures and testimonials of famous guests

Film starlets Martha Hyer and Virginia Owen. The food? It's Langouste Thermidor, with Salade Antoine and Pommes de Terre Soufflées. All top-secret

seems strange and exotic. into the dishes was once Roy's father, Jules. But to give their proportions hey were mixed.

Rockefeller *(Huîtres en Rockefeller)*, created by re, is probably Antoine's s dish. For this dish, the nt is select Louisiana oys- pen and lying docile on lls, the oysters are placed bed of crushed rock salt. al sauce, the essence of efeller, is made from the shallots (small green ery, chervil (a pungent rsley), crumbs of stale o sauce and the best but- l up in a mortar, forced ve, the sauce is parceled nful to each oyster. ed of rock salt, the oys- committed to a violently t in Antoine's oven, even s color and the sauce the strange green cast t life.

d most famous dish at *Pompano en Papillote*, pompano, the tenderest aper bag. The dish was les to honor a Brazilian calling how Antoine, his ce cooked filets of fish aper bag to seal in the shioned a paper bag to rigible. Then he set to sh.

oice pompano, he baked and butter, mixed with ine. For the sauce, he t butter and the finest in oyster water and the pompano. He added ms, small lake shrimp of chervil, chopping. nding. Then he slipped the pompano into the bag, poured in the sauce and baked it until the oiled paper turned a delicate golden brown. The result was *Pompano en Papillote*.

Pommes de Terre Soufflées, or blown-up potatoes, are also celebrated at Antoine's. The secret of *Pommes de Terre Soufflées* he learned from Collinet, chef of Citizen-King Louis Philippe, who discovered them purely by accident. King Louis had always liked French fried potates. One evening Louis was late for dinner and Collinet removed the potatoes, almost done, from the boiling pot of lard. When the king finally arrived, Collinet dumped his potatoes back in the lard and was astounded when they all puffed into crisp and hollow balloons. These he served to His Majesty, who was overwhelmed, and these Antoine presented to the people of America.

How Recipes Are Safeguarded

Roy Alciatore is always on the alert for spies and enemy agents who would make off with his cooks or steal his secrets. Although all recipes are passed on by word of mouth, never written, Roy is still cautious. Guests are not permitted to enter his kitchens.

Many a proposition has been turned down by Camille Averna, the portly, double-chinned chef at Antoine's. Maurice and Abraham, waiters, have each been offered a king's ransom to leave Antoine's for other employment. Both have remained loyal.

The most celebrated larceny in Roy's era at the restaurant happened several years ago, when a sinister-looking gentleman arrived at Antoine's alone, took a table in a remote corner and ordered Oysters Rockefeller. The waiter and Roy saw the guest take a small Cellophane envelope from his vest pocket, hurriedly scrape the algaelike Rockefeller sauce into it, stuff it back in his pocket and go on with his dinner. The mysterious guest appeared every night for a week and furtively put away more sauce. Once the waiter was about to seize him, but Alciatore wiggled his fingers. "Let him go," said the grandson of Antoine. "He is a fool."

Three months after the furtive stranger was gone, a new Oyster Rockefeller sauce appeared in the epicure shops of New York City. A friend of Roy's promptly sent him a sample. Roy ordered the counterfeit heated, had it brought to his table and tasted it. "Faugh!" he exclaimed. "Not even close."

Sometimes, in an expansive mood, Roy declares that there are three cities in America where you can get good food—New York, San Francisco and New Orleans. Some years ago, however, he was greatly irritated by a statement of Mr. J. George Frederick, president of the Gourmet Society, who said New York was best for food. At that point, Roy loudly dismissed both New York and San Francisco from his list. . . .

"Who," he scoffed, "ever went to New York to eat? Only this so-called Gourmet Society. And what did they eat? Aspic of sea food; essence of okra, Mexicaine; celery and olives; overbreast of guinea hen, Rector; New York coffee! Who," demanded Roy, raising his eyebrows, "calls that food?"

Antoine's Restaurant was founded in 1840 by young Antoine Alciatore, an *émigré* from France. As a small fry, Antoine served his apprenticeship under the great chefs of France. When he was twelve, he got his great chance in the kitchen of the Hotel de Noailles, in Marseilles. The statesman Talleyrand, who liked his beef rare, came to dine and Antoine prepared the beef. Talleyrand was delighted with the meat and asked Antoine what he called it. Studying the rare meat and remembering his father's account of Robespierre's execution, Antoine replied: *"Filet de Boeuf Robespierre, mon Prince!"*

Antoine was promptly apprenticed to Talleyrand's kitchen. Soon after, he emigrated to the United States and got a job in a New York hotel, but he was revolted by American hotel cooking. Hearing that New Orleans had a French colony where people ate well and knew good food, he left for Louisiana. Investing all his savings, Antoine opened his own restaurant in the French Quarter.

From the beginning, Antoine was successful. He married an upholsterer's daughter and had six sons, among them Jules, who succeeded to the headship of the restaurant after Antoine's death.

As maestro of the restaurant, Jules Alciatore took up where his father left off. He invented Oysters Rockefeller and *Pompano en Papillote* and *Café Brûlot Diabolique*, a black New Orleans coffee, burned with cognac and flavored with spices. He discovered new sauces for steak and turkey and squab, and he married Althea Roy, the much-serenaded daughter of a wealthy planter.

When Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress, played New Orleans in 1900, Jules each night brought her a small tureen of soup from Antoine's. Twenty years later, when Bernhardt, old and crippled, made her farewell return, Jules, then nearly seventy, again came to her dressing room with his tribute of broth.

Before Jules died in 1931, Roy Alciatore was already groomed to take

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

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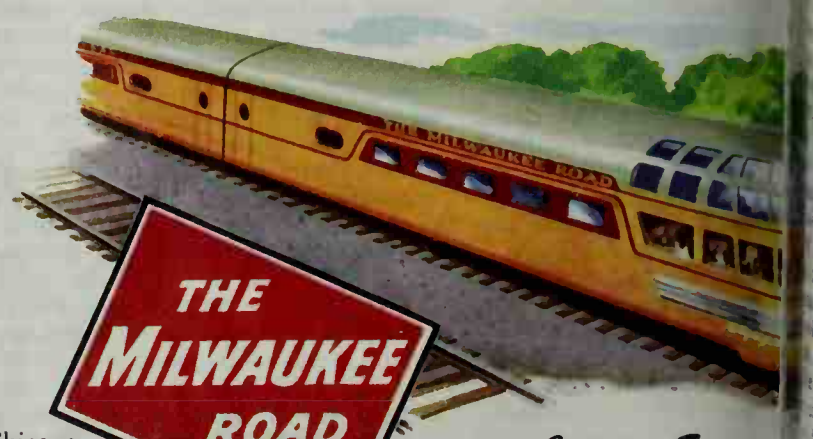

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"I know you were supposed to get eight cars but I had a lot of good offers along the way" CHARLES PEARSON

t, Antoine's grandson was cooking. He was going to operator, but there was a f $50 for radio equipment. work for it, Jules informed him a job washing dishes. ths of dishwashing, Roy d to the kitchen.

Antoine's, Roy has added its menu, although after xpedition to the kitchens did return with *Pigeon-*. A true Alciatore, how- asoned palate can detect ariation in any Antoine sits down suddenly, stops ring *Bisque d'Ecrevisses* or *Terrapine à la St. An-* and tastes it to be sure no om his recipes.

is greatest contribution Antoine's successfully r, which cut off the sup- m Burgundy, *pâté de foie* nce and olive oil from ere ration points to con- ouraged his guests to eat relieved the restaurant of nc, its second cook, who to a delighted general's is now back at Antoine's.

len the Best Cooks

s that men are much bet- women and that few o into the kitchen at all. t of them," he says, "it's they have to do it every n't really like food."

nd few housewives, he ipped to turn out dishes For one thing, his dishes inable time to prepare. *se Cardinale,* for exam- hours and *Tripe à la* must sit for nine hours n a hermetically sealed home, Roy says, also r utensils to produce a ng dish. For the proper t, you need a pot that of the meat; if you use ts, you must not use it

s who are still undis- als the following truths: uisine begins with good of it. Second only to , or small green onions. nsable.

ok can do without the sh a rich broth for con- he invaluable stock pot carcasses of turkeys, of beef, veal and pork, every imaginable kind. ok must be willing to pots to achieve a per-

(4) Each dish must be served as soon as it is created. Food prepared long in advance loses 50 per cent of its flavor.

Roy Alciatore winds up his culinary lesson with two warnings: First, you have to love good food to be a good cook, and, second, perfect cooking requires infinite patience. And for those who flee from the kitchen to the restaurant, the New Orleans epicure has laid down three don'ts for polite dining:

(1) Don't brand yourself a rank plebeian by seasoning your food before you taste it.

(2) Don't order a good meal and then expect to enjoy it with water as a beverage. A rich meal without wine is like an expensive automobile with hard rubber tires.

(3) Don't make a wry face if your waiter suggests snails or sting ray—the *Escargots Bourguignon* and the *Rai au Beurre Noir* are poems in food. In selecting food, one should be guided by taste, not by prejudice.

Once, after preparing a specially tantalizing banquet in honor of a visiting ambassador, the staff was shocked when the honored guest pushed his fork at his *Pompano en Papillote* and said nonchalantly, "If you don't mind, I'd rather have sliced ham and cheese."

And once in history, the proprietor of Antoine's was truly worried by the arrival of a guest. That was back in 1925, when Calvin Coolidge, son of a Vermont farmer, was scheduled to arrive in New Orleans on an official visit. Monsieur Jules telegraphed the White House to find out what kind of food the President liked.

"President Coolidge's special weakness is custard pie," the reply read. "Other dishes that appear on White House menu are hot cakes, sausage, bran muffins, steak."

Considering this, Jules grew almost apoplectic. "Hot cakes and sausage!" he fumed. "Custard pie! *C'est blague!*"

Nevertheless, President Coolidge ate at Antoine's, his frosty smile scarcely broadening as he dined on *Oysters Rockefeller, Bisque d'Ecrevisses, Pompano en Papillote, Perdreaux à la Broche* and half a dozen other masterpieces. It was the most crucial moment in the life of the restaurant. Finally the President finished and wiped his chin.

Jules was first to reach the President's table. Politely, he asked if Mr. Coolidge had enjoyed his dinner and would he like to sign a menu and take his place on the wall beside Taft, Harding and Theodore Roosevelt. Jules watched breathlessly as "Honest Cal" thought a moment, then wrote quickly on the menu.

"With appreciation. Calvin Coolidge."

For Antoine's, even today, that testimonial is still its highest praise.

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GOLD-PLATED CORN

Continued from page 25

of their pictures everywhere except to England—a branch-office gold mine—but other countries, notably France and Spain, now are snapping up all the old A. & C. films they can get. Last summer, The Time Of Their Lives was the only American picture making money in Madrid.

Off stage, Abbott and Costello are the reversals of the roles they portray. Costello, always cast as the patsy, is an aggressive, thirty-nine-year-old party who does most of the team's talking and table thumping. He can be pretty stubborn and sullen when he suspects he is getting a short count on finances or selection of material. Abbott literally has been in show business since he was born forty-nine years ago and seems to regard his current tax problems as a pleasant, practical joke that can't possibly last. He calls everyone "neighbor"—an easy substitute for remembering names—and sounds as though he means it.

Accidents Start Two Romances

They have only one thing in common: Both met their wives under rather violent circumstances. Abbott dived into the Potomac River 29 years ago to rescue a chorus girl who had fallen overboard during a party on a chartered boat. He was married that same night—to the saved girl's friend. Costello knocked his wife cold the first time she saw him. She was watching his burlesque act from the wings in 1934, waiting to go on with the chorus line, when she was felled by a heavy hall tree he toppled while making his exit.

The contrite Costello took her out for a sandwich after the show and married her four months later.

Beneath the clowning they stage in public for the benefit of the gaping peasants, there is an unmistakable undertone of antagonism. Both have large, elaborate homes that are standard equipment for Hollywood nobles, but Costello's is a little larger and more elaborate. His swimming pool is a foot longer and wider than Abbott's; he has a projection room and the largest private film library in the country; he has a fleet of five cars and he recently bought an 85-foot sub-chaser from the Navy and converted it into a luxurious yacht. Abbott is more careful with a dollar. His only extravagance is a weekly poker game in which he manages regularly to lose several hundred dollars to itinerant burlesque troupers playing Los Angeles.

Costello seems to be driven by a compulsion to top his colleague at every turn. When Abbott bought a bar and grill, Costello bought a night club that cost $500 more. They play gin rummy for five dollars a hand and Costello, always inventing new house rules, invariably wins. "If Abbott catches on, I change the game," he says blandly.

This rivalry has been mounting since they hooked up eleven years ago and is rooted in that ageless handmaiden of show business—professional jealousy. Each firmly believes he is the indispensable member of the team. The general public casts a landslide vote for Costello, the zany who cracks the jokes and gets the laughs, but veterans of the theater insist Abbott, the straight man who feeds the lines that build up to yuks, is the Number One boy.

The informed minority points out that the straight man always got top billing and two thirds of the salary in the old days of burlesque because he controlled the timing, the essential quality that makes any act click. Since A. & C.'s meal ticket is pure, unabashed burlesque material used by hundreds of other comedy combinations, the argument continues, it must be obvious that Abbott's consummate sense of pace put the team where it is today.

When the subject is broached to each individually, both shill for themselves without too much subtlety.

"I hit that dumb kisser and I get more laughs than by opening my mouth," Costello says smugly, implying contempt for the spoken gag.

"Every comic needs a straight man, a 'lecturer,' " Abbott says. "There are only seven original jokes in the world. It's the way you sell and deliver 'em that gets the laughs. One of the funniest men in the business could be that Shemp Howard, who was with the Three Stooges, but he's making lousy shorts. Why? No lecturer."

The truth lies, as always, somewhere between these extreme viewpoints. Neither was going anywhere until they joined talents. Abbott, a star when burlesque was family entertainment, was playing in the 1930s to yawning audiences that merely suffered comedians as interludes between strip-teasers. Costello

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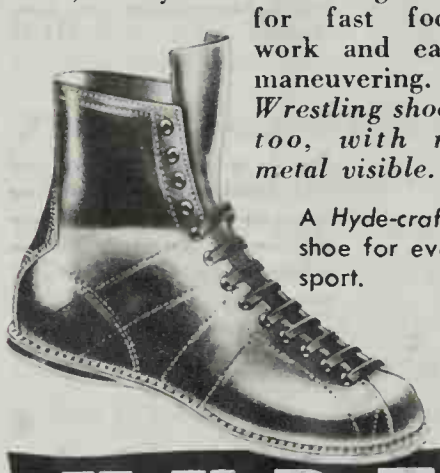

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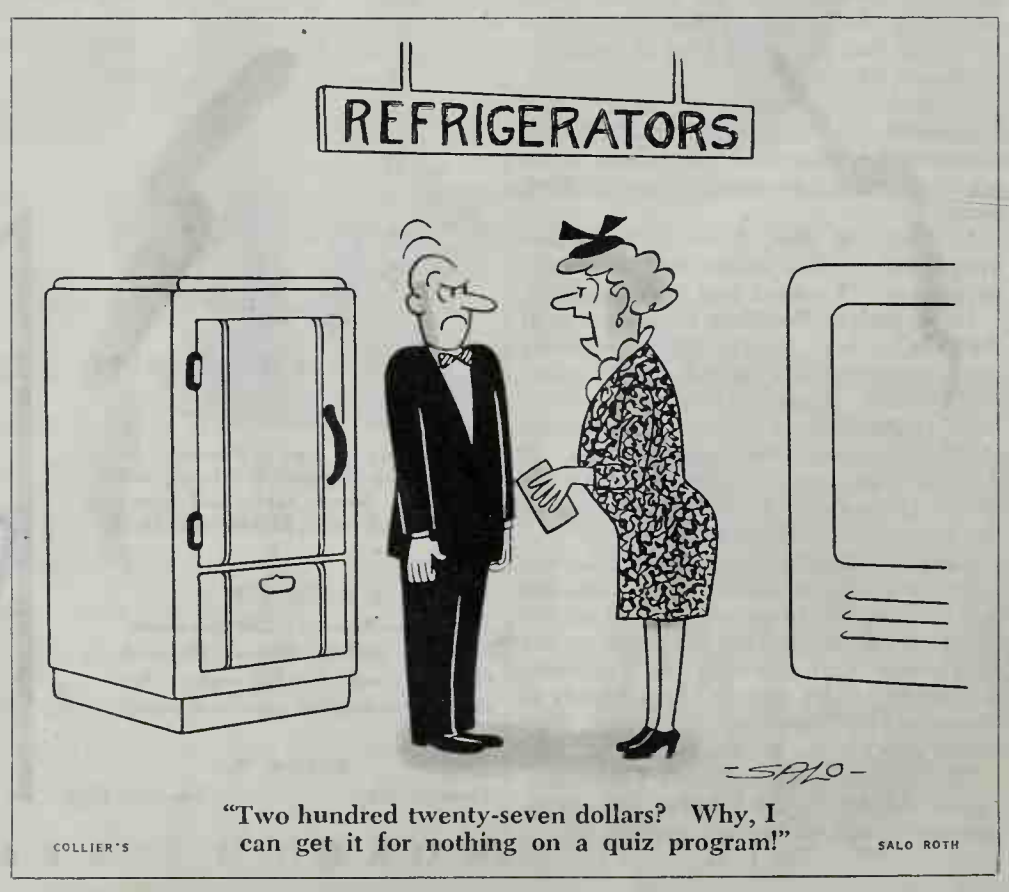

"Two hundred twenty-seven dollars? Why, I can get it for nothing on a quiz program!"

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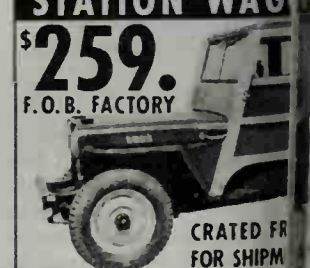

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nother unknown who wore and yelped, "Station house!" s hit with a rubber bladder. they should have known bet- nounced in the summer of ey were separating. The im- se of the rift was an argu- their agent, but the basic a mutual conviction that e works of the team. Hun- itions poured in from fans em to say it wasn't so, but ed nothing but harsh words three months. finally prevailed where logic There was a great reconcili- Abbott, sharing the cost of a center for underprivileged os Angeles, suggested that e named in memory of Cos- ld son, who drowned in the ning pool in 1943. The Lou , Youth Foundation was fay 3, 1947, in the Hollen- the worst slum area in the r months later more than om 21 national groups were 50,000 plant. Abbott and side all income from guest nd personal appearances to foundation, which costs a year. ime, there has been no fur- about breaking up the act, ring traces of the old an- main. They realize their s run together despite their grounds.

ODERNISTIC

er so chrome
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rank Morris Midkiff

earmarked for show busi- nt he drew breath in As- w Jersey. His mother was er with the Barnum and his father was an advance roupe, and an uncle, Al e most celebrated straight e. Between short hitches ing in the fourth grade— as a shill for carnival d was a candy butcher. to make an honest youth prenticing him to a sign wanted no part of it and n, landed in the Casino klyn as treasurer.

ntary Sea Voyage

ity he paid off such fu- . C. Fields, Bert Lahr, Clark and McCullough, Sophie Tucker. He also hnique with an eye to- a performer himself, but reer suffered a slight in- wandered into a water- voke up on the foul ship Shanghaied. Upon re- Norway three months d $1,500 from Martin E. uncle who was a burley- and organized his own

k of situation gags Ab- accumulated during the nt at the National The- where he produced a week and worked with e business. His reputa- t man was such that d him an unprecedented starred him for five con- the Republic Theatre , but the handclapping clearly was for statu-

esque young ladies with a predilection for taking off their clothes in public.

Costello (nee Cristello) spent his formative years in Paterson, New Jersey, trying to decide whether he would be a fighter, a professional basketball player or a bum. He was a fair hand at all three endeavors, but an early childhood experience reared its inevitable head. He had won first prize for his Charlie Chaplin masquerade at a Halloween party and he felt a sudden affinity for the theater when he was nineteen. Borrowing a modest stake from his father, an insurance salesman, Costello and a friend, Gene Coogan, traveled to California by thumb and freight car.

Hollywood Wanted None of Them

Their arrival in Hollywood aroused only pangs of hunger. The kids slept in parked cars and ate when they worked, which was infrequently. Costello got spasmodic employment as a laborer and stunt man at the M-G-M studios, but 18 months of missed meals turned him homeward. At Topeka, Kansas, he went to the local burlesque looking for a handout and was told that a house in St. Joseph, Missouri, needed a Dutch comic. Although he never had been on the stage, he got the job at $16 a week. By slow degrees he worked his way to New York and his salary up to $40, some weeks.

One shudders to think what might have happened to American culture if Abbott had not caught Costello doing "Who's on First?"—their most famous skit—with Jimmy Francis, an old-timer, at the Eltinge Theatre in New York one night in 1936. Abbott saw interesting possibilities in the kid and teamed up with him in Life Begins at Minsky's, a road show that went on tour for a year. Once they perfected their style, things began to pop all over the place. They were hired for one guest appearance on Kate Smith's radio program and remained two and a half years. They went into The Streets of Paris, a Broadway revue, and stopped the show every night.

What appeared to be their big break presently looked like a blind alley. Universal Pictures signed them in 1940 for a bit in One Night in the Tropics, which was a great mistake for all concerned, especially audiences, largely because Abbott and Costello's best scenes wound up on the floor of the cutting room.

On the way to the airport for the trip home, Costello dropped into the studio to say goodby to Manny Fox, a vice-president at Universal. Fox asked what his plans were and Costello, just for the hell of it, said he and Abbott were considering an offer from Warners. They had been given an offer like you've been invited to high tea with the queen mother, but Fox fell for the bait.

Professing nothing but friendship, of course, Fox casually inquired what sort of picture Warners had lined up for them. Talking off the top of his head, Costello outlined the plot of Buck Privates and, for good measure, threw in a rough draft of Hold That Ghost. Fox called an emergency meeting of studio executives, had Costello repeat the performance and signed him on the spot.

From there they began to roll and their momentum has not slackened yet. They have tapped less than a tenth of the 2,000 gags stored in the filing cabinets they use for heads. An incident as nebulous as a passing cloud is the only inspiration they need to make a fast fortune.

Costello was driving away from the "story" conference on The Noose Hangs High when he saw a dog chasing an alley cat down the street. He swung to the curb and began to wave his arms.

"Hey, how about making a jungle picture called Bring 'Em Back Dead, with Frank Buck? Have we got animal jokes! Did you ever hear the one about the monkey and the giraffe. . . ."

THE END

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ART INSTRUCTION INC

Dept. 11437, 500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

KINSEY'S NOVEMBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 Lisb-b-bo great earth
2 So. Dak. and No. Dak. become states, 1889. H'lo!	3 First Auto Show, 1900. They still for sale, Bud?	4 Election Day! (Vote for Kinsey, Bud.)	5	6 How'd your candidates make out?	7 Repub's adopt elephant as party symbol, 1874.	8 Adopt Ki favorit
9 Old Hickory's militia fights off Indians, 1813.	10 Stanley finds Livingstone 1871 . . . he presumes.	11 Unknown Soldier buried at Arlington, 1921.	12	13 1st college football game, 1869. Ya-ay, team!	14 Horse-cars begin running in N.Y.C., 1832. Gee-e-e!	15 1st 'chute autog
16 Don't ask for whiskey . . . ask for Kinsey Whiskey.	17 Congress moves into Capitol in Capital, 1800.	18 Standard t 1883. Abou	19	20 bike pat'd., me crank?	21 Cigar lighter perfected, 1871.	22 Kinse perfec
23 30 Could I go for a Kinsey M'hattan? Watch my smoke	24 Barbed Wire pat'd., 1874. Get the point, Bud?	25 So. Pole residents await U. S. Expedition, 1929.	26 Booth opens in Hamlet, 1864 . . . runs for 100 days!	27 Thanksgiving Day. Let's be thankful!	28 First auto race, 1895. Who-o-o-o-sh . . . 7½ m.p.h!	29 "Barber Italian ope

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GARDNER REA

HE HOME-COMING OF HENRY

Continued from page 17

oked at her curiously. "I u'd take it like this," she o idea—" She paused, but ment. Margaret was one nes. "So you did really , after all."

to weep in earnest now, row, half out of a sudden ret. "Who ever heard of t?—the day of his funeral . . . You don't have to if you think—if you had —"

se," Margaret broke in 're getting yourself all I liked Henry—no one im. Come along now." her eyes and bathed them itch hazel. *Women my ght to cry like that,* she *hideous. Whatever got*

there will be a large said to Margaret in the car. here will be, Ag. You iends."

ys had that capacity for Everybody would come , of course, and in addi- be all the new people in these past three years

community, Fairmount. having to move to the doctor said it would be ut it had all turned out of the best people lived found a perfect house, imposing, just before ame impossible to find is prices.

een funny about the ed the idea of living in he thought he would be had found something adn't told him where just driven up to Fair- ed at the entrance to "Surprise! Here's our

ing at all. He got out od looking up the drive house. There was an it with a beautiful, heavy wrought-iron gate, and after a little while he went and pushed open the gate and then shut it again.

"When I was a kid," he said, "we used to have a white wooden gate that I'd swing on. If I think of myself back then, it's always swinging on that gate—first my father holding me, and later with books over my shoulder, and all the way up to when I was almost grown." He turned and smiled at her a little. "I always think of a white gate as home."

She hadn't known what to make of this at all. He rarely said so much at one time, yet not a word of it had been about the house.

"Don't you like the house?" she asked him.

"Why sure, Agnes. It's a nice house." But he wasn't looking at it; he was pushing at the iron gate again. "I don't suppose, now," he said, "that we could change this to a white wood gate."

Once or twice, when they were first married, he had offered suggestions about the decorations or the furnishings. Each time she had pretended to consider his ideas seriously, and then explained very reasonably and carefully why she thought something else would be better. She had always avoided hurting his feelings, never said anything about bad taste; and she thought he had learned from her. At any rate is was years since he had made one of his impossible suggestions.

"I don't think a white gate would go with a house like this, do you, Henry?" she said gently. "That's more for a farm, or perhaps a little colonial cottage. It would look out of place here, and rather conspicuous, don't you think? All the houses have iron gates here." She went to stand beside him and traced the graceful iron curves with her fingers. "This is a very beautiful one, isn't it? Important looking."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, of course."

He never mentioned this notion again, but once she came upon him standing on the iron gate, evidently trying to swing on it. He looked absurd, a little middle-aged man with thinning hair, pushing vainly away with one foot on the ground, his face red from the effort. When he saw her he got redder still.

"Too heavy," he said, and gave her a sheepish smile and got down.

For some reason, she thought of this now as she rode with Margaret to the church. She could not imagine why such a thing should occur to her at a time like this—one of Henry's silliest notions, one of his most ludicrous moments, when she wanted to remember him with pride and dignity.

"Fairmount is a lovely place to be buried," Margaret was saying, evidently trying to make up for her previous tactlessness. "It's so peaceful, so serene—"

BUT Henry had never seemed at home in Fairmount, in the house that everyone thought so charming. For that matter, he had never seemed at home anywhere. He had always behaved like a guest who was a little out of his element, not quite sure what to talk about or which fork to use . . . *I wonder if he feels at home now,* Agnes thought, and then was amazed that such an idea should have come into her head. She had never believed in that sort of thing. She was a practical woman, a realist. . . .

Margaret was still talking, though Agnes had missed part of what she was saying. Something about Agnes' having nothing with which to reproach herself.

"That must be a great comfort to you anyway, Agnes. You did everything to make him happy—gave him so much, such fine associations, such a gracious life. Just being married to anyone like you must have been a wonderful experience for him."

Agnes adjusted her black veil and patted her hair a little. "Well—" she said. "I was happy too, you know. Henry was a good man."

Was, she thought. Henry *was.* All at once she felt miserable again. How could Margaret understand what it was like to have a man around for twenty-three years, and then to be suddenly alone? Margaret thought that because it was only Henry. . . .

But in the little anteroom, before the service began, she was somewhat consoled by all the friends who came in to speak to her. Everyone was there, everyone from the city, everyone from Fairmount. Most of them did not know Henry very well; they had come because of her. People had always been drawn to her, always gathered around her wherever she was. It made a very nice showing for Henry, as though he had been quite a personage.

"Agnes," Margaret said in her ear,

"I wish I could remember what I was worrying about the time I lost six pounds in one week!"

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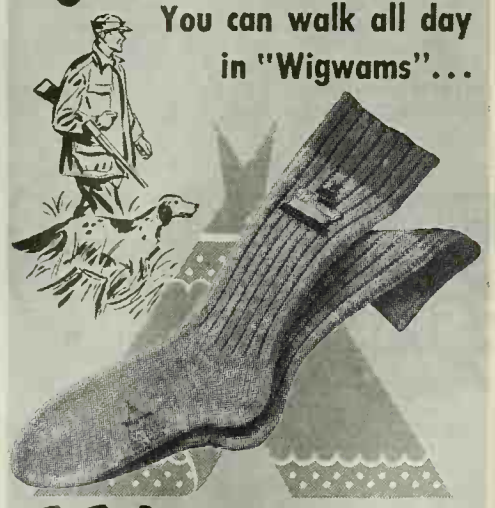

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"there's a crowd of strangers inside—people I've never seen before. Curiosity-seekers, I suppose. Shall I see someone about getting them out?"

Agnes said she should, but in a few minutes Margaret was back again, looking bewildered—an expression that sat oddly on Margaret's firm, somewhat horsy features.

"They say they're—friends of Henry's," she whispered.

"Well? Is it strange that Henry should have had friends of his own?"

BUT Agnes herself thought it was strange. Henry had no one she knew of, no family or anyone. He had always spent all his evenings at home and, since he had been ill and they had moved to Fairmount, all his days too. He had never asked anyone to the house, never gone anywhere without her. Whatever friends he had were friends of her choosing, her friends. Who could these people be?

"Ask some of them to come in here," she said to Margaret.

"Who?"

"Henry's friends, of course. I want to greet them."

In a few minutes three people came into the anteroom, two men and a girl. The girl was young, rather pretty in a pallid way, and she had been crying. One of the men was youngish, smooth and natty, the other was gray-haired, well-dressed, with an authoritative air. It was this man who talked first.

"Mrs. Murray? I'm James Sprague." He murmured condolences, and Agnes thought: Sprague—Sprague—I know that name from somewhere. "Such a great pity," he was saying. "There are few enough human beings like Henry Murray. We've never been able to replace him at the store—we kept hoping he'd come back sometime—"

The store. That was it, of course. James T. Sprague and Sons. Agnes had not thought of the name in years—there had been no occasion to think of it. Henry had always spoken of it simply as "the store," and no one else had spoken of it at all, except in the vaguest terms.

The other two took her hands now, and the pallid, pretty girl said, "Oh, Mrs. Murray, he was like a father to me. It's so—it must be so dreadful for you, but at least—you had the privilege—you must have so many wonderful memories, Mrs. Murray—"

"Grace," the younger man said gently, "Grace, don't talk so much." He bent toward Agnes and said in a low voice, "She's been almost hysterical with grief. She's Grace Sciotti, you know—you remember, of course, what he did for her; she's always idolized him. He was a great guy, Mrs. Murray, a really great guy."

Mr. Sprague heard this last and pressed forward again, nodding his head. "That's right," he said. "He really was. A fine organizer, too—splendid. His department was a model for the rest of the store."

A fine organizer, Agnes thought. Grace Sciotti. A great guy. She had never heard of Grace Sciotti; she did not know what Henry had done for her; she did not know what any of them were talking about.

"Who—who are the others out there?" she asked.

"All Henry's friends," Mr. Sprague said. "Employees of the store. I never knew a man to make friends the way he did. We had to close up today, because everybody was coming to the funeral."

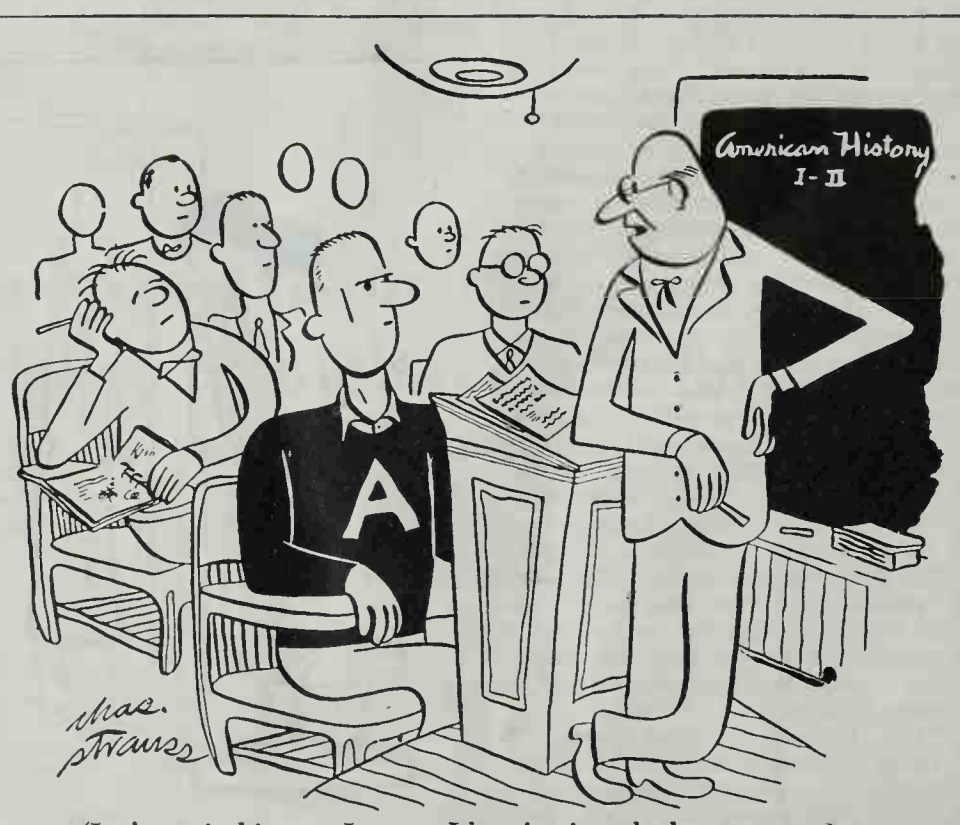
Afterward, standing at the front of the church, Agnes tried to keep her mind on the minister's eulogy, but she found it very difficult. The minister had scarcely known Henry at all, and what he was saying could have been about anybody—any nice, ordinary man. She kept thinking instead of the things those friends of Henry's had said to her. . . .

And then she began to cry again, but very quietly, almost inside herself, and she was not crying for the loss of Henry now, because she knew she had just found him. She was crying because it was too late, and there was no way to let him know, no way to make it up to him.

SHE was a very practical woman, a realist. She explained to herself that the white wooden gate really did look very nice there in the center of the iron fence. It was a cheerful, relieving note. What other reason could she have had for putting it up? Surely not for Henry, who was beyond all knowing.

She stood in the darkness and watched it swaying gently back and forth, back and forth, as though someone were swinging on it, and she understood that of course it was only the wind that did it. She knew it could not be Henry. She was too sensible for that. She knew it could not be Henry coming home.

THE END



'Let's put it this way, Larsen. It's going into the last quarter; Lee has run up a good score but is low on reserves; Lincoln pulls out Sheridan and substitutes Grant who runs in some tough interference to score a few goals. Does that make it any clearer for you?"

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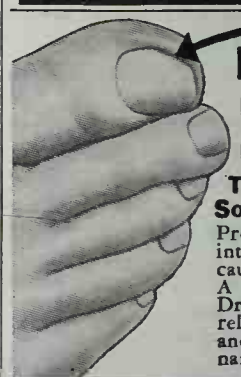

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"All set, Sam" VIRGIL PARTCH

FOOTBALL IS PASSING

Continued from page 19

Marshall Goldberg was for us, and we figure ut as fine a safety man as league.

oped down on Biggie. a pro safety plays only 12 Benton stopped short, s as if he were receivable, ed them to his sides, act- decoy.

cagey and figured both fakes. He steamed in to ss he "knew" was to come. Benton had been waiting e straight down the field ne.

d to Biggie as they criss- opposite directions, but us, Waterfield overthrew d zone.

s a Great Receiver?

l receiver must have a ands. And, of course, titute for height. It's a ou throw to a pro end, it—barring mayhem. centrate and not allow rown off by the presence tacklers or even mere

ame at Detroit, Dewell about the five-yard line, agging along with him. l conditions, that's a ow the ball away. Any vels 40 yards with men eceiver, there's a good eption and small chance But with a fair lead (a ootball is considered 29 an interception down n't hurt much and if we ve should score. short. Both defensive gents stood with their arms open, waiting for the ball to come down. So Dewell, with his 6 foot 5 inch height, reached over their shoulders from behind, tapped the ball up in the air with his right hand, and caught it with his left hand for a touchdown.

A disgruntled tackle who nailed me to the ground looked up, saw the deal and yipped, "Cripes, I've seen everything."

Dewell is my roommate on the road and we try to work out a lot of our passing problems off the field. For instance, when we played the Rams, we thought they would cover Billy with two men, so we doped out a fooler for them.

The first time they escorted him deep down the field, one on the outside and one on the inside, Billy just stopped and hooked back up the middle. The two defenders were so surprised at this maneuver at such a distance that he eluded them both for a touchdown.

While most of these intricacies of receiving are best illustrated in professional football, one of the best stories is told about the Texas Christian eleven which annually comes up with one of the trickiest pass patterns built around fancy individual faking.

This particular TCU eleven was entangled with Carnegie Tech in the Sugar Bowl. Up in the stands the screaming patrons were extolling little Dave O'Brien, who was completing one pass after another. However, down on the field the Skibos were growing more frantic by the minute at the chicanery of the receivers.

Finally, one Carnegie halfback eventually caught up with a TCU receiver 20 yards too late, and blurted, "I can always find O'Brien, but I wish to hell you'c make up your mind which way *you're* going!"

THE END

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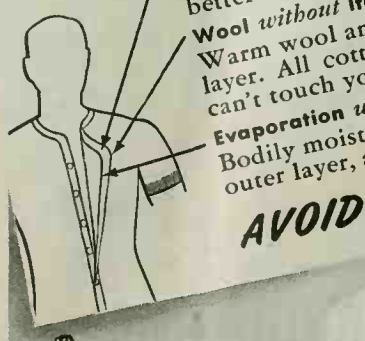

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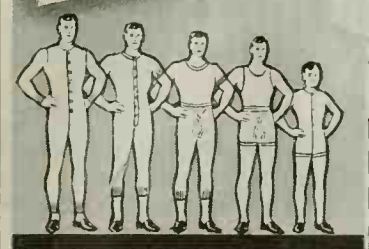

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OKIES—NEW STYLE

THE Okies—poverty-stricken refugees from Oklahoma and Arkansas dust bowls—were a tragic phenomenon of the 1930s. As Howard Whitman recently reported in his grisly pair of Collier's articles, Heartless Harvest, we now have a new crop of people comparable to the original Okies.

These are the migrant laborers who follow the crops and help harvest them, and who live, by and large, under appalling conditions of filth, overcrowding, poverty and exploitation.

As Whitman said, the number of the present-day Okies is estimated at anywhere from 600,000 to 4,000,000, with the correct figure most likely in the vicinity of 2,500,000. That is enough people in any event to make a first-class boil on the body politic.

They are not all robbed and oppressed. Some farmers are smart enough to understand that you get good work out of decently treated workers. But far too many of these wandering laborers—mostly Negroes, "Texicans" and southern California whites churned out of jobs by West Coast war-plant shutdowns—are victims of greed and their own ignorance of their American rights. Something, as the saying goes, ought to be done about it.

Something can be done about it. That something would consist in bringing these people, along with all other hired farm help, under the protection of the Fair Labor Standards and Social Security acts.

They do not enjoy such protection now, the chief reason being that Congress when it enacted these laws feared the farm vote. By the same token, Congress "exempted" domestic servants from the Social Security Act because it feared the housewife vote.

The farmers by this time must have realized that Social Security is not wrecking the nation. Most housewives, we should think, are aware by now that one cause of the much bemoaned shortage of cooks and bottle washers in the home is this "exemption" of such workers from SSA unemployment and old-age pension benefits.

These extensions of Social Security and Fair Labor Standards safeguards are long overdue. Why wait for them any longer than until the next session of Congress?

UJA—$170,000,000

UJA stands for United Jewish Appeal, and $170,000,000 is the sum this organization hopes to raise in its current campaign for funds for relief, rehabilitation and resettlement of some 1,500,000 Jewish war victims still in Europe. We recommend contributions unreservedly—either to your local UJA office, or to United Jewish Appeal, 342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

COLLIER'

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WALTER DAVENPORT E

JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing E

OPERATION 88,

OPERATION 88,888 is the name War Department to its current d at least 88,888 men in the National G September 16th and November 16th.

We earnestly recommend Guard the consideration of every able-bod male, age 17-35 inclusive, and of wa to age 55.

The patriotic character of National is obvious. Its material advantages association with some of the best men munity; Regular Army pay for all a training in assorted technical skills.

Further, we are living in a jittery wo tional Guard is an essential comp national defense establishment—and ally, which has rolled up superb reco wars.

If you think you can qualify, how a around to the National Guard headqu cussing enlistment at your earliest co

U.S. AID O
U.S. TERM

FOR better or for worse, it lo Marshall Plan for heavy U.S. Europe's economic revival will be a form by Congress.

If so, there is one proposition on Americans ought to agree at the o agreed to the end, namely, that this be extended on American terms.

You would think that called for n banker grants loans on his terms, n rower's. Yet it is being solemnly pr quarters that we shouldn't call the tunes.

One argument is that most of o clients are going Socialist if not C that we mustn't interfere with the In plain English, that means we shou nations' development of economic to the American system which is money and the goods.

Another plea is that it would be us to ask these countries to help th best of their ability—to ask Britis for example, to produce more coal, a workers to drop those Communist for a while, and so on.

All this is nonsense; and it adds demand that the United States est wide WPA and maintain it indefinit

If we fall for these arguments, we primary purpose of the Marshall Pl selves more envy, hatred and mali enjoy.

Let's keep our own self-respect a national shirt, and earn some re Marshall Plan beneficiaries, by sayi finish, "Boys, you can take it on o can leave it. Which is it going to b

Collier's

NOVEMBER 15, 1947 TEN CENTS

A MEMORABLE
SHORT STORY
by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

•

GERMANY, RUSSIA
AND THE U. S. A.
by SIGRID SCHULTZ

•

MAIN LINE FOOTBALL
by STANLEY FRANK

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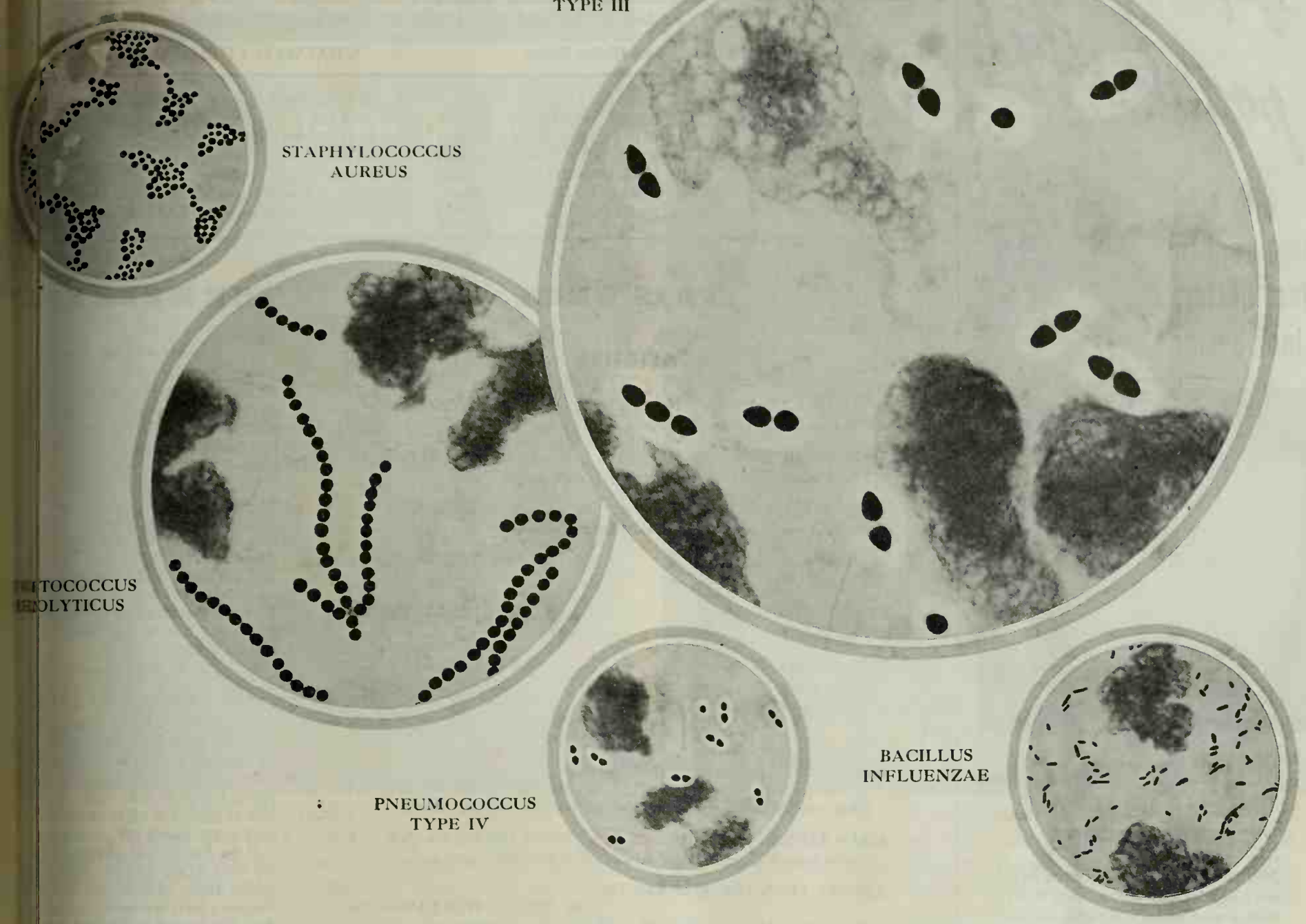

MEET YOUR TENANTS

—ALL UNDESIRABLE

They are members of that evil and persistent family of germs called the "Secondary Invaders." When present in the mouth—and they often are—they can be responsible for much of the misery of a cold.

AL MEN tell us that while some kind of irus may frequently start a cold, the "Secondary Invaders" are among the so often complicate it, and are respon- any of its most distressing symptoms.

tly these threatening little fellows can essly enough in your mouth and throat eek out. Then some day, when you're , over-tired, or with body resistance y drafts, wet or cold feet or sudden temperature, they can stage a "mass f the tissues. You're headed for trouble!

ommon sense tells you that if you against such a "mass invasion" you tter chance of heading off the trouble stirs up.

Germs Killed on Throat Surfaces

If you have been with people suffering from colds, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. Used frequently during the 12-to-36-hour period of "incubation", when a cold may be developing, this precaution may help head off the infection entirely or lessen its severity.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and quickly kills millions of bacteria. Actual tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds.

Tests made over a period of twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this germ-killing action is a wise precaution which warrants your serious consideration. But don't forget—gargle early!

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At the first sign of a cold or sore throat

Gargle Listerine Antiseptic

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- Exclusive, *patented tubular* nylon elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll!

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COLLIER'S

November 15, 1947

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But to millionaire Ronnie Reeves it was a way of life.

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Judy's dreams were as nothing to her schemes.

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For gaming fans who think a sucker sometimes gets an even break.

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And they're on public exhibition at his hotel in Claremore, Okla.

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THE WEEK'S M

FIGHTING MAD!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Mrs. Dor
Donald (The Week's Mail, Sept.
gests that we fight the Russians
the Balkans. Her blood boils,
mates. "What have we got to l
asks. My blood boils, too, but
Russians, aggravating as they a
along with. It boils at her, and
cent of the public who "would
than think." "What have we got
The guys who had to do the figh
be able to tell her, if they are
Fathers, mothers and wives, m
a word. Yours for more co
padded cells!

DELIA F. HANSBERGER, Yu

MAN RUNNING (AT THE M

DEAR EDITOR: Mary's meal in i
four of Man Running (Sept.
makes your mouth water. But h
First, you can't kill and eat your
in this happy island. You may h
lion of them but all the meat yo
is 20 cents' worth per person per
If the family laid off meat for
the week Mary might just get a
a-leg. But—melt in the mouth
wouldn't melt in sulphuric acid.
does she get all this butter fro
just 7 ounces of all fats a week.
Viennese bread—we don't get
and the word "eggshell" has fa
use this side. A. W. W
North Harrow

*Author Jepson lives and works
and we assume he was using f
curacy in his excellent serial.*

BUTCH

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Is But
Can manage for moderate bail.
LILLIAN P. COLBURN, White Pl

. . . Where, oh, where is Butch
much rather be robbed by But
robbed of him.
KATHERINE P. HARTWELL, Scars

*Butch took a flying trip to Fran
creator, Larry Reynolds, and is
with his taking ways on p. 30. H
time thumbing his nez at the
lifting ze porte-monnaie, and
of ze cleenk. Butch, you k
lands in jail!*

TEAM, TEAM, TEAM—PL

DEAR EDITOR: Pug Lund, "Nor
star back" (as you erroneousl
Sporting Odds (Oct. 11th) had

(Continued on page 1

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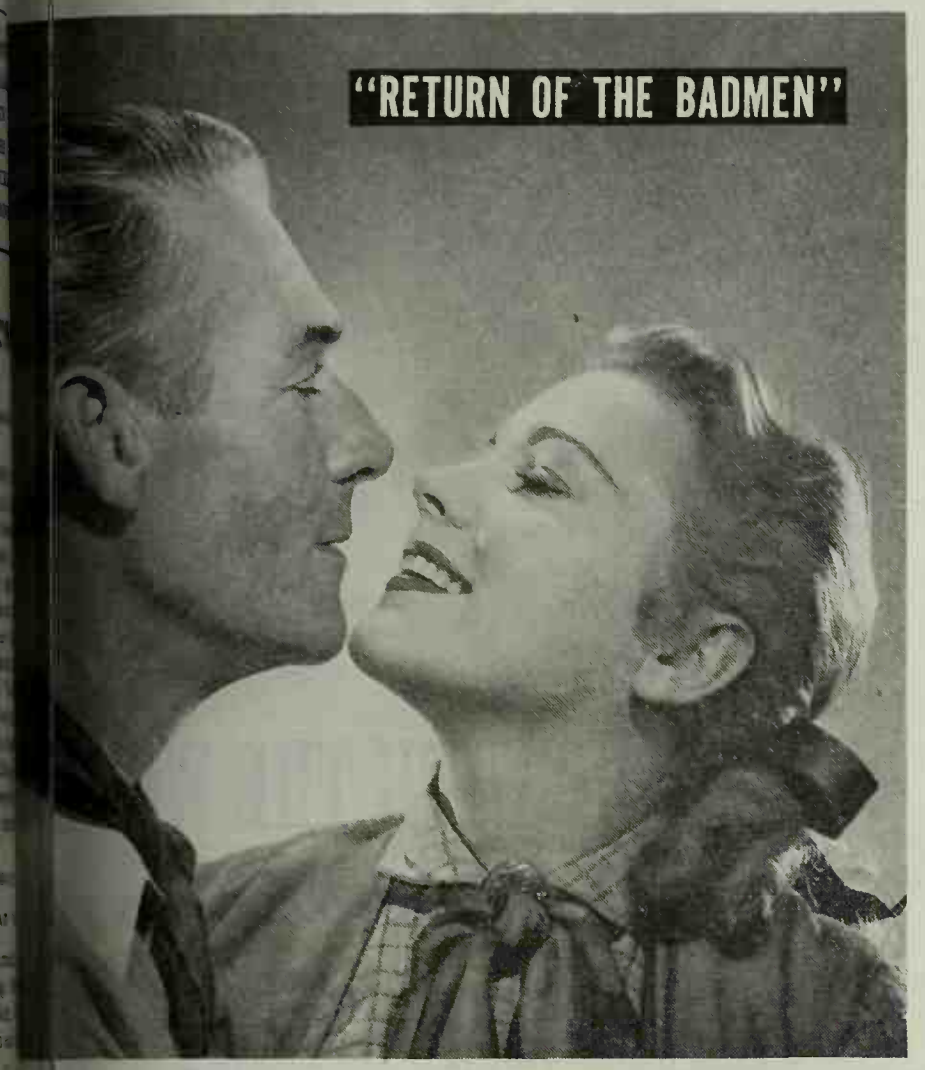
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



TAKES a claim. RANDOLPH SCOTT takes ANNE JEFFREYS in ms for a closeup of RKO's *Return of the Badmen*, exciting saga t great Oklahoma land rush. Star cast includes ROBERT RYAN, RGE "GABBY" HAYES, and all the early West's infamous badmen.

TANGLED PASTS bring them excitement and tragedy. Gangster's moll, JANE GREER, is threatened at gun point by ROBERT MITCHUM, her lover, in his dramatic flight from the underworld. Scene from RKO's *Out of the Past*, based on the best-selling novel "Build My Gallows High."

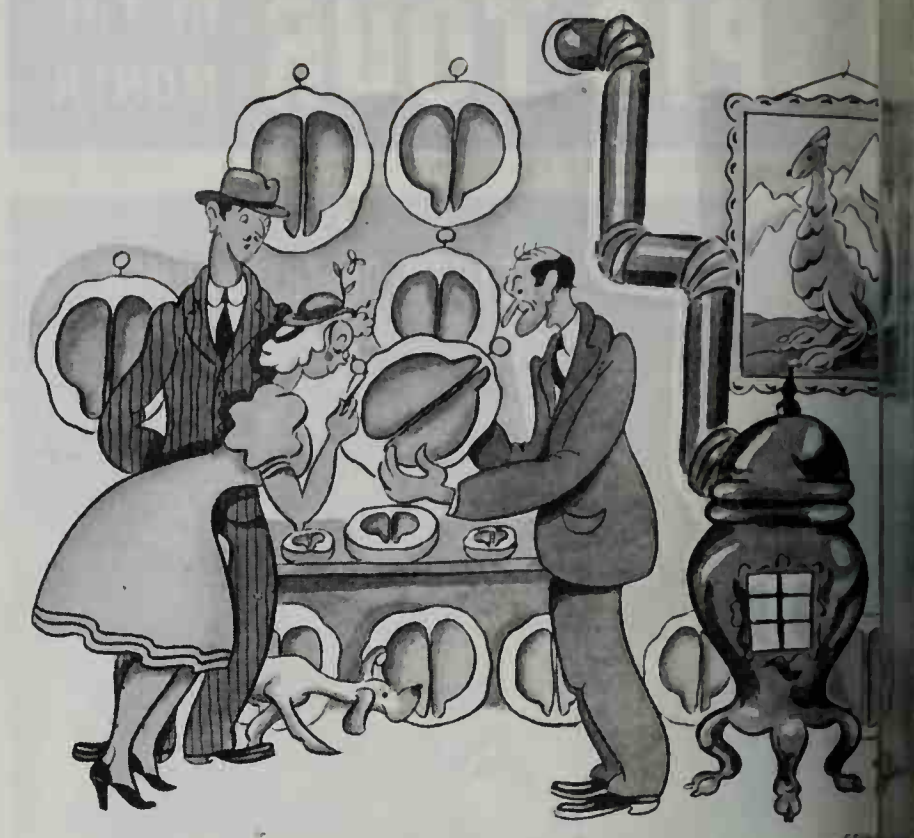
BACK in the kind of screen role that made him famous, PAT O'BRIEN ool over the scenery from the driver's seat of a turn-of-the-century ery wagon, in the title role of RKO's *Fighting Father Dunne*, based on e story of a St. Louis priest who founded a famous Newsboys' Home.

MOTOR BOAT races at Lake Arrowhead, Calif., hold the attention of DANA ANDREWS, MERLE OBERON, ETHEL BARRYMORE and HOAGY CARMICHAEL. Scenes for their RKO picture, *Night Song*, were filmed in the crisp mountain air, on location at the popular resort.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

One of the world's most unusual shops is Nash's Dinosaur Track Establishment in South Hadley, Massachusetts, which handles only the footprints of these extinct reptiles for individuals who purchase them for decorating walks, terraces, fireplaces, etc. Started in 1939, the store carries 15 types of dinosaur tracks which range in length from one to 23 inches and in price from $12 to $70.

For tuning musical instruments, the National Bureau of Standards broadcasts the standard pitch in music, 440 cycles a second for A above middle C, continuously 24 hours a day on a frequency of five megacycles.—*By Alice C. Stein, New York City.*

One of the newest tricks of American magicians uses a guillotine. After a male assistant is locked in the head-holding device, the blade falls and appears to pass through his neck. While the blade does not actually touch him, it does cut in two a stalk of celery placed under his chin.

Few modern burglar alarms are as ingenious as the one in the Chioin Temple in Kyoto, Japan, which was built in the structure when it was erected as a military headquarters in 1697. When the alarm is set, reverberations caused by an intruder walking across the wooden floor produce sounds like the twittering of birds in the rafters. Therefore, he is not aware that his presence is known until he is captured.

Probably the only dry matter that behaves like a liquid is silver sand, used in grinding lithographers' stone. A hole punched in it immediately fills up, and any object that will sink in water will likewise sink in this strange substance.

Since the 7th century, all M medans have faced toward Me while saying their five daily pr which they are summoned by a callers standing in niche mosques likewise oriented tow holy city. Today in Ruma, not far from Mecca, stands mosque that still preserves facing toward Jerusalem, the direction of prayer of the world.

Some years ago at Harvard chology professor conducted among 1,484 persons to deter power of suggestion. Before various-sized groups, he pla phonograph records of a cert phony, asking the listeners which rendition they preferre nine per cent concurred w "critics" who, he said, favo second one; and 96 per cent realize that the recordings wer cal.—*By Virginia Ford, R Minn.*

Until a short time ago, the a tribe of South Africa, emp naïve method of cleansing th ened name of a young crimin would shout it into a kettle water, clap down the lid ar soak for a number of days.

Among the rare circus act are now being performed in th try is that of a wild-anima who makes a full-grown lio around a ring while he ride back, steadying himself by its mane.

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Th mountain-top house overlooking Hollywood is the home of two young ern stars. Mr. R., who was once a sports writer, appeared in over twenty pic res before his U.S. Cavalry service. His next starring vehicle for Wrner Bros. is "The Voice of the Turtle." Mrs. R. is also a Warner Bros. sta She played memorable roles in "Night and Day" and "Cheyenne."

hey relax with drives in their new car to the beaches at Malibu and La na. They say they always use "Ethyl" gasoline because, "Our car is f the family, and we want it to be happy."

2. The "most celebrated Wagnerian tenor of our generation" lives in this glass-walled home overlooking the San Fernando Valley. He made his opera debut in Copenhagen and in 1946 celebrated his twentieth anniversary as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He established himself as a movie comedian in "Thrill of a Romance" and "Two Sisters from Boston," and will soon appear in "This Time For Keeps."

He is six feet four, weighs 220, and uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his car because, "A car that has to carry a big man like me needs extra power."

WHO LIVES HERE?

own people live in these houses ... see if you can guess who they are

3. A leading illustrator owns this farmhouse in Bucks County, Pa. He was born in Plattsmouth, Neb., and received his art training in Kansas City and New York. He is best known for his Saturday Evening Post covers portraying ball parks, soda fountains, small town main streets and other Americana.

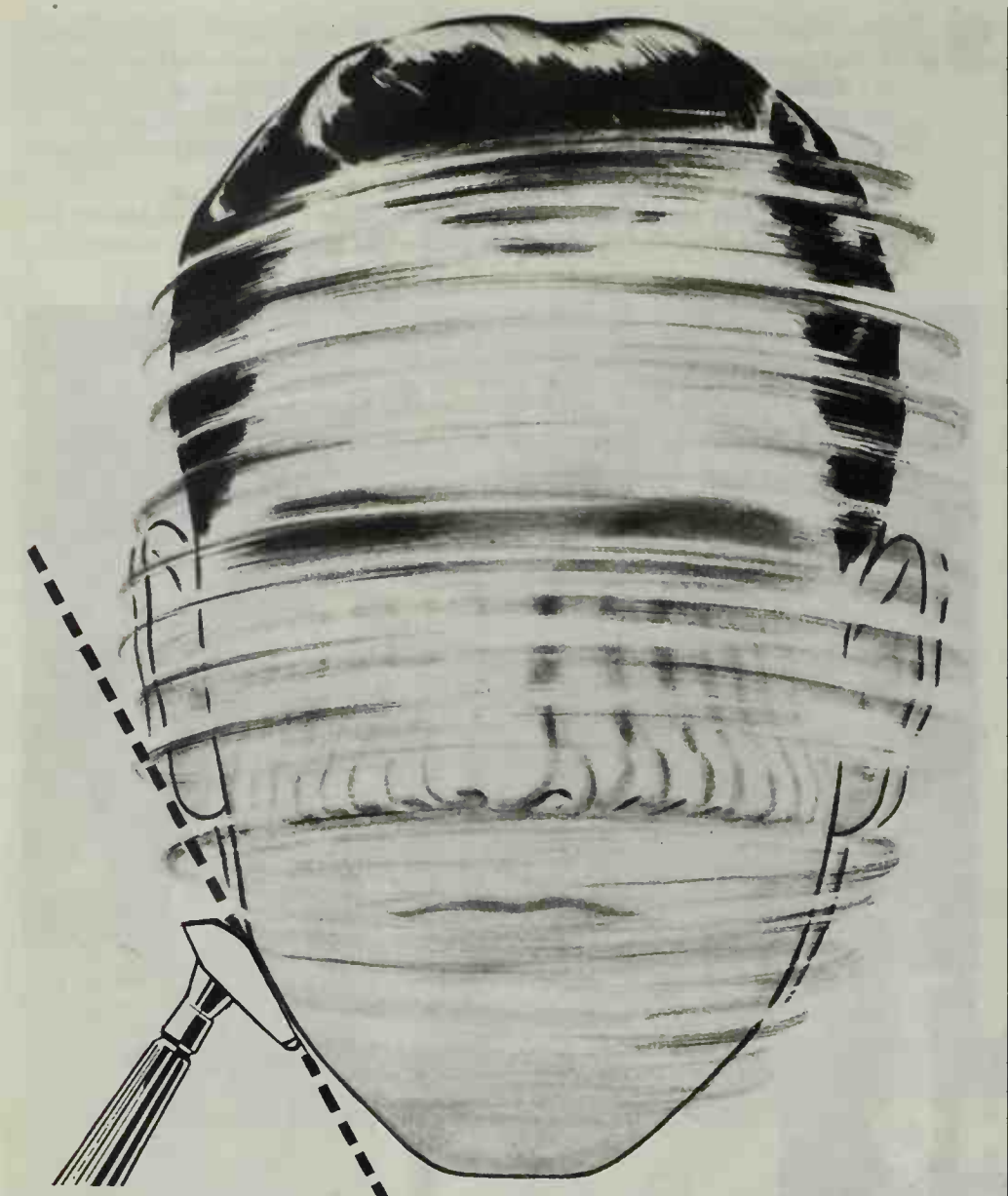
He spends much of his time touring in search of subjects for his paintings. On long trips he drives a 1941 convertible; closer to home he uses a 1947 two-seater. He buys "Ethyl" gasoline for both cars because, "I practically live on wheels . . . and 'Ethyl' gasoline makes life a lot pleasanter."

any did you get right? Read this for the correct names:

bably noticed that the three home- ve described have one thing in com- all use "Ethyl" gasoline. However, uch of a clue to a person's identity. millions of Americans who believe pas to use "Ethyl" gasoline for power, mae and all-round satisfaction.

from the other facts given, you might have ed t t the people who live in these houses are: **1.** Ronald Reagan—Jane Wyman **2.** Lauritz Melchior **3.** John Falter.

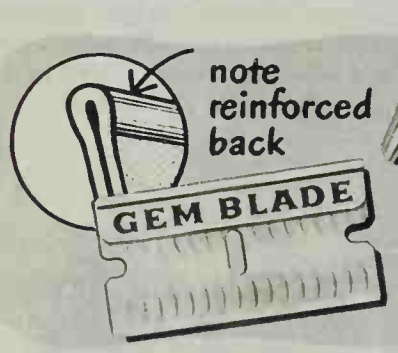
Why do these famous people look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark? Simply because they want the best performance from their cars. Oil companies place the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on gasoline pumps to identify their best gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, New York.

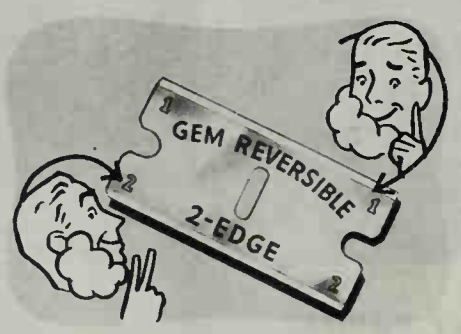


even when you're in a whirl...

1. Late? Gotta rush? Gotta shave *fast?* Man—you'll appreciate a Gem! For Gem finds your one best shaving angle—*instantly—automatically!*

2. Simply shave with Gem's 'Guiding Eye' flat against your face. Blade *automatically* 'sets' for quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves.





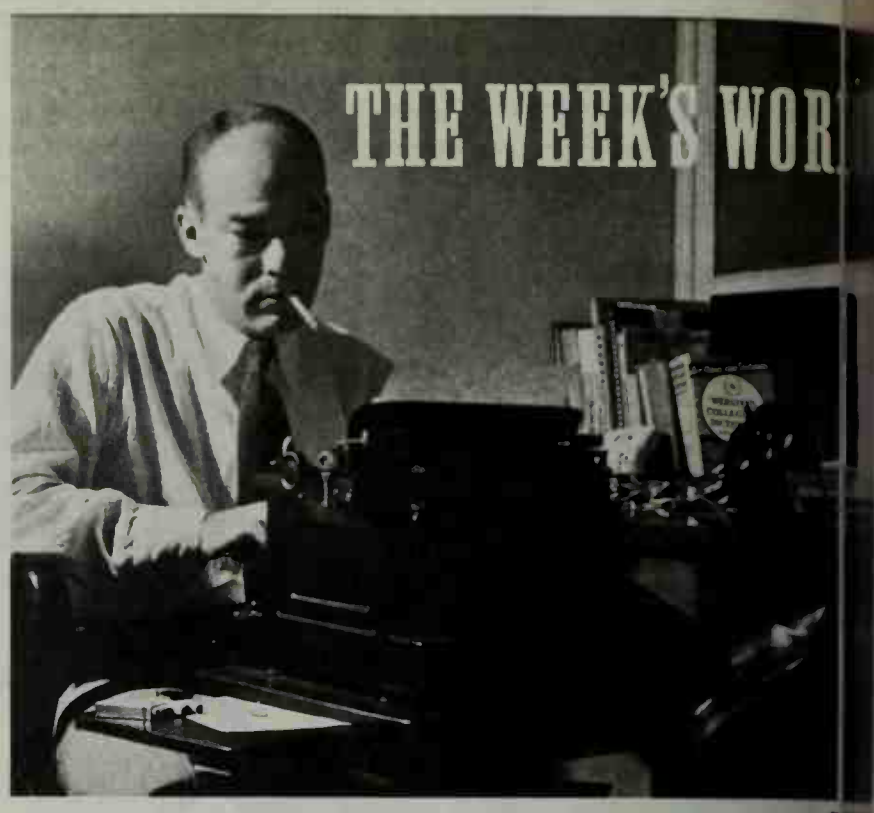
3. Blade changing's a cinch, too! *Twist,* Gem opens! *Twist,* it closes! Use Gem Singledge Blades, or . . .

4. *Gem 2-Edge Reversibles* with 2—yes, *two*—keen, clean numbered edges! Either style 5 for 25¢.

REMEMBER: Gem must give you the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves you ever had—or MONEY BACK!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM

Gem Div., American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y. (Price adjusted in Canada)



Wilfred Weiss—the man you can see right through

WILFRED WEISS (Grease Paint and Gongs, p. 24) calls himself the Embarrassed Writer. Born in Trenton, New Jersey, Wilfred hasn't what he terms the writer's background. He was never a sandhog, deck hand or Mississippi gambler. "I don't seem to have done a damned thing except write," he mourns. "As a youngster I was lazy and dumb, and being lazy, I decided to be a writer, which shows how dumb I was."

To attain the ignorant depths of literature, Weiss rode the elevators to class at New York University in an office building resembling a noodle factory, worked on papers and trade sheets for a time, then in time jockeyed one of Uncle Sam's tanks. "After five months they discovered that I am actually the guy in the joke," he reveals. "You can look in one of my ears and see out the other—two punctured eardrums."

So this Partchian Man With the Hole in his Head wound up working for the Camp Hood, Texas, paper eventually, married to a displaced newspaper person from Oklahoma.

After the war Weiss teamed up with Curt Gunther, object: to improve Collier's. "We thought of several approaches," says Weiss, "including sending Mr. Davenport a rose a day for 47 days. We were afraid, though, that he might have rose fever. And then I came through with a brilliant idea: Let's offer them some good story ideas!"

The Chinese theater was a natural for Weiss, who has become slant-eyed frequenting it over the years. "Maybe I didn't discover the Chinese theater, but I'll bet I've gone there more than anyone else in New York. I like the music, and the pantomime and symbolism."

Everything was going fine till Gunther set up his cameras backstage. Then all the actors disappeared. Weiss pleaded, promised in basic Cantonese a choice of three Collier's editors' autographs.

But it was no go, till someone explained the actors thought the boys were making fun of them. When Weiss convinced them of his seriousness, everything became Hung Kee Door Hee. Weiss later remarked that Ip Fat Yar, the troupe's leadi was as good a comedian a wood's best. "Ah," sighed love to go Hollywood. But talk enough to go Hollywood

THE story Golf Is a Gam came to our Mr. Quent olds last September when in the press box at the Nati gles championships at Forest gan arguing whether the ama richer than the pro. Someone with the uncynical remin Willie Turnesa, the '47 Briti teur champion, worked eight day as a salesman to support and kids, and played golf sh the fun and bunions in it.

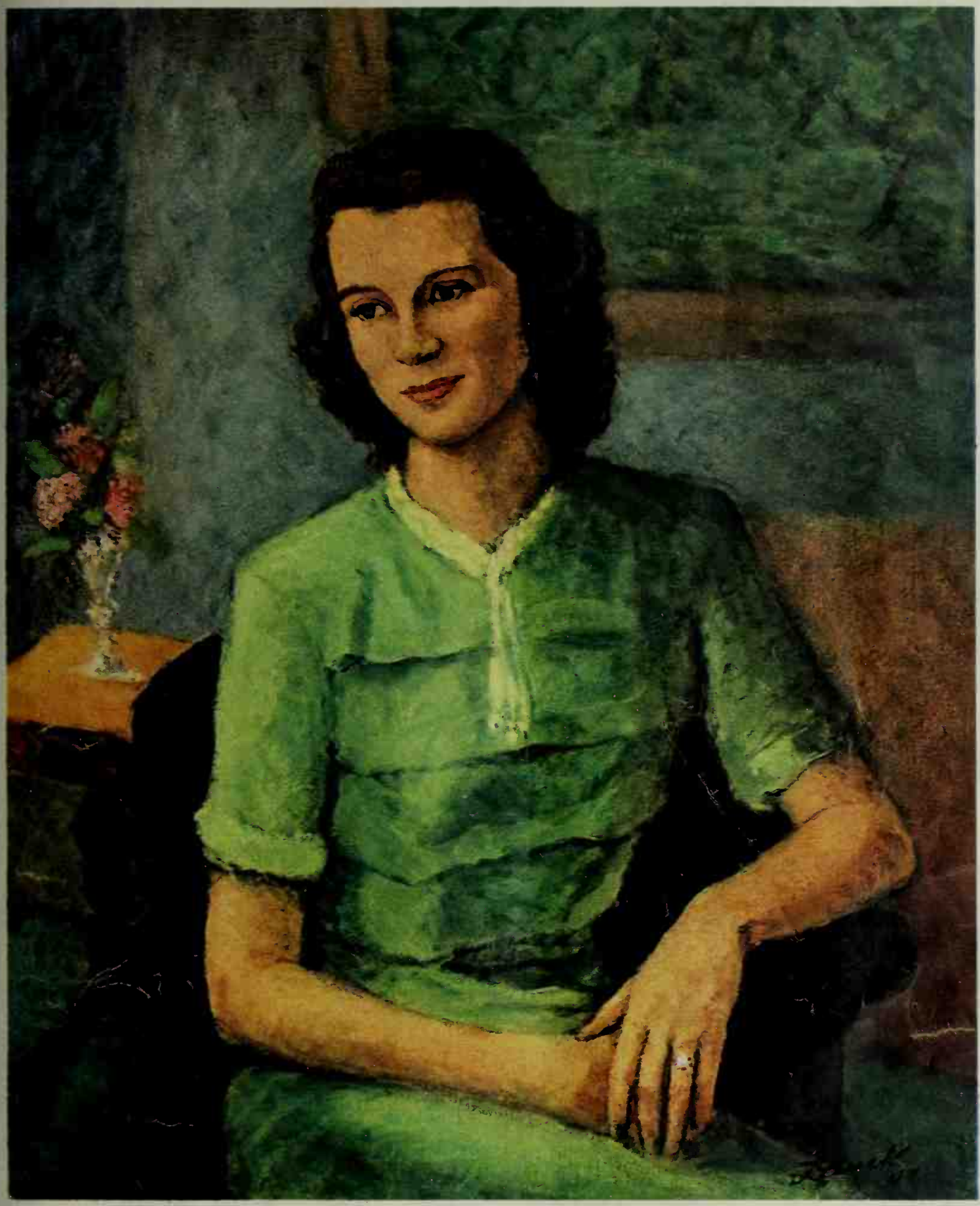
So Quent got to thinki would happen if a lad, rai wealthy dad to be a champi himself twenty-six with noth educated than a bag of clu story is really a tribute to W has never been subsidized dad or enthusiast," Quent sa

THE question invariabl whether the gnarled ne venerable Herbert Asbury the Clip Artists, p. 77) has endangered in his long care posing the underworld. The once. Some years ago, or racketeers mentioned in Mr. Gangs of New York invade lisher's office, demanded lou his biographer. He overturn filing cabinets and desks bu find Asbury, who had sensit to somewhere in Brooklyn.

"Friends," reveals Mr. "contacted the gangster a him into the belief that the great publicity. The upsh lived—and he bought fifty c

This week's cover: Taffy Ektachromist Joseph Rusta search parties to bring in tw who looked like protectiv and younger sister.

Two different pet shops Taffy and Tuffy, who rom Rustan's studio till they bosom pals and sleepy. R various noisemakers and a of hamburgers to keep th and Fidogenic. . . . TED



Mrs. Richard Knight, formerly Miss Ann Philbrick, of Greenwich, Connecticut – painted by Peter Lauck

A tradition without change is the proud engagement diamond that gives shining emphasis to life's most joyous pledge. To be treasured ever, the diamond you choose need not be costly or of many carats, but it should be fine as earth affords. Since color, cutting and clarity contribute also to its beauty and value, a trusted jeweler should assist in its selection.

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One-quarter Carat $85 to $230

One-half Carat $230 to $500

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GOLF IS A GAME

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

"You know we're allowed only twelve ounces of meat a month," Anne said. "I'm eating a week's rations for a family of five"

It wasn't his fault that he was only a champion of champions

AD been quite a day, all right. They said the reception coming up lower Broad- was as big as the one given Gertrude en she returned after swimming the Chan- n 1923. Then at City Hall the mayor had eech and had given me a scroll.

e official dinner at the Waldorf was al- . They had brought in a huge cake. On cake was the figure of a golfer, supposed He was swinging a club and I couldn't ing that the pastry cook had made the f having the left arm of the figure bent. ed very funny to me and to Father, be- ryone knows that in driving you always left arm straight. Anyhow, champions just returned from England with the Brit- eur and British Open in my pocket; I hadn't won those titles by bending my left arm in the middle of my drive.

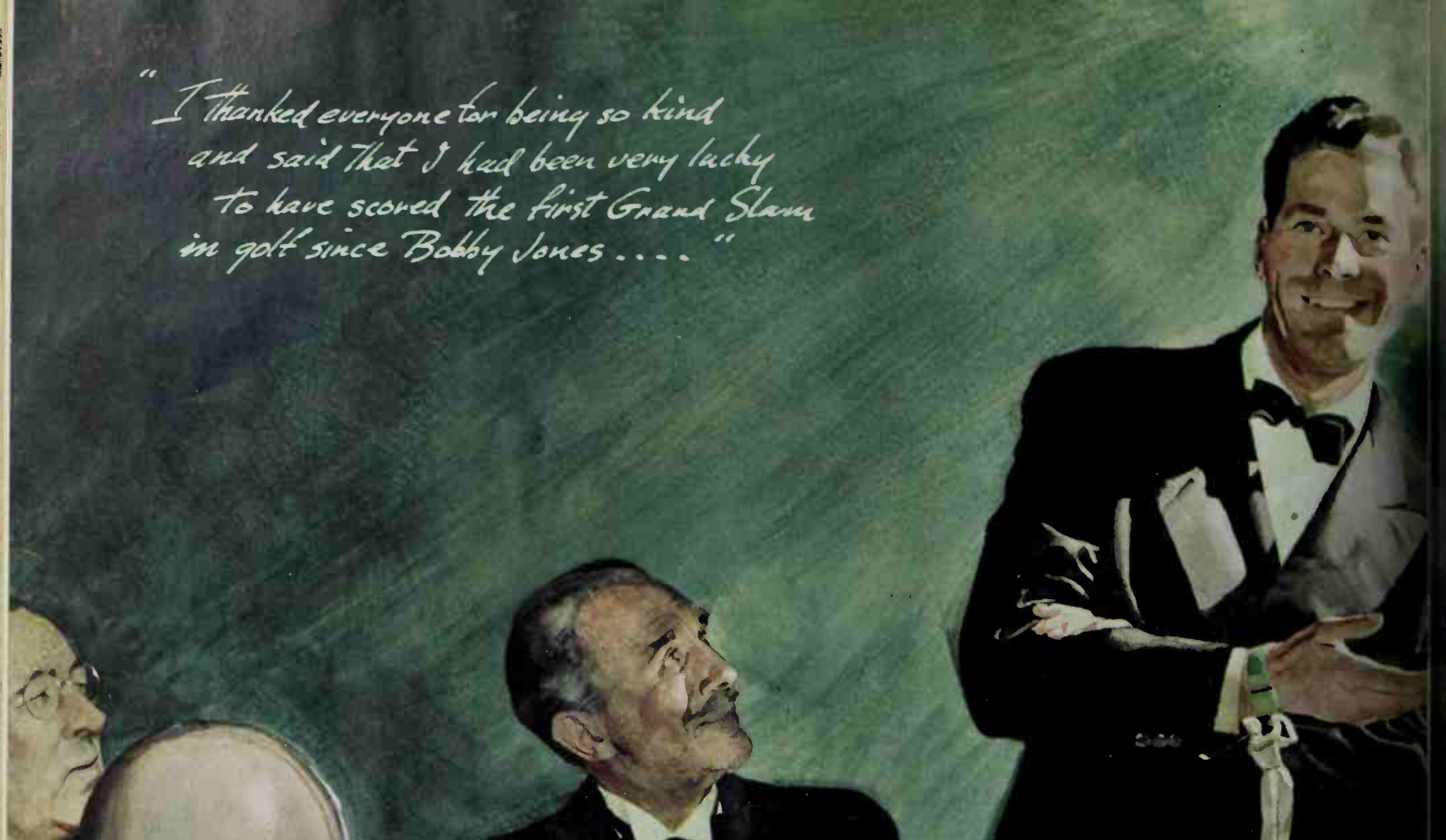
"Maybe the pastry cook never played golf," I said to Father.

"I suppose it's possible, Ronnie." Certainly everyone Father and I knew played golf. Even Father's chauffeur played golf. He had a bad tendency to overshoot the green on approach shots, but at least he played.

Anyhow, everyone had a piece of the cake and then the speeches began. Bobby Jones had come up from Atlanta for the dinner and he said a lot of nice things. I guess if he hadn't given up tournament golf to become a lawyer he would still be winning titles, but for some strange reason he quit a few years ago. Father always felt that Bobby had been somehow disloyal to the game.

Walter Hagen, looking as young as when he had won his last British Open in 1929, made a speech too; and then they called on me. I just thanked everyone for being so kind and said that I had been very lucky to have scored the first Grand Slam in golf since Bobby Jones had done it in 1930, and that it was all due to my father. I added that I did the putting for the family and that Father did the talking. Then Father got up and they certainly raised the roof. They all loved him. I was as proud of him as he seemed to be of me.

Father was very much at home on his feet. His white hair and his tightly clipped white mustache somehow seemed to accentuate not his age but his youthfulness. Father was sixty, but he looked much younger. He was tall and thin-stomached. He was a man who took care of himself. Rain or shine he


"I thanked everyone for being so kind
and said that I had been very lucky
to have scored the first Grand Slam
in golf since Bobby Jones . . . ."

played his eighteen holes every day and he'd give par a fight on any course in the country.

"This dinner is not in honor of Ronald Reeves, Sr.," Father began. "It is to honor Ronald Reeves, Jr., the world's greatest golfer."

I squirmed a little at that, but everyone applauded. I looked apologetically at Table No. 11 in front of the dais. Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, and a couple of other golfing greats were sitting there. Gene Sarazen caught my eye and winked, and I felt better. They were all very fine guys and they realized that I wasn't responsible for my father's overenthusiasm, though I suppose, at that, Father was right.

"There are those who say that Ronnie was born with a silver spoon in his mouth," Father went on. "Well, they are right. But he has used the spoon to good advantage, especially during those seventy-two holes at St. Andrews."

They laughed at that. It was the kind of joke that only golfers would laugh at, but these men (all eight hundred of them) were all golfers or golf fans. I didn't laugh much, because when he mentioned St. Andrews that naturally made me think of Anne Jarvis, and something like a needle scratched across my brain, and for a moment I closed my eyes tight to shut out the pain. My father's voice droned on. He was telling of how he had dedicated my life to golf since the day I was born.

"There is no such thing as a natural born golfer," Father said, and every man in the room was leaning forward, listening with great interest; for when Father talked golf even the greatest professionals listened with respect.

"You are not born with any golfing know-how. You must learn the use of the various clubs the way a surgeon learns the use of the different instruments he uses. To be a champion you must devote your life to the game. When Ronnie was born I decided that I would make him the world's greatest golfer. When he was ten he was taking lessons. Tommy Armour was teaching him iron play; Alex Gerard was teaching him how to drive; and Horton Smith was teaching him to putt. While other youngsters his age were playing golf, Ronnie was learning golf."

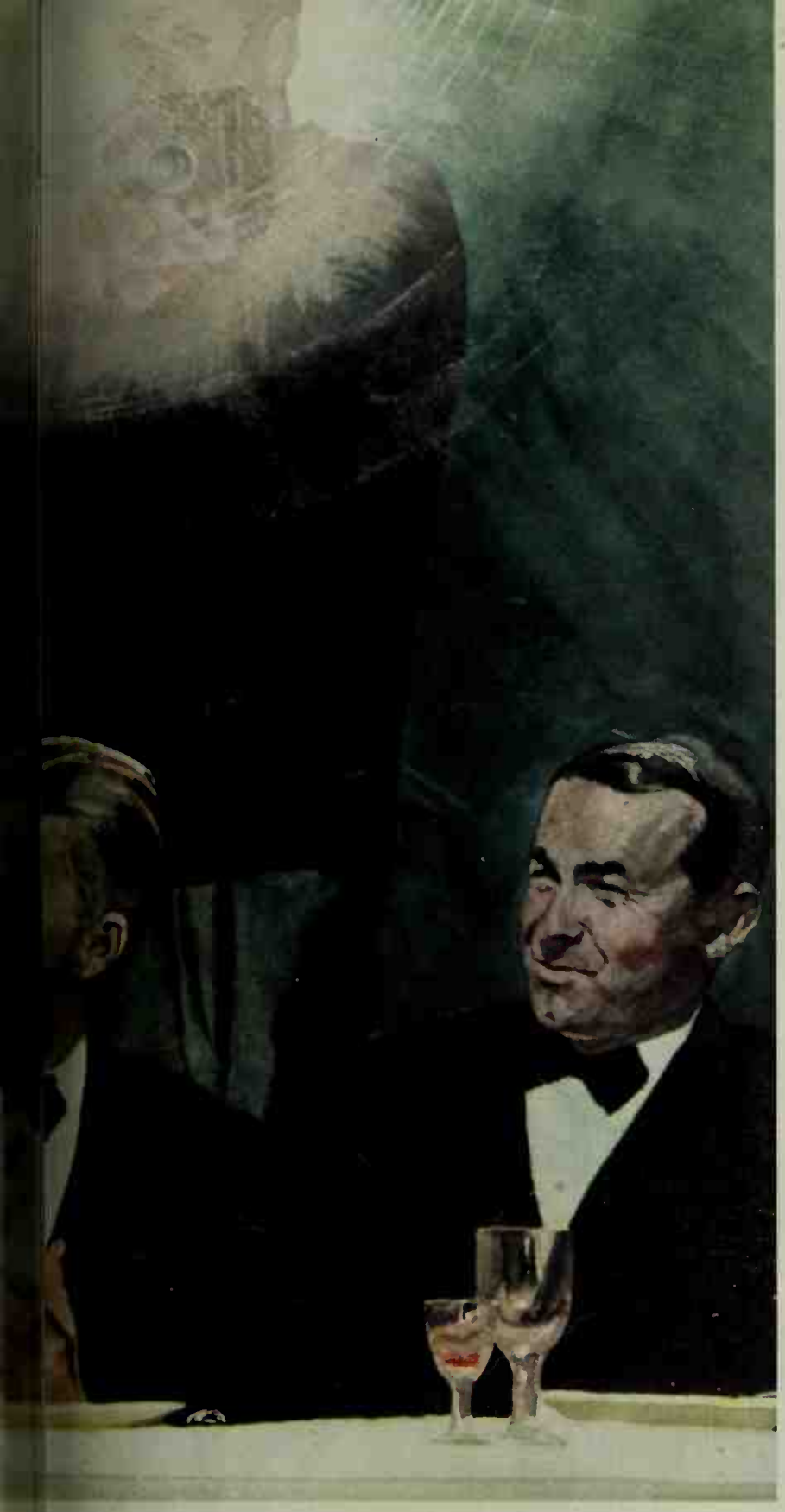
It went on and on, and I kept my hands clenched, thinking of Anne Jarvis and of the careless way she brushed her hair back with her hand and of how sometimes she laughed with her eyes alone, and of her soft voice. I wished Father would hurry. I wanted to be alone. Well, Father finally drew to a close.

"For twenty-six years I have had but one ambition," Father said. "I wanted Ronnie to be the champion I never was. He has become that champion. When Ronnie sank that last putt at St. Andrews to win the British Open—well, that was the happiest day of my life. And I know it was the happiest day of Ronnie's life."

FATHER sat down and the applause rolled over the speakers' table. There were cheers, and dozens of men came up and shook my hand and then finally I managed to say, "Father, I'm licked. I'm going to bed." Then I ran. I ran to an elevator and then I was alone in our suite. The morning papers were already there. Father had ordered them to be sent up as soon as they arrived. Both the News and the Mirror had pictures of me on their front pages. So did the Tribune.

I dropped the papers on the floor and walked over to a portab Father had installed in the room. I poured a very stiff dr Scotch, added a little soda and to the window. Our suite was forty-third floor of the Wald watched the red and green changing on Park Avenue. Par nue was long and straight. minded me of the fairways at Beach. They were like that, lo straight and narrow. Unless yo very careful you could lose a balls on that course. I remen the sixty-nine I'd shot there the California Open. . . .

People down there in the would be reading the morning now—it was just midnigh they'd be reading about Reeves, Jr. They'd be saying ously, "There's the luckiest guy world. He's rich and he's gooc ing and he's the greatest golfer world. Yeah, he's got everyth gulped down my drink and poured another. I took off m and my tie and sat down in th expensive and luxurious suit Waldorf had to offer, and tol self I was the luckiest guy in the and then I called myself a liar



ater I heard myself saying
y, "I don't understand, Anne.
n't understand. What have I
Then from a long way off
near Anne laughing, but very
nd I heard her voice saying
Nothing, Ronnie boy. You've
thing. But absolutely noth-

Anne two days after Father
had landed in London. We
ving at the Claridge, of course.
ne rang and a girl's voice said,
Anne Jarvis of the Daily Ex-
ve been assigned to do a fea-
cle about you, Mr. Reeves.
see you?"
"Any time. Come on up now
in the neighborhood."
matter of fact," said the
'm in the lobby."
e in 806, 807, and 808," I said,
g up.
minutes later there was a
n the door. I opened it and
rvis walked into my life.
first went to England I had
American conception of all
girls having bad teeth, wear-
low-heeled shoes and being
pretty dowdy. But this was my third trip to England (the other two were to play Walker Cup matches) and now I knew better. So I wasn't surprised when I saw Anne Jarvis. Anne had big soft eyes and that creamy complexion that only English girls seem to have. I suppose it's because the sun is kinder in England. It doesn't turn a girl's skin into leather as it does in Miami or California. Anne Jarvis smiled amiably and said, "You're kind to see me, Mr. Reeves."

"Sure, come in, sit down," I said.

"I know this is a bore for you. You are always being interviewed. But my editor is a big hands-across-the-sea boy. He thinks golfers and tennis players are ambassadors of good will or something. So I have to write a story about you."

"I hope it won't be too much trouble," I said stiffly.

"Actually, no. I mean, it won't be much trouble." She sat down. "I mean, I've looked up the clippings on you and I know all the factual stuff. So if you'll just say a few bright things I can tag on, why, I'm all set."

"Would you like some tea?" I asked.

"Not really. What is that I see over there?"

I followed her glance. It was directed toward a bar Father had set up in one corner of the living room. I don't mean that Father was a great drinker, but he was gregarious and he was a good host. I walked to the bar.

"I guess there's about everything here," I said almost apologetically. "Would you like a drink?"

"I would indeed," Anne Jarvis said, smiling. "I see a bottle of twelve-year-old Scotch. That's something you never see in London any more."

"Father brought all this from home," I told her.

"So that's where our good whisky goes," she said. "A fine thing. May I have a glass of it?"

"A glass of it?" I said, startled.

Her eyes widened. "Yes, please. I don't mean a big glass. And with some water, please. Not too much."

I FIXED her a drink and poured a glass of Evian water for myself. I brought her drink to her and then sat beside her on the couch.

"Are you making me drink alone?" she asked.

I was a little embarrassed. "Well, you know how it is. The Amateur is only a week away. Golf and drinking don't mix."

"Really now, Mr. Reeves, where did you get that quaint notion? Golf is a game born and bred in Scotland. And I am sure every Scotsman is born with a golf club in one hand and a dram of whisky in the other. I know my father was."

"Tournament golf is tough," I reminded her. "Especially match play. Two weeks from now I'll have to wade through a field of some hundred or so golfers. I couldn't do it on Scotch."

She looked at me and somehow I felt that her eyes were laughing at me a bit mockingly.

"Let's get the interview over with," she said, taking out a paper and a pencil. "You're the son of the ever-so-rich Ronald Reeves of Ronald Reeves and Company, investment bankers. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"He trained you from boyhood to be a golf champion. You won the intercollegiate title twice while you were at Harvard. When you were twenty-one you won the United States Amateur and you've won it three times. This year you won the United States Amateur and the United States Open championships—the first time any golfer has done this since the days of Bobby Jones. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"Well"—she smiled—"that takes care of the unimportant details. Now let's get down to something more important."

"I can't think of anything more important than winning America's two major golf titles," I said, annoyed.

She laughed. "You're sweet," she said, and then she stopped laughing and a funny look came into her eyes. "But—you meant that, didn't you? And I thought you were kidding. You actually meant it."

"Yes, I meant it." I was puzzled at her attitude.

"You're twenty-six, aren't you?" she said quietly.

I nodded.

"What do you do?" she asked curiously.

"I play golf," I said. "Tournament golf is—well, it's a full-time job."

"You don't earn a living?" There was an incredulous note in her voice.

"My grandfather attended to that about eighty years ago. And Father carried on. It would seem rather silly for me to go out and make money when Father has more than he and I can ever spend."

Just then Father walked in. He had heard my last remark. I introduced him to Anne Jarvis and he turned on his charm.

Within two minutes she was laughing at Father's jokes and having another drink.

"It's about seven," Father said. "Why not have dinner up here with us, Miss Jarvis? I've already ordered it. All they have to do is to set the table for three instead of for two."

"Well—I ought to be—" she hesitated.

"Please," I butted in, a little panicky. "How can you write a story about a man you've never dined with? And we can promise you a very good dinner, can't we, Father?"

"I won't take no for an answer," Father said firmly, reaching for the phone. And that's how I happened to get to know Anne Jarvis better.

The fact that she was beautiful didn't excite me. I was accustomed to beautiful girls. It seemed sometimes as though the parents of half the lovely girls in America were tossing their daughters my way, but I knew they did it with one eye on Father's money, so I had developed if not an allergy, at least a protective armor against beauty. But Anne had more than beauty. She had a quick intelligence. Her face was never in repose; it reflected everything that she was thinking. I think she was more *alive* than anyone I have ever known.

ANNE and Father covered every subject from the World Bank to a speech that Hugh Dalton, Minister of Trade, had made the night before.

"It's so refreshing," Anne said, laughing up at Father, "to find a person with whom you haven't a thing in common."

"I agree," Father laughed. "But that is the first thing we *have* agreed on."

"You forget, we voted you out of office two years ago," Anne twinkled. "You and Winston and John Anderson and Sam Hoare and Anthony Eden and the whole sad lot of you."

"We Tories die many times," Father laughed. "But you always forget to bury us. And then one day you look up and there we are again—"

"But," I interrupted, "you're not a Tory, Father. You're a Republican."

The waiter announced dinner then, so we went into the dining room. Anne blinked when she saw a dozen oysters on the plate in front of her.

"They're so large," she said, looking at Father.

"Larger than your Colchesters," he laughed. "These are Chesapeakes. Had them flown over."

"Don't you like oysters, Ronnie?" Anne said, looking at me. I didn't miss the "Ronnie." That, I liked.

"Oysters aren't on Ronnie's diet right now," Father said.

"What in heaven's name is that?" Anne pointed to my glass.

Father said, "An idea of mine. I've been having Ronnie drink that for some time now. It's a combination of vegetable juices: parsley, celery, beets, carrots, plus some iron extract; a lot of vitamins."

"Looks frightening," she said, making a face.

"It isn't bad," I told her, but I must say I looked a bit enviously at the oysters she and Father were eating.

"To play big-time golf," Father told

(Continued on page 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

LET'S REBUILD OUR BUILDIN

Behind the housing shortage is more than high costs. Our outdated local building codes are largely suitable for building a fire under your own City Hall

THE home-loving fellow who finds himself unable to scrape together enough postwar fifty-cent dollars to build, buy or rent the new house of his dreams shouldn't slap all the blame on the high price of materials and labor. A significant part of the difference between what you can afford and the price of the shelter you desire often lies in the excessive requirements and economy-killing restrictions of your home town's building code.

Your local code is supposed to confine itself to protecting life, limb, property and sometimes morals, by requiring that houses and other buildings be sturdy, healthy and safe. But in many of the 2,000 American municipalities which have building codes their provisions pad the incomes of contractors, coddle manufacturers and dealers in certain materials, favor craftsmen whose unions are politically wise, and butter the bread of other smart fellows who know their way around City Hall.

When it comes to political preferment in the building business, St. Louis' love—and Denver's too—is like a red, red brick, Chicago's is plaster, New York's, an expensive surplusage of structural steel and extra traps and vents for the plumbing. In Ed Crump's Memphis, which occupies a wide clearing between the piny woods of Tennessee and the hardwood forests of Arkansas, the code favors frame construction—which brickmaking Denver completely outlaws.

The building regulations of Birmingham, the Pittsburgh of the South, have been called the finest piece of propaganda the steel industry ever wrote. In such glassmaking towns as Toledo and Newark, Ohio, the codes encourage the employment of structural glass blocks.

There is no such thing as a national building code nor is one likely unless the Constitution is amended to make way for it. Only Massachusetts has a modern state code concerned with dwellings. Just a few weeks old, it opens the door to new products and processes for building houses whenever these innovations have proven they can stand the gaff of nature and man's carelessness just as well as the old conventional materials and methods. Elsewhere, under the existing American system, a building code—and the punishment it can inflict upon the housebuilder's pocketbook—is usually a home-town affair.

As things stand today, the inventor, the manufacturer and the dealer in the newer building materials may have to travel from town to town, call on each mayor, get the ear of an influential alderman, plead with and be pleasant to the city council, whose members may not know a joist from a joint, and talk cold, cold turkey with the building commissioner before he can hope to get started to first base with his product.

And often the city's bosses will reject it, sometimes for political reasons, sometimes because their code is old and restrictive and couldn't make way for an innovation without being rewritten and readopted—usually a long, expensive process.

To catch up with the inventions and discoveries of recent years in both materials and building practices most of the existing codes require review and revision. Half of them are over 15 years old, a fourth of them date back 20 years or more. In the opinion of Robert R. Wason, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, every municipal building code in the country is obsolete and ready for the junk pile.

It may be that your home town's code compels you to have unnecessarily thick walls or provide floors for such live loads as won't occur even at your wake. The National Bureau of Standards and most

Most Chicagoans must put laths and three coats of plaster of specified thickness on their walls and ceilings — or else!
Although a 40-inch interval between 2-by-4 studs is quite adequate to assure safety, many codes require a 16-inch interval
In Chicago a fireplace f
or electric heater must
brick, stone or concret
ney. Chicagoans wond
Some codes demand that floors must support weights much greater than will ever be placed on them. It means money wasted
In some places—Memphis, Ten
nessee, for example—brick con
struction is frowned upon an
frame construction preferre
CODE
CODE

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL

ODES

BY EDWARD ANGLY

There is no standard size for brick or roofing materials. Bricks come in 75 sizes, roofing slates in 1,000. Result: higher costs

Some building codes require twice as much concrete to be used as do others. You'll learn why when you read this article

In some places the codes require larger, and therefore more expensive, water pipes than good building practice recommends

In Denver and St. Louis, where bricks are manufactured, walls must be much thicker than is necessary. The codes require it

demand that ceil-
rtain height. Ev-
adds 10 per cent
cost of the walls

u build a house in Denver
must use something other
wood. Frame construction,
less costly, is prohibited

testing agencies have found that an eight-inch brick wall is sufficiently sturdy for residences, come fire or wind or homemade hoopla. But brickmaking Denver requires a twelve-inch wall, brickmaking St. Louis sixteen inches. If their two civic shields should show the wisest of the three little pigs rampant, that of Chicago ought to display a plasterer's trowel sinister—very sinister. With few exceptions, the Chicagoan must put laths and three coats of plaster of specified thickness on his walls and ceilings—or else.

An unsophisticated engineer whose blueprints failed to allow for the pulls and stresses of City Hall politics might wonder why the Windy City requires a two-story house to be capable of bearing the same wind load as a twenty-five-story skyscraper. Or why Chicago restricts masonry to six materials that were good enough in grandfather's day—or in Al Capone's.

A Chicago fireplace for gas or electric heater must have a brick, stone or concrete chimney. Plumbing pipes must measure an inch larger—and thus are costlier—than those recommended by the National Bureau of Standards as adequate for the health and safety of all non-Chicagoans. The protected area in which it is forbidden to erect wooden houses covers nearly nine tenths of the city. Yet amid the Loop's heavy masonry walls some new shops and air lines' ticket offices are shielded only by unbraced glass sides fifteen feet high.

Seek Adoption of New Code for Chicago

Three years ago the Chicago Association of Commerce, through the Pierce Foundation, sponsored a critical study of the city's building code by an outside engineer, Howard Vermilya. On the basis of his findings others are now hammering out a proposed substitute in the hope that a new regime in Chicago's City Hall will adopt it. Meanwhile many a gouged builder has moved away to the suburbs with his saw and hammer—and checkbook. Building permits in Chicago were 23 per cent lower in the first half of 1947 than for the same months of 1946—and the whole country was slipping further and further away from the supposed goal of a million new homes a year.

Structural steel made its bow in the '80s and one might suppose that by now, the makers of building codes would be in agreement on just how much stress that stuff can safely undergo. Yet Chicago requires stresses of 24,000 pounds per square inch while New York and Detroit allow 18,000—a 33 per cent difference which can run into uncomfortable sums if one is putting up a skyscraper, spacious plant or large apartment pueblo. Most model codes recommend 20,000 pounds as par for the course.

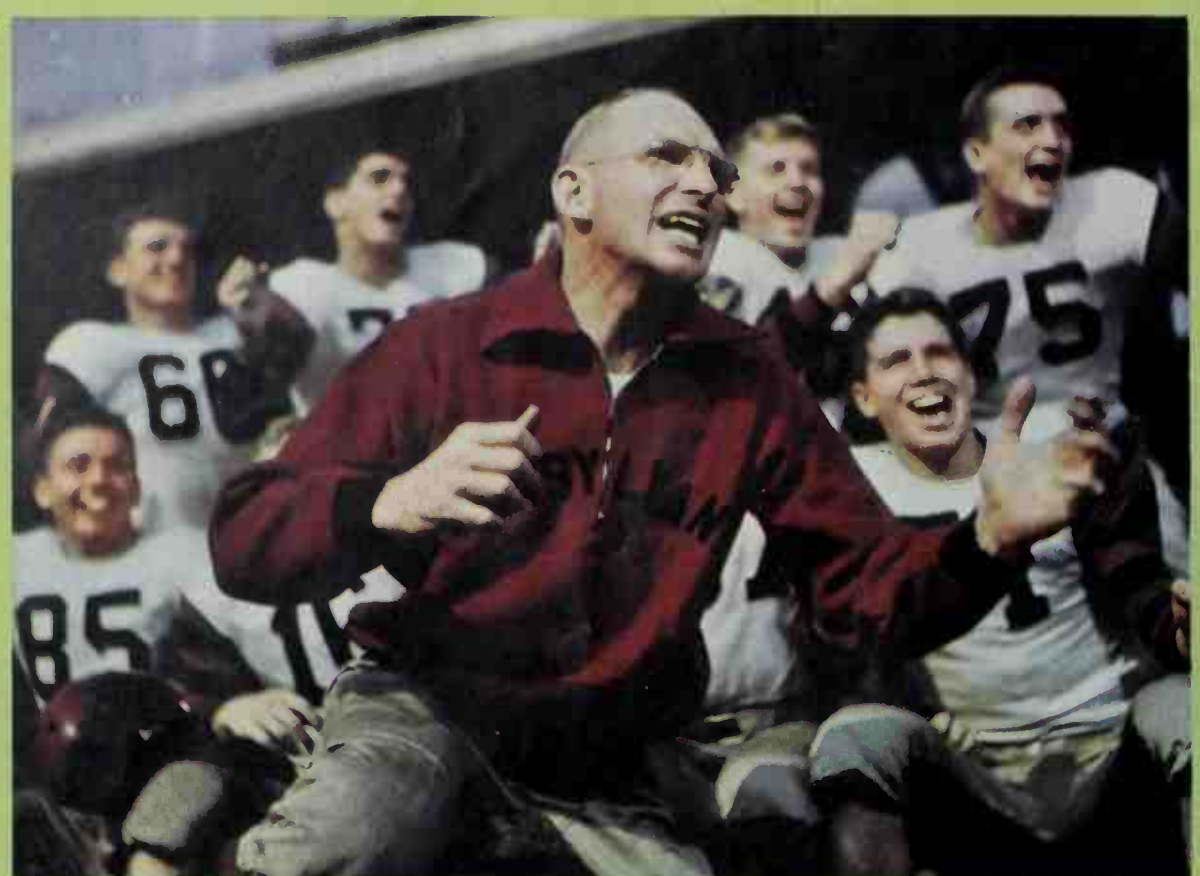
Concrete ceased to be a novelty even before the Model T replaced the horse, but some building codes still shy from it. Or perhaps your city hall is excessively fond of the local concrete dealer. In either case one city may require twice as much concrete to be poured for a given purpose as is deemed necessary in the next town down the highway.

Your code probably tells you how high your ceiling should be? How high can your pocketbook follow it? The Department of Commerce and most private agencies which employ experts to brood forty hours a week over the housing situation deem anything in excess of seven feet six inches unnecessary so far as health and security are concerned. Greater height might add to your comfort and pride of possession, or enhance the beauty of your rooms, but every extra foot will add 10 per cent or more to the cost of the walls. Chicago demands an eight-foot ceiling; some cities have been talked into requiring nine feet.

The cost of your floors will depend not only on the material you choose but also on how strong the code orders it made. Even if yours is a family prone to minor domestic rioting or to playing host for the jamborees of all the neighborhood jitterbugs, your floors are never likely to be imposed upon by live loads of as much as 40 pounds a square foot. Some communities fix the load design minimum at 25 pounds, others run as high as 70 or 80. Each increase jacks up the cost of construction. Has your town's building code taken into consideration the allowable stress on your pocket-nerve?

Does your code specify what materials—planks or studs, bricks or plaster, or a fixed weight or size of cast-iron soil pipe—you must use for certain purposes? Or does it leave the way open for such innovations as plastics and *(Continued on page 108)*

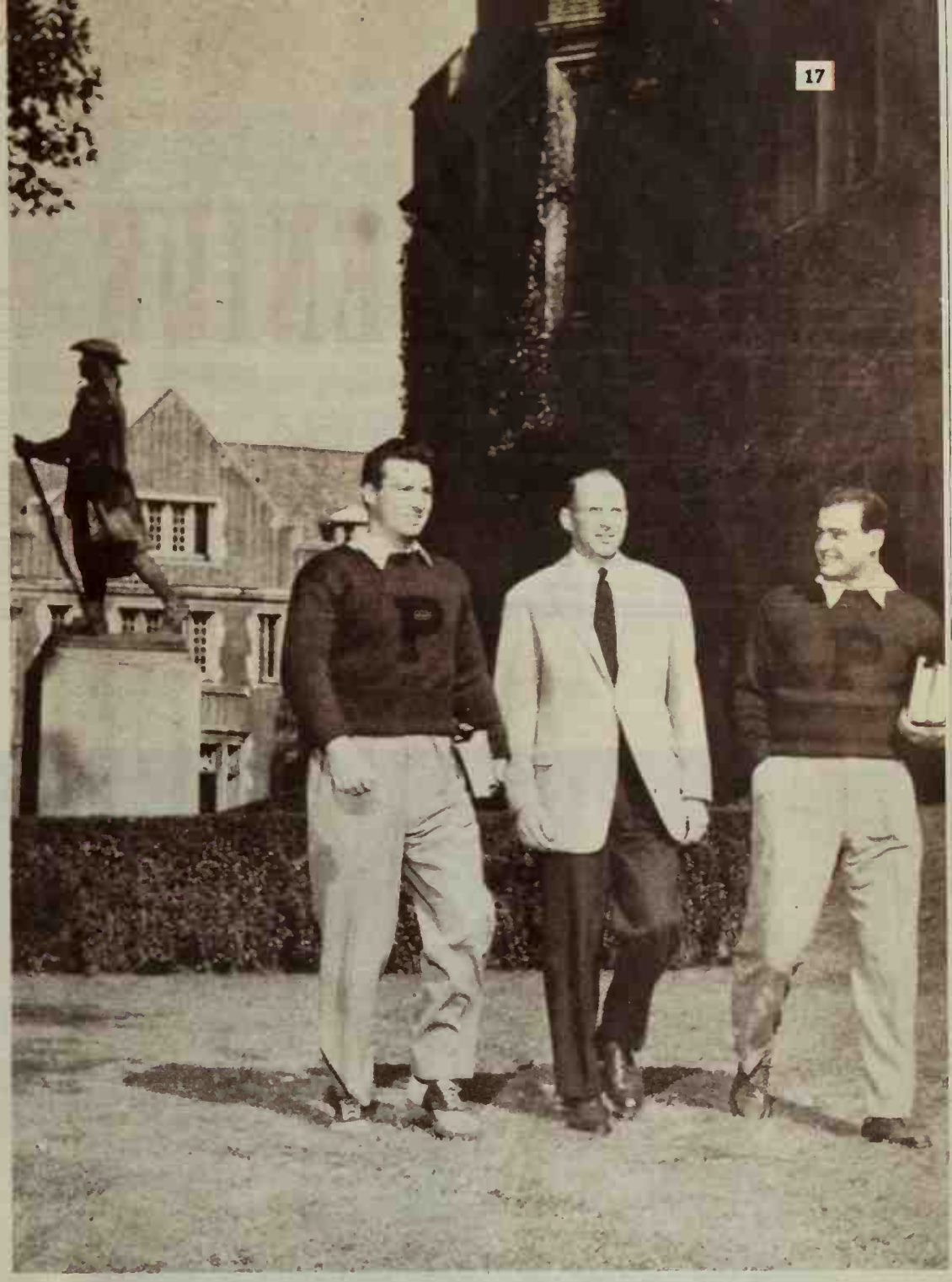
MAIN LINE FOOTBALL



George Munger wears a football uniform during games and shouts his head off with the team. Outside of football, fox hunting, a Main Line tradition, is a favorite hobby

BY STANLEY FRANK

Penn's downtown quarterbacks were a gloomy lot when George Munger became grid coach nine seasons ago. But they're all for him now. The kid from the Main Line has made good



With the Ben Franklin statue in the background, Penn's two co-captains, Jerry McCarthy (left) and Bill Luongo (right) pose with Coach George Munger

4E bemused city of Philadel-hia, which does not recognize trend until it is a tradition, curious position of having out of a civic crusade. It has he one bone that sharpened d controversy for half a cen- enshrining George Munger st football coach the Univer-ennsylvania ever has had. Munger has been on the job e seasons, this startling una-as left the citizens with no trages other than municipal and the noxious water People never thought they'd day anyone, especially the sessing Munger, who had ikes against him than a coal uld pipe down all the foot-ons that made Penn a popu-ches' graveyard.

nn team always has been big and everybody's business in hia, unquestionably the foot-spot of America. This dis- is claimed by Columbus, end, Dallas, Atlanta, New and points worse in Califor-it is strictly provincial propa-During the last two decades s drawn more customers at n any other college or profes-am. Last year 502,000 fans n games at Franklin Field, tance topped throughout the nly by Michigan with 12,000 missions. The smallest crowd son was 63,000 for the opener ayette, which Penn figured to did—by 66-0.

ll at Franklin Field always as much a social as a sporting n the old days, the gridiron the halves of games served purpose for the bon ton of hia as the foyer of the Met-Opera for New York's 400. of industry got their weekly bowing to gentlemen with le family and financial con- and their ladies seized the to stage carefully impromptu hows that knocked out more n the advertised attraction. nities have since disappeared, aturday bloodlettings still are airs with choice seat locations down as heirlooms from son.

well-heeled alumni are a lp to a college when tickets ale and a promising high-layer is pondering an institu-ducational advantages, but can make life miserable for n running the football team. rty years preceding Munger's ent, Penn had eight head nd in each instance the skids ased by alumni agitation. 4,000 graduates in metropol-ladelphia, there were more t Penn than the Pentagon e peak of the war. Coaches d because they ignored ama-teur strategists who didn't know an off-tackle play from Adam's off ox, because they neglected to favor players belonging to certain fraternities and even because they weren't very good coaches.

Meddling was such an accepted practice that downtown quarterbacks were given official status as advisory coaches from 1902 to 1915. The end of that nonsensical setup did little to halt the sniping from the side lines, though. Bob Folwell, who committed the serious *faux pas* of losing the Rose Bowl game in 1917, was stuffed and hung as a trophy of the chase two years later. Although Lou Young turned out three teams that lost one game apiece in the 1920s, he quit in 1929 to nurse the tooth marks left on him by proud papas and rich uncles.

Throwing an unshorn lamb like Munger to the Penn wolves appeared to be a clear-cut case for the A.S.P.C.A. when he was given the job after the 1937 season. Alumni who had been demanding a big-name coach to refurbish Penn's tarnished prestige shrilly protested the selection of a twenty-seven-year-old punk whose coaching experience had been confined to prep school and freshman teams. Old red and blues might have been mollified had Munger been a star player, but he never had made the first-string varsity as an undergraduate.

A shy, inarticulate, slightly goofy-looking fellow, Munger could not lay on personal charm to placate the alumni, who had been completely bypassed when President Thomas S. Gates hand-picked him from a list of 30 candidates. Characteristically, one factor tempered dissatisfaction with Munger's appointment. He came from the Main Line, a 15-mile stretch of ultrasmart suburban villages wherein reside the flower and chivalry of Philadelphia. That meant he was socially acceptable, at least, to the big boys.

Few Thought He Would Last

Munger proceeded to alienate his own set by turning out for games dressed in a player's uniform and carrying on in the demented manner of a sophomore. Such bush-league demonstrations convinced people that Munger was an earnest clown who was a stopgap choice or a sop to reformers kicking up a periodic rumpus over the commercialization of football. Cynics believed the nonsense would end as soon as the lily-whites were fed up with character building under Munger. Another popular theory held that Munger, who had hired assistant coaches Rae Crowther and Howard Odell away from Harvard, merely was warming the seat until Dick Harlow's contract at Cambridge expired.

A score of colleges and coaches have muscled into football's hierarchy in the last decade, but no combination has come faster or farther than Penn and Munger. Since 1942, the Quakers have been the ranking power in the East after Army and Navy and, more important to the old-tie crowd, consistently the best civilian team in the Ivy League. Munger, the one-time sacrificial lamb, is tying this year the all-time Penn record for coaching longevity, established by George Woodruff at the turn of the century, and he's a cinch to extend it indefinitely. Even unreconstructed old-timers, brooding on the side lines since they were told by Munger to take a flying jump for themselves when they attempted to exercise their vested right to interfere with the team, have joined in the hooraying for the fellow.

Munger alone has remained unchanged through the general upheaval at Franklin Field. Although his position is as secure as William Penn's atop City Hall, he still is a diffident, unsophisticated bloke with the apprehensive manner of a man about to catch a safe falling from a height. It is significant that in reminiscing he shows an adolescent attachment for Episcopal Academy, the prep school where he was a bigger campus hotshot than he was in college. He continues to wear a player's uniform during games—an attempt to merge his identity with the mob?—and he dies regularly every Saturday during the season, despite the fact that his muscular meatballs wreak interesting atrocities on the opposition in practically any engagement.

After all these years, Munger still looks and acts like a college boy making a pass at a man's job. The illusion is heightened by the odd jackets and slacks he affects and by his thinning blond hair, which grows in a natural crew cut. He tries to be affable, but talking to strangers is an ordeal he ducks whenever possible. Philadelphia newspapermen who have known Munger since he was an undergraduate learned long ago that pumping him for news of the team was a waste of time. All information comes through antiseptic publicity channels, a rule Munger relaxed for the first time in the preparation of this article. It took a good deal of diplomatic jockeying, though, before he submitted to the only extended interview he ever has given.

"Maybe I ought to get around more on the alumni banquet circuit and promote myself," he admits. "But I'm such a lousy speechmaker that

(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

MAN OF GENIUS

BY HENRY STEIG

The story of an illustrious and gifted character whose life was dedicated to nothing but himself

ALMOST as soon as I'd parked in front of the brownstone house on Riverside Drive which I call home, Beckett came down the stoop in what was for his old bones a great rush. He'd been expecting me that day and had, no doubt, been on the watch for me.

"You're looking very well, Mr. Ewald. Hope you won't mind the New York heat."

"I don't think I will, after Arizona," I said.

"It seems you've had a profitable trip, sir," Beckett said when I'd opened the baggage compartment. It was full of my paintings and sketches of the Superstition Mountains. He helped me carry them upstairs to my little studio and began admiring them. "These are splendid, sir, really they are."

That pleased me, but I didn't take it very seriously. After thirty years of painting, I knew my limitations.

I got cleaned up and lounged with a predinner highball, over my collection of art objec drawing room with its museum mosphere had a soothing and r effect upon me. It was nice home. But I knew that before l urge to travel would come o again. Long painting trips, alte with short rests in town, had b a way of life—the most gra that the person my history hac me could devise.

After dinner, Beckett hand some mail. There was a lette friends in Vermont, inviting visit them; two or three letter art dealers, and then the envel heavy buff paper addressed ink turned up. A letter from whom I had not seen in mo five years and had hoped neve again. A letter from Homer the only man I'd ever really hat

It disturbed me intensely

his handwriting on the en-
ope. I returned to the drawing
an a l stretched out in an easy
ir, t ng to decide whether or not
d he letter. I put it away from
and ooked broodingly at a land-
pe o nine on the wall, one of the
I nsidered good enough to
Thought of my other work—
sult of the stubborn pursuit
secondary talent.

T meant to be an artist. Ex-
r Homer Finlay, I'd have
gineer, probably a good one.
him when I did was a most
ite thing for me. Yet I some-
sole myself with the thought
e world of art it was a good
e truth is that I helped make
nlay.
er thought seriously of art
graduated from college, but
liked to dabble with color,
r than be idle while waiting for definite word from a construction-engineering firm about a position they'd promised me, I decided to get some formal instruction. I enrolled at the Art School of the American Academy in New York, where Homer Finlay had already been studying for two years. His work immediately impressed me. I praised it, he said something kind about mine, and we became friends.

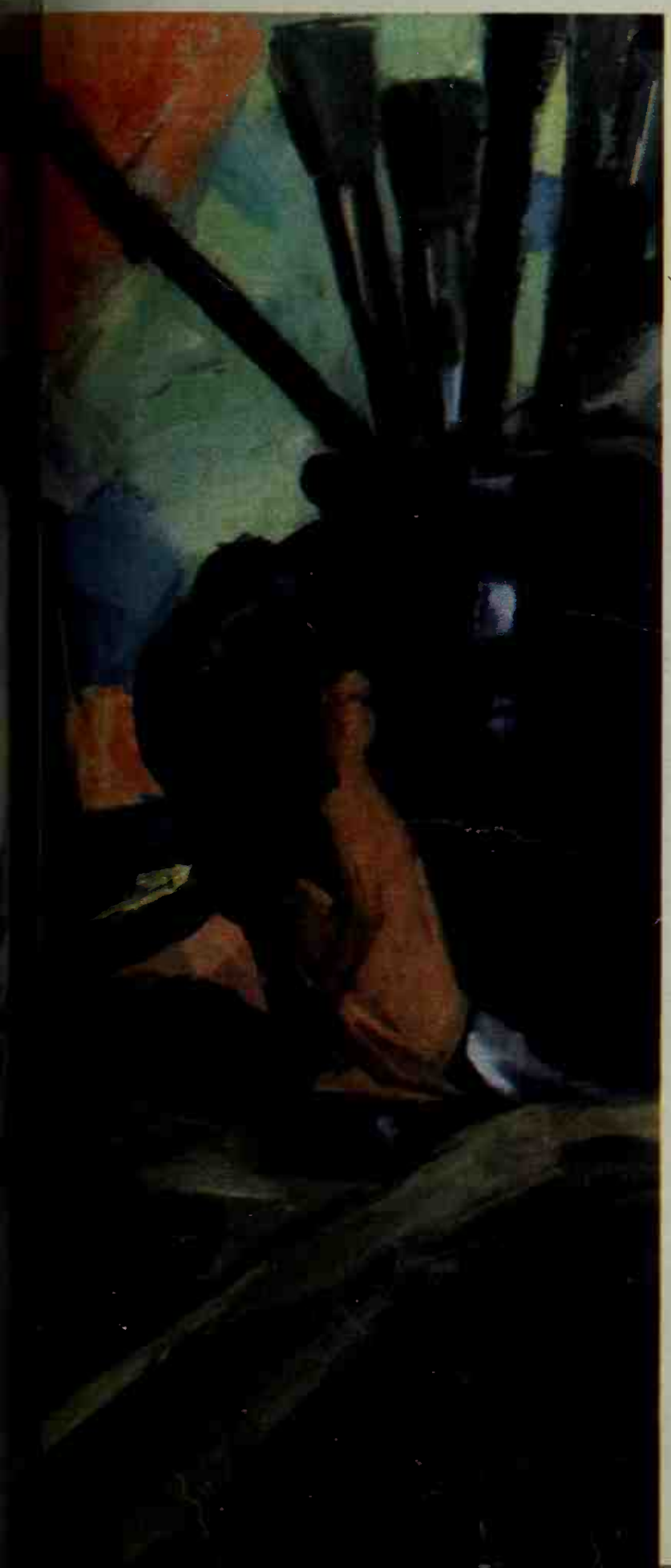
He enthused me so about painting that I began to look upon engineering as a comparatively vulgar pursuit. The promise of the job was eventually confirmed, but by then it no longer mattered. I'd decided that art was the only profession for me.

Upon my father's death, a few years previously, I had become financially independent, but Finlay was badly off. He washed dishes at night so he could paint during the day, and earned barely enough to feed and clothe himself. My ten thousand a year was more than I needed and I thought it would be a noble thing for me to help him along. I said that with his gifts he would surely be established before long, and then he would be able to pay me back. This pleased him and made my plan acceptable.

I must confess that it was not entirely an unselfish plan. I was lonely, living in the New York house by myself, and I was glad to have Finlay come and stay with me.

From the first, Finlay was determined to do things in his own way. He was contemptuous of all our instructors at the art school. They naturally resented it, tolerating him only for his exceptional ability, but he was surprised at the end of his fourth year that the committee of awards failed to grant him more than an honorable mention. Even I got one of those, for drawing. Finlay had expected to win the annual scholarship which would pay for a year's study abroad, but that prize went to a less-talented student, one who had always shown the instructors a deep respect. Finlay was enraged. When the dean handed him the honorable mention, he tore it to bits on the spot.

I was almost as disappointed as he was. We went out and got foolishly drunk. Later, at home, when we were sobering up, Finlay decided that we ought to go to Paris. The idea was attractive. All I needed was to have Finlay flatter me about some outdoor sketches I'd made. I had visions of myself painting brilliant canvases of sunlit fields and vineyards. The thought of going abroad became irresistible.



Finlay let her see the start he had made. "You're an artist," Irma said

OUR three-year stay in Paris was a succession of feverish spells of hard work, alternating with fits of discouraged idleness, drinking, big talk, and, for Finlay, love affairs. The girls would not let my big, dark, fiery-eyed friend alone. He had pretty much his pick. He would go mad about a girl, vow to me that he was going to marry her, and then, suddenly deciding that she was interfering with his work, drop her without further ado. I dragged him home from bars, pleaded and argued with him to return to work —I paid all the bills. There was hardly ever a word of thanks or gratitude. The closest he ever came to an excuse for the worry he gave me was to say, "That's the sort of person I am, Alan. I can't help it."

Finlay was developing a very personal painting technique, but his daring color schemes required for their success a mastery of tonal relationships still beyond him, and he had not yet attained that sureness of draftsmanship which later made one wonder how it was possible to indicate detail so boldly and without evidence of labor. He was extremely severe with himself about his own work, and sometimes, after sweating over a canvas for a week or two, he would suddenly smash it and swear that he was going to give up painting altogether. It was a critical period for him. He told me of a frequently recurring dream in which he was walking through space along a foot-wide path of ice with bottomless darkness on either side. Ahead there was high, firm ground which, to save his life, he had to reach. He did reach it, in time, but might never have without me—and without Irma Voss.

Irma was a model, perhaps the tenth who had come to our studio. Her parents, Americans, had emigrated to Paris when she was a child. They had both been struggling artists who had died, one shortly after the other, when Irma was sixteen, a few years before we met her. She painted flowers well and occasionally sold a canvas for a few francs, but even with the money she earned posing, she had barely enough to live on. I suppose she was as inured to poverty as anyone could be. Certainly she was an amazingly gay and cheerful person for one who had so little.

Her eyes were gray-green, her hair was the color of ripening corn silk. She had a body as graceful as an antelope's and her skin was the despair of almost everyone who ever tried to catch its quality of golden iridescence and put it on canvas with earthly pigments.

I remember so well the first time she posed for Finlay. She wore no decoration of any sort, only a short-sleeved dress of turquoise blue. She sat in a chair against the mottled gray plaster wall with her hands in her lap. Finlay and I stared at her, captivated. Then Finlay went right to work, painting her in the pose she had naturally fallen into.

WHEN it had become too dark to paint, Irma asked, "May I see what you've done to me?"

Finlay let her see the start he'd made. She gave it a minute's grave study. Then she simply said, "You're an artist."

"I believe she's right," Finlay laughed when Irma had gone. "I want her to be my model—exclusively mine. Hire her by the week. You've got to do that for me, Alan."

He had her come every morning and sit until dusk. She was so anxious to do her best for him that she often forgot to ask for resting time. Once she held a tiring pose without budging for almost two hours, and then fell over in a faint. I had just come in from a sketching jaunt and found Finlay reviving her with brandy. He had his arm around her and I felt a sharp pang of jealousy.

I've said that my first great misfortune was meeting Homer Finlay. My second was that Irma Voss fell in love with him. I should have expected it, for Finlay seemed to have a universal attraction for women. I only felt, considering the other girls Finlay had had, that it was unfair that he

(Continued on page 90)

ILLUSTRATED BY J. L. PELLICER

REVOLUTION ON THE ROUG

BY ANDRÉ FONTAINE

The late Henry Ford invented the modern assembly line, using men as cogs in a machine. His grandson believes these cogs should be treated as human beings and, in two years, his revolutionary methods have benefited both management and labor

WHEN Charles Chaplin sought to
American industrial life some y
in his movie Modern Times, he c
character who, under the stress of worki
day on an assembly line, gradually dege
from a man into a robot whose automatic
had all the jerky inhumanity of a machine.
one assumed immediately that Chaplin's c
referred to the Ford Motor Company.

For Henry Ford was the father of the a
line; his genius with machines led America
try into an era of undreamed production a
perity via his newly discovered techniques
production. In doing so, they said, he co
forgot the human beings who powered t
duction.

Today Henry Ford II, 30-year-old gra
the late genius, has embarked on the job of
ing this imbalance between men and mac
his grandfather made robots out of men
Henry seems determined to make men ou
robots. Where old Henry had a passion fo
instinctive understanding of machines and
cility with people, young Henry has a prima
est and instinctive understanding of humar
with no more than the layman's indulge
machinery.

In his two years as president of the multi
dollar Ford Motor Company, this chubby-c
amiable young man has turned the old c
completely topsy-turvy, and the basic driv
has powered the revolution is his new idea
man relations. Young Henry both expl
revolution and demonstrates the kind of u
ing candor that makes people like him.
his study of sociology at Yale was respon
his flair for human relations, young Henry

"Not at all. I didn't learn anything i
courses—except maybe one which was kin
A course in psychology. I took them becau
flunked in engineering. The other guys
ciology was a snap course, so I figured that
me. I flunked *it*, too."

Young Henry has a lively respect for th
of his grandfather which built the Ford C
but he also knows that the old man made n
He personally endured the results of those
during his first two years with the compan

"Machines alone do not give us mass
tion," he said. "Mass production is achieved
machines *and* men. And while we have gon
long way toward perfecting our mechanica
tions we have not successfully written into o
tions whatever complex factor represents
human element.

"I am suggesting, therefore, that we try t
the equations to take into account the hu
tor. If we can solve the problem of human
in industrial production, I believe we can
much progress toward lower costs during
ten years as we made during the past qua
tury through the development of the mach
mass production."

New Era in Labor Relations Foresee

Another result which young Henry didn
tion was foreseen by Edward Cushman, di
Wayne University's institute of labor relati
by other observers familiar with the "ne
Company. They believe that if Ford II suc
revamping human relations in his own firm
well lead the rest of the industry and perh
nation into a solution of the basic econom
lem of this century. This most important j
agree, is to introduce into our economic sy
kind of democracy we now have in our poli
tem. If it is accomplished, an end to the vic
labor wars would be only the most obviou
if it is accomplished it would eliminate
measure of the mass appeal that makes tota
ism such a threat to our democratic syste
men don't say young Henry will achieve th
ing goal. They do say that he has the *cha*

"Human relations" to young Henry mean
lot more than his dealings with the 62,000-
Local 600, United Auto Workers, C.I.O.
relations with all its thousands of employe

PIX, INC.

PIX, INC.

Mead Bricker, left, and John Bugas, right, were two of the three men who helped young Henry overthrow Harry Bennett

. Breech, executive vice-president and
Two man, on down; it means relations with
s and suppliers, with the communities in
rd plants are located and with the public

nge he has wrought is obvious the minute
into the big lobby of the Administration
t Dearborn, Michigan. Five years ago a
valked into this lobby to keep an appoint-
n Charles Sorensen, then a vice-president
npany. Over on his right was a pulpitlike
m which a hard-faced man handed him a
hich to write his name and mission. The
vrote, then sat down on one of the benches
wall. He had to keep his eye on the man
lpit, for that keeper of the gates never
yone by name, he simply crooked a finger
re to be admitted to the inner sanctity.
porter sat for a day and a half. Finally a
and escorted him to Sorensen's office.
re, Sorensen met him at the door, said,
you want to ask me questions for, any-
n't see why you reporters come butting in
none of your business what we're doing."
the pulpit is gone. In its place are two
nned by a couple of courteous girls. You
your name on a slip of paper, but you wait
utes or no time at all, and you are escorted
stination only if you think you can't find
f. When you get there the chances are
amazed at the lengths to which executives
find the information you want.
after he took over the presidency, Henry
nounced:
s no longer a one-man show. It's a team."
a of teamwork pervades the whole man-
staff. No longer do employees gather in
ots in the immaculate hallways to whisper
es. One official who had seen the before-
said, "It's as though a heavy weight has
d off every man's shoulders."
ence of it seems to be that H.F. II, as some
stants call him, practices a kind of golden-
tianity. He believes in treating people like
ings. He thinks it pays off.
re indications that he's right. But treating
e human beings can become an enor-
omplex operation when you are dealing
than 100,000 of them and your relations
formalized by the organization of a

production," young Ford said, "has given
standard of living, but it has very mate-
nged the relationships between a man and
etween employer and employee, between
ent and labor. The old relationship be-
employer and a group of employees he
nately does not exist for millions of men
en. Because the factory worker is a spe-
no longer has the kind of satisfaction
which a craftsman building a complete machine might enjoy."

This is the stumbling block which has caused many a well-intentioned employer to come a cropper in his labor relations. Young Henry is intent on hurdling it successfully. To give him a leg up he relies on the findings of a survey made by Elmo Roper. In it Roper reported that there are four basic things which Americans—worker or manager—want: first, a sense of security; second, an opportunity to advance; third, to be treated like a human being rather than a number on a pay roll; fourth, a sense of human dignity that comes from feeling that his work is useful to society as a whole. Satisfy those four needs for your workers, Ford thinks, and you have the recipe for smooth labor relations.

"And do you know why this is the answer to labor peace?" he asks. "Because it came right out of the mouth of labor itself."

Winning a "Company Security Clause"

If you take apart young Henry's record on labor relations, you'll see that recognition of these four needs is behind every move. In 1946 when General Motors and the United Auto Workers were battling on the picket lines to determine the pattern for postwar wage increases, Ford broke the deadlock by signing with UAW at an increase of 18 cents an hour. But in return Ford won an unprecedented "company security clause" which allowed him to crack down with impunity on workers who engaged in unauthorized work stoppages.

Roper's Need Number One is the most important in young Henry's mind; around the Ford plant you hear the phrase "a feeling of security" almost as much as you do at a psychiatrists' convention. That's why last summer he dropped another labor relations bomb smack in the auto makers' laps: a pension plan to give his employees more security.

But his employees tossed the pension plan right back. The reason they rejected the plan, UAW officials said, was not that they don't want a pension system—they definitely do—but they didn't think the one Ford offered was a very good bargain. It was a choice of the plan plus a 7-cent-an-hour wage increase or no plan and the equivalent of 15 cents an hour, and the majority of the members chose the latter. They said the plan would have cost them too much in wages at a time when prices were high. What UAW officials didn't say was that union politics also entered in the choice: Richard T. Leonard, UAW's national Ford director, was the man who got the pension offer from Ford, and naturally it was quite a feather in his cap. It goes without saying that Walter Reuther, president of UAW, would have preferred to be the man who wangled the first pension offer from an employer, and some observers reported he didn't exactly break his neck to encourage Ford workers to vote for the plan. Which gives you some idea of the thing Ford is up against when dealing with such a huge organization as UAW.

Nevertheless Ford already can point to tangible results of his enlightened labor policy. Take the matter of grievances. For the last nine months of 1945 (there are no reliable records before that) the number of grievances by UAW workers averaged 2,387 per month. In 1946 this dropped almost 50 per cent to an average of 1,188 per month and so far in 1947, it has gone still further down to 1,130 per month. When you consider that many first-rate labor relations experts figure that the grievance rate is the real key to labor peace, you can see that Ford has been pretty effective.

Ford is completely hardheaded about his labor relations. His dealings with the Foreman's Association of America are an example of this practical approach. Shortly after the company announced it was withdrawing recognition of the foremen's union early in July a reporter was questioning him about the move.

"Look," he said, "you can't just withdraw recognition and get away with it. It seems to me you have to start eliminating the conditions that made the foremen join a union in the first place. Otherwise you're liable to have plenty of trouble. No?"

Young Henry swung around a half circle in his swivel chair and grinned at the big window behind his desk. "That's right," he said. "We are eliminating those conditions. If you want foremen to be a part of management you've got to see to it they *feel* like a part of management. For instance, we're giving them their own parking spaces nearer the plant, and their own lunchroom. They no longer have to punch a time clock. They don't have badges like the workers any more—or soon won't—but special identification cards. We're checking over the pay rolls and if in any case a foreman earns less than a skilled worker, he gets a raise.

"But more important, we're putting in a system of Foreman's Representatives in each unit. If a foreman has a gripe he takes it to his representative who gets action on it fast; he takes it right to the top if necessary. Also, we're starting a training program by which foremen can prepare for better jobs, and I'm announcing that from here in, our management people are going to be taken from the ranks whenever it's at all possible. And, of course, we're setting up a series of dinner and other meetings at which we'll let not only foremen but supervisors of all ranks know what's going on in the company."

At one such meeting recently young Henry revealed how important he believes such intracompany communication to be. "I think it is likely," he told a group of supervisors, "that any lack of morale in Ford Motor Company is probably almost equal to our failure to tell people from topside down about what we're trying to do and why. . . . So we have hit upon this plan of meeting with you men from time to time, telling *(Continued on page 58)*

Elizabeth drove down in the phaeton to see Steven's clipper ship moored at the wharf and then invited him home to lunch

TRUE LOVE ON MY MIND

BY ROSALIE BODRERO

Judy found that honesty, while an interesting policy, didn't get her any closer to her heart's desire

AS breathlessly hot on the island. The day come almost to a standstill, the sun hang- motionless in the brassy sky. Sitting on w seat with her chin propped damply in , Judy Makee sighed with boredom.

ly she looked down over the tops of dusty f pandanus stringing along to the water re the Pacific rolled oily swells across harbor. It would be wonderfully cool in the waves, but swimming was forbid- since the day Mother had happened upon liar-looking pettiskirts and pantaloons a pile on the sand, and had caught Judy the surf, not so brown but just as naked ive girls.

e reflected, pulling her bodice away from nd blowing down the front of her dress, t one of those things a girl of sixteen owed.

billow your skirts, Judy," was another. y, *step*—don't jump—from the carriage." nts of conversation were drifting up from da below where Father and young Mr. were having their afternoon swizzles. It ostly about flensing gear and trypots, be- her outfitted the whale ships that called ar at Honolulu to transship their oil and in fast clippers to the States.

air fell in a dark cascade around her face ed out the window. Through gaps in the gainvillaea that climbed the veranda, she e out Mr. Considine's long legs stretched ossed, his trousers looking very elegant raps buckled under the insteps of his soft . Considine had been sent out to Hawaii coaling concession for the paddle-wheel hat McVickar and Company of Boston g down for the China trade. Apparently wasn't going any too well.

ompous native king in his admiral's t won't even give me an audience," Mr. was complaining to Father.

g wasn't either pompous, Judy reflected. e he was comfortably fat; but under his you could see that his mouth was very f he just didn't want to argue any more foreigners forever squabbling over his fact, at the wedding party at the palace he king had leaned back in his great iron- r and slowly dozed off, until Judy had to arm and whisper urgently, "Wake up, ffy! You're snoring and everybody's

een a wonderful party, Judy mused, with nas and poi and roast pig than a person Except that Father had unexpectedly t just at the moment when Judy was leav- lace gates. He'd pulled up the horses, redulously at Judy before he motioned ide him with a jerk of the head. He'd all the way home. And then for quite a ne else could say anything.

ly gone, Judy had explained when at last pped for breath, because the king was rried.

d?" Father's face had glowed a rich crim- son. "Why, that sanctimonious old heathen has three wives already. And another thing"—he'd shaken a finger under Judy's nose—"stop calling him 'Uncle Taffy.' "

"But he said," Judy began, "that any child born in the kingdom—"

That had started Father off again. Skipping lightly over the most interesting disclosures of the king's private life, Father finally got around to the real reason why he was so angry. If the king, Father bristled, was going to be obstinate about granting favors to Americans, who were only doing what they could to raise the standards of the natives, then the best thing was to leave him very well alone until he came to his senses. And since then, going to the palace was just another one of those things that were strictly forbidden.

BELOW on the veranda, the cane chair creaked, and Judy could imagine Mr. Considine swiveling around and gesturing with his cigar. "Mark my words, Mr. Makee," he was saying, "it's only a matter of time before someone takes over the Sandwich Islands. Victoria would like to add them to her colonies. So would the Frenchmen. Look how they gobbled up Tahiti."

Father's voice was a deep rumble: "So long as Yankee masters are sailing American ships . . ."

Judy smiled. As far as Father was concerned, the sun rose and set on the flag whipping at the monkey gaff of any American brig plying the seven seas.

"Ha!" Mr. Considine sounded triumphant. "But where are the ships?" Judy could see the movement of his hand as he waved toward the empty harbor. "I'll tell you where. Tied up in San Francisco Bay, while the sailors are off in the hills digging for gold."

The sun, scorching the top of Judy's head, forced her to draw back into the coolness of the room. She leaned over her mother's shoulder for a moment, watching the sure fingers whipping a buttonhole in a pleated shirt. Then she sat down beside her sister Elizabeth, yawned and started to rock.

"Stop that, Judy!" Elizabeth said crossly. "You're shaking the table." Elizabeth was painting a shepherdess on a china plate.

"Oh, thunder! Can't a person do anything in this house?"

Both Mother and Elizabeth looked up from their work. There was a moment of distressed silence.

"If I hear that expression again, Judy," Mother said, "I'll take up the matter with your father."

Judy nodded absently, listening to Mother go on about how in her day, a young lady of fifteen—sixteen, Judy mentally corrected her—wasn't supposed to know such a word, much less speak it.

La, Judy thought, what if I'd said that word I learned the other day when the Kanaka drayman dropped a cask of salted beef off his wagon? Anyway, she reflected dreamily, maybe I don't want to be a young lady. Maybe instead I'll live in a frame house in Old Town down by the wharfs. Wear a red dress with a deep bodice, carry a fringed parasol, and entertain the sailors from the whaleships like Miss Aurora—not that it would pay to bring up the subject right now. Mother reacted curiously to the mention of Miss Aurora's name. Like that time at dinner when Judy had spoken of Miss Aurora, just to prove that she was old enough to know a little—gossip, really.

"Mother, did you know that the mate from the Prince Lee Boo gave Miss Aurora the most priceless piece of scrimshaw carved out of a whale's tooth?"

She hadn't exactly understood the sudden hush. But she did remember the taste of the soapsuds in her mouth.

It wasn't really fair, Judy told herself, when Mother let Elizabeth do practically anything she pleased.

"Elizabeth is so sensitive," she'd heard Mother explain. "Like her grandmother. The slightest upset just strikes her down."

"Elizabeth's the beauty," people were always saying.

Judy, they'd add—practically under their breaths—took after her father. Which was a kind way of saying, Judy supposed, that it was too bad to be born with a little nose that tipped up at the end. Besides, it was Elizabeth who had the brains.

"Elizabeth graduated at the very head of her class," Mother announced proudly when Elizabeth came home from Miss Tippett's Female Seminary in Boston.

"Bah-ston," Judy said to herself, aping the way Elizabeth stretched her mouth over the word every time she spoke it. Which was getting to be much too often, Judy decided resentfully.

IT WAS in Boston that Elizabeth had become engaged to Steven Dabney, although she hadn't said a word about it until she got home. When Judy heard the news, she'd burst out crying.

"But, Judy. I thought you always liked Steven," Mother said with that faintly puzzled tone that Judy knew meant: Why couldn't she act sensibly like other girls? "He took you all over the ship when he was out here last year."

But somehow it didn't help at all to remember what a wonderful time she'd had with Steven last summer. And it made it worse every time Elizabeth spoke about how simply ideal Boston was, how she just couldn't wait to get back to Boston. Like last week, when Elizabeth had received the letter from Steven saying he was picking up cargo at Salem and would soon be heading his ship for Cape Horn and the Pacific.

"When we're married," Elizabeth had stated matter-of-factly, "I've decided we're going to settle down in Bah-ston. Steven can go into his father's bank. . . ."

Judy had started to snicker at the idea of Steven giving up his ship to count money in the back office of a State Street bank. But then she stopped. There was something in the assurance with which Elizabeth had spoken that frightened her. She'd seen Elizabeth getting her way before. And she couldn't pretend that Elizabeth was just saying it, the way she said so many things she didn't mean.

And now, watching the way Elizabeth's forehead creased into a frown of concentration as she made the delicate brush strokes on the china plate, Judy admitted it still made her uneasy. If she were Elizabeth, she wouldn't even *(Continued on page 94)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

GREASE PAINT AND GONGS

BY WILFRED WEISS

Not for all the rites in China would the actors of New York's Chinese opera change one part of their centuries-old drama

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KURT GUNTHER

IN a building that looks like a warehouse, directly under the Brooklyn Bridge, the Chinese Opera Company of New York was putting on one of its newer productions. This particular piece was only about a thousand years old.

The heroine stood close to the edge of the stage, her hands pressed together across her breast, and in a low-pitched singsong told the audience of her unbearable unhappiness. Then she turned and raised her foot high to take a step. The orchestra at once broke into an energetic clatter of cymbals and stringed instruments, to let the audience know that she had thrown herself into the ocean.

The spectators responded with a nod of approval. Now the noise from the orchestra changed to a spirited gallop and the hero pranced on stage stiff-legged. He dropped a buggy whip, to indicate that he'd dismounted his charger, and shaded his eyes to keep out the glare of the sea. Sighting the drowning girl, he stepped into the waves (indicated by more cymbal-crashing) and struck out to her rescue.

Obviously pleased, the spectators sat back. They had been loving this sort of thing since the Great Wall was a small pile of stone. The fact that they were there proved they loved it, because a Chinese opera makes a double-feature movie look like a quickie. An ordinary opera runs from 7 to about 11 P.M. On week ends a "good" opera starts at 7 and lasts until 1 or 2 A.M.

Part of the attraction may stem from the fact that Chinese opera is an audience-participation show. The house lights are always on. The stage scenery is related to the action of the play only by coincidence. The actual setting must be conjured up in the imagination of the audience. Except that the stage is raised, there is no physical barrier between audience and actors.

The audience is composed of nine men to one woman. Often during the week there are no women present. When the women do attend, they usually sit together in a little group on the right side of the house, toward the front, knitting and gossiping.

A newspaper vendor wanders about the auditorium continuously, doing a steady business. Between editions, he switches to a basket from which he hawks candy, fruit, nuts and soft drinks.

Nothing that happens in the auditorium or on the stage bothers the actors. The story grinds on. The villain, who is also comedy relief, tries to come in on a laugh—rubbing his forefinger under his nose often starts it—and then builds up his villainy until the audience hates him so hard you can feel it. At the peak of tension he tries to hang himself, and the audience howls with laughter as the scaffold collapses on him.

To a large degree he ad-libs—as do the other members of the cast. This is inevitable, s company's repertoire includes more than dred operas, and they do a different one ea with never a rehearsal. A cue sheet, about of a newspaper, is posted at the only stage e and a quick glance just before his entran the actor the gist of his lines. If he falter comes too creative, the company manager ing a neat double-breasted pin-stripe suit and firmly reminds him of the cue.

The Rochester-tailored suit doesn't both one. After all, the prop man—dressed the s —has been on and off the stage all night.

The hero, for instance, invites the lady to with him. She nods graciously and start down, at which point the prop man steps o wing and slides a bench under her. He under the hero just in time, too, and just reach for it he slides a table with an em service between them. The prop man co again and takes each piece away as the with it.

Elaborate properties are a corruption of cient Chinese art, which depended upon t and the music to create the atmosphere an story. It is an exacting art. To learn it a ch his apprenticeship at nine or ten. He m leading parts in ten or fifteen years.

Compared with pay for American a similar status, the rewards are small chan Chinese actors' pay in New York is bas percentage of the receipts, which means an of about fifty dollars a week for the top-r formers. Lesser members of the company from twenty to thirty dollars a week. In ad their pay, which is much higher here than i they also receive room and board.

The orchestra, which sits on the left sid stage, wearing American clothes, is comp four or five Chinese-American young men v their instruments for a hobby and fifty d month.

Even if you don't know that the title of is Why Doesn't He Return? you can tell th are plenty tough for the heroine. It's obv the landlord is no gentleman, and you know girl is planning suicide before dishonor. B very nick of time the orchestra breaks into and the hero literally springs into the roo the flat of his sword he beats the leering o to within an inch of his life. He spares the cause the landlord must be around for m work and laughs later in the evening.

If that sounds too much like a soap o tomorrow night. They'll be playing He Too Late.

With the Chinese, theatrical make-up follows rigid tradition and custom. In this backstage scene, two members of the troupe confer over details of application

Between turns on the stage, the performers enjoy relaxing with a cup of the local Chinese daily. A large bucket of tea is therefore kept hot b

consists largely of men, who smoke (note the cloudy atmosphere above), ers and otherwise relax. The man on stage in civvies is a scene shifter

In the scene pictured above, the bandit chief and the lady bandit chief have entered the emperor's palace and are planning their attack. Note elaborate costumes

eror (left) confers with his minister of war and an aide-de-camp about the bandits are planning to attack. Note the prop man in the rear. The however, falls for the lady bandit. His fiancée orders her servant to rub ition. This leads to a fight (below) between aide-de-camp and servant

Tense drama pervades the scene (above) in which the lady bandit is threatened by the servant of the aide-de-camp's fiancée, who—pardon us, but we're confused. And so, apparently, is the tot (below) who stands in the wings, plainly visible to the audience, while the lady bandit sorrowfully finishes off the aide-de-camp

Tightness of the British-Russian border watch is typified by this p
guards stopping a German couple who had crossed in search

GERMANY, RUSSIA AND THE U.S.A.

BY SIGRID SCHULTZ

German reactionaries fight the Anglo-American occupation with passive resistance, and in their zone the Russians use more direct blandishments. Our mistakes help both; but slowly out of the chaos, German democrats are hammering a plan for a new, peaceful nation. Here's the story in the second of two articles

ONE of the chief weapons that the Germans use against American occupation forces is passive resistance. Some of the reactionary industrialists manipulate it superbly. And there is a certain amount of it in all walks of life. Some of it is due to the natural resentment of people to foreigners occupying their country. The well-to-do farmer who was traveling from Garmisch to Munich expressed it clearly when he told the twenty travelers in his double compartment, "Things were not so bad under the Nazis; at least we had no Americans around then."

The Berlin banker, a stanch supporter of the Catholic CDU (Christian Democratic Union), was thinking along similar lines when he said, "The wheels of German industry would be humming, if the victors had not taken charge. Why should a factory owner use up his last resources to carry out a plan devised by foreigners?"

More bitter was the handsome doctor who had been anti-Nazi out of love for his Jewish wife: "We were pushed around under the Nazis. I lied, bribed and cheated to s wife, but at least the foot in t that kicked us around was G The doctor and his wife fa personally. Their fury was ind what they called "Russia's wa ploitation of her zone."

Instead of going to work in of 1945 and manufacturing v could be manufactured wit framework of the Potsdam numerous German industriali cially in the western areas, e technique of simply sitting a ing. These men figured that t the victors' rule would mean g Germany's claim to hegemon Continent, while to paralyze might scare the victors into concessions to the Germans.

The delay in the produc goods meant hardships for t man people, but that did n the industrialists. They k masses would blame their s on the Allies and they saw t they were fed the proper pro At the same time they kow

(Continued on page 6

What's the other reason for this picture?

WHENEVER you see four red roses you're probably reminded, first, the matchless whiskey they symbol- . . . Four Roses.

But there's *another* reason for *this* ure. We hope it will remind you t today, or tomorrow, or one day so , may be an anniversary or some ter very special occasion for a certain nd of yours—an occasion you should memorate with a gift.

If that is true, remember what a grand present Four Roses would make!

For this whiskey—with its mellow, distinctive flavor—is a gift that reflects *your* thoughtfulness in choosing the best, and compliments the good taste of the man who gets it.

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Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CONCLUDING THE BREATHLESS ACCOUNT OF LOVE AND MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD

FOR SYNOPSIS OF STORY SEE PAGE 32

THE next three days were marvelous. Nothing happened. No more murders, no blackmail, no threatening telephone calls. Not a thing except publicity, reporters, press photographers, studio executives running around in circles, conferences, headaches, worries, doubts, fears and the unpleasant realization that I'd been moving fast since the afternoon I helped to find Fred Wilson's body in Jean's house—moving fast and getting nowhere.

There was only one thing which made me feel a little better. Travis and I carted Jean off to the home of a friend in Bel Air, an executive producer at Olympus. He had a wife, two children and an ulcerous apprehension about Jean's future in pictures.

Jean's host wasn't sure whether or not she was welcome. If she were as hopelessly behind the eight ball as might be feared, then he'd prefer to have been rid of her. If the publicity could be turned to advantage, then she was still the fair-haired child and he loved her. I was glad for his sake he didn't know all that I knew.

He was genuinely concerned about Jean, and eager to help. It was only the studio executive part of him that worried. It would have been wonderful for Jean if she could have forgotten that the reason she'd become a perhaps honored guest was because we were afraid of what might happen to her.

They installed her in a suite on the second floor. Enormous bedroom furnished like a movie set, sitting room large enough to entertain the Ladies' Thursday Afternoon Bridge Club, gorgeous dressing room, luxurious bath solidly tiled in dubonnet and delicate pink.

Jean showed me around. The place was full of gadgets. Everything that

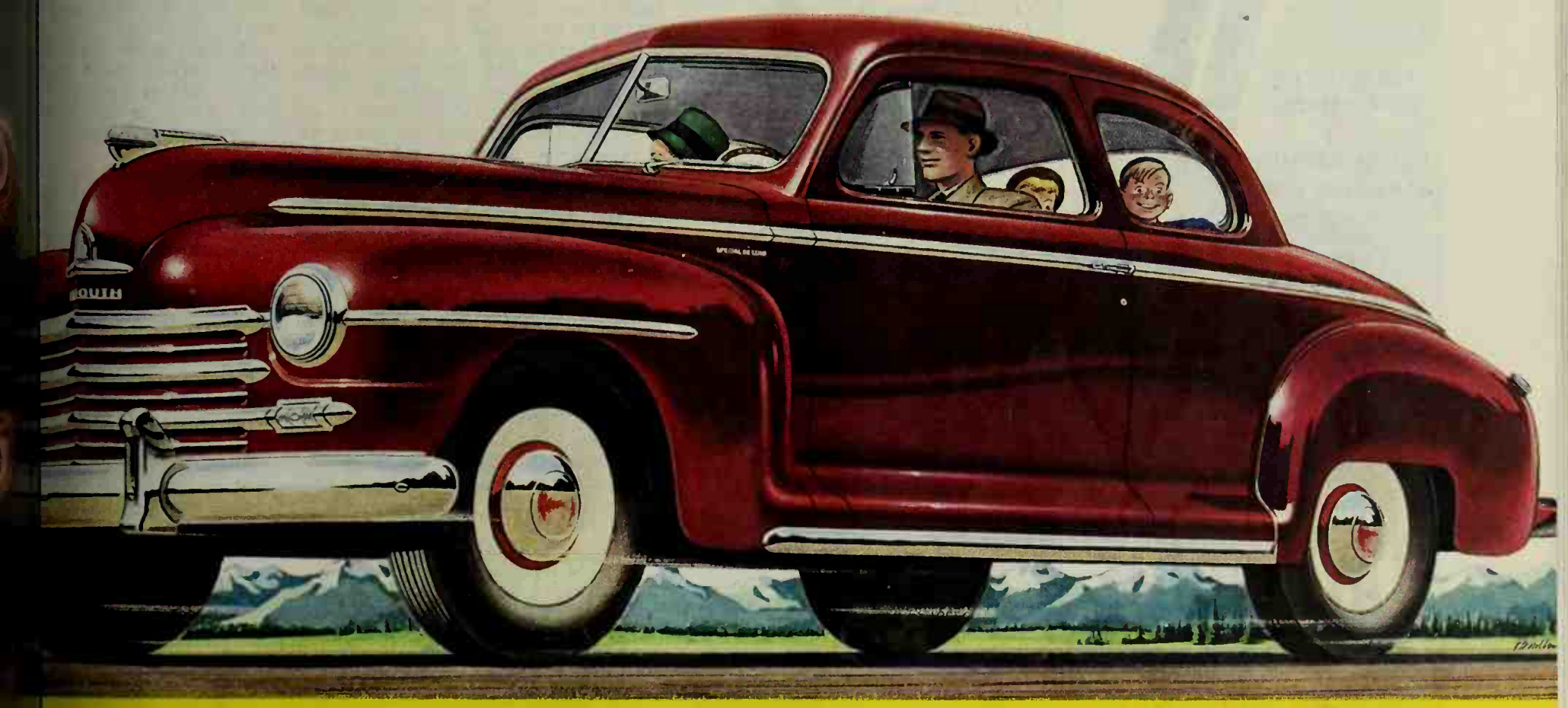
Jean's words came as a shock. A vivid streak flashed across the room and grabbed Jean by the arms. "That's not true!" Mimi said, her voice edged with hysteria

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

MEASURE THEM ALL

Compare the cars in number of QUALITY FEATURES	
MOST HIGH-PRICED CARS HAVE	21
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH HAS	20
LOW-PRICED CAR #2 HAS	9
LOW-PRICED CAR #3 HAS	8

by the yardstick of Value!



Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's a yardstick for accurate car comparison. It shows you 21 features of high-priced cars . . . lets you measure the leading lowest-priced cars against them.

You see that Plymouth has 20 of these features. You check the other two leading low-priced cars and find that one has only 9 and the other only 8. You prove for yourself that Plymouth is the one low-priced car most like high-priced cars.

Then consider Plymouth's *extra* value above and beyond the 20 quality features. In the lowest-priced field, only Plymouth has Safety-Rim Wheels to reduce the hazards of tire failures. Only Plymouth has light-touch Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes, a third more effective . . . and many other basic advantages.

The protection of advanced safety features, the smoothness of Floating Power performance, the refreshing restfulness of a scientifically balanced ride — they're all yours with Plymouth. Doesn't all-around value like this make Plymouth your best buy?

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KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN—

The Kaywoodie organization had been making pipes for 28 years, when Edison produced the first incandescent electric lamp in 1879. Shown here is the old time lamplighter, before the days of electric street lighting. Kaywoodie has grown with the popularity and serviceability of its pipes.

HOW TO TELL THE GENUINE KAYWOODIE

♣

LOOK FOR CLOVERLEAF and brand name on stem

Super Grain
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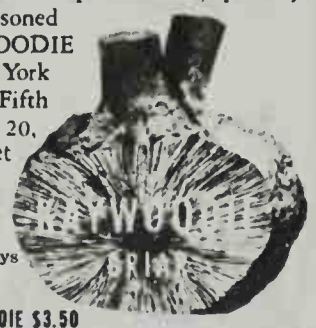

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*Six recent surveys confirm this.

WRINKLESS KAYWOODIE $3.50
SUPER-GRAIN $5, RELIEF-GRAIN $7.50, FLAME-GRAIN $10, SILHOUETTE $10, MEERSCHAUM LINED $12.50
CONNOISSEUR $15, NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

five million dollars could buy if it didn't care what it bought.

But you had to admit that Jean was safe in such surroundings. Any run-of-the-mine murderer would have passed out with shock with a single glimpse of that place. He'd have to be dressed for the occasion: dinner coat, sport outfit or swimming trunks. You couldn't just walk into an estate like that and perpetrate a homicide.

Morning, afternoon and night, the house and grounds were overrun with important people from Olympus, from Magna, and from other major studios.

Once Jean was installed, Danny and I played around with such insignificant things as insurance and real estate. We tried to forget that a nice explosion was waiting to happen.

Monday morning Marty Walsh breezed into my office. He looked debonair and efficient and there was a light in his eyes that sent my guard up. He said, "Good morning, Ingram." He closed the door, pulled up a chair, helped himself to a cigarette, and then favored me with a lovely smile.

I said, "Just when did you eat the canary, Lieutenant?"

He said he thought that was very funny. "You're not a bad guy, Ingram. If we were on the same team," he went on, "we could get along fine. You see, I've changed my mind about a lot of things."

"What, for instance?"

"Fred Wilson."

MAYBE my expression changed. If it did, Marty didn't miss it.

I got cagey. Perhaps he knew something. I said, "Look, Walsh—from the minute we met, you've been riding me. On a hunch. If that's the way you've got to work, okay. But it doesn't make you popular with me."

"I could have been wrong."

"You sure could. But do you think you were?"

He gave me a friendly nod which was intended to be disarming. "Halfway. Not entirely. And that isn't a stall, Ingram. It's based on information."

I waited.

He said quietly, "I've got a pretty good idea who killed Bert Ellison."

Socko! Another one right on the button. I said, "Is it a secret?"

"Not from you, it ain't. It was Gus Ackerman."

For some reason, that let me down. I said, "What makes you think so?"

"Ballistics. The gun Ackerman was carrying the night he was killed is the same one that was used to kill Ellison."

I thought it over. Could be, of course. Jean and I had agreed that by some odd combination of circumstances, Ackerman had been at the Monterey Canyon home that afternoon. We hadn't pegged him as the murderer, because he hadn't acted—afterward—as we thought a murderer ought to act. His approach had been that of a man with dangerous information to sell, but not that of a man who might be slipping his neck into a noose by overplaying his hand.

Ackerman had been on the set at the railroad yards the night Vera Bradley was killed. He could have done that job, too. The idea was nice. Almost too nice. What was wrong with it was the gent who had telephoned Jean one night and said he was Fred Wilson, the lad who had bumped me over the head with something that hurt. That wasn't Ackerman. He had a cast-iron alibi on that.

Marty Walsh said, "What's about it you don't like, Ingram?"

"Nothing. I like it all."

"But you don't believe the way I do. You still got Madigan on your mind, haven't you?"

"Yes. Ackerman could have been working for Madigan."

"I think you're wrong, but I don't think it as hard as I used to." He smiled,

SAVE FOOD !

then chuckled. "You won't get sore if I say something, will you, Ingram?"

"I hope not."

"You remember the afternoon we met? When we flipped that rug back and got a gander at Bert Ellison—you sure looked silly."

"So here we go again, huh?"

"Hell, no. I was just explaining something. About how come I got that hunch. You ain't naturally a silly-looking guy, but when you looked at Bert—oh, I dunno, it struck me that it wasn't the way a man would look if he was seeing something he expected to see."

I said, "Look, Lieutenant, suppose we play 'em face up for a few minutes. Just for the hell of it. What you probably came out here for was to watch my reaction when you told me that Ackerman killed Bert Ellison. Maybe I'd get all excited and say the case was closed. Maybe I'd be too happy."

This time there was warmth in Walsh's smile. He said, "Maybe you ain't hopeless, Ingram. That's nice thinking."

"I'd say you really didn't expect to get much out of it. I'd guess that you've got something else on your mind—or am I wrong?"

"You're right as six rabbits."

"Well—?"

"Direct so-and-so, ain't you, Ingram? How'd you like to go to a party?"

I blinked.

"A real swell party," Walsh continued affably. "No formal dressing, of course. But the McCoy, just the same. Lots of folks you know."

"When's the party?"

"Tonight."

"Where?"

"Valley View Towers."

"Who's the host?"

"This'll slay you. It's Rich

Something clicked inside. perhaps. Marty was giving small bites. Just enough a keep me confused.

I said, "What's the setup?"

"I know only enough to smart if we all played it Ma Especially you."

"Why me?"

"Because Rick's been w from the first. Now he's make some kind of a pit gambler—it's just the sort do. Naturally, he thinks wha in mind will work out fine f it doesn't *have* to be that w

"Have you got a guest list

"Sure. He called me firs vaguely what he wanted essential that I be there, an be a good idea to bring a fr the Homicide Bureau. I Bowman."

"Who else?" I asked.

"Rick suggested you an ledge and Arnold Travis. A Danny Singleton. And Mim

"It couldn't be that he's fr one, could it, Marty?"

"I think yes. But that d we got to fall for it."

"Suppose Jean doesn't wa

Marty got up. He stood looking down at me. He "Listen, Ingram—I haven't idea what this is all about. I the score any more than you But I've got one of my craz think it would be swell if y that Miss Rutledge and S Travis showed up."

He went to the door, tur the tips of his thumb and f gether, making a circle. "L said. "I have an idea the wh get washed up tonight."

I SPENT most of the afte to figure whether I like When it came time to clo I still hadn't reached a dec knew was that I was going

Danny and I went home t bathed and shaved and ch We took my car, started of immaculate wilds of Bel said, "Some fun we got, eh,

I wasn't so sure. I said, " peg it, Danny?"

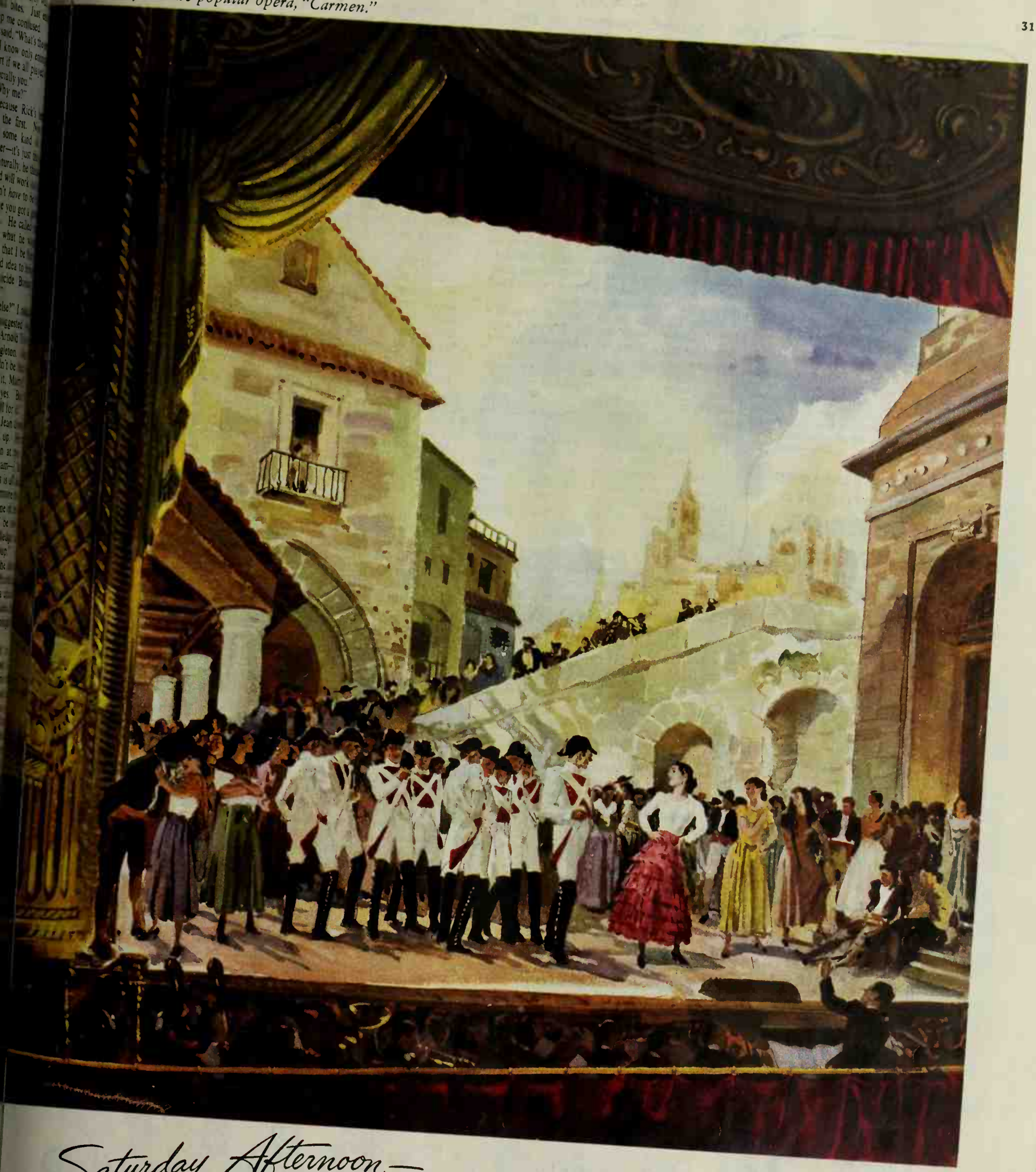
"Something's on the fire they're using a pressure c favored me with his enga

BUTCH by LARRY R

COLLIER'S

"Your fiancée must be very amiable. I see her pitcher very often in apartments around town"

famous scene from the popular opera, "Carmen."



ry Saturday Afternoon—

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Offered to the radio audience for the eighth consecutive year, these Texaco-sponsored programs include favorite operas and such popular intermission features as the famous Opera Quiz and Opera News on the Air.

This thrilling series of Saturday-afternoon broadcasts begins November 15 and continues through March 13 over the American Broadcasting Company Network. See your newspaper for time and station.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS LANOLIN!

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN . . . 2 Network Shows!
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

grin. "Anyhow, the teams are even. Four on our side, four on theirs."

"That still gives them the advantage, Danny. On the other side are two cops and a real bad boy named Madigan."

He said thoughtfully, "Nice of Madigan to invite me, wasn't it, Bruce?"

I'd been thinking the same thing. Just something else that didn't make sense. "Any friend of mine," I said, "is a friend of Madigan's."

The road twisted and climbed. We pulled up in front of the residential warehouse where Jean was staying. I was about to climb out of the car to fetch her, when she appeared. She was wearing a simple cocktail dress which did things to her. It was a black dress with a medallion at the collar made of something gold and shiny. She looked cute— except that maybe her eyes were too bright.

When I pulled up in front of Arnold's hotel, Danny went inside. I wasn't supposed to park there, so I kept the motor running.

I needn't have worried. Danny reappeared with Arnold Travis in tow. They clambered in and Danny said, "On your way, Egbert," which was supposed to be excruciating.

I swung to the right, went two blocks and turned right again. That put me on Sunset Boulevard, headed west. We passed the boundary of Hollywood, and rolled into the Strip. Valley View Towers stuck up into the night like a sore thumb.

FINDING a place to park in the Strip is a job in any man's language. I gave up finally and nosed the car down a short, steep ramp into the basement garage of the Towers. The attendant was just about to ask what the hell we were doing there when I slipped him a buck and mentioned that we were having dinner with Mr. Madigan. The dollar didn't register, but Madigan's name did.

We mentioned Madigan to the cute little trick who was running the elevator. It was an automatic elevator, but during the rush hours there was always a girl to help it run automatically. She, too, was impressed by Madigan's name.

We took a long time going up. Finally we got there and the door slid open quietly, without being touched by human hands. A tough-looking monkey who was making like a butler greeted us gravely, took our stuff and told us to walk right into the living room. I whispered to Danny, "A ringer. The teams aren't even any more. Already they've got five on their side."

The foyer was big. The living room was enormous. There were windows on two sides. One set of them gave access to the terrace, the other set was just for looking. But no matter where you looked, the view outside was magnificent. You couldn't help but be impressed.

Across the room, in front of the fireplace, was a couch. Its back was to the foyer. There was a woman sitting on the couch, facing away from us. By the well-shaped head, with the black hair flowing over the shoulders, I knew it was Mimi Fowler. I could see one hand. It held a glass, and the glass had something in it that looked potent and intriguing.

Madigan was facing us. He was standing near the fireplace, and obviously had been chatting with Miss Fowler. He smiled a greeting and came forward with his hand out.

Even in this huge room, Rick Madigan looked tremendous. He was wearing a conservatively cut Oxford-gray suit, a plain white shirt, a gray tie which was shot through with unobtrusive flecks of red. He looked as though he belonged here, as though he belonged in any place which was lavish and correct.

He was the charming host making his guests welcome and comfortable. He didn't overdo it. By doing nothing more elaborate than acting like a gentleman, he stripped us of antagonism, but this wasn't just a social evening. We all knew it, and he knew that we knew it.

The elevator door opened again. This time the cage disgorged Lieutenant Marty Walsh and Detective Pete Bowman. Walsh looked as correct and as at home as the host did. Bowman looked slightly uncomfortable, and a trifle on the defensive, as though determined that nothing would make him betray his unfamiliarity with such elegance.

Mimi had risen. She was a wee bit overdone, so as to put her a little on the dizzy side. A shade too much make-up, a dress which advertised her femininity a trifle too obviously. But she still looked like somebody you'd like to meet in your dreams.

A Filipino boy appeared bearing a vast tray. You had your choice of dry Martinis, Manhattans and Daiquiris. No matter which you selected, you'd be right. The lad who had mixed those drinks was an artist. I said as much to Madigan, and he seemed pleased.

The boy put down the tray, with its load of extras. He vanished, only to reappear a second later with another tray containing *canapés*. But *canapés*. The

THE STORY

BRUCE INGRAM, young Los Angeles real-estate agent, is in love with motion-picture star JEAN RUTLEDGE. Jean, however, is still officially married to a gambler named FRED WILSON, who ran out on her four years ago. Wilson, secretly back on the Coast after his long absence, is murdered in the now abandoned house he and Jean had occupied.

Bruce and Jean discover the body, but Bruce—not wanting Jean's career to be wrecked by the unfavorable publicity that might ensue—drives her back to her studio before reporting the murder to the police. When he does report it, he arranges for his partner, DANNY SINGLETON, to be in on the "discovery" of the body.

Before police detective MARTY WALSH arrives at the scene, Wilson's body is mysteriously removed, and the body of a small-time grafter, BERT ELLISON, is substituted for it. Thus Walsh does not know that Wilson is dead—and Bruce, who is concealing the fact that he and Jean had originally discovered Wilson's body, obviously can't tell him.

That night Bruce and Jean lawyer, ARNOLD TRAVIS. A things, Travis tells them tha son owed money to gambler GAN and that Ellison was also Madigan.

A stagy brunette named M shows up in Bruce's real-esta day; she seems intensely i Jean Rutledge's abandoned whereabouts of Fred Wils other matters pertaining to th and she is particularly fascin big, easygoing Madigan. Je and confidante, VERA BRADL dered in Jean's dressing roo she's told Jean that she ha information to impart to her.

A few nights later a strang himself GUS ACKERMAN ap claiming knowledge of her h tempts to blackmail Jean. Arnold are hiding in Jean' ready to protect her from mailer. When Ackerman thr with a gun, Travis steps in and shoots him dead.

works. Caviar, ancho sturgeon—whatever your nomic heart desired. Ever perfect, so faultless, so pl could almost make myself pose of our little gathering

I found myself standin of the group next to Bow doing all right by the *ca* going light on the cocktai pered confidentially, "Som it, Ingram?"

"Yeah," I answered, me his own ground. "A hellu

"I shouldn't of been a on. "Rackets—that's what

I smiled at him. "You this as a steady diet."

"I'd give it a riffle." H anchovy with a toothpick. are little sardines, ain't the

THE dinner was somet poetry about. Vichy green salad, duck *à l'orange* rice, tiny Brussels sprouts. baked Alaska, which was a Madigan touch. There was terne, and after the coffee liqueurs, including brandy have been ancient long bef was ever born.

The conversation all thr ner was casual, pleasant a We talked about picture estate, Santa Anita, televisi and 1948 automobiles. anything that meant anythi wasn't so much as mention

But still, there was no tension, no getting away tainty that this was leadin that when our host got go things would start popping

We settled ourselves in th All sorts of cigarettes w There were a half-dozen br Havana cigars. Brandy an and crème de menthe wer

THE FORTUNE

VERY VO BVIOUSLY... LUXURIOUS

ined by

n Who Plan beyond Tomorrow to

chieve the Ultimate in Luxury

f fabulous sable, the bottle of precious V.O. Canadian
in common: each is the result of time without end in
matching, blending of the choicest of the rare.
one-of-its kind luxury distinguishes Seagram's V.O.
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CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

As if I didn't have enough on my mind!
YOU USED TO HIT THE CEILING WHEN I DIDN'T KISS YOU. NOW YOU BLOW YOUR TOP WHEN I DO! GOSH, MARY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
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Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

coffee table for those who might feel inclined to repeat.

I'd been keeping an eye on Marty Walsh. The man knew his way around. He wasn't in a hurry. He had no intention of taking the play away from Madigan. He carried his end of every discussion, expressed a few conservative opinions freely and intelligently—and waited.

Rick Madigan's timing would have made him a success as an actor. He picked a moment when whatever topic had been under discussion had died of its own weight. Nobody was talking. He didn't have to ask for, or suggest, quiet. He spoke casually, softly. He said, "I suppose this would be a good time to begin, wouldn't it?"

He didn't spread it out. He knew that we understood. He looked at Lieutenant Walsh, and Marty nodded. I could see a general tightening.

MADIGAN spoke with meticulous care, as though his preliminary speech had been rehearsed. He said, "Naturally, we all recognize that this isn't merely a social gathering—much as I would have liked it that way. Recently, some very ugly things have been happening. I've found myself in the middle. I don't like being there."

He gave us a few seconds to think that over.

"I would prefer not to step on any toes, or to remind any one of you of things you'd rather forget." He nodded gravely at Jean. "Particularly you, Miss Rutledge."

Jean inclined her head. She looked calm, but her color was too high, her eyes were too bright.

"Unfortunately, unpleasant things have a way of remaining unpleasant until they're straightened out. Some of you folks don't like me. That goes especially for Bruce Ingram."

I said, "I don't dislike you, Madigan. This is something a lot bigger than liking or disliking a person."

"Right. But you've persisted in the idea, haven't you, that I either killed Bert Ellison and Vera Bradley, or that I was instrumental in having them killed?"

There it was. Out in the open. I said, "Yes. I've thought that. From all I had heard, I couldn't figure any other answer."

"Naturally." Madigan let that one ride. "But since I had nothing to do with either killing, there's got to be another answer."

He was taking plenty of tin
profession is a tricky one. I'
that frankly before two membe
police department, and I'm n
them anything they don't know
I've never gone in for violence
larly murder. I don't blame
gram, for what you've thought
blame you for not thinking far

There wasn't any answer
either.

Madigan said, "We're all
residents of Los Angeles. C
grounds are known. That goes
body in this room except one p

One person! I looked at Mim
Everybody else looked at her.

She was sitting stiffly in a wi
half-empty glass of brandy in
a cigarette in the other. She
astonishing calmness, "You
don't you, Rick?"

"Yes. You see, Mimi—y
only person who doesn't fit na
understand you've been very i
You didn't pick the real-esta
Ingram and Singleton out of a
went to them with two ideas
You wanted to inspect Miss
Monterey Canyon home.
wanted to meet Miss Rutledg
right?"

Mimi said, "You seem pre

Madigan turned to me.
back me on those last two s
Ingram?"

I said, "I had gotten that im

"Good. You see, all I'm
frankness. All I want is the t
hurts me—okay. Except that
He moistened his lips, and
Mimi again. He said, "Mos
egoists, Mimi. They like to re
selves as irresistible. But e
couldn't quite swallow the
made for me. It was too ob
too fast. I didn't have that
in my own charm."

Mimi Fowler accepted his
She said, "I overplayed it, di

"You certainly did. May I

"You're doing all right,"
"Why not keep on?"

"I will." Madigan was ad
of us now. "Mimi intrigue
have taken it in stride if ce
things hadn't been happening
me. From the minute I d
Mimi was going a little too
started having her investigate
something very interesting,
that explains Miss Fowler,
fully timed arrival in Los A

"You probably won't remember me, but I was at your house the day you were born"

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interest in the Monterey Canyon house, in Bert Ellison, in Miss Rutledge and in me.

"Mimi Fowler was trying to find Fred Wilson. She was pretty sure that he had killed Ellison. She thought there might be a clue in the house which Fred had once owned, and where the murder was committed. She thought that perhaps Fred Wilson's wife—Miss Rutledge—might know where he was hiding."

Marty Walsh said sharply, "Lay off the double-talk, Rick. Why was Mimi Fowler so interested in Fred Wilson?"

"Because," explained Madigan suavely, "because until recently, Mimi believed that she was Wilson's wife. They were married in Havana, Cuba, in December, 1943. It wasn't until a few weeks ago that Mimi learned that Fred Wilson was a bigamist."

WE SAT gawking at one another. No matter what I'd expected, it hadn't been this.

Only two people in the room seemed to take the announcement in stride. One was Marty Walsh, whose face was expressionless. The other was Mimi Fowler.

She said steadily, "What are you driving at, Rick?"

"Just presenting facts," he answered. "It's Marty's job to figure where they fit."

Walsh said, "Are you sure they *are* facts?"

Madigan smiled. "You know better than to ask a question like that, Marty. Would I be making this play if I weren't sure? I've got proof that would stand up anywhere. Fred Wilson met Mimi Fowler in Havana around Christmas of 1943. He'd been bucking the dice table at the Casino Nacional in Havana, and his luck had been consistently bad. He was flat broke. Mimi had money. I don't know exactly how much, but I'd say around fifty-sixty thousand. Am I right, Mimi?"

"Forty thousand," was Mimi's placid answer.

"She and Wilson were two of a kind. They fell for each other. Wilson was a fast worker. He had the assistance of tropic moonlight and a foreign atmosphere. I'm not trying to tell you how he thought things out, except that I knew the man pretty well. I'm not far wrong, because he'd have to have figured that way to commit bigamy."

Arnold Travis broke in. He said, "That doesn't come off, Madigan. Fred could have had a divorce from Jean any time he wanted."

"Yes. But not quick. It would have taken time. Maybe Mimi would get tired of waiting. She might change her mind. She might spend her forty thousand. The way I peg it, Wilson did what he'd always done. He took a chance. He had a name that was not distinctive. He married Mimi in another country. He got hold of her dough when he needed it most. I'm guessing that he figured to get a quiet divorce from Miss Rutledge soon after he got back to the States."

"Then why didn't he?"

"Because something happened just at that time that he hadn't figured on. All of a sudden Jean Rutledge stopped being an unimportant extra girl. She became a national sensation almost overnight. Newspapers and fan magazines were loaded with publicity about her. No matter who filed divorce proceedings, or where, some newshawk would spot it. The fact that Miss Rutledge was actually Mrs. Fred Wilson, and that she was separated from her husband, was fresh in everybody's mind. And, unless I'm wide of the mark, I'd say the person he feared most was Mimi."

"Why?"

"Because bigamy is a felony. It means prison. A lot of prison. Let Mimi learn the truth, she'd be sore. If I'd been Wilson, I'd have been afraid of that. I'd be afraid that the person who would start the bigamy ball rolling would be the woman who had been done dirt."

Travis nodded. He said, "It could have been that way, Madigan, but it doesn't have to be. How long would a man like Fred Wilson think he could get away with it?"

"Indefinitely. I'll lay ten to one that he even kidded with Mimi about having the same name as the husband of the famous Jean Rutledge. Right, Mimi?"

She said, "Yes, you're right."

"You see. It's simple psychology. You don't think of someone close to you as being tied up with a famous person, or of being famous. Maybe you meet Clark Gable in a bar. You have a drink with him. You say, 'You look exactly like Clark Gable.' He grins, and says that's what everybody tells him. Are you going to think it's Clark Gable? The answer in my book is no."

Rick was making out a strong case. He was telling the story of a reckless gambler who was accustomed to taking chances; a man who had been so foolish as to welsh on a $7,000 debt to Madigan himself; a man who saw a fast $40,000 in his hand, provided he took a chance which, at the moment, didn't look dangerous—something he could iron out quietly and in his own good time.

Marty Walsh spoke to Mimi. He asked, "Is that about how it was, Miss Fowler?"

Mimi said, "Yes."

"You never suspected that he was *the* Fred Wilson or that you were a bigamist?"

"No."

WALSH turned to Arnold Travis. He said, "That checks with a few other things you've been telling me. You say that Wilson never saw you personally in New York?"

"He refused consistently."

"How did you contact him?"

"Through a friend. I never knew his address."

"You never met Mimi?"

"No. Until ten minutes ago, Fred's attitude on the divorce proposition hadn't made any sense. He always wanted money. He knew he could have gotten a nice slice of it from Miss Rutledge."

"Could a divorce have been arranged so that there would have been no danger of publicity?"

"It would have been taking a chance. You can get away with that parties are in agreement, and w isn't any danger of unpleasant; I'm inclined to agree with Ma Wilson would have been afrai Mimi might do once she found she stood."

Mimi said, "I might have, at

Travis continued, "Fred wouldn't have liked the idea He wasn't the type."

"One more thing," said Wal understand it, you advised Mis to get a Nevada divorce on t of desertion, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't she?"

"I wrote Wilson what she h I assured him that it could be He wrote back that it wouldn that he'd personally go to N fight it. Not knowing the spot I couldn't figure that he was b

"Could he have fought the cessfully?"

"I don't think so. I believe ledge would have gotten he But I was afraid he'd put up that might involve a scandal. matter whether or not a scan

SPORTING ODDS

Playing its archrival, Drake, at Des Moines late in the fal 1925, Iowa State was leading 7-0. Midway through the fo quarter of the cloudy, rainy and dismal game, Iowa State had ball deep in its own territory with only a few minutes to play

Johnny Behm, Iowa State quarterback, ran three runn plays to eat up time. Then on fourth down, to the crowd's am ment, he turned and ran toward his own goal. He crossed goal and touched the ball down for a safety, and two point Drake. The rules gave Iowa State the ball on its own 20-yard l

Behm again ran three running plays to eat up time. On fo down he again turned and ran toward his own goal, touched football down, and gave Drake two additional points. With I State still in possession of the ball, Behm for a third time follo exactly the same procedure and time ran out before the series of plays. Iowa State had won, 7-6.

That winter the rules committee, recognizing that Behm abided by the rule in letter but not in spirit, wrote the pre rule under which the team making a safety puts the ball in by a free kick.

—John F. McElhinney, Ames, I

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tion is true. It would be court record, and Miss Rutle career would have been ruin my job, as her lawyer, to pro

Mimi flipped back the co humidor. She fitted a ciga long holder. Danny Singleto for her, and she said, "Than

Her reaction thus far had ishing. I looked at Jean ar proximately what was goin mind: You'd almost think th of Mimi's arranging. Outw was poised and confident. the play away from Madi was nervous or frightened, sign.

Lieutenant Walsh look Madigan. He said, "We'll facts, Rick. Mimi seems to 'em. So I ask you: Where

"A lot closer to an ansv were, Marty. My opinion ha I still think Fred Wilson you're after. I think Mi knows where he is. Maybe too. And our friend Ingram rather constantly underfoot be in on it."

Marty looked at me. "Ho he asked.

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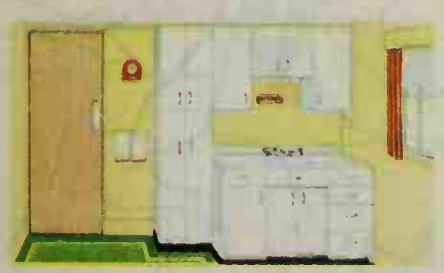

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"Same answer, Lieutenant. Everything I've heard here tonight is news."

"You don't know where Fred Wilson is?"

"No."

That was stretching it thin, and I realized it. In point of fact, I didn't know where Fred was. What was left of him was probably lying in some deserted canyon, or perhaps in the Pacific Ocean. I certainly didn't know where.

Walsh returned his attention to Mimi Fowler. He said, "There are a lot of blank spaces. Maybe you'd be willing to fill 'em in for us. Did you know before tonight that your husband was a bigamist?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known it?"

"I first suspected it on January twenty-second. I didn't know it for sure until after I got to Los Angeles."

"Mind explaining that?"

She got up and walked across the room. I noticed that Pete Bowman was keeping a sharp eye on her. Maybe he was figuring that she might try jumping out of a window. Anyway, he was watching, but not making it too obvious.

MIMI said calmly, "Things happened just about as Rick told them. But he didn't tell it all."

"What did he leave out?"

"He forgot to mention Bert Ellison."

Wham! Just like that! I heard an exclamation from Jean. I heard Danny Singleton murmur, "I'd plumb forgotten *that* guy."

Walsh said, "What about Ellison, Miss Fowler?"

"This last New Year's Eve," she said carefully, "Fred and I were at a brawl in a New York restaurant. A pint-sized, ratty guy drifted up and started slobbering all over Fred. Fred didn't like it. He didn't like the man. But he took it. I figured that he didn't have any choice. He introduced the stranger as Bert Ellison. He said he and Ellison had been friends in the old days, in Los Angeles."

"But you didn't believe him, did you?"

"About being friends? No! But they *had* known each other. I got the hunch that Fred was afraid of Ellison. I didn't know why. He asked Ellison to join the party. Things stayed that way until we broke up at four in the morning. When we got home I quizzed Fred. He admitted he'd never really been friends with Ellison. Said he had been sorry for him. A cheap punk alone in New York on New Year's Eve."

"You didn't believe him?"

"No. But I didn't ask any more questions. You couldn't make Fred tell things he didn't want to tell. I knew he was worried. I thought he was frightened."

"Yet you kept your mouth

"Yes." Mimi took a de her cigarette, then mashed fully in one of the ash trays. I'd like all of you to rem matter what Fred Wilson is what he has been—I love hi

She said it quietly. With

"And then?" prompted W

"Things rocked along. say a word, but he acted like was waiting for something On January seventeenth—' tated, then made an expl memorized all the dates, Lie glad I did."

"So'm I, Miss Fowler. please."

"On January seventeen Morgan called up to say he gram for Fred."

"Who's Eddie Morgan?"

"Friend of Fred's. He handbook. Fred frequentl and messages through him. Morgan had been instrueted where Fred could be reache

"Didn't that strike you as

"No. I knew that Fred out on the seven thousan Madigan. I figured he was a gan might try to do somethi Anyway, Fred went to Eddie' got the telegram. He told leaving right away for L.A."

"Did you see the wire?"

"No. Fred flew out from on the nineteenth. He was d morning of the twentieth of J said he'd be gone only a fe never heard from him again.

"Then—?" prompted Mart

"On the morning of the tw I read in the papers about B body being found in the ho Rutledge. The article went that the house had been giv Rutledge by her husband, F from whom she had been several years." Her voice b trifle, but she pulled hersel "That's the first time it ever me that my Fred Wilson and ledge's husband could be the son."

"Ellison tied them together that it?"

"Yes. It had to be."

"And you thought your h killed Ellison?"

"I don't know what I t thought Ellison was conn Fred's trip. Ellison had beer house which Fred used to o afraid Fred was in a jam. I see what I could do to help."

"So—?"

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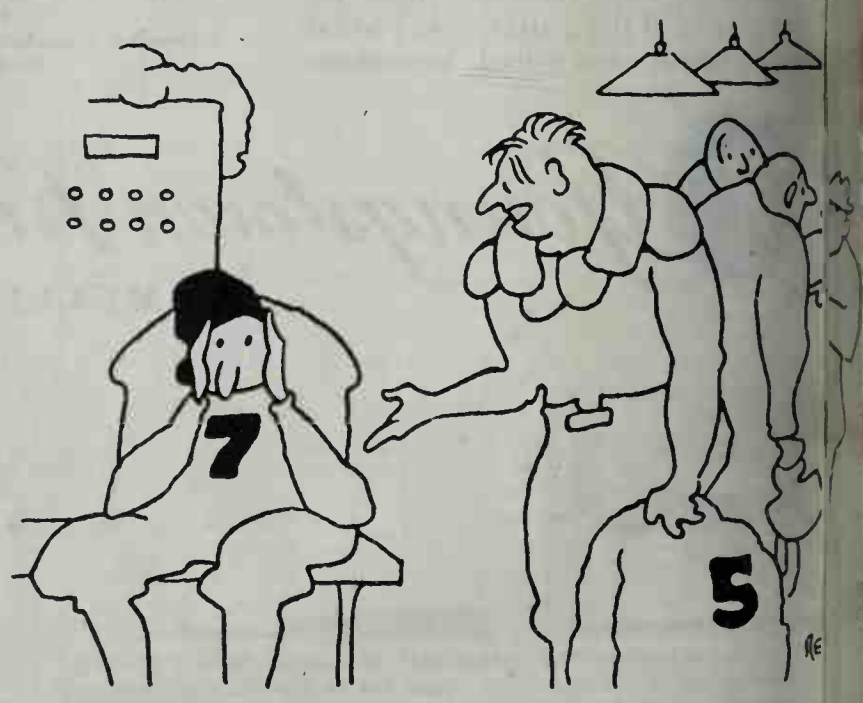

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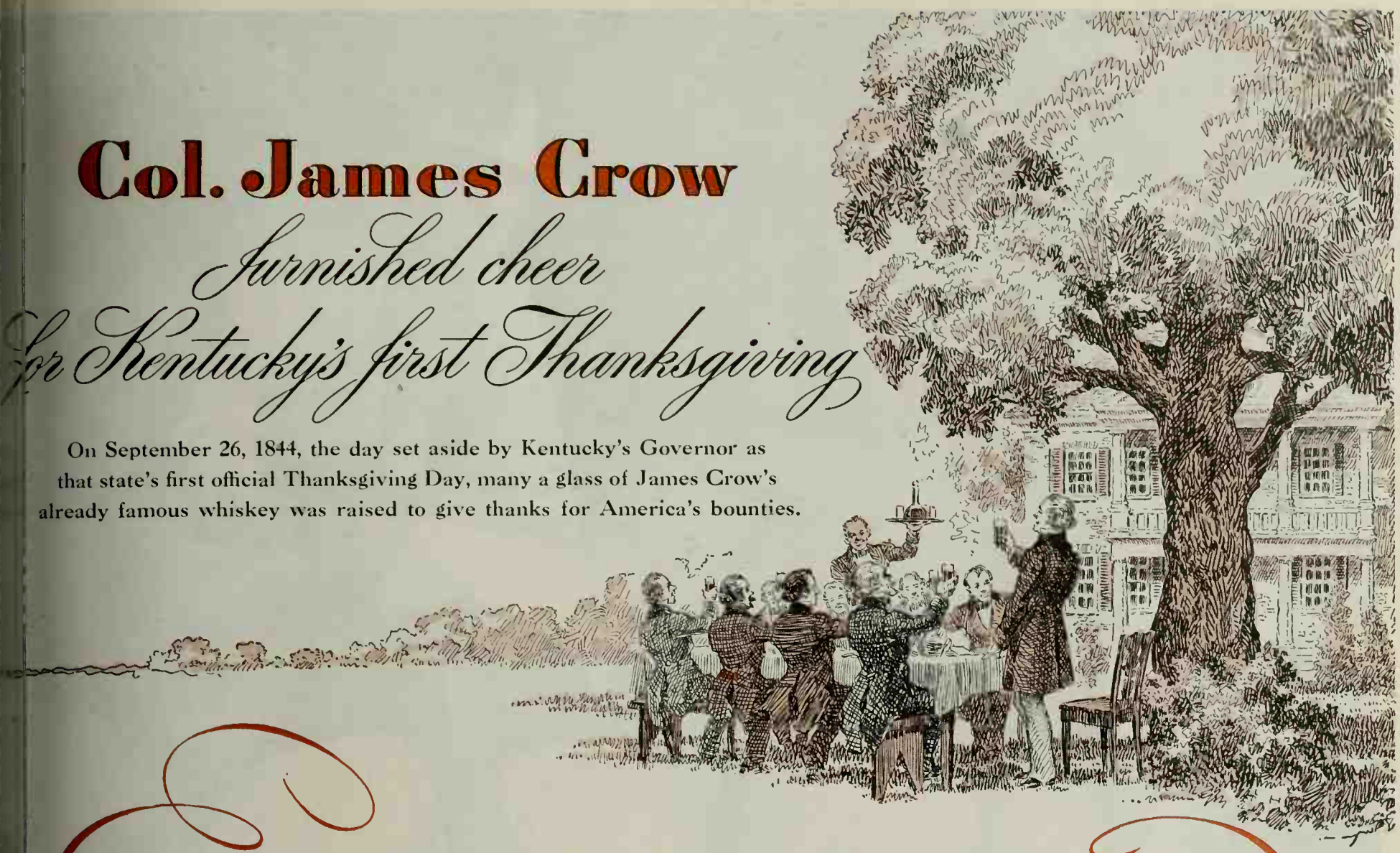

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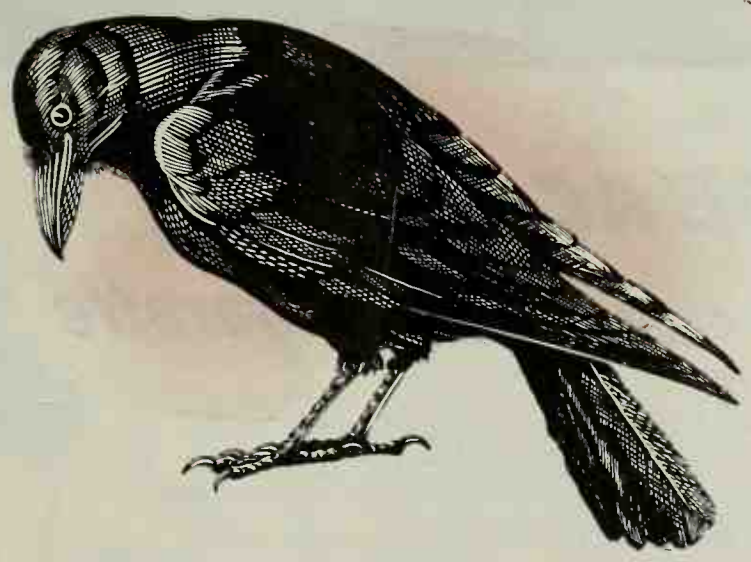

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ldn't find Fred. I asked Eddie o wire me if he heard anything. ln't hear from Eddie. I started around. I wanted to meet Miss so I went to Bruce Ingram. d told me they were engaged. I o meet Madigan. Maybe he nething." She made a helpless "I haven't found out anything. gle damned thing."

it was. You couldn't help but er.

Madigan said, "I believe all of ory except one thing, Marty. I knows where Wilson is hiding. e knows positively that he killed on."

a lie!" Mimi turned on him "It's a dirty, lousy lie!"

n shrugged. "I think different. ideas don't count. What's it you, Marty?"

looked at Walsh. He said, 's logical, Miss Fowler. It he way he says."

nean you think Fred killed Elli-

ldn't go that far out on a limb. heard worse ideas."

if I'm right," said Madigan, owler might be an accessory." always figured Mimi as a lady iolent temper. I was right. had infuriated her. She dropped se of restraint and started to say Things which weren't compli- to Rick or his feminine fore-

ng she would have continued I w. A cool, quiet voice knifed i's scene. The voice said, "Just please, Miss Fowler."

Jean. She hadn't changed her She was still sitting on the ill looking relaxed, still giving ession of a casually interested

ut it off in the middle of an d. Jean said calmly, "Rick has made out a nice case. nly one trouble with it. He's

ed up. So did Danny Singleton old Travis. We converged on heard Danny say, "For the love Jean—" and that was as far as

Walsh and Pete Bowman were omehow. They got between us . Marty was taking over now, and he wasn't fooling. He said, "You mugs back off." Then his voice lost its edge. "You were saying—?" he prompted, looking at Jean.

Danny and Arnold and I looked at Jean and then at one another. We knew the applecart was about to be knocked over. We knew Jean was making a wrong play, but she'd already carried it too far. Arnold said, "Jean! As your lawyer—"

Marty Walsh said, "To hell with that lawyer stuff, Travis. I'm warning you to keep your nose out of this."

Jean was the only placid one in the group. She said, "You'll be interested in this, Lieutenant. And Miss Fowler has a right to know. Rick Madigan omitted one important detail. He forgot to mention that Fred couldn't possibly have killed either Bert Ellison or Vera Bradley."

Marty said, "Why couldn't he?"

"Because," explained Jean steadily, "because Fred Wilson was dead before either of those murders was committed."

I HAD suspected, of course, what Jean was going to say. But hearing the actual words was still a shock.

I felt frightened and, oddly enough, relieved. No more concealment, no more subterfuge. The chips were down. For better or worse.

A vivid streak flashed across the room and grabbed Jean by the arms. Mimi said, "That's not true!" Her voice was edged with hysteria.

Jean took one of Mimi's hands. She said, "I'm sorry, Mimi. More than you would believe. But it's true."

The other girl stared, trying to disbelieve the truth. Then she dropped alongside of Jean. She started to cry. It was a terrible, dry sort of crying.

Jean's arms went around her. The rest of us stood around like a bunch of dopes. All of us were shocked, some of us were surprised. Even Marty Walsh was jarred. You couldn't help being sorry for Mimi Fowler. She'd been taking an awful beating, and this was the pay-off.

She got herself under some semblance of control. She must have realized that we were just getting under way, that there was a lot more to be said. Marty stepped back into character. He swung around so that he faced me.

"You knew it, too—about Wilson being dead?"

"Thanks just the same, sir, but I'm not really looking for a fight"

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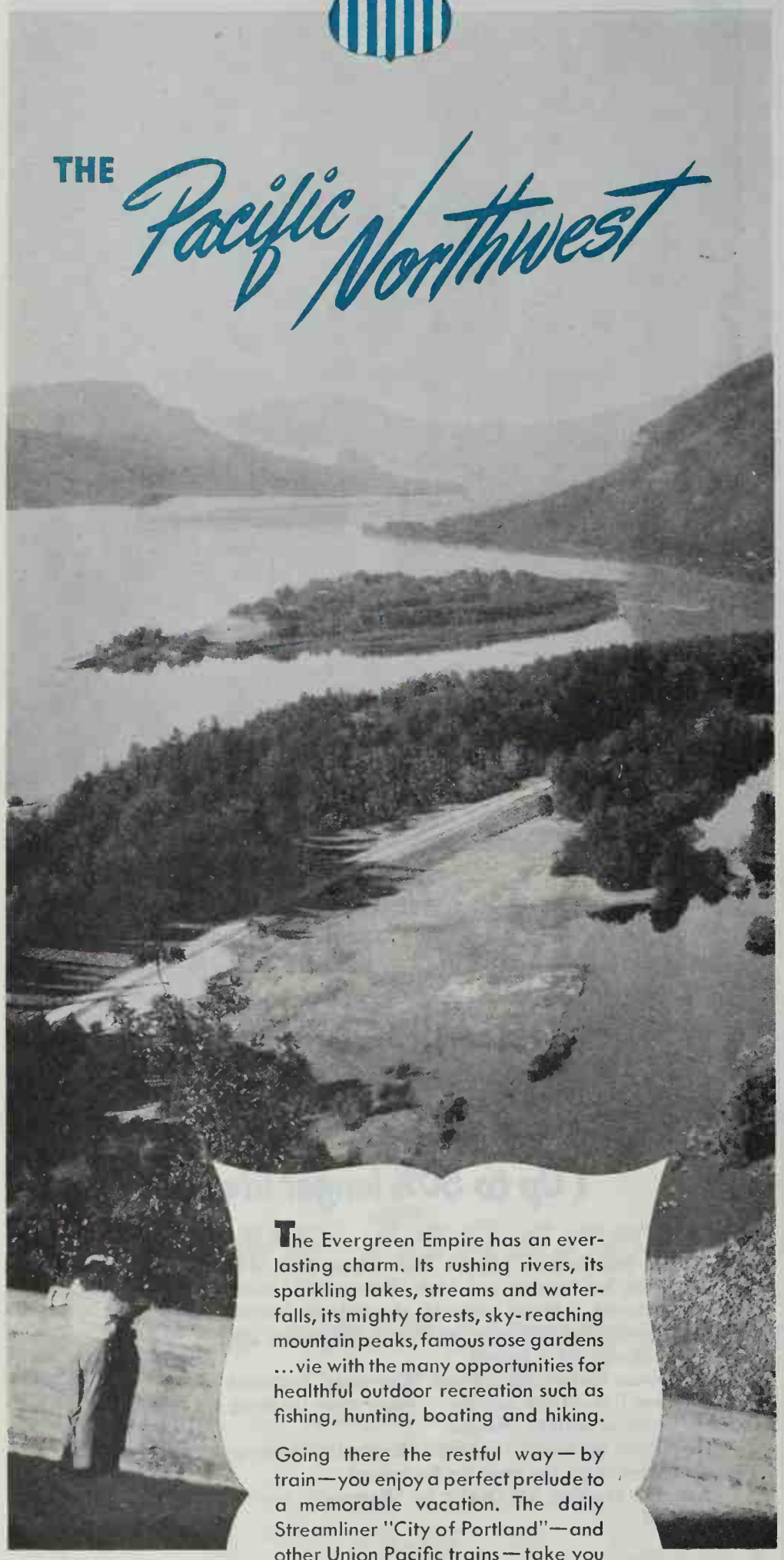

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"Yes."

"How about you, Singleton?"

I said quickly, "Danny didn't know a thing."

But Danny wasn't having it that way. "Let's play it straight for a change," he said, with some hint of weariness in his tone. "Yes, I knew it."

"You saw Wilson's body?"

"No. Bruce told me. We went out there to find his body. Somehow, we missed it."

Marty was mad. Hopping mad. He was acting like a pressure cooker with too much pressure. He snapped, "You're in a hell of a mess, every one of you. You can't play cute on a homicide." He glared at Arnold Travis. "And of course you knew it, too, didn't you, wise guy?"

"I knew what I was told," Arnold said quietly. "No sense chewing your shirt, Marty. I got what I know as the privileged communication of a client."

"Oh, yeah? Maybe whoever hears the disbarment proceedings against you will think different."

WALSH focused his attention on Jean. His voice was heavy with sarcasm: "I hate to keep horning in, Miss Rutledge. I realize that up to this point, it's been a private affair. The fact that people have been rather indiscriminately murdered is only incidental. But you see, we have an odd institution in this town. It's called a police department. It has detectives in it. It gets very curious about murders. It likes to know things. Just a few. So if you'll be kind enough to do a little explaining. Just a few unimportant little things—"

Jean said calmly, "You're mad, Lieutenant. I don't blame you. If I were in your place, I'd be angry, too. I'll tell you everything—"

She talked slowly, carefully, trying not to elaborate things unduly, or to withhold any significant detail. She started with the morning of Tuesday, January twenty-first, when she had received a telephone call from her husband.

She told it as she remembered it. Once or twice she checked with me about the sequence of events. Marty Walsh let her have plenty of rope. She told it all, everything she knew, right down to the present moment. To me, what we had done at the beginning still looked logical. What had happened beyond that point had been beyond our control. So much for our side. But when you added it up, it looked bad. Uncompromisingly bad.

Walsh was sizzling. He was busting out all over. He tore into Jean. He ripped into me.

The telling of Jean's story, the questioning which followed it c a lot of time. During that ti Fowler had taken a grip on her looked haggard, but she wasn any more. Her eyes were hard were set in a straight, angry l got up and ranged alongsid Walsh. She said, "How much you have to be told, copper?"

Walsh looked at her. "Abou

"The whole thing. You've g in your hand."

"I see. I guess you're going t who did it, aren't you?"

"I sure am. It was Rick Mac

I glanced at Rick. He looked Mimi lashed out at him: "You weren't you Rick? Holding o Fred being dead, planting the he'd killed Bert Ellison—so y everybody running around look suspect they couldn't ever find."

Marty said, "I've heard all th Miss Fowler. How's about s new?"

"Okay." She was right on t "You ask for it, I'll give it to you gan has commented about my him being too obvious. He's ri there was a reason. The night he was trying to impress me. the ladies, that's Rick Madigan we were all still at the table. around a cigarette case. So studded with jewels. It was su knock my eye out. It did."

"Why?" inquired Marty.

"Because that cigarette case to Fred. It cost one thousan I know because I gave it to hi after we were married. Sup ask Mr. Madigan where he g when—not to mention how."

Rick apparently had recov poise. He spoke in a quiet, almo ous voice: "She's right about rette case, Marty. I got it fro the day I had him picked up, t got to Los Angeles. He claim here on a big deal. He said he to get his hands on a lot of n gathered from what he said th figuring to put the bite on Miss In the course of our interview duced the cigarette case. I said in part payment. I told him I back when he returned my se sand dollars."

"Wilson didn't like that, did h

"No. But I didn't give him portunity to argue."

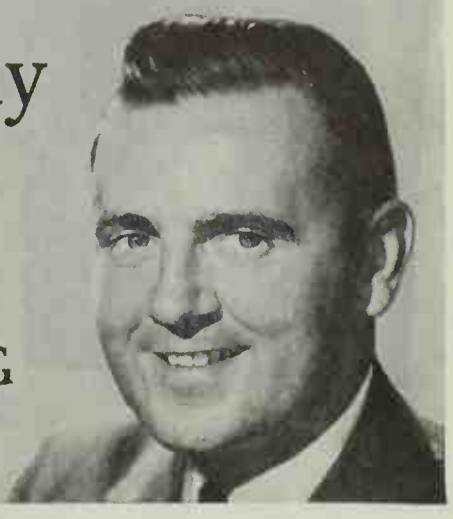
Mimi said, "Fred wouldn't h up that cigarette case withou That'd be when you killed him Bert Ellison was in on it. We

"What are you going to do when the war's over, Freddie?"

COLLIER'S

"'HUNT AND PECK' is not the easy way to type!"

says NORMAN SAKSVIG



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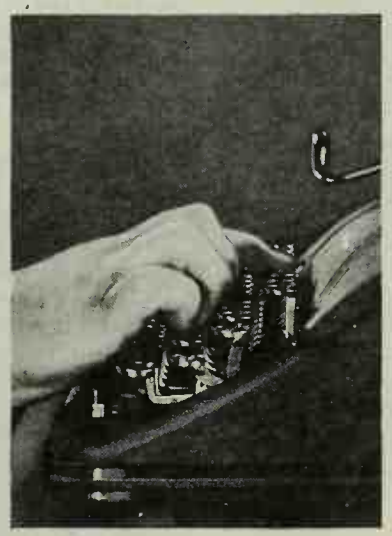
important. Sit erect, feet quire comfortable balance fatigue.

FINGERS should curve as shown, with wrists and arms relaxed. Tap keys briskly . . . finger action *only*.



PIVOT fingers from the "home" positions to strike keys with proper fingers . . . then return "home".

"HUG THE KEYS," says Saksvig — eliminate arm or wrist action, keep fingers *close* to keys.

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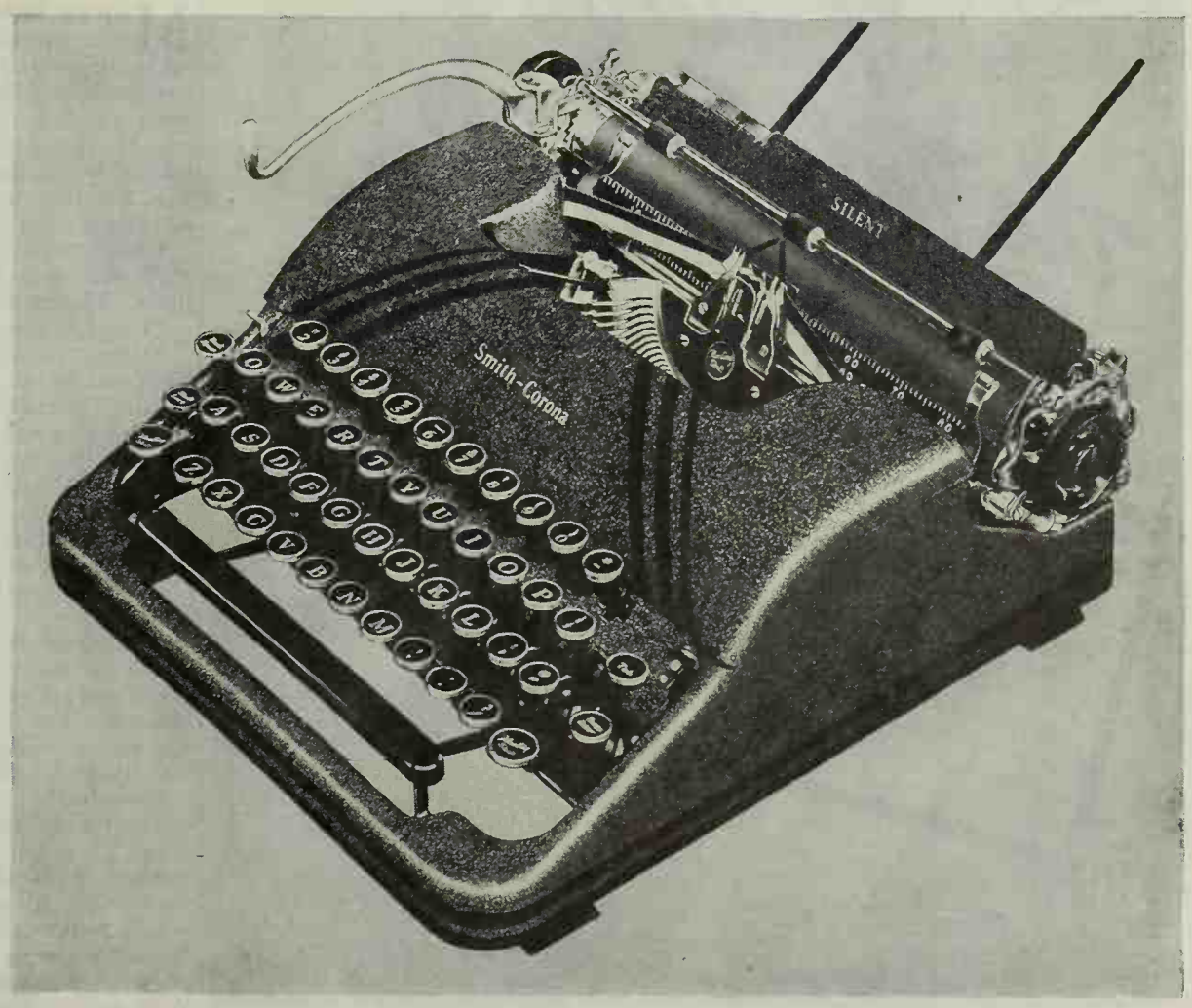

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Ellison ratted to you about Fred being in town. You figured that if Fred's body was found in his wife's house there'd be so much juicy scandal, they'd never connect you with it. So that's where you put him. Maybe Fred had even told you he was going to meet Miss Rutledge there."

Madigan was shaken. His calmness now was forced. It was an act. He was losing a lot of his smoothness. He sought refuge in attack.

"So I toted two bodies out there in Bert Ellison's car, and shuffled them around—is that it?"

Mimi wasn't flustered. She was cold and hard and calculating. "Could be that way," she said. "Could be another way, too, come to think of it. Ellison might have been in on this. He might have seen you kill Fred. He could have helped you carry Fred's body out to the house in Monterey Canyon. It could be that, before you got away, Miss Rutledge and Bruce Ingram showed up. You could have heard what they said if you'd been hiding anywhere on the premises.

"Bert Ellison was a cheap, spineless punk. You knew that better than anybody. You'd naturally be afraid of him. You'd see how he might louse things up good. So you could have killed Ellison to save your own hide—and then have carted Fred's body away." Her eyes were hot with anger. "Where is he now, Madigan? Rotting in some canyon?"

Marty Walsh put a restraining hand on her arm. He said, "Easy does it, Miss Fowler."

Rick said, "You're not falling for that fantastic story, are you, Marty?"

Walsh spoke coldly. He said, "I'm not sure but what I like it, Rick."

"But you know I wouldn't—"

"I don't know any such thing. Mimi has built it up neat and careful. Motive. Opportunity. And the part that reeks of you, Rick, is that switching of the bodies—knowing maybe that Ingram was going to call us to help discover Fred's body, seeing a chance to get things so screwed up nobody could every straighten it out."

I was beginning to like Marty Walsh. Being sore at Jean and at me, at the beginning, that had been only natural. He could still be sore. He didn't have any reason to love us for what we had done.

MARTY WALSH had been handling this shrewdly. He'd let us toss accusations and counteraccusations at one another. He was willing to let anybody question anybody else. So I stepped in. Maybe it'd look like I was trying to tie the noose tighter about Rick Madigan, but that was okay by me. It was too late now to weigh the effect of words.

I said, "That suitcase full of Wilson's stuff that was left at Miss Rutledge's house, Madigan—what about that?"

"I had nothing to do with it."

"It was almost complete," I went on. "But not quite. There was a telegram missing. Miss Fowler told us that Fred's trip out here was probably brought about by that telegram. She didn't see it. But I did. It was in Wilson's wallet when I first found his body. It wasn't there when the wallet was sent to Miss Rutledge's house in that suitcase."

"I didn't send any telegram to Fred Wilson."

"I can't prove that you did. The telegraph company had it marked that the name and address of the sender had been requested and refused. That meant that whoever received it would know who it was from and what it meant."

"So what?"

"Bert Ellison ran into Fred Wilson in New York on New Year's Eve. He showed by his subsequent actions that he was trying to get back in your good graces. Suppose he reported to you about Wilson when he returned to L.A. Suppose he told you he'd had a talk with Wilson about you. Couldn't that fit?"

Madigan snorted. "You trying to say

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ll that trouble for a lousy seven
d? Madigan, hard pressed, turned
Walsh for help. "You could
etter than that, Marty."
was like ice. "I don't know that
Rick. On the seven thousand,
But you're not the sort of a guy
ld let go easy. You get sore at
ou stay that way. If Bert Elli-
laid it in your lap, I can see you
t."

ig man was sweating. "Damn
" e roared suddenly, dropping all
of suavity, "I'm being framed.
ganging up on me, and you're
b to see it. Do you think I'd
this dinner tonight if I'd been
you were after? Have you ever
e to lead with my chin?"
-said, "It could still be you. If
ni says is true, you wouldn't be
til someone else was definitely
r the rap. Tell you the truth,
ke it. It looks fine to me."
ing was working out neatly. Just
doctor ordered. Just the way I
I had listened to everybody. I'd
the pieces of the puzzle fall into
had come to understand a lot
that were inexplicable before.

"This is triple strength to compensate for the longer skirts"

CHARLES PEARSON

e thing missing. Maybe two
t was good, but it wasn't good
Thoughts were chasing one
round inside my head. If the
would only catch up with an-
nt one—

Madigan had degenerated into
er guy named Elmer. He was a
-dressed man who didn't think
charge looked good on him.
t a gentleman any more—just
A thoroughly frightened mug.
was a bellow: "You're accus-
murder—"
that way."
ever know where ideas come
r why they pop out of hiding.
had been there all the time, but
elled.
suddenly. I got it clearly. I
it a bit, but I knew I was right.
y piece was in place. I had a
fantastic idea, but this time the
d be proved.
"Just a minute, Lieutenant."
ll looked at me. I said, "I'd go
ut charging Madigan with any
urders."
" All of a sudden I was un-
ith the cops again.
se," I said, "he didn't do them."
ed across the room. Danny
was regarding me intently. He
know what I was about to say,
aiting for it.
prodded me. "All right, In-
gram," he said sharply, "keep talking. Ever since the first of these murders, you've been trying to pin 'em on Madigan. And with damned little justification. Now, just when it begins to make sense, you don't like it. Why are you protecting him?"

"I'm not protecting Madigan," I said. "Until just now I believed he was guilty. I wish I had been right. But I wasn't. The man you want—the murderer—is Arnold Travis."

It sounded too sudden, even to me. For a few seconds you could have heard a pin drop, if anybody had thought of dropping one.

My accusation had knocked every other theory into a cocked hat. I could be wrong, of course, and there'd have been plenty of takers if somebody had offered odds on it. I could even be crazy, and on that idea, too, you'd have found a lot of endorsers.

It was Jean Rutledge who rose to the defense of Arnold Travis. She might be in love with me, but that didn't convince her that I had called it right.

She said, "It can't be, Bruce. It just can't be."

I was shaken. But I'd made my play, and I had to carry through on it. I said, "I'm sorry, Jean. Sorry as hell. But that's how it is."

I looked at Arnold. His face was hard, his well-muscled figure tense. He was standing rigidly near the end of the couch, not liking what was happening.

Marty Walsh's voice knifed through a sudden silence. He said, "What hat did you pull that one out of, Ingram?"

I didn't pay any attention to him. I was worried about what I saw in Jean's eyes. She was incredulous. She was loyal. I said, "I hate it as much as you do, honey. I was going to say I might be wrong—but I'm not wrong."

Walsh said, "Okay, Sherlock. Let's hear you start not being wrong."

I HAD expected Arnold to do something about it. I had thought he would start defending himself. He did nothing of the kind. He stared at me hostilely, but he had a right to do that. A man doesn't learn to love you because you've accused him of murder.

I said, "I'll give it to you the way I see it, Walsh. I won't have to do a lot of talking, because you've just heard most of it. Madigan's scheme has worked out nicely. We seem to have been having a lovely little game of truth and consequences. At least there's been a lot of truth.

"Madigan has told us things we couldn't find out for ourselves. Mimi has done the same thing. They've built up

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nice cases against each other, but they've been full of holes. There's only one person every accusation could fit. That's Travis."

"Get off the merry-go-round." Walsh was impatient. "Let's have something we don't already know."

"I'll try, Lieutenant. I'll tell you a few things that maybe you didn't realize. For one thing, you've heard Travis say several times that Jean was his meal ticket. That's not true. He's not her agent. He doesn't get ten per cent of her gross income, as an agent would do. Jean meant a lot to Travis in the way of prestige. She paid him a retainer, and extra fees for whatever legal work he did. It amounted to a nice sum, but not nice enough. He always needed money. Before he met Jean his clients had been chiefly cheap crooks and chiselers. The chance to grab a lot of money without burning his fingers would look pretty good. Let's put Madigan's story and Mimi's together, apply them to Travis, and see what we get.

"Shortly after leaving Jean, Fred Wilson committed bigamy. You were not important then, Jean, and he knew he could get a quiet divorce any time he wanted. But before that time arrived, you became famous. Then he didn't dare. He was afraid of prison. So he played it safe.

"Last New Year's Eve, Bert Ellison bumped into him and Mimi in a New York night club. Ellison learned the truth. He pretended to be Fred's friend. But he, a natural-born chiseler, had gotten hold of some information that he knew was worth money. He knew the logical approach. Arnold Travis was his lawyer, too.

"Arnold could do two things: He could pitch Ellison out on his ear, or he could deal himself in. Being Jean's lawyer, he knew that a new producing company had been formed for making Jean Rutledge pictures, and that Jean owned 25 per cent of it. He knew she would be happy to pay any price for her freedom.

"He undoubtedly told Ellison to keep his mouth shut. Then he flew to New York early in January. He saw Fred Wilson."

"But, Bruce," it was Jean protesting again. "Fred has always known that he could get money out of me. He never tried."

"He wouldn't have tried this time, either, sweetheart—except that he was being pushed. Arnold had him where he wanted him. If Fred didn't play ball, he could be thrown in jail for bigamy. The chances are that he did not suspect a tie-up between Ellison and Travis."

MARTY WALSH was staring at me with cold, unblinking eyes. He wasn't liking it very much. He said sharply, "You're doing a lot of talking, Ingram. Why don't you say something?"

I didn't like that. It made me mad. I said, "Like what, for instance?"

"Like this. You've handed us a careful build-up about Travis having his hooks in Fred Wilson. We'll admit he could make Wilson sit up and beg. So where does that get us? What—specifically—was Travis' game?"

I looked at Arnold. He could tell them, of course, but he wasn't talking.

"Okay, Lieutenant, see how this looks: Jean Rutledge hasn't much money, thanks to the heavy income tax. She wouldn't be a very rich plum for a blackmailer. But she owned one thing which promised to be very valuable, and to stay that way. That was her 25 per cent interest in Olympus.

"Olympus is, of course, a subsidiary of Magna. It is, however, an independent corporation. Miss Rutledge owns 25 per cent of that stock. It is in her name, and can be transferred by her. Whoever owns it seems in line to get a handsome income for a great number of years.

"I figure things this way: Travis knew the exact setup between ... Magna and Miss Rutledge. It ... been his idea to compel Fred ... approach Miss Rutledge with ... sition of swapping a divorce ... part—perhaps all—of her ... could transfer it to him, whic... look too unusual. After he'd ... a while, he could then assign ... percentage of it to Arnold ... one dollar and other valuable ... tion.' Travis could always ... Wilson owed him enough ... that. At least he couldn't be ... on a limb."

"H'mm!" Walsh wasn't acc... thing all the way. "What ... think Travis could trust Wilso...

"That was easy. We alrea... what lengths Wilson had go... himself from going to prison ... He'd be certain to continue ... that way to save his own hide...

I SURVEYED the crowd. I ... ing as well as I would ha... said, "It's got to be that way, ... the only approach that could ... lot of money from Miss Rutl...

I paused for breath. M... looked rather contemptuou... Travis, hostile.

I realized that I had to do s... ing. I said, "Arnold got back ... geles on the fifteenth of Ja... waited two days, heard no...

SAVE FOO...

Fred, and then sent that thre... signed telegram to Wilson. ... of the things that put me ... track, Lieutenant.

"That telegram," I con... more than a hint of urgency ... "started off by saying that th... not heard from Fred Wilso... their recent talks. That coul... the date of Travis' last trip t... It then stated that the send... compelled to turn certain ... over to the authorities. F... yourself, Walsh. That would ... igan out. Madigan wasn't ... thing over to the law. He co... debt Fred owed him was ... legally. Until I learned a ... ago that Fred had been guilt... I couldn't figure how anybo... thing criminal on him."

Arnold Travis broke in ... "How long are you going ... damn' fool rave, Marty? Up... listened patiently because, ... I knew just how far I had st... out trying to protect Jean. I ... to find out whether Ingra... thing to say that was worth ... I've heard is nonsense."

Walsh wasn't too impres... I'd been saying, either. He ... patient gesture. "Why all ... talk, Ingram? Anybody ir... could do as good guessing as ... doing. Suppose you give u... definite."

I saw I'd have to let fly w... rels. I said, "Okay. You w... how I convinced myself th... the man you want?"

Walsh's voice was heavy w... "If it isn't too much trouble...

"It isn't." I was gettin...

as demanding my Sunday
knew it had to be good. In this
dean's help. I wasn't keen about
r on the spot, but there wasn't
ut.
her. "Look, honey—you don't
vay things are going. You're
rnold. But you're not so loyal
tect a murderer, are you?"
d courageously, "I don't know
re driving at, Bruce. If you
now whether I'll be honest, the
yes."
"Answer this one carefully,
n did Arnold say was the last
w Fred Wilson personally?"
plenty of time. That was fine
I wanted her to be sure. Then
Arnold told me he hadn't seen
the day he left California in
, 1942."
as that the last time you saw

ginning to feel better. I swung
that I faced Walsh. I said,
w days ago, Lieutenant, you
ng to us—and that includes
out Fred Wilson. You said
orry you'd never met the man.
d what he looked like. Re-

id he remembered. He asked
t it.
recall how Travis described
nong other things, he said that
listinguished-looking He told
e had a streak of white in his
. Right?"
odded.
anted proof. There it is. All
ink ribbon. Look. Until Miss
saw her husband's dead body
ever seen that streak of white
. It hadn't been there the last
were together. Remember that
ms he hasn't seen Fred since
either. He's made a great point
ut he's been lying. Because if
he hadn't seen Wilson, he wouldn't have known about that white in his hair."

Arnold Travis said harshly, "It doesn't mean a damned thing. In the first place, I don't remember saying it—"

"You said it, all right." That was Walsh talking.

"And if I did, the chances are that someone told me."

"Who? Bert Ellison?" Marty's voice was hard. He was the smart cop again, right on the beam. He said, "What Ingram is handing out now, Travis, I like better and better. You keep your shirt on." He turned back to me. "Is that your only clincher, Ingram?"

"No. I need Jean's help once more."

JEAN was miserable. I'd have liked to spare her this. It was tough using her to prove something against a man whom she had regarded as a friend.

I said, "I'm asking you to remember something else, Jean. Think back to the night Fred's suitcase was left at your house. We went through it together. Then I hid it in my garage while you telephoned Arnold to come over. I got back before he arrived. Am I correct so far?"

She nodded.

"Together, we described to Arnold the contents of that suitcase. But not once did we ever describe the suitcase itself."

She concentrated on that. Then she said, "You're right. We didn't."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Good! Later that night we were talking—you, Arnold and myself. We were all upset. But you were particularly worried for fear I'd get into trouble because I had hidden the suitcase. You told Travis where I had put it. Do you remember what he said?"

"He said—" Jean was thinking hard. Then her whole expression changed and I knew that for the first time she had seen the truth, wholly and clearly.

"Arnold said," she stated carefully,

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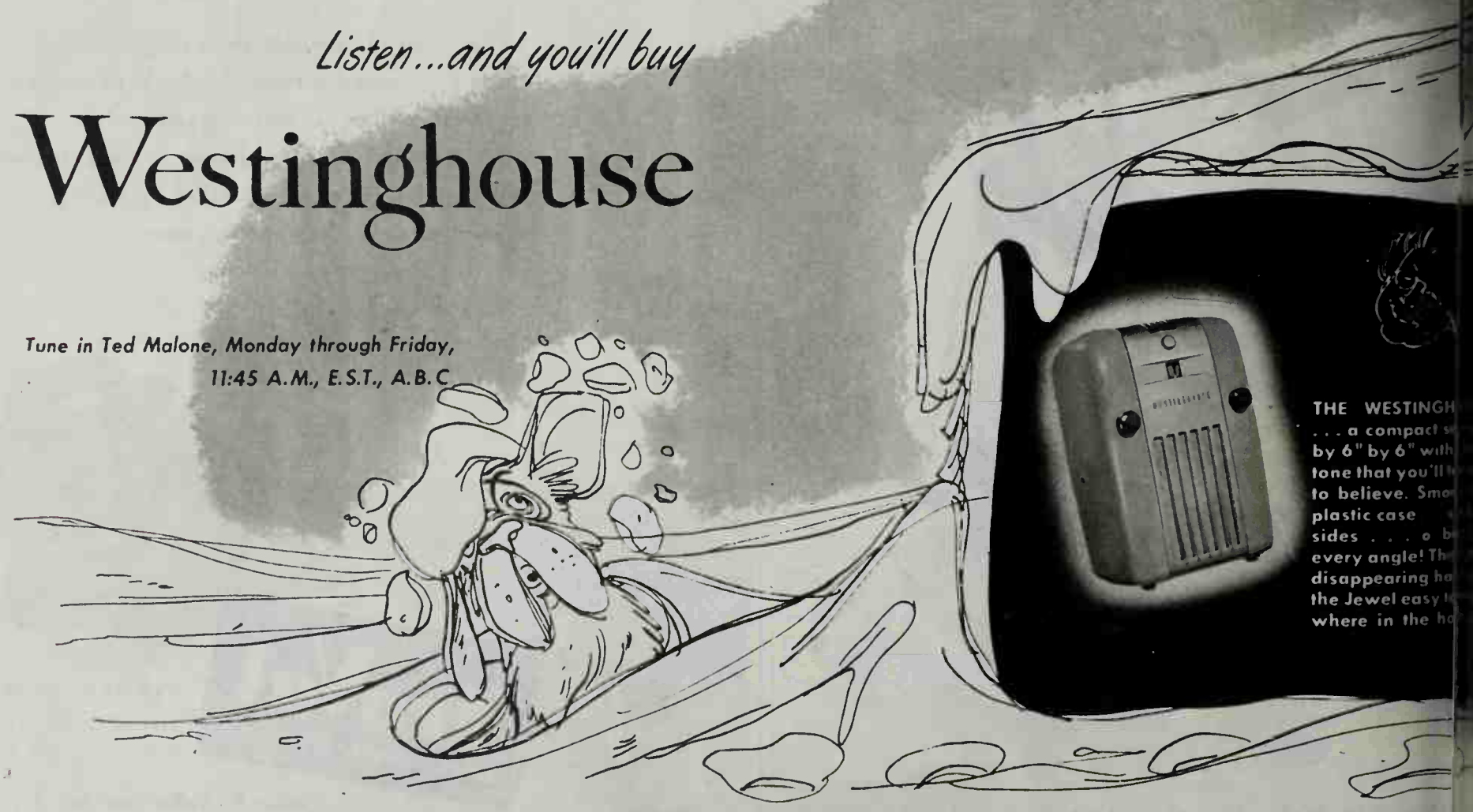
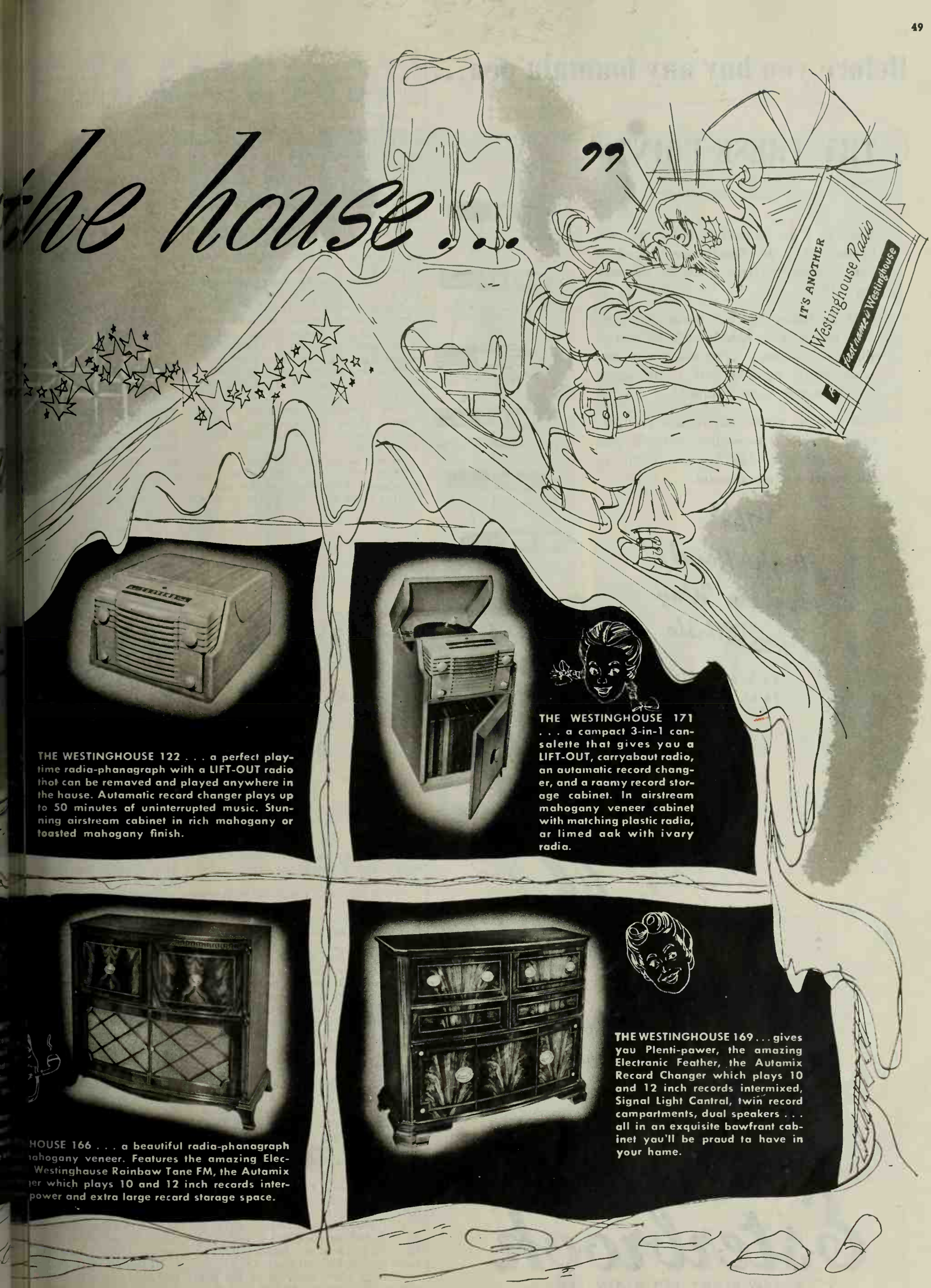


...the house..."



THE WESTINGHOUSE 122 . . . a perfect play-time radia-phanagraph with a LIFT-OUT radio that can be remaved and played anywhere in the hause. Autamatic record changer plays up to 50 minutes af uninterrupted music. Stunning airstream cabinet in rich mahogany or toasted mahogany finish.

THE WESTINGHOUSE 171 . . . a campact 3-in-1 cansalette that gives yau a LIFT-OUT, carryabaut radio, an autamatic record changer, and a raamy record storage cabinet. In airstream mahogany veneer cabinet with matching plastic radia, ar limed aak with ivary radia.

HOUSE 166 . . . a beautiful radia-phanagraph ıahogany veneer. Features the amazing Elec- Westinghause Rainbaw Tane FM, the Autamix ıer which plays 10 and 12 inch records inter- power and extra large record starage space.

THE WESTINGHOUSE 169 . . . gives yau Plenti-pawer, the amazing Electranic Feather, the Autamix Recard Changer which plays 10 and 12 inch records intermixed, Signal Light Cantral, twin record campartments, dual speakers . . . all in an exquisite bawfrant cabinet yau'll be praud ta have in your hame.

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TRY THESE POINTS

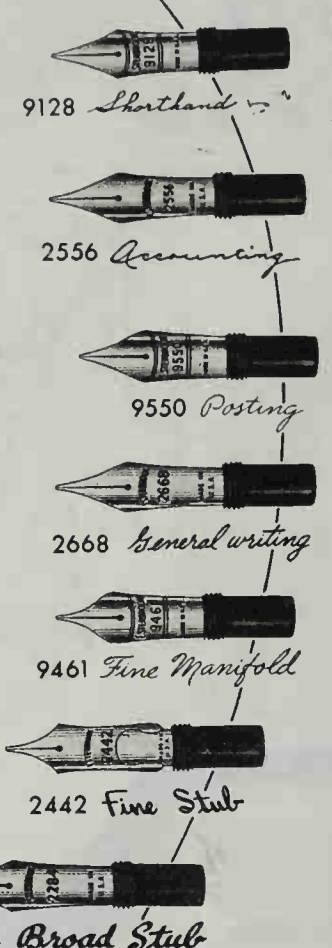
You owe it to yourself to know the best in writing . . . an Esterbrook Fountain Pen . . . with the right point for the way *you* write.

With an Esterbrook you make your *personal* choice from Esterbrook's 33 renewable point styles . . . you select the one point exactly right for *you* . . . and screw it into the pen barrel yourself!

And you can renew and replace this personal point . . . instantly . . . should you ever damage it. Ask for *your* point by number at any pen counter.

The Right Point For the Way You Write

33 Numbered Point Styles



NO REPAIR DELAY . . . JUST UNSCREW IT . . . THEN "RENEW" IT

Esterbrook®

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

"that Bruce had not taken any foolish chances. He said—and these were his words—'Nobody would ever notice a plain pigskin suitcase in a locker along with a lot of other suitcases.' "

"Right! How did Travis know it was a pigskin suitcase? Neither Jean nor I had told him. The answer is that he had seen it. He had seen it at Bert Ellison's apartment. He had taken it to Jean's house when he knew both she and the maid were out."

Walsh said, "Why did it take you so long to think of that?"

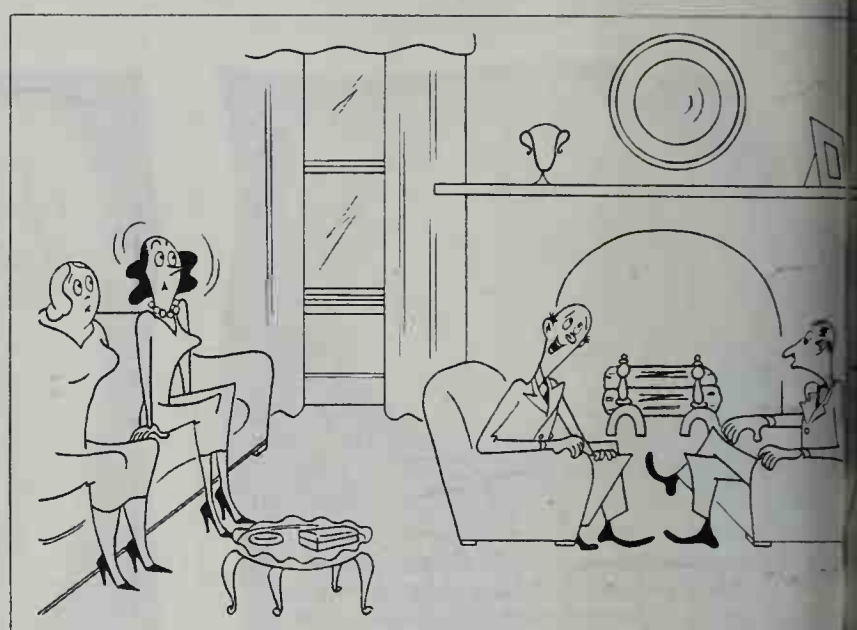
"Because the night it happened, I wasn't connecting Travis with the murders. Jean and I knew what the suitcase looked like. When Arnold described it, the correctness of his description didn't register."

Arnold started to say something, but Marty choked him off. He said to me, "You stated a moment ago that the anonymous telegram to Fred Wilson started you thinking. You only got as far as saying that it couldn't be Madigan because he was outside the law himself. How about that one?"

"I've quoted the telegram to you, Marty. Think it over again. It was in legal phrasing. Done just as a lawyer would do it."

"Okay. Anything else?"

"Yes. When Fred got to town and telephoned Miss Rutledge, he said he wanted to see her alone, but he went out



COLLIER'S "I was never one to go for a pretty face, was I, dear?"

of his way to specify that most particularly he didn't want to see Arnold Travis. Am I right, Jean?"

"Yes," she said, though still with some reluctance. "You're right."

"Yet you had the feeling, didn't you, that he wouldn't mind meeting me?"

"Yes."

"And we know he was staying in Bert Ellison's apartment. In other words, Fred wanted to keep his presence in Los Angeles a secret from Arnold Travis, the man who in the old days had been his friend and his lawyer." I swung back to Marty Walsh. "What more do you need, Lieutenant? Don't those things wrap it up for you?"

A GLEAM of approval showed in Walsh's eyes. He said, "You been doing pretty well for yourself, Ingram."

He turned toward Travis. Arnold was on the defensive. And Walsh was the hard, ruthless cop who had gotten his teeth into something and had no intention of letting go.

He said flatly, "You're elected, Travis. It was a slick idea, but you overplayed it."

You couldn't help feeling sorry for Arnold. He was sunk and he realized it. He said, "You've got nothing that will stand up in court, and you know it."

"I don't know anything of the kind. And neither do you. And let me tell you

something else, Travis: So
didn't suspect you, you were
that we know the truth, it'll b
dig up evidence to fit."

"Like hell it will."

"Don't kid yourself. You
a chance to talk your way out
murders. We can make 'em a
won't have to bother with
charge."

"What assault charge?"

"Your attack on Ingram t
the Monterey Canyon house.

"Oh! For God's sake,
cops get hold of something,
too hard. I never assaulted

"I can prove you did."

"Nuts! That I'll swear
prove."

"Why not?"

"Because I wasn't there.
it."

"Who did?"

"Gus Ackerman."

IT CAME out suddenly, u
—just like that. No prep
nothing. I heard Jean gasp.
Walsh didn't turn a hair. He
"That does it, Travis. You
Ackerman. Well, I believe
strong as I believe everything
said." He smiled bleakly. "
up in court, Travis."

There was a stricken light
eyes. His figure had lost its

belligerence had vanished. H
hard at Walsh, then made a
feat.

"Okay," he said quietly.

"Thanks," said Walsh. "
ing it easier for everybody.
continued casually. "Th
knocked Ackerman over—t
Had he been double-crossi

"Yes."

"It fits in so neat," we
"Miss Rutledge and Ingram
fact that it wasn't Ackerm
house. That was because
an alibi. How's about giving
story?"

Arnold looked around th
was the end. He didn't ne
convincing. Marty said ge
going to be good for you, I
might as well talk."

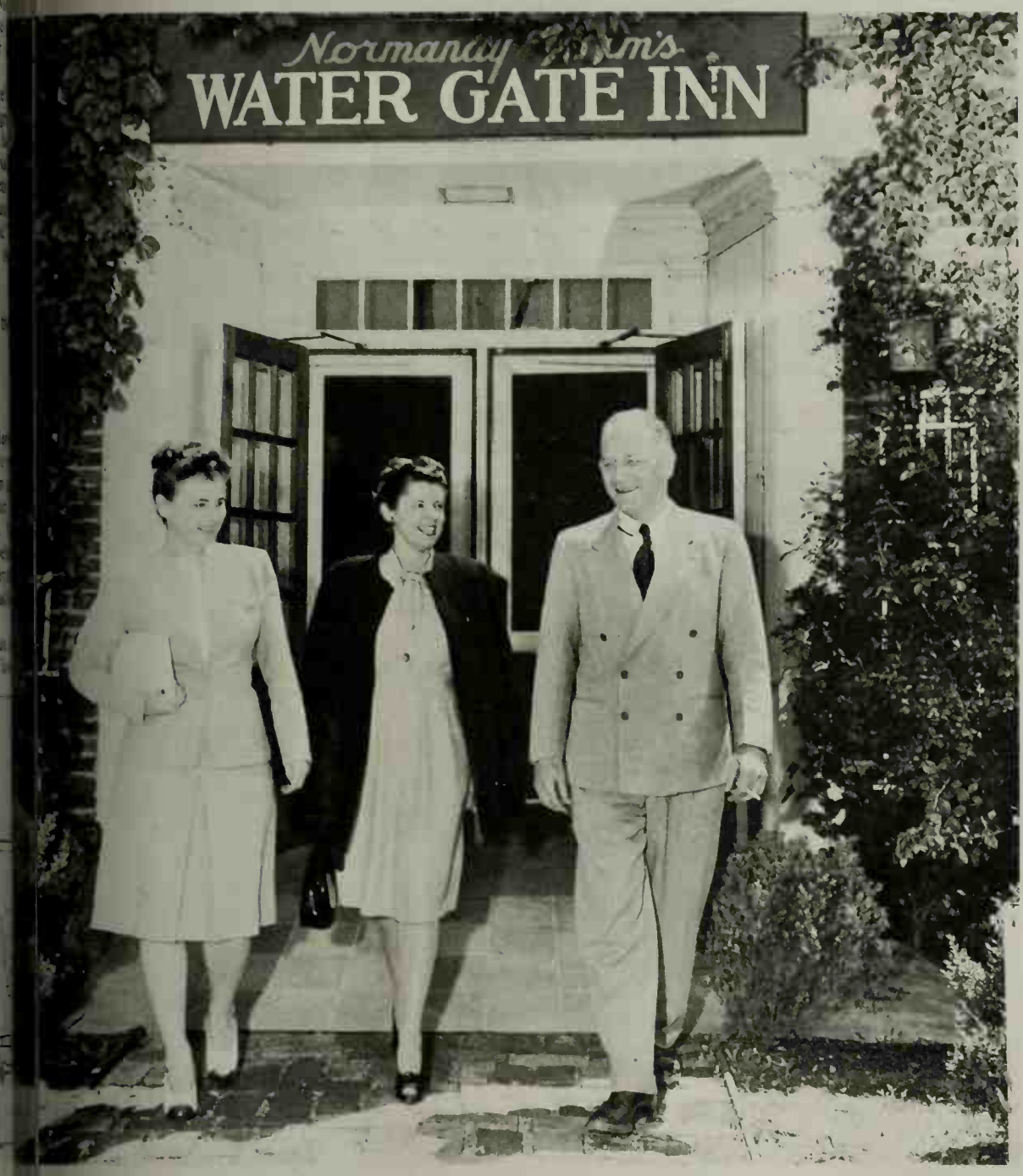
Arnold said, "It doesn't
of a lot of difference, d
seemed terribly tired. "I
capsule form. I might ev
getting it off my chest."

The room was quiet. Yo
rupt a man who's talking hi

"Bruce Ingram figured it
he said in a flat, expressio
got into something bigge
pected. I couldn't get out.

"It started when Bert E
that he'd run into Fred W
York, and that Fred was a

IDE TO GOOD FOOD



ul Potomac, near Rockville, Maryland, is a ıral restaurant—Water Gate Inn—dear r of Washington epicures. Mrs. Marjory pprietor of Water Gate, is justly famed t -air popovers and an unusual dish called ra. Mrs. Hendricks' meals amply demonstrate her theory that foods should look attractive as well as taste delicious. Naturally, she relies on Heinz Condiments—thick, enticing Heinz Chili Sauce, perky Prepared Mustard (Brown or Yellow) and ever-popular Heinz Tomato Ketchup—for those important extra flairs of color and inviting *flavor!*

pve of old willows and surrounded by a it rail fence, stands Mickelberry's Log 0 Vest Ninty-Fifth Street, Chicago, Illinois. a is filled with relics—most prized of which erate Flag over the fireplace. Specialties pie, hominy grits and other southern Condiments are always served here.

Fine food and fine condiments naturally go together! So it's no surprise to folks when they find Heinz Tomato Ketchup or "57-Sauce" bottle on the tables of the nation's outstanding restaurants.

In America's finest *home* kitchens, too, Heinz Prepared Mustards, Chili Sauce and other Condiments rate the cook's esteem! Housewives rely on them to give countless dishes extra flavor!

At your favorite restaurant or grocery store, look for Heinz Condiments! They make good meals taste better!

Good old American dishes – such as thick, juicy sirloins, tender grilled chops and other masculine favorites – are featured at Ravers Inn in Youngstown, Ohio's steel center. And because folks who serve good meats appreciate the importance of superb condiments, you'll always see a bottle of spicy Heinz "57-Sauce" or racy Heinz Tomato Ketchup on the table!

Army "Brass" and plain G.I.'s feel equally at home at the Headquarters Restaurant near New York's Broadway and Forty-Ninth Street! For proprietors Johnny Schwarz and Marty Synders—ex-mess sergeants who had charge of meals at the Potsdam Conference—*know* what men like to eat! They know, too, that nothing peps up a meal better than zestful Heinz Tomato Ketchup!

Three large copies of spacious famous American murals decorate the walls of Dinty Moore's Hickory House in Boston, Massachusetts. Here newspaper men, radio and stage stars enjoy delectable steaks broiled to perfection over a hickory wood fire. Serving hundreds of steaks a week, Dinty Moore's also uses great quantities of flavor-making Heinz Condiments!

Understand Rivalry and you understand America

Tom wants this dance with Ann. So does Bill. So does Ed. But without some competition it wouldn't be half the fun. Rivalry—any kind, at any age—spurs Americans on. We grow up on it—live by it—are lost without it.

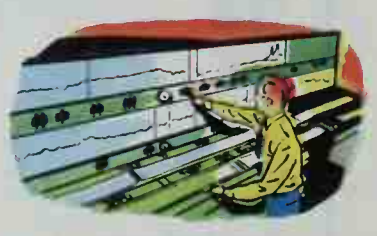
Win that girl—win that game—win that job—win those customers! America's love of rivalry helped put us out front. And helps keep us there.

In the American Oil Industry, rivalry pays off in progress as more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes engage in oil production, oil transportation, refining, distribution or retail sales...work to meet the constantly increasing demand for petroleum. In all, 1,250,000 people make their living in this highly competitive industry. Their race for new developments gives Americans better and better gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil at the lowest prices in the world . . . more petroleum than in peak war years!

In a hundred fields, from farming to medicine, from industrial chemistry to your home and car . . . better products from petroleum mean better health, a chance to go places more easily, more comfort . . . more . . . *constantly* more, for *you*.

THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS

Man-made earthquakes — created with explosives and recorded by seismographs to map sub-surface areas—one of the many activities of 13,475 producing companies seeking more oil to maintain reserves.



Its movement governed by control boards miles and miles away, oil travels via pipelines through State after State. Hundreds of companies are engaged in transportation by pipeline, tanker, truck, rail or barge.

Deadly enemy of ragweed—a killer of weeds, a friend of grass—this new petroleum product is one among hundreds developed through competition. 400 refineries constantly strive for new, advantageous uses.

Rolling Service Stations go to the farmer—now provide isolated areas with products they formerly had to drive miles to obtain. Over 20,000 petroleum distributors and jobbers work to keep America supplied.

More than 225,000 servi... scattered nationwide co... rivals to secure the trad... in their sections—vie wit... win you and your family... customers and hold your...

Prepared for the oil industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copy...

s cheap, wanted to sell his
an, through me. We could
it for peanuts.
any dough. No real money,
always had to play it sharp.
ike a chance. I explained to
e could make a killing."
errupted to ask gently,
our plan, Travis?"
de an impatient gesture, as
resented the interruption.
d it already," he said. "In-
igured correctly. Fred was
nto giving him one half of
fter the smoke had cleared
supposed to assign 50 per
ldings to me. That way, I'd
nt money rolling in every
a good scheme. I was de-
nothing should go wrong

New York and saw Fred.
t time I'd seen him since he
an. The way I got to him
the phone I spilled about
as a bigamist. When we got
d him what I was planning.
ave to play it my way, or
I could get out of him was
k it over. But I felt certain
n see it my way.
to L. A. Not hearing from
e wire which Bruce found
I took a chance when I de-
ut I figured Bruce would
and that it might mean a

hing I knew Bert Ellison
to my office and told me
own, and staying with him.
d Fred make an appoint-
Jean at the Monterey Can-
new what that meant. Fred
etty well: he felt that since
ut of the bag anyway, he'd
by telling Jean the whole
s probably right, at that.
tion began to look un-
east that would happen was
ld ditch me as her lawyer.
uin me. If she decided to
e disbarred.
d loaned his car to Wilson,
nt in mine. I parked down
ut a half a mile, and we
house. We got there right
ilson did.
ught a gun because Fred
asy. But I had no idea of
anyone else. I started talk-
sonably. Things didn't last
. First thing you know, we
ng. I saw it was going to be
intended to tell Jean the
ter what I said. That would
my hold on him. And he
t Jean to deal him in for a

cut of her Olympus holdings—in return for an uncontested, quiet divorce. Naturally I protested, called him a welsher.

"The quarrel got bitter. He hit me. I pulled the gun and threatened him. He jumped me, and I let him have it.

"Right after that, Jean and Ingram showed up. I grabbed Ellison, who was terrified, and we ducked behind the hedge. We overheard everything the pair of them said on the veranda. It suited me perfectly. Bruce was coming back with Danny. They would report a dead body.

"After they left, Bert Ellison threw a wingding. That really scared me. The punk had seen me kill a man. If they ever said *Boo* at him, he'd start talking. What happened then, had to be. It isn't hard to kill a second person, especially when your own life is in danger. I shot Ellison.

"I changed bodies. I took Fred's body and dumped it in Estrella Canyon. I'll show you the spot whenever you say the word.

"I began to feel better. This looked like a perfect setup. Especially when Jean and Bruce started telling me everything. That way, I was always in on the know. I was getting tips on what to be afraid of and what not to worry about. The neatest thing about it was that no one knew Fred Wilson was dead—nobody but Jean and Bruce, and they didn't dare to talk.

"It was important that no one should know Fred had been here. That's why I went to Ellison's apartment and removed Fred's things. The safest place for them was Jean's house. I left them there myself. . . ." He slowed down, but Marty wasn't having it that way. "How did Gus Ackerman get in?" he inquired.

Travis shook his head unhappily. "Things had worked too well," he admitted. "Everything right out of the book. I felt certain I was safe. So I began thinking of all the money I had almost made. The more I thought of it, the more I regretted not making it.

"I had a hold over Ackerman. I had the evidence which would convict him of at least three felonies you cops had never been able to pin on him. I figured he'd be a safe stooge."

"You told him the whole thing?" asked Walsh incredulously.

"Hell, no! He understood only that we were putting the bite on Jean Rutledge. All I gave him was a set of key words: Fred Wilson, Monterey Canyon, the day, the hour. That's all he knew . . . but Jean would think he knew more. It would have worked fine, except the guy got too big for his britches.

"Ackerman started playing a lone hand. The telephone call from him say-

"Here's how they'd feel on a slope"

SCOTT BROWN

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the measure of a smart tie is the creative idea that inspired it...
Antique Porcelain $1.50
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Each Raxon fabric creation translates the finest inspiration of art into neckwear. Tailored for men who seek smart individuality with inherent good taste. Illustrated, are just three of an important collection of Raxon fabrics. Look for the Raxon label at your favorite necktie counter.
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America's Earliest Thanksgiving ...Was For Corn

With joyous chants and throbbing tom-toms, the Indians celebrated each bountiful harvest of maize. How the red man would marvel to see the part his native grain plays in the nutrition and industrial prosperity of modern America!

Corn is transformed into millions of pounds of sizzling steaks, chops, roasts, savory hams, fried chicken, succulent roast goose and duck. Fresh, buttery ears grace our tables in season. Frozen and canned corn add a variety of delicious dishes for gracious living.

Yes, corn has raised our standard of living greatly—and so has its neighbor, barley. For, from America's costliest barley comes Budweiser to add its distinctive, delicious taste to the fine flavors that make such a world of difference between merely eating and really dining.

Budweiser

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH · · · SAIN

s red was his own bright idea. I didn't know that Wilson was

n puzzled by that," admitted hat was Ackerman's idea in s Rutledge out to the Mon- n house?"

st a bad idea." Arnold was ly enough now. "Ackerman t, but he was smart enough at he had hold of something d he could find out what it ut. Remember I hadn't told g. But he knew he had Miss er a barrel. What he wanted out from her all the things he ed from me.

h about being Fred was he knew. It got Jean all up- greed to go.

hat Ackerman wanted. He et her out to a lonely, de- in the canyon where the be stacked in his favor. uld talk her into spilling in- hich would be valuable to he could make a better cash had offered him. But the rt of his scheme was to see

ment and then prodded Arnold again: "Why did you kill Vera Bradley?"

"She had been snooping. She was a smart girl. Too damned smart. She had found out that my car was parked down the road from the Monterey Canyon house the afternoon Ellison was killed. A woman who lived in the canyon had seen it, and remembered the license number. Vera checked it. That spelled me.

"I knew that Vera was meeting Jean in the portable dressing room that night on the set. I knew what her important information would be. I got to the dressing room first. You know the rest.". . .

Yes, we knew the rest. No need to elaborate, no need to give any further details. It was understandable, and it was horrible. It was something I couldn't make myself believe, even knowing for sure that it was true.

What happened right after that wasn't pleasant. Pete Bowman put handcuffs on Arnold. Just before leaving, Marty Walsh said a few nice things to Jean; then he grinned at Danny Singleton and me.

"You guys are lucky," he said. "If things hadn't worked out just this way, you'd have been in a hell of a mess."

We shook hands, and Marty left. Pete Bowman left, too.

So did Arnold Travis. He went out of the door without looking back. God knows he had nothing to look forward to, either.

DANNY said he thought he'd be drifting. He seemed to think I'd like to take Jean home alone. He was right.

Rick Madigan and Mimi Fowler were standing near one of the view windows. Madigan had something in his hand. It was the jewel-studded cigarette case which Mimi had given to Fred Wilson, and which Rick had taken from him. Rick handed it to her. He said, "You take it, Mimi. It probably means a lot to you—"

Danny said good night and walked out. Jean and I got ready to go. Madigan left Mimi at the window. She was gazing down at the million lights which marked the might-have-beens. The big man came over to where I was standing with Jean. He said, "You're a right guy, Ingram. I hope we get together soon."

We told him we hoped so, too. We didn't sound very enthusiastic. It had been a hell of a party. There wasn't any rule of social procedure on breaking it up. Jean and I rode down to the basement garage and climbed into my car. We drove up the ramp and swung left.

The Strip was just waking up. Lights blazing. Supper clubs getting ready for a large night. All sorts of people emerging from cars and disappearing through ornate doorways. Gaiety was in the air. It was difficult to remember murder, and impossible to forget it.

We drove out Sunset, and turned through the main gates of Bel Air toward the big house where Jean was staying. Halfway up the hill, Jean said, in a tiny little voice, "Let's stop a minute, Bruce."

I pulled over to the side of the road. I parked right next to a small citrus orchard.

I dimmed my lights. Jean turned and put her arms around me. She started to cry. I held her tight, and said everything I could think of to make her feel better.

There was a lot of blackness behind us, a lot of fear and worry. There were things we didn't want to remember. There were things she had to cry out of her system.

After a while she became quieter. I still had her all wrapped up.

It was a lovely night. A delightful perfume drifted through the car window from the orchard next to which I had parked.

It was the rich fragrance of orange blossoms.

THE END

it Dorcas' fault that nan who loved her dead?—or that she suddenly plunged a reckless marriage a man who hated Don't miss this ge and gripping of a girl fighting what she believed ighting against the onate resentment of another woman

m in Next Week's COLLIER'S

TO FORGET

LENE CORLISS

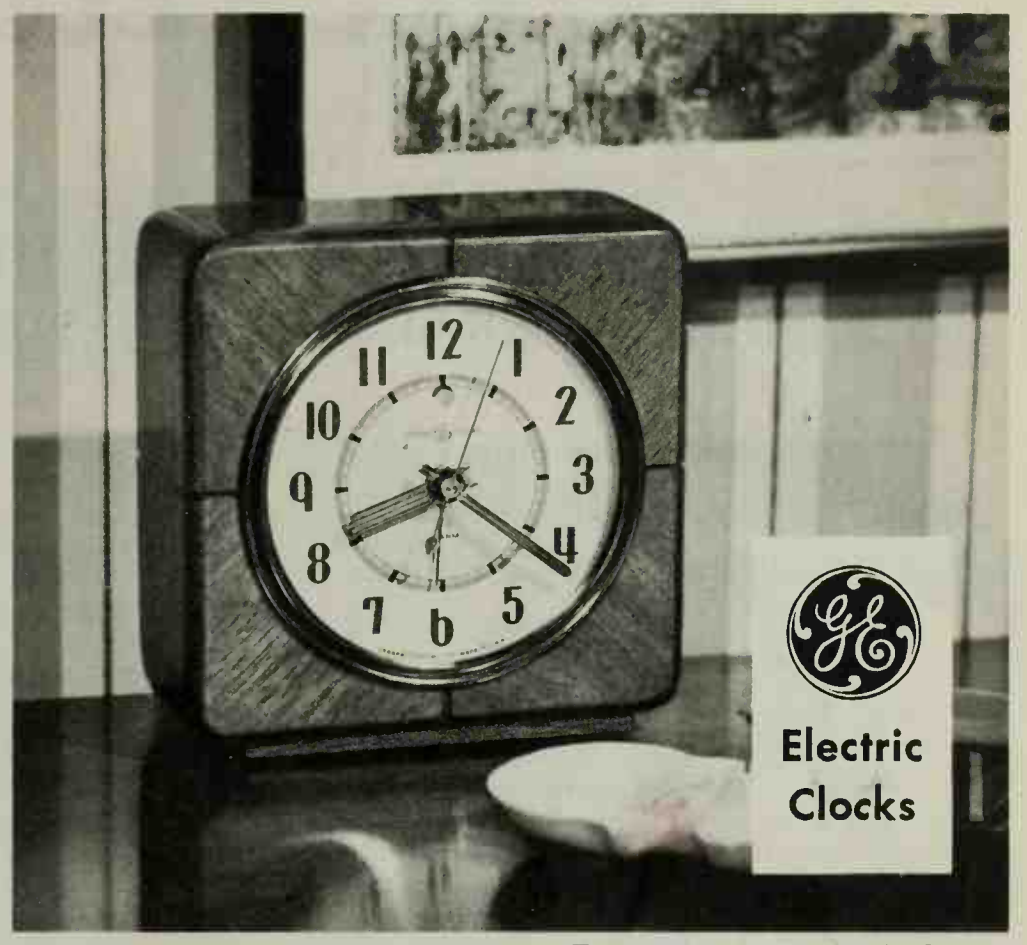
That's why he played it so I had to be sure he hadn't something. If she'd actually e off without Ingram step- picture, he'd have called her have been sure then that she e. And he'd have had a good tting what he was after.

the minute Jean told me ppened that night, I knew man. I knew I'd gotten into se bad. I wanted out. Ack- ecome dangerous.

ive him a hint that I knew ing to pull a fast one. I ar- attempted shakedown at He knew I was going to be him a gun—the same gun ed to kill Fred Wilson and I figured it was an artistic as to pull the gun on me, give me a good excuse not Bruce Ingram cut himself in which loused it up a little— ll good. The reason Acker- hoot when I started to pull ecause he thought we were team."

" commented Marty Walsh ou couldn't use those brains g better." He waited a mo-

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and **forget it!**



The DELEGATE—$9.95, plus tax

In this exceedingly handsome new General Electric Alarm Clock, you see a brilliant example of today's clock-ease craftsmanship.

The design is "modern"—in the best sense of the word. The accent is on *grace.* The feature, if one could be singled out, is the unusual beauty of the richly grained golden mahogany. This General Electric Alarm Clock must be seen *to be appreciated!* It's a *honey.*

Self-starting! Accurate! No winding!

In addition to its uncommon good looks, this new Alarm Clock has all the features which have made General Electric Alarm Clocks "wanted most by most people":

No winding—runs electrically.

Noiseless—no distracting "ticktock."

Dependable—wakes you on time, every time.

Accurate—electrically checked by your Power Company to correspond with official Arlington time.

Christmas Gift Suggestion! Don't forget to include General Electric Clocks as gifts on your Christmas list! Prices from $1.95 to $535.00.

Awake to music with Tune-A-Larm! $7.95, plus tax

And here's another General Electric "first"! To start your day with music, just plug your radio into the back of Tune-A-Larm . . . dial your favorite station . . . flick the switches. Come rising time, your RADIO wakes you! Sweet and low, if you wish, or loud and commanding. Nice idea, eh? General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Here's the ne that astonishe

NEW SUPER-CUSHION BY GOODYEAR IS FIRST TO ABSORB LATERAL SHOCK SATISFACTORILY

Bigger, softer tire runs on only 24 lbs. of air...gives softer ride, amazing new comfort, safety and mileage

WE DON'T KNOW what you've heard about the new Goodyear Super-Cushion.

But . . . here's what you *would* have heard if you'd been present when hard-boiled automotive engineers were testing this completely new kind of tire!

"Impossible! It does what *no* tire has ever done before!"

"Make this tire standard equipment on our cars *as soon as possible!*"

"The greatest contribution to driving comfort and safety made by an automobile tire in the last 15 years!"

Why the engineers got excited

The very first tests amazed the engineers.

"This is impossible!" they said. "There's practically no trace of lateral shock. The tire *must* be absorbing it—something *no* tire has ever done satisfactorily before!"

Why was this exciting? Because lateral shock was one of the few things that still had to be engineered out of the modern motor car. Automobile men knew that if these crosswise shocks could be eliminated, a car would ride better. Not just a little better—but a *lot* better.

And here, for the first time, was a tire which satisfactorily absorbs lateral shock!

Runs on 24 lbs. of air

The Goodyear Super-Cushion is bigger than the conventional tire and takes only 24 lbs. of air instead of the usual 28 to 32. What does that mean?

Listen to the engineers again:

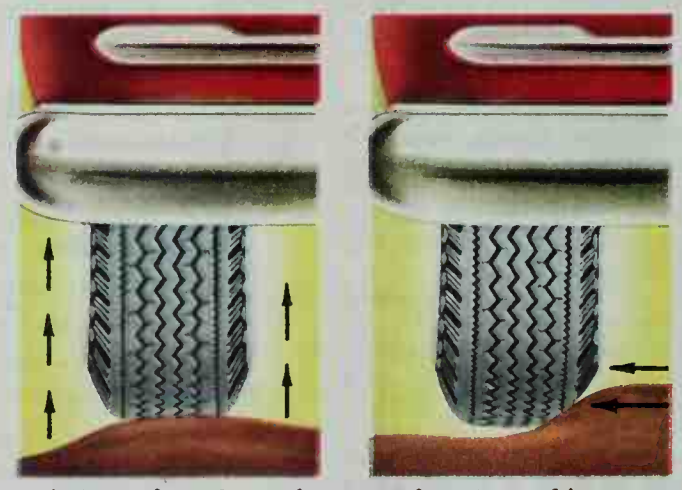
"The big, soft Super-Cushion builds up less pressure on the road. This means it does not lose its better riding qualities on a long run. It also means it runs cooler—and that means less tire trouble, for heat is the greatest single cause of tire failure!"

Different—even on smooth roads!

Naturally, Super-Cushions make a car ride more comfortably over rough roads, grade crossings and cobbles. But—and this is still the auto men talking—"even on smooth roads they make a big difference. Our test drivers find themselves less tired after an all-day drive, for these Super-Cushions soak up the vibration caused by the thousands of tiny ridges found even in newly laid concrete!"

Rolls with the punch

"This bigger tire rolls with the punch," reported one engineer. "It's a *safer* tire. Instead of resisting impacts, it yields when it hits a sharp bump, stone or broken pavement. Therefore there's much less



• Auto makers have done wonders to cushion cars against up-and-down shocks. But till Goodyear produced Super-Cushions, lateral (crosswise) shock had never been satisfactorily absorbed. Fat, pillow-like Super-Cushions soak up lateral shocks, giving an unbelievably smoother ride.

• The speed with which leading car mak[ers] a[dopted] new kind of tire indicates definitely th[at it]

chance of bruising, cutting, or brea[king]

"Because it's a softer tire with sto[ut] tooth grooves *molded* across the t[read] better traction—and *notice* it whe[n] the brakes or gas.

Dresses up any ca[r]

"These bigger tires do something f[or] our cars—even the large ones. An[d] for the small cars you have to see [be]

Almost like floatin[g]

"Any layman can put Super-Cush[ions] and readily notice the difference. The small car feel like a big one. The ca[r] better. You seem to float in and [out]

The new Super Cus[hion]

kind of tire
uto engineers!

Your choice of two famous treads:
The Super-Cushion Rib The Super-Cushion All-Weather

ey call it the first tire in 15 years to
ntribution to driving comfort, safety.

make *any* car easier and safer to
ay on turns."

at about mileage?

e answer to that one. We showed
engineers records of millions of test
hese tires, where Super-Cushions
aged more mileage than the best

your present car

dealer now has these tires in stock
a near-by warehouse.
oday and find out how you can
ages of Goodyear Super-Cushion
sent car.

ALMOST LIKE FLOATING

by GOODYEAR

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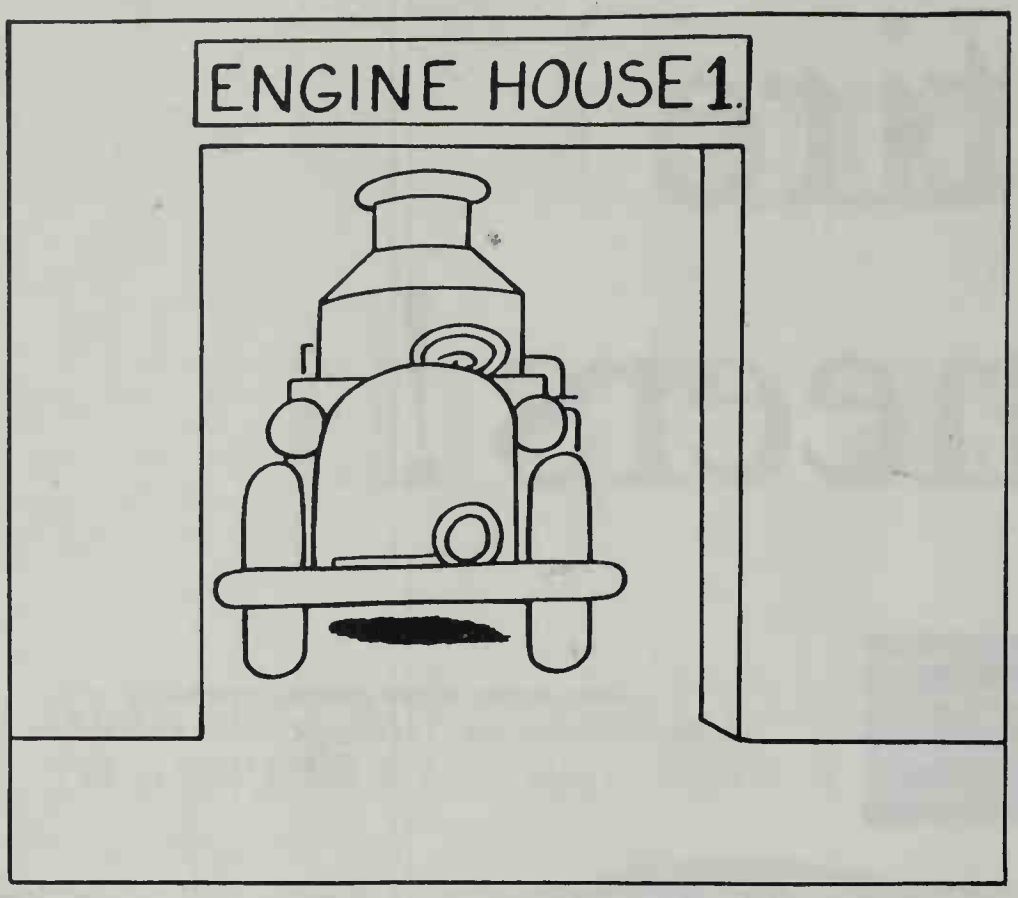

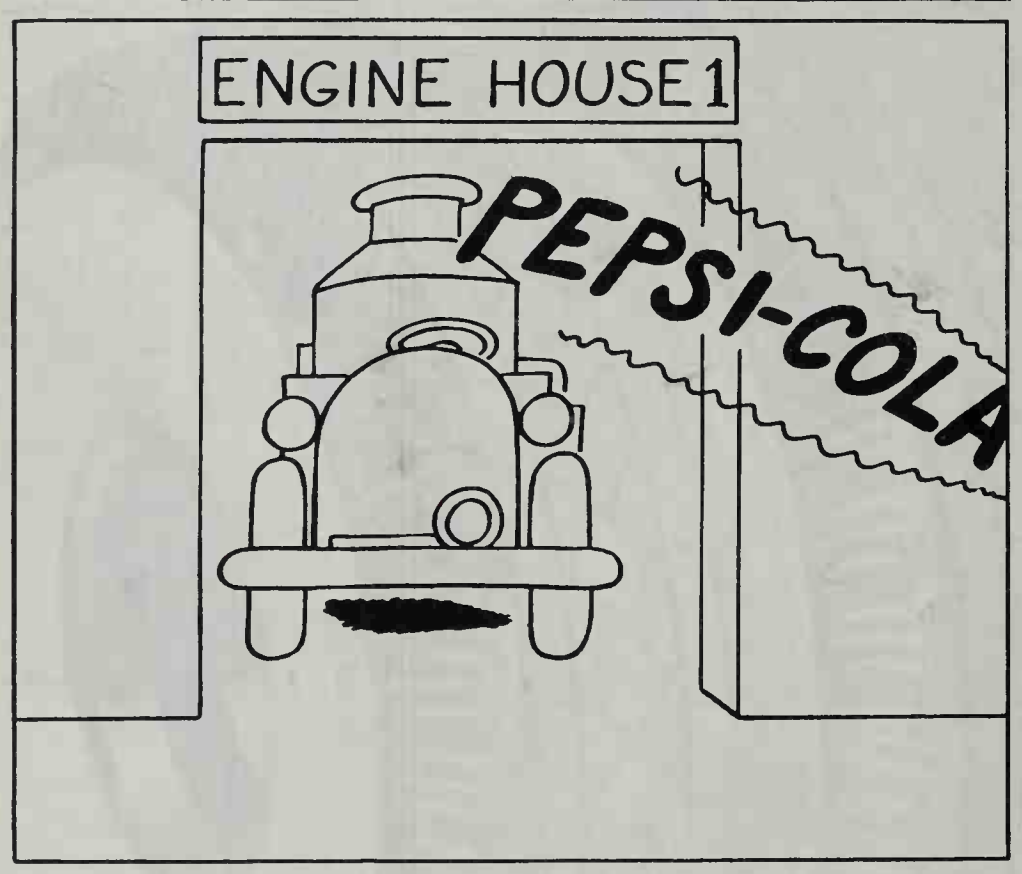

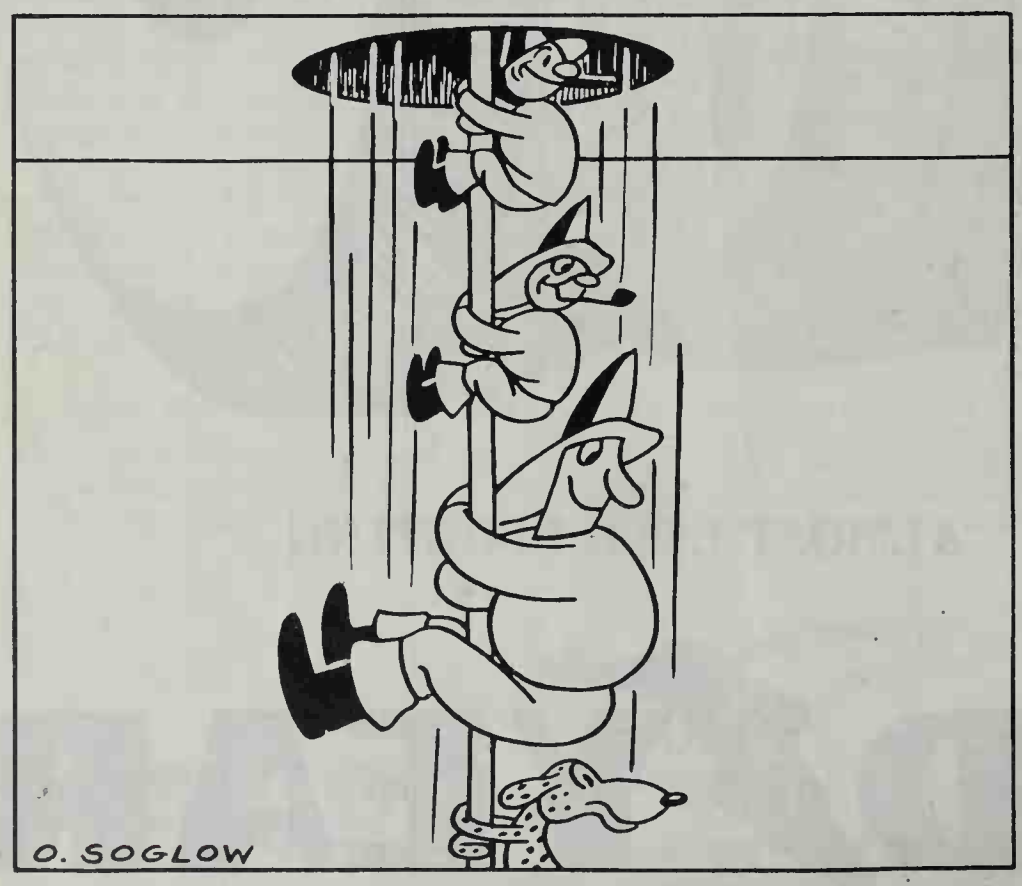

REVOLUTION ON THE ROUGE

Continued from page 21

you what is going on and why. . . . Most of all we wanted you to know that we not only hope for but expect your assistance in the big 'two-way' job of managing an enterprise as large as the Ford company.

"By 'two-way' job I mean that these meetings are not supposed to be sessions at which we hand down orders from on high. We expect to learn a great deal, too. We talk to you, you talk to your people, your people talk to people under them—and then the whole process reverses itself. You can't have good communications on a one-way street."

Young Henry, however, scrupulously avoids any social worker's attitude of do-goodism in his policies. He tries to meet the basic needs and dissatisfactions of his employees, but he doesn't get pushed around enough to notice. Some time ago one of the foremen in the foundry got sick and was out for a few days. His pay was stopped and when he returned to work he asked that it be given to him as part of his regular sick-leave allowance. There was a bit of a fuss and he finally got it, but he also got a tongue-lashing along with it from a supervisor who thought he had been malingering.

Peace Not Gained by Contracts

Later when it came time to discuss a new contract with the Foreman's Association, the union negotiators suggested that a clause be written into the contract which would prevent this sort of thing. Young Henry scoffed: "Nonsense! You can't legislate labor peace. No law, here or anywhere else, can make human beings get along."

Young Henry, himself, however, seems to know pretty well how to get along. As one Detroit old-timer put it, "Young Ford is rating himself well. He knows he's not old or wise enough to head a big firm. So he takes advice. I think everyone here in Detroit will be interested in helping him."

That's the key to young Henry's personality: He makes people want to help him. He does it by a combination of politeness, tact and forthrightness. Here's an indication: Ford executives have a squawk-box system so they can talk easily to each other in their widely separated offices. As often as not young Henry will call one of his assistants on this intercommunication system and pose a problem. If he can't get an answer right away he'll say, "Hang on, I'll come down and talk about it." Not, "You come up here and let's talk about it."

This sort of tactics has paid off. Ford is anxious of course to regain its old position as the largest maker of cars and trucks in the country. Before the war it was down in Number Three position. Ford's new team of top management people was only completed on March 15th, and there are still many in the lower ranks of the hierarchy who haven't got the new religion, but for the first six months of this year Ford moved up to Number Two position. Whether it can hold its place remains to be seen.

Other auto manufacturers are keeping their fingers crossed about Ford's chances. They're not going overboard about young Henry, either. A couple of years ago they said, "He's a nice young fellow." That's all. Today they say, "Well, he's no genius—and he knows it. He's a nice fellow and he's a long way from being stupid. He's picked himself a top-flight team out there. It'll be interesting to see what will happen."

The same tolerant skepticism is demonstrated by Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers. That's something because acid-tongued Reuther is not known for the crea
he tosses at auto manufactu
about Ford, Reuther said,
promising. Of course he's
president for a couple of
maybe it won't last. But so fa
a lot of intelligence."

H.F. II freely admits he w
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convertible to New York fo
and being manager of the c
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likes to drive cars and he e
in the company plane. He h
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on most Friday afternoons
from Dearborn. He takes th
Sunday night, though, becau
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work on Sunday just to brin

John R. Davis, Ford adv
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way: "He has the skill, s
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the sweetness of his father (E
It is safe to say that the for
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joined the Ford Company
1943, at the age of twenty-s

When young Henry join
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But when he tried to d
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knew who it was. He was fi

A Man Matured by Fr

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man grow up fast, and t
Henry looks older than his
Detroit observers, who kne
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discovered that the firm had
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never had a chance to do
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The kicking around he
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employees, and how easy it
his grandfather to make
judgment. And he saw how
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Slowly the determination
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To help him he had John
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on the basis of the only
dence available: the record
and rechecked, talked with
hours and off the plant gro
he came up with the name
thought looked good: John
Davis had been sales

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g hand in hand with safety in all her travel—if you see that she
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this—plus the craftsmanship of Fisher's 39 years of specialized
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or five years before, but had incurred the wrath of Bennett and had been demoted and exiled to the West Coast. Young Henry went West. Would Davis come back as sales manager of the company? As diplomatically as possible Davis said no. After all, Bennett was still the kingpin and young Henry had not yet proved that he was big enough to overrule the monarch. Davis was afraid that if Bennett opened fire on him a second time he would be blasted right out of his job.

Young Henry was stubborn. He stuck around for several days, arguing. Finally the chips went down. "I need you badly," he said. "The company needs you. Will you come back on this basis: If you go, I go?"

Davis agreed.

The return of Davis in 1944 was, of course, a direct challenge to Bennett. The silent, invisible battling intensified. Bugas, Bricker, Davis and H.F. II could no longer trust the secrecy of their own offices; they began to meet downtown in the high-ceilinged hush of the old Detroit Club. Feeling ran so high that once, on a Sunday, when Davis went to an assistant's house to talk over a business matter, he was not even invited inside but was kept standing on the front porch while they talked.

Finally the decisive day came. The battle had, of course, centered around old Henry, and no one knows how the balance of power was swung from Bennett to young Henry except the Fords—and they're not talking. But the visible result came on September 21, 1945, at a meeting of the board of directors. Young Henry was named president.

The Passing of the Big Boss

Before the directors' meeting had completely broken up, young Henry strode down the mahogany-paneled corridor to Bennett's office. He was inside alone with Bennett for several minutes; when he came out Bennett was no longer the boss of Ford, though he was allowed a face-saving directorship for another month.

Immediately the revolution was under way. How drastic it was is indicated by the report, possibly apocryphal, that when young Henry and Bugas set out to fire one top executive they discovered he'd locked himself in his office. They kicked the door down. "It was," said Frank Rising, head of the National Automobile and Aviation Parts Manufacturers Association, "as though a big wind were sweeping through the Administration Building." The big wind lifted executives out of their chairs by the dozens and dumped them outside. All Detroit was crawling with rumors and new facts. Within a month the major part of the job was done and then the outsiders began to see how drastic the change had been.

The Ford Motor Company had been a citadel of silence and mystery. Executives were never seen on civic committees, at the country club, in the Detroit Athletic Club, which is the heart-land of the motor makers. When reporters—or almost anyone else—tried to telephone someone at Ford he was put off with one excuse or another until he gave up.

Almost overnight this changed. Executives began to appear at the Detroit A.C. They began to mix, to go to parties, to join in community activities. Reporters, telephoning the plant to verify some of the fantastic rumors, one day found they were put through directly to the Ford News Bureau and told what they wanted to know. Others discovered if they telephoned an executive and were told that he was out, that before the day was over the executive would call back to ask what was wanted.

Young Henry took trip after trip around the country talking to dealers, to the leaders of communities in which Ford plants were located or were being planned, and to heads of the 6,000-odd businesses which supply him with parts. An entirely new tack has been taken with these men: Today they are asked for suggestions instead of being told what was needed and "supply it or else." They are told about the whole Ford operation with emphasis on the role their particular contribution plays in it, and then asked for advice on how to cut costs by simplifying or streamlining. They love it, and their co-operation has already saved Ford millions.

Thus, in two years, Henry Ford II has some pretty tangible proofs that his policy of treating people like human beings can pay out in hard cash. It has also paid out in good will and prestige. In July the New York Financial Writers Association voted young Henry Man of the Year.

But Henry II has a long way to go. Of Elmo Roper's four points he has done something decisive about only the first. True, he has announced that there'll be opportunity for advancement for all Ford employees, but such an announcement usually doesn't convince men; they have to see it happen over and over again. On Roper's point Number Three—to be treated like a human being—young Henry has certainly made a start, and has been pretty successful with the men immediately around him. But it takes a long time for this sort of thing to sift down to 130,000 employees scattered all over the country.

The same general observation goes for point Number Four—to feel that your work is important.

This is, of course, a basic, long-term policy. It aims to cure the causes of discontent. It's quite possible that before the full impact of it is felt—and it will probably take years—labor disputes caused by past errors will flare up at Ford. For instance, his withdrawal of recognition of the Foreman's Association and the firings which followed the recent strike may bring about further troubles before Ford's new program designed to win foremen's loyalty has had a chance to take effect. In addition, some management personnel have not yet been properly indoctrinated with young Henry's new religion, and this may cause future trouble.

A pretty good evaluation of Ford's chances of success was given by Edward Cushman, head of Wayne University's institute on labor relations. Cushman points out that there are several obstacles—some of which young Henry has no control over—which might trip him up. One of them is ity of the rebirth of faction the management group. T ways been factionalism at l may develop again.

The vast amount of paper sary in any operation as h contains always the seeds cratic red tape. Young He ble of this danger and to p constantly seeks decentraliz thority and responsibility as persal of the Ford physical it's at least possible that h able to get away with it.

Another difficulty that pointed out was within the Ford Local 600 with its 6 bers is terrifically unwieldy liberally sprinkled with C

Firm Stand on Labor

Suppose, for instance, tha Leonard, UAW national F who has been pretty co-oper move on to another job and by someone more radical. man thinks, could play hob program. (When asked abou Henry shrugged and said, " help that. But I'll tell you We'd never change our bas icies.")

Cushman also finds forces tive side which will help Hen chance for labor peace: "He the basic forces working in tions. He understands the p ficulties in the union he has He seems to be sincere and stubborn in his desire to ca gram through."

Also, he added, the For still has the flexibility that Henry to take so many prec ing steps. It has no big bo tors to sell on a bold move, of voting stockholders to s young Henry seems to have building—the industrial would be needed to carry to his goal.

Young Henry is a man wh fortable in the presence of words and 16-cylinder eco ries. When the idea was him that he might lead the new kind of economic de said nothing, but made with plainly said, "Now you're off the deep end, aren't you, the same, so strong are his on his new policies, that it would love to do the job.

THE END

"I'm worried about Pinto. His rider came back without hi

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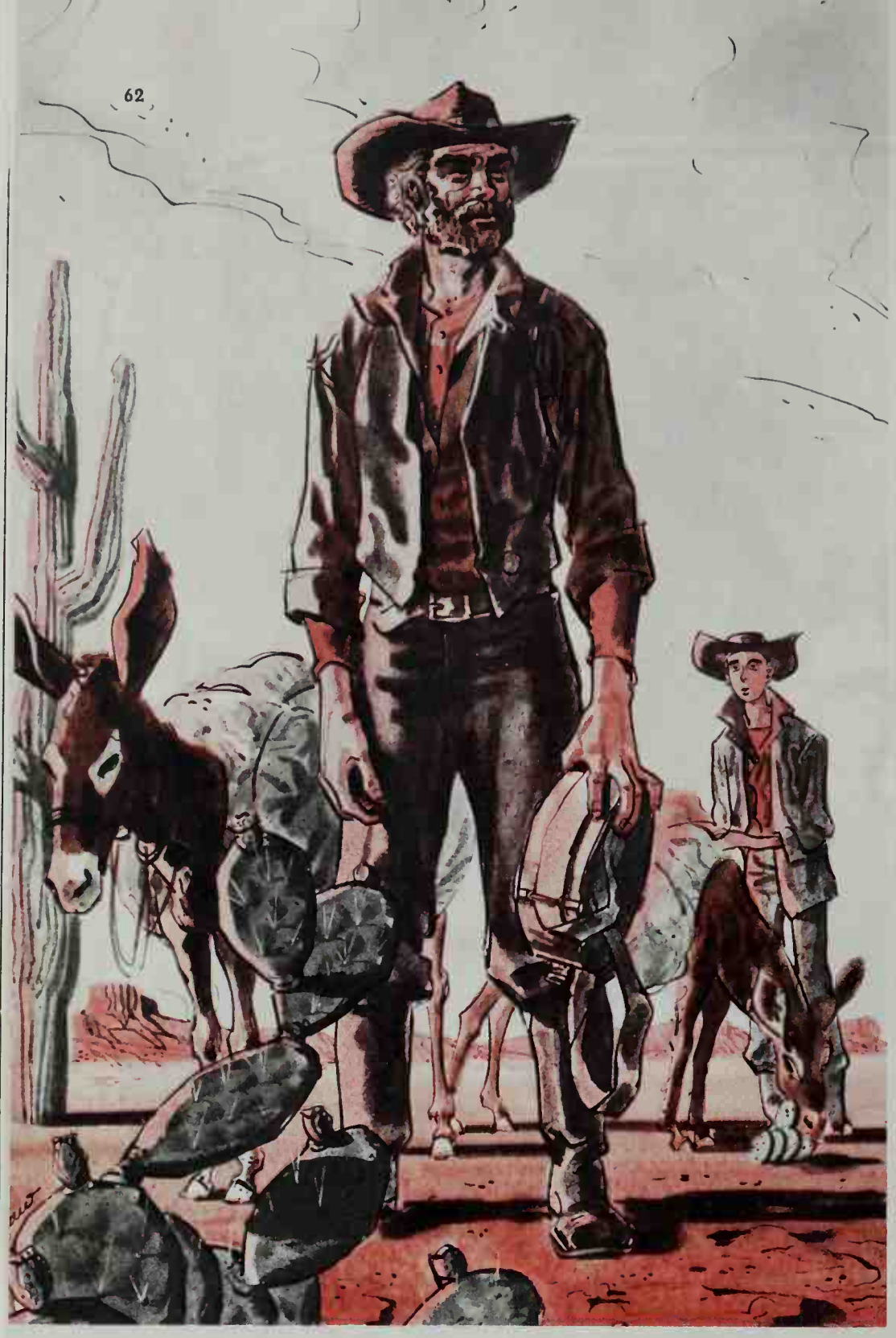

STRIKE IT RICH

BY JIM KJELGAARD

THIS is a story about a man and his wife, and of how they, in their respective ways, made sure that their son would become a man.

For thirty years John Bascomb, the husband and father, was a prospector in America's Southwest. He didn't have to be a prospector; there are plenty of job opportunities in the Southwest. John Bascomb was a prospector because he could not be anything else.

It was not in him to accept a menial job and work for years until he either achieved a position of responsibility or saved enough to start his own business. John Bascomb always had to see the silver star. There was no sense in playing for ten peanuts when, with a little luck, he might own the whole peanut ranch.

There is plenty of precedent for his desires and ambitions. The Southwest has yielded untold riches, and there are more waiting to be discovered. Furthermore, some of the wealth already uncovered has been found in unique fashions. A prospector shied a rock at an errant burro and, when he went to fetch it, found one of the richest mines of all time. Another prospector, wishing to fashion a front sight for his rifle, hammered a piece of quartz loose and found another rich mine.

The Southwest is brimming over with such tales, and they were the only things in which John Bascomb believed. Probably he had no business getting married. . . .

When he was thirty-one he married a dark-haired, dark-eyed, nineteen-year-old girl who, up to that time, had been comfortably and even luxuriously supported by modestly successful parents. Marie Bascomb was no more versed in the realities of a harsh and practical world than a kitten is versed in swimming. She believed the stories brought to her by John Bascomb, who had already spent the larger part of twelve years on the desert. A hundred times he had been within inches of untold wealth, and always it had eluded him. The next time, or very soon, he had to win.

Far out, at some godforsaken place, they found themselves without water

In spite of the fact that every fifth man in the Southwest can tell similar stories, and they're all pretty much alike, Marie Bascomb still believed them. Doubtless the possibilities were romantic and exciting. A brave young girl, who had faith in the man of her choice, left a comfortable home to go with him and prove that faith. Later, in the best salons and most fashionable places, she could tell of her early married struggles.

Probably everything would have had a wonderful, happy ending if there had been anything except struggles. With his burros and grubstake John Bascomb continued to disappear in the desert. He continued to come out, always with a tale of the bonanza he had almost found but never with the bonanza. By one means and another he managed to bring Marie a little money, and eighteen months after they were married she bore him a son.

VERY soon after the birth of her son, Marie began to change. Eighteen months isn't a lifetime, but no doubt there were many occasions when it seemed like ten lifetimes to the young wife who waited. Little by little, she became embittered.

Marie Bascomb suffered disillusionment, but, with no more faith in the dreams of her husband, she sought a refuge in other dreams. She was foresighted enough to know that the world of pack burros and pick-and-shovel prospectors was fading. Education was now the keynote of success. Marie Bascomb fiercely determined that her son would have such an education.

John Bascomb came in at intervals, bringing whatever he found of anything he could sell, and because there was always a strained atmosphere between himself and Marie he got out again at the earliest opportunity. By that time, to Marie, anything he did was of secondary importance.

She was engrossed in plans for her son, and nothing that would help bring those plans to fruition was too much. She worked, first as file clerk then as stenographer and secretary, and out of her small salary she saved as much as she could. She was able to send her son to high school, and to see that he had the privileges of his day. Marie Bascomb continued to dream of the time when her son would take his place among men such as she met in the course of her daily work. She felt that such men are the real leaders of America.

To John Bascomb, who had never been anything except a rugged individualist, who could not conceive of anyone's playing for pennies when he might just as well gamble for a million dollars, the thought of his son being brought up in such a fashion was anathema. Going to dances, sipping sodas with the high-school crowd seemed the behavior of a weakling to John Bascomb.

When the boy was sixteen, John Bascomb came in from the d announced that he was going again. He further proclaim since the boy was now old en could go along and help. Marie Bascomb was fiercely to the idea. Then she consent Bascomb had spent thirt prowling the desert, and he n found anything worth while boy went along on just one would learn the futility of su

It should be positive i against Marie's son ever b afflicted with the prospecting

ON a hot morning in May panied by two pack burr carried their supplies, John and his son went into the des sun rose higher. The fierc heat, which is normal at a and can rise to 130, seethe them. Eventually, when Jo comb thought they needed each had a drink of water.

They traveled for days, briefly wherever John thought there was a good pla prospect holes. The boy suf never complained. He foll father, sharing his blank meager rations, helping him learned, even as do the wil which abound in that region, when he needed water instead he was thirsty. Then came r ship.

Far out, at some godforsa from which only John Basco the way back, they sudden themselves without water. they had over a gallon. With there was a hole in the can had held it, and no water. J comb appraised the situatio he struck farther into the des

Silver and gold may be cious outside the desert. those who haven't got it, a water is infinitely more prec a pound of the purest gold fined.

Throughout the day John his son, and the two burros across a burning hell. The became cracked and dry, his twisted piece of rope; his e to smart. Then they struck w Bascomb had been looking f defined trail made by wil They followed that trail, a hour later were slaking thei a pool used by the wild burr

John Bascomb looked acr son, who had followed him out the desert and had met e the desert imposed. He s spoiled tea-sipper, but a l youngster who was capable things.

"What do you think of the John Bascomb asked his son

The boy faced him level took it for thirty years."

"Yes," John Bascomb sai I guess, in a way, your moth for eighteen. She and I sor different ways, but maybe th time to bring our trails toge for you—I sort of let you bring you up, and she's d better job than I thought. I a little afraid. . . .

"That is why, before I said about the strike I made on t fore this, and gave you all t rich men's sons usually have, you to see for yourself a litt went into making that strik Bascomb put an arm around shoulders, and he said very ge will go home now."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

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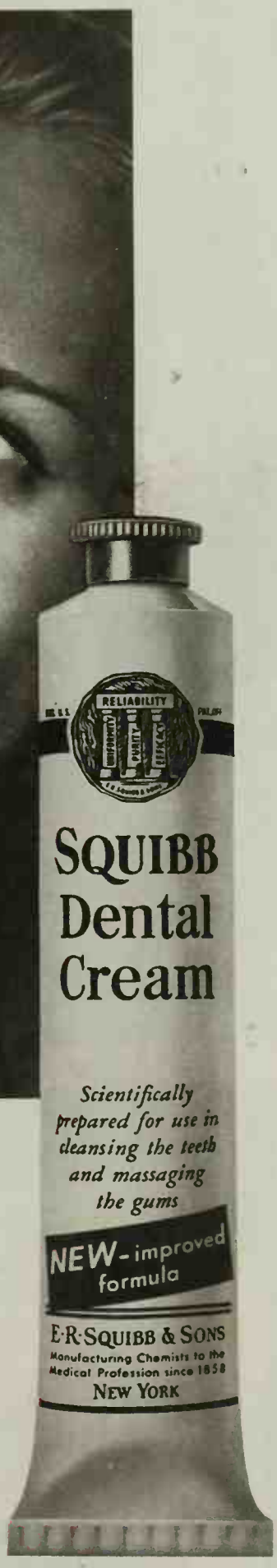

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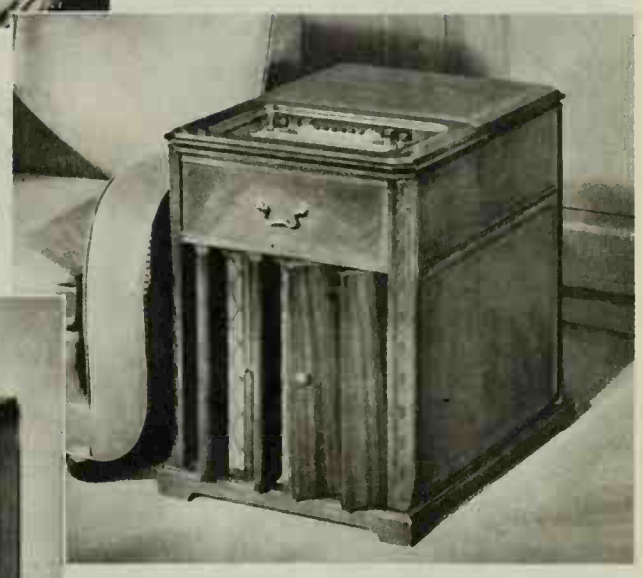

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GERMANY, RUSSIA AND THE U.

Continued from page 26

those American and British businessmen and politicians who would like to see a return to free enterprise in Germany.

The industrialists also managed to get their men into key positions in the Anglo-American governmental setup. Anxious German democrats can tell you that camouflaged Nazis occupy posts in Germany's transportation system, in her food distribution, in farming and industrial organizations and others.

The industrialists' policy of doing nothing paid off in August when America and England agreed to a higher level of industry for Germany. In view of this victory they may, for a while, show what they can do, but they will also continue to arrange passive-resistance spells to obtain new concessions whenever they believe they can get them.

A Victory That Endangers Unity

Thoughtful Germans fear that this victory of Germany's industrialists may further endanger German unity. One of the chief leaders of the Christian Democratic Union holds that the fission of Germany into two diverging camps has already taken place and that Germany "is doomed to be the battleground for the class warfare and ideological warfare between the East and the West." He says:

"Shortsighted Germans may think that we can reap benefits out of the competition between the East and the West. For a short while we may. But each side will use different means to achieve its aim and this will increase the estrangement between the two Germanys. Though all victors say they favor unity, they don't do much about it, and daily the differences between the two Germanys become greater." These differences are evident in many fields.

"The Russians are deliberately trying to develop a new upper class in the eastern zone of Germany to take the place of the Nazis, *Junkers* and businessmen who fled," said the engineer from Dresden, in the Russian zone, whom I interviewed. "Seeing the advantages this new upper class enjoys, it wouldn't be astonishing if its members went to bat for their Russian protectors, should the occasion arise.

"It must be realized that the step from Nazism to Communism is not a big one. Hundreds of thousands of Communists took the step from Commun- ism in Germany in 1932 and of their leaders, the Prus- Obuch, stated flatly at the t workers were co-operating w by orders of Moscow. To s not so difficult. Nazism is th ditioning course for Commu

Those who get along best sian-controlled zone of Ger former Nazi radicals, who t "Socialism" more seriously tionalism" in Hitler's Nation Many of them fare better th man Communists themsel the Communist need no lo whereas the Nazi who turn new groups into the Commu

Besides the ex-Nazis you time German nationalists that Germans can ride back playing with the Russians. T though elderly baroness w Berlin from her estate, whic by the Russians, made tha when she said happily, "On how to handle the Russians, children. They are pitifull learn our ways, to be consi polite society. There is mu together, once we pool Ru and resources and Germa qualities."

Many fanatic followers o adjutant, Martin Borman view. That is why the young escaped from an Americ camp in Darnstadt, told the were heading East. They they said, the German Fre or the German army in E they said was under directi von Seidlitz. They also ho where along the line they Bormann, whom they belie

Besides the Nazi fanatics National Bolshevists, who f been advocating co-operat Russians. Their leader, D kisch, played an important many's intellectual life in before Hitler. He was o rivals in calling for revol many. When Hitler won Niekisch tossed in jail. H ruined but he is alive and v

When I interviewed him i University in Berlin, whi Dr. Niekisch told of conf

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Have you heard that song "It's Witchery"—recorded for RCA Victor by Charlie Spivak?

he had in the late twenties and early thirties with General von Seeckt and General Schleicher which were designed to perfect Russo-German co-operation, with the help of the German army. Thus it is apparent that the trend toward Moscow in Germany is not wholly proletarian as many like to think. Today Niekisch and his friends seek a new, semi-Communist form of government "because as long as the barons of industry of western Germany remain all powerful, there will be no peace."

The Russians make great efforts to win the intellectuals, the engineers, inventors, artists, politicians, foremen in their zone. The best homes available are allotted to them—after the Russians are taken care of. Every month the protégés of the Russians receive a Russen Paket, a food package, on top of their regular rations as "hard workers."

Special Diet for Hard Workers

This bounty includes twelve pounds of butter, twelve pounds of sausage (the hard kind that keeps well, the recipients stress), noodles, flour, cigars, cigarettes and sweets. This may seem like crude propaganda—especially since the food is German—but try to live for four weeks on eight ounces of fat, fourteen ounces of meat, eighteen pounds of bread, potatoes and what vegetables you can scare up, and you will realize how important this is.

In Weimar, the Russians took the huge Nazi army warehouses and filled them with clothes, textiles, furniture, china—anything a home builder might want. Two state officials, with the rank of *Ober-Regierungstat,* or upper government councilor, travel through Germany's factories, buying whatever they think their bosses and the pets of the bosses would like. What this means to those who do not enjoy Russian favor can be gauged from the fact that only part of the goods produced in Germany are reserved for Germans and 70 per cent of these go to the new favored groups, leaving little for the workers.

"The Russians have understood how important it is for the morale of the German to be working regularly," said the ardent Social-Democrat who hates Communism fiercely. "So there is a certain measure of contentment in labor ranks in the Russian zone. The workers, as a whole, are not aware of the fact that most of what they produce goes to Russia as secret reparations. They are convinced that by working they can get ahead and that someday they'll feel the benefit of their labors.

"In the meantime those who work hard get extra food rations, and there is much ado about social welfare. The differences between the new labor unions and the Nazi Labor Front are small. If the Russians had been smart and had not allowed the NKVD to kidnap workers and start punitive camps, they might have won the German workers to their system."

The spectacular reorganization of the finances of plants in the Russian zone has not stirred the workers much yet. Whether the big boss is SMA, the Soviet Military Administration, or the Nazi state, or a huge impersonal combine, is immaterial to workers whose main worry is to get food and warmth for their families.

But German bankers are up in arms about the "extraordinary financial reorganization of all important plants in the Russian zone." They see in it proof that the Russians want to remove the control of vast industrial combines from Germany. In one issue of the official gazette for the province of Saxony, the Russians listed ten newly formed companies "with headquarters in Moscow and a branch in Halle," aggregating a total capital of 1,885,000,000 rubles. They included steel mills, plants producing cement and building materials, construction machinery, copper mills, transportation, electrical equipment, films, rubber, plastics, mineral fertilizer.

Financial experts in Berlin say 150 such combines have been set up by the Russians. Should the Russians decide to withdraw from Germany, as they expected, the Russians would still control important industrial centers.

The Russians are making a great impression on intellectual circles in Germany, even outside their zone. Many of the high quality of the information reports they send around the country. Their experts are not numerous but they know German well and they can talk intelligently about German literature and culture, which impresses the Germans.

With women in Germany outnumbering men by more than 10 to 1, the Russians were quick to get women's organizations going. They gave a helping hand to the Democratic Association of German Women, which measures success by concrete and practical helps for everyday living. The association is trying to unite women's groups in all four zones.

At the same time that the Russians are trying to win friends among the Germans with their own experts, they are throwing hypocrisy at us. They love to point out Americans and Englishmen who have talked about salvaging German cultural and spiritual life and then complain that little is done to bolster the moral position of the intellectuals.

We bank heavily on the help we get from the German churches, believing that a spiritual rebirth can come from within. Before it does, many churchmen will have to undergo an evolution in thought. They spend much of their time condemning and voicing the discontent of the people, strengthening it and using it to bolster their own political power.

The Sunday after the meeting of Catholic bishops in Fulda, which discussed the policies of the German Catholic Church, the bishop of Osnabrück addressed Germany over the radio and clamored for "Justice from the Allies" as if the American and British governments had not spent hundreds of millions of dollars to feed the people of Germany.

Niemoeller Parries Criticism

The Protestant pastor, Martin Niemoeller, is not much more popular than he was when he was attacked for failing to protest against part of the numerous packages of food received from America to needy Germans who had been in concentration camps. Niemoeller's only comment was: "A beautiful thing was started by an old maid but I think she should have gotten some of the credit for the packages sent to me for distribution."

In Berlin, where the competition between Russian propaganda is keen, German newspapermen, intellectuals and students want to accept Russian hospitality and refuse to live shabbily on their own soil. We offer them no help. The same is true of Germany's university professors and teachers, to whom we entrust the task of re-educating Germany. The German professors at Bonn, Cologne and other universities who get less than 200 marks a month, after taxes, which is about the price of a pound of butter on the black market.

Our traveling experts, who are supposed to compete for the attention of the German people with the stuff the Moscow sends out, are often just tourists who have not the slightest knowledge of Germany or Germans.

Even in such simple fields as agronomics our experts manage to be a source of ridicule for us. The case in point, a teacher of horticulture from Georgia. She spent four months in Germany visiting agricultural centers and incidentally teaching Germans how to dry rhubarb and string beans. Any good *Hausfrau*

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told her that for years Germans have been processing some vegetables in ordinary bottles, with plain water, without wasting any precious coal or gas for the job.

The lady expert also officiated at the first big meeting of women from all German zones in Bad Boll. It was an important meeting because efforts had to be made to prevent the Communists from getting control of Germany's women's organizations. When America's representative was called upon to speak, she gushed sweetly about the joy of being in the land of her forebears. This delighted and encouraged the old battle-axes of German chauvinism who were at the meeting, because didn't it show that America was part of Germany, that it had strayed but was now coming back to the fold?

In the industrial field a tremendous reputation for energy and efficiency preceded us. It has been marred by our inability or unwillingness to compel German industrialists in our zones to work as hard as they could. Some of our people may have felt that they were respecting the democratic rights of the Germans; if so, they fooled themselves. The vast majority of the Germans are convinced that the delay in resuming operations is inspired by America's and England's fear of German competition.

Laying the Blame on Red Tape

In every part of Germany that I visited people complained shrilly: "The British and Americans don't let us work. Their bureaucrats try to kill German competition by compelling our businessmen to fill out 36 kinds of forms before they can put over a deal." Much of the red tape is of German devising but that does not bother the accusers.

To get German industry going we continue to try to repair her transportation system. Bosses of many of the repair plants tell us that they cannot do more because they lack the necessary metals.

. The directors of the Hentschel Locomotive works, for instance, are indignant about our refusal to allow them to build new engines. "You will see," said one of the directors, "the Americans want to get the Chinese market away from Germany. As soon as the Chinese will have placed orders with American companies, our firms will be told that we can go ahead and build new engines."

Americans asked him, "If you have enough metal to build new engines, how come you cannot scare up enough material to repair cars and engines that are desperately needed in Germany and in Europe?"

The Germans have already alerted their millions of relatives and business friends throughout the world, and for years to come we can expect to hear innumerable charges of persecution of German industry—despite the fact that other countries have made sacrifices to get Germany's industry going.

Despite these mistakes we have an advantage over the Russians in the race for German approval. Millions of Germans owe their lives to the American and British military governments, which saw to it that the danger of epidemics was removed, and which rushed food to Germany and distributed it fairly in the worst winter Europe has known, when German farmers, German hoarders and German black marketeers were willing to watch their countrymen starve. The Germans like to forget the help they received, but they can be reminded of it.

Most important of all is that our representatives succeeded in making the Germans realize that we respect human rights and human lives. We have reduced their fear of confiscation of property and increased their feeling of security.

And this is where the Russians failed because of the continued terrorism of the NKVD. Even Germans who enjoyed

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Russian favor at the moment live in constant dread. They have seen too many friends drop out of favor and disappear.

When asked to choose now between the East and the West most Germans reply passionately that the matter is not up for discussion and that they will not tolerate a permanent division of their country. It would, they feel, lead to civil war, with each side trying to impose its pattern of life on the other—and that, they say, would be the end of Germany. But a united Germany, they feel, will choose between the East and the West, in its own way. When they choose, they will reject both the Communism and the democracy that they have seen in action on their soil, according to men who know the German situation well.

They Want Their Own Democracy

They reject Communism because of the terror that still comes with it and because it fails to protect the rights of individuals. They reject democracy because it involves too much uncertainty and tends to develop red tape. What the Germans want is their own kind of democracy, evolved out of their own needs and experiences.

Authorities point out that there are 2,000,000 men, women and children who live illegally in the British and American zones, sponging on their relatives or living through theft, vice and black-market operations. "This seething mass of potential criminals or potential cannon fodder must be brought under control if peace and decent living are to return to Germany," say social experts. Some of these people have taken matters in their own hands. There is, for instance, the story of the novelist and playwright Karl Schnell, who literally went back to the woods to start a new life.

With other Germans, Schnell and his wife were expelled from Austria. They arrived in Germany with almost no money, but I found them in a tiny but nice reconditioned summerhouse, nestling in the woods high up in the Odenwald hills, in Stallenkandl, a toylike village above Darnstadt. Schnell said that he and his wife and their refugee companions took one look at queues in the overcrowded cities and then decided to fend for themselves. They headed for the woods.

Berries and mushrooms, ferns and colorful branches, firewood and medicinal herbs they found in the forests, and they sold them to florists, to peasants, to pharmaceutical plants in the towns and villages in the valley below their hill. At first they carried their loads on their backs. Then they were rich enough to hire and buy carts and horses. They bought a derelict loom and repaired it. From remnants found in war plants they wove tough material for work clothes, colorful rugs and shawls for barter deals with peasants who had chickens, geese, pigs, seeds and tools needed to start the new settlers on their own tiny lots.

Today Karl Schnell is the head of a co-operative of 55 self-supporting refugees, which has prepared homes for twelve German-Hungarian families that want to work with them. Their children go to church and to school. By last June they had enough money to hire a biologist who spent the summer in the woods with them to teach them how to grow more berries, more medicinal herbs.

In many a German factory you'll find a small group of men hard at work, experimenting, believing that they can build something new as soon as the worst shortage of raw materials is surmounted.

One of these little groups centers around an engineer, Heinrich Wuttke, who is perfecting machinery and raw materials which he believes will enable him to build low-cost houses at top speed before next spring. He tried to work with government help, but red tape interfered incessantly, and he and his men decided to go to work on their own. I them almost a year to get needed for their special pres I asked them if they had pro invention, they shook th "There is such a need for that we would be glad if ot made use of our findings t the experiments in which we dulge because of the shortag

That type of dogged pur and perseverance has becom the fact that it still exists und adverse conditions justifies t tion that Germans will find th to work.

In the turmoil and confu the Germany of today, cons ments are beginning to eme find an echo among the you At the University of Mainz, Professor Armbruster, who the students carefully, came clusion that 20-25 per cent actively interested in helpi free democratic Germany. T posed by the young "Nihilist Nazi friends, who claim tha hope and that war is as goo as any. These number about of the students and meet wit echo—at the moment. What these two groups is, as one p it, "the average cattle that whoever seems to be the win

In Berlin University and i the Russian zone, Communi more important role, but the still on a German way of lif nent psychologist, Profess Freienfels, states that in th he has taught at Berlin U have never seen a generatio ingly eager to learn, to get t hear both sides of every these young and older people enced the full horror of war. are wide open. They want t the conservative, the Chr works, as well as how the G mind works, before form own opinions."

This eagerness to know build a sound future also the young people of professi according to Professor F Furtwaengler, director of Academy of Frankfurt, labor-union specialists. H most like a proud father wh of his young workers: "The critical. They want to find e They don't care whether somebody's old party theori

Another Totalitarian

From these discussions ber of ideas have begun t You find some concrete p vanced by the Heidelberg tion. Some of its members Free Socialism mapped out Alfred Weber and Profess Mitscherlich. They believe can be brought back to th it deserves by forming co porations controlled by e workers. They hold that on tasks of today is to combat bureaucracy," which threa ernments in existence, incl ington, London and Mosc

Another group, at work a new German constitu around Dr. Eugen Kogon, Schutz Staffel State, one of ing works on Hitler's state, of the immensely popu Frankfurter Hefte.

Dr. Kogon outlined som for the Germany of tom have emerged most clearly

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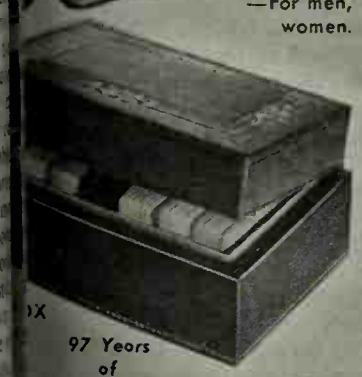

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"Give the Germans the idea that it is their mission to be the *bridge, the mediators between East and West,* and you will have filled the dangerous vacuum left in their minds after the collapse of their idol, Hitler. You will also reduce the chances of warmongers precipitating a new war. Germans were eager for a new creed when they saw their armies defeated. They did not find it. For lack of ideas they are again turning to their chauvinistic dreams and catering to their old persecution complexes. There is still time to counteract these trends, but not much.

"The future Germany, to be sound and peaceful, will have to be a united, federal Germany, but not a centralized Germany. Any revival of a centralistic state would automatically lead to the revival of German supernationalism, and it would pave the way for a victory of Communism."

Socialist Elements to Prevail

The new Germany, Kogon said, "must not be foisted on the Germans from above; it must grow from the grass roots. Twice in a lifetime, democracy came to Germany with defeat. You cannot expect Germans to have a passion for it under these conditions. Yet they definitely want the things for which democracy stands—respect of their rights, of law and order—tolerance. The German democracy won't be a copy of the American or the British version. It will be much more Socialistic, partly because there were Socialistic elements in the Nazi system that the Germans liked, partly because Germany is a densely populated country that must plan carefully to make all ends meet.

"To be able to live, this country must have a sound economic life—that is where the third round for the battle of Europe's peace comes in. For years Germans have thought only of themselves. They can and must be taught to think as Europeans. That can be achieved only through practical co-operation, as heralded to a certain extent in the Marshall Plan."

The Germans can learn to become good Europeans if they are made to cooperate with their neighbors on a practical basis, on concrete projects. Take the various industrial groups, let them form committees in which Frenchmen and Germans, Poles and Germans, Dutchmen and Germans, Russians and Germans, and so on, work on specific, preferably technical plans that call for practical work, such as canals, river control, electrification, reclamation of whole areas. At the same time show the other non-German Europeans how to make use of German co-operation, of the technical ability of this country. Get regional interests going. That is the way, and the only way, to revive personal and business initiative, which alone can save Europe."

An influential German to whom I repeated the suggestions of the Kogon group believed they were right on one condition, and that was: "The Germans must never be allowed to feel that they can use the industrial power that is being revived for them now to restore their economic domination over Europe, because that would be the first step to political arrogance. If their American and English friends should be tempted to help the Germans reconquer their position of top dogs in Europe, then the peace of Europe would be lost—irretrievably . . ."

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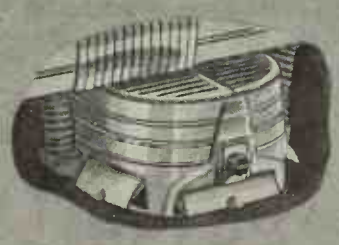

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MAIN LINE FOOTBALL

Continued from page 17

I'd probably put people to sleep instead of waking them up. The practice of using a football coach as a glorified cheer leader always has struck me as a silly stunt, anyway. If you're winning, you don't have to make speeches and if you're losing they can't help you.

"I feel the same about pep talks to the team. I don't suppose there's another coach who never has delivered an oration in the locker room. Other men have gotten good results, I know, slapping inflammatory slogans all over the place and getting their players hopped up emotionally, but I can't do it. I got a bellyful of that corny stuff as a player. You can appeal to a boy's pride of performance—the reason he plays the game—without ranting and slobbering all over yourself. There's no substitute in football for the spirit to do and die for Pennsyltucky, but you can't arouse it five minutes before a game."

People who have been groping for the answer to Munger's wholly unexpected success can begin and finish with the foregoing. It explains his chief asset as a coach as well as the pretty significant change that has taken place at Penn in the entire attitude toward football.

Although its players always have been drawn from the same sources tapped by other colleges, there was a time Penn seemed to have a corner on willful, obstreperous youths who devoted more attention to knocking the coach than knocking down the other side.

Strained relations between the players and Munger's two predecessors were reflected on the scoreboard and provoked a series of incidents that brought unfavorable publicity to the university. Lud Wray, a hard-boiled gent of the old school, was forced out after one year in 1930 when the team rebelled against his tough tactics, and Harvey Harman did not exactly enjoy boundless popularity during his seven-year tenure.

The easy familiarity between Munger and his players marks such a sharp contrast with the unhappy past that Penn has not fully recovered from the shock of discovering that a nice guy also can win football games. The man who steadied the Quakers has a disarmingly simple formula for handling players. He merely treats the kids as individuals rather than faceless tackling dummies.

Munger's methods are so artless that it's almost silly to set them down. He encourages varsity regulars to call him "George" instead of the stiff, formal "Coach." Team captains have been reduced to figureheads in this era of high-pressure football, but at Penn they pick the starting line-ups and run the team during games without too much direction from the bench. If a kid pulls a boner, Munger does not broadcast the lapse by yanking him summarily. He lets three or four plays pass before sending in a substitute.

Players are not herded together like so many sacred elephants and kept under rigid supervision by house dicks masquerading as assistant coaches.

"If you've got to stay on a boy's tail to make him keep in condition," Munger says, "the chances are he's not intelligent enough to help the team. Sure, we've had occasional infractions of training rules, but nothing to get excited about. I wouldn't dream of announcing a culprit has been demoted or suspended from the team. That results in national publicity out of all proportion to the offense and it's liable to hurt a boy after college.

"I've been criticized for bei with my teams. I wouldn't k that, but if it's true, it's all rig All I know is that you can't wi boys put out for you. The re our spirit has been pretty goo years."

The spirit dispensed by M roes in recent years has been good for several Ivy League who are jolly well miffed by t astic shellackings they have The Ivy League is a loose co of ten schools—Yale, Harva ton, Dartmouth, Columbia Penn, Brown, Army and Na prestige and associations. P unwashed brother in the lod by every member but Corne tional rival, until the Gates P curbed abuses of overcomme by transferring control of fo an alumni corporation to th athletic department.

Everything was dandy un began to beat the patrician Ivy League too regularly an vincingly. He started this se record of having lost only League games in nine years, jousts with Army and Navy. academies had so many war

LOVE

When the thirteenth month of the year rol
And the speed of light lags after sound,
In the twenty-fifth hour of the week's eig
And the month's thirty-second day, the
Learn to do without it
But, I rather doubt it.

—Edith

ings that they were in a cla selves.

It is an open secret that sc culties are giving Penn auth concern than they care to adn and Yale have refused t Quakers since 1942 and '43, Princeton, another cherishe was ready to break off las thought better of the seri cushy checks visitors collect Field—when it pulled a terri winning, 17-14, on a field final minute.

The big beef against Mung runs up humiliating scores are safely won, an antiso that is no help whatever coaches worrying about next tract. Munger, a former m carried his exercises in highe to such extremes that he was sponsible for the most specta opment in football of recent was the resurgence of Army, on the November afternoon Penn murdered the cadets, 4

Lieutenant General Robe berger, superintendent at who later commanded the 8 the Pacific, vowed such dis not be inflicted upon an again. He scrapped the Mili my's archaic semipro coac and brought Red Blaik from to do something about the situation. Blaik did with the assistance of Davis, Blancha talented hulks. Army presen with Penn by piling up 62 scores in 1944 and '45.

Yale would give a year's to ram the same dose dow throat. The Yale-Penn ron to curdle in 1940 when Penn

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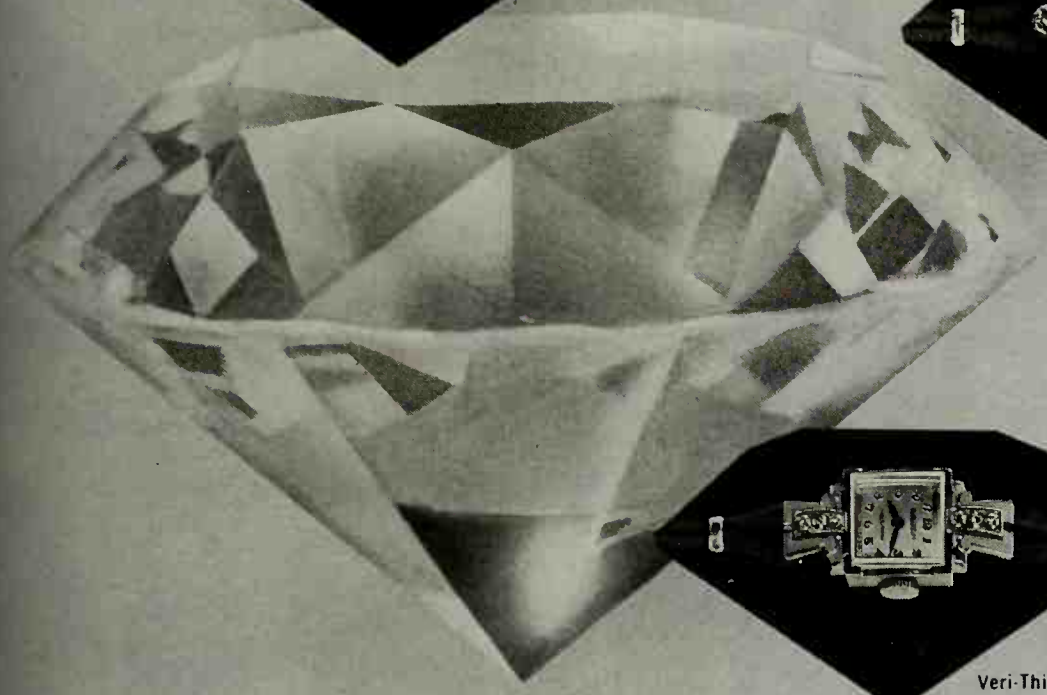

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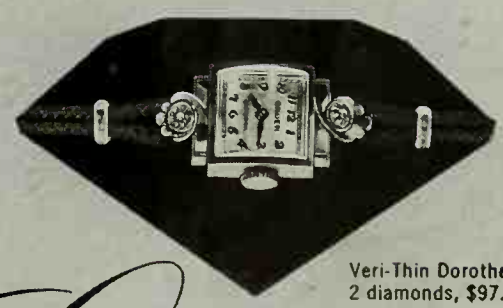

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In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too, belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

t hiding the Bulldog ever suf-
942 Munger and his former
oach, Howard Odell, then the
Yale, exchanged harsh words
won, 35-6. Football relations
d the following year. Munger
to dwell on the matter, but
s that he held down the score,
er chum well knew. He adds,
ally, that Odell showed no in-
o open the gates of mercy
enn backs he coached were
d in the 1940 game.
know what you can do in one-
s," he says morosely. "If you
e regulars, the substitutes are
resher and stronger than the
ition that they're liable to
ling. If you leave the varsity
d tell them to go through the
ey may get hurt. Most injuries
the players are careless. Any-
ve an obligation to the public
a show. You can't make a
a game by telling the boys to
out of bounds or fall flat on
deliberately.
r you do, you're marked
last year in the Navy game.
32 points in the first half, so
e subs the rest of the day.
back strong and made the
32-19. Then you should've
creams from old grads and
o had given two touchdowns
They lost their bets by one
ey practically accused me of
out."
broke off with Penn in 1942,
that the splendid concentra-
otball talent on the hoof
Philadelphia was not en-
roduct of sheer coincidence.
Harvard mentioned the two
annually awarded by each
enators and made snide asides
ducements offered athletes by
nni. The proposition was put
unger: What does Penn give
players?
damn' thing," he snapped.
ve been spreading rotten ru-
us for years and it's time
alked back. Those senatorial
cover only tuition. All ap-
st pass standard college en-
d exams to be eligible. The
of the scholarships the uni-
.
colleges, we prefer boys who
qualities of leadership by
in extracurricular activities,
football. The determining
gh, is the competitive score
s on those entrance exams. If
to scratch, the President him-
et him in. Wait a minute."

s That Refute Charges

the registrar and asked how
cations there were for the
1947, freshman class. The
35,000. How many would be
? Twelve hundred.
at sort of pressure on the
ow much finagling do you
e done for a football player?
nise him a dime because no
re made for getting jobs for
re, some boys get help from
s is a small town in football
nni work like hell to get good
to school. So do I. But every
qualify for admission and
eep up on his classroom work
ed out."
vent to the team pictures on
f his office and recited the
ground of each player on the
uads. Fully two thirds, inci-
ed within a 100-mile radius
hia. Of the 55 players in the
, the most recent one framed,
arships and perhaps 15 were
n aided by the G.I. Bill of
.
our players work their way
through school. Most are sons of rich alumni who don't have to worry about money. Maybe that's why we do well. A boy can't keep up in his studies, play good football and lead a normal social life if he has to scramble for a buck."

He sighed lugubriously. "Having dough is very pleasant. I can remember the sensation quite well. I was a gold-spoon boy myself. I came to college with all the trimmings, including a roadster, a raccoon coat and a derby. I wound up parking cars and posing for R. Tait Mackenzie, the sculptor, to pay my expenses. My family went busted right after I entered college in '29. Seems there was a depression, or something."

Running out of folding money was not the only disenchanting experience Munger suffered at Penn. It soon was obvious that he was not the ring-tailed wonder he had been at Episcopal Academy. There have been more spectacular child athletic prodigies than Munger, but seldom beyond the covers of juvenile fiction. He played on a championship baseball team, captained an undefeated basketball team and set academy records in the high jump, pole vault and discus that still stand.

Football, however, was the pearl in Munger's oyster. In his last two years at Episcopal, he was the captain of teams that won 19 straight games in climaxes that still give superannuated prep school boys goose bumps. In 1927 both Episcopal and Chestnut Hill were undefeated and untied going into the final game and Munger won it for his side, 14-7, by scoring a touchdown and throwing a pass for another score. The next year Germantown Academy went down to the finish with a spotless record until Munger ran 85 yards with the opening kickoff. Close friends and relatives began to compare George with Red Grange—not unfavorably—after he went to work on an ice truck during the summer. His silver-plated tongs occupy a place of honor in his office.

Nobody can explain it, but Munger was just another useful plugger at Penn. Never a first-string varsity back, he had only one big day, against Navy in 1932, when he engineered the two touchdowns in the game. He was considered a sure shot for the Olympic team when he won the decathlon at the Penn Relays in 1932, but he flubbed the final tryouts at Chicago badly.

"Everything went wrong," he says sadly. "I lost a shoe in the high hurdles. I missed the first height in the pole vault, my best event. Had I repeated my Penn Relay performances, I would've finished a close second to Jim Bausch, who won the Olympic championship. Muffing that chance was the biggest disappointment of my life."

After graduation, Munger embraced the pleasant obscurity of coaching and teaching math at Episcopal Academy until Penn called him in 1936 to serve as supervisor of freshman athletics. When Harvey Harman resigned the varsity football post 15 months later, Munger merely was given polite passing attention as a possible successor. The alumni were shilling for a dozen more celebrated candidates, and their dismay was profound when President Gates picked the darkest horse in the field.

"The only objection to you I've heard," Gates told our hero, "is that you're too young—and you'll outgrow that."

Munger promptly antagonized the old guard at his first official function, the Varsity Club dinner. Carl S. Williams, captain of the unbeaten 1895 invincibles and head coach from 1902 to '07, delivered one of those "now-in-my-time" addresses deploring the lack of courage shown by modern players. Aroused by such nonsense, Munger hotly defended the present generation's guts and ability in a speech that inflicted grave wounds to the vanity of the audience.

Confounding the Hatchet Men

His professional neck was in jeopardy when his first two teams won only half their games, but the hatchet men retired in confusion after the 1940 club, beaten only by Tom Harmon and Michigan, finished the season by upending Cornell, 22-20, in one of the most psychotic games ever seen on the North American continent.

In comparing the stability of the setup at Penn today with the turmoil of a decade ago, it is evident that Munger was saved, paradoxically, by the aloofness which kept his few original rooters at arm's length. Predecessors, besieged by meddling advisers, attempted to please all factions and wound up satisfying no one. Munger avoided the trap simply by making himself inaccessible to volunteer masterminds.

Strictly a lone wolf, Munger isolates himself from all distractions during the season and spends interminable hours studying movies and blueprints of plays. Nothing but his interest in horses and fox hunting, a Main Line tradition, cuts into his absorption in football. Training colts and riding to hounds are his only hobbies.

Sheer concentration and devotion to details compensate for his lack of technical brilliance as an imaginative strategist. Penn, for example, is one of the few top-flight teams in the country that has not adopted the T formation. It sticks to the single wing and doesn't have much truck with passing or trick plays.

"Maybe I'm a dope," Munger grins sheepishly. "I go to coaches' clinics all year and hear nothing but the T, but I go on teaching the same old stuff. It seems to me, though, that you can get as much variation (and possibly more power) with the single wing as you can from the T. Everybody's gone overboard for the T, but we've stopped all teams that use it except Army, and nobody was holding those guys when they had Blanchard and Davis."

The alumni occasionally bleat, just for the hell of it, but the general attitude toward Munger is expressed by Bert Bell, commissioner of the National Football League, who was the star of Penn's 1916 Rose Bowl team and coached the backfield in the 1920s.

"Munger," Bell says, "is one of the best young coaches in the business. There's no doubt he's the best coach we've ever had at Penn. A lot of people think he's an overgrown sophomore, but that's his greatest asset in handling college boys."

The sweetness and light now pervading Philadelphia doesn't fool Munger for an instant. He knows better than anyone that two bad seasons in a row will bring out the wolf pack in full cry, and he began preparing for a fast getaway as far back as eight years ago, when his son was born. He named the boy after Greville Haslam, headmaster of Episcopal Academy.

"I can always get a job there," he says. "I may need it someday. A football takes an awful lot of funny bounces."

THE END

SMOKING THEM OUT

The ash upon my cigarette
Grows perilously long.
I'd let it drop, dear hostess, yet
I'd hate so to be wrong.

Pray tell me, though I ought to know,
Are these wee hats and shoes,
These souvenirs from Mexico,
To look at or to use?

—Richard Armour

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CLIPPING THE CLIP ARTISTS

BY HERBERT ASBURY

There's a sucker born every minute, and there's always a sharper waiting for him. Except when Mickey MacDougall clips the sharper first

THE young businessman, grown wealthy from war contracts, thought he could outsmart the big-shot mobster from Chicago who had opened a tavern and gambling house on the outskirts of the prosperous Middle Western war-plant town. He shot craps in the place every night for a week, and lost $30,000. He finally quit the game, good and mad and convinced that he had been cheated. The local police listened politely to his complaint, but did nothing because the joint was not within their jurisdiction. Moreover, the big shot was operating with the connivance of politicians who received a large cut of the house take. The state police knew from experience that they could do nothing.

"But we can move in," they said, "if you'll prove that the games are not on the level. They're supposed to be run straight."

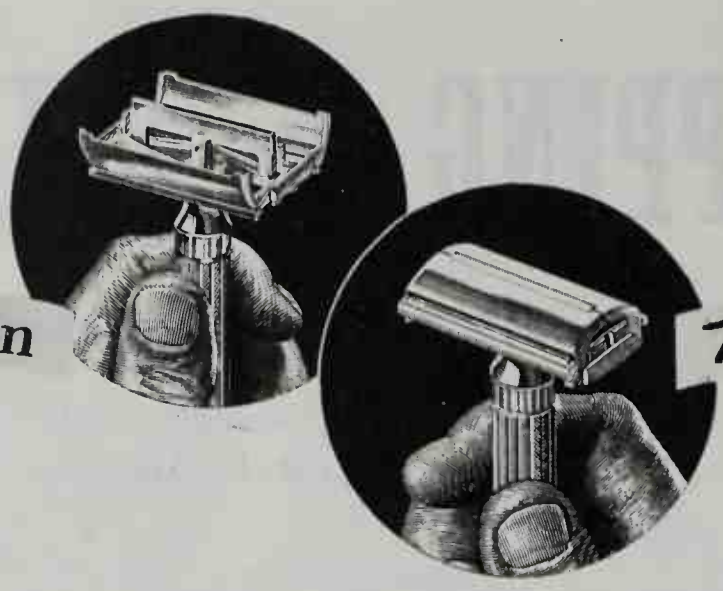
"How can I do that?" asked the contractor.

"Well, you can't and neither can an ordinary cop. But Mickey MacDougall could handle it, if you can get him to come out from New York. His business is investigating crooked gambling, and he knows more about it than the gamblers themselves. He's worked with us on other cases. If Mickey brings in evidence that the games are crooked, we'll close the place."

Mickey had no trouble getting into the resort. It was running more or less wide open, and besides, Mickey is a small, innocent-looking man with no distinguishing physical characteristics. To the big shot's lookouts, he was just another sucker. He wandered about the gambling room for a while, as if uncertain which game to tackle first, but his sharp blue eyes were wide open. In ten minutes he had learned two important things: one, he'd better be careful—the big shot's games were protected by half a dozen very tough-looking gorillas, to whom cracking a skull would be a pleasant diversion; the other, the place was what gamblers call a "bust-out joint"—a dive in which everything but a gun is used to get the sucker's money.

All the mechanical appliances, such as the roulette wheel and the bird cage, were electrically controlled. The slot machines were set to give the house about a 60 per cent break. At the blackjack table the houseman was using a marked deck and second-dealing; when necessary he dealt the second card instead of the one on top. In a big stud poker game, Mickey spotted two of the players as "shills," working for the house. They were using a Bee "sort-edge" deck (the only unmarked marked deck in the world). The cards had an all-over design on the back consisting of a series of small diamonds, the arrangement of which told the dealer the value of the cards. By second-dealing when necessary he could always give one of the shills the best hand. The house dealer,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX



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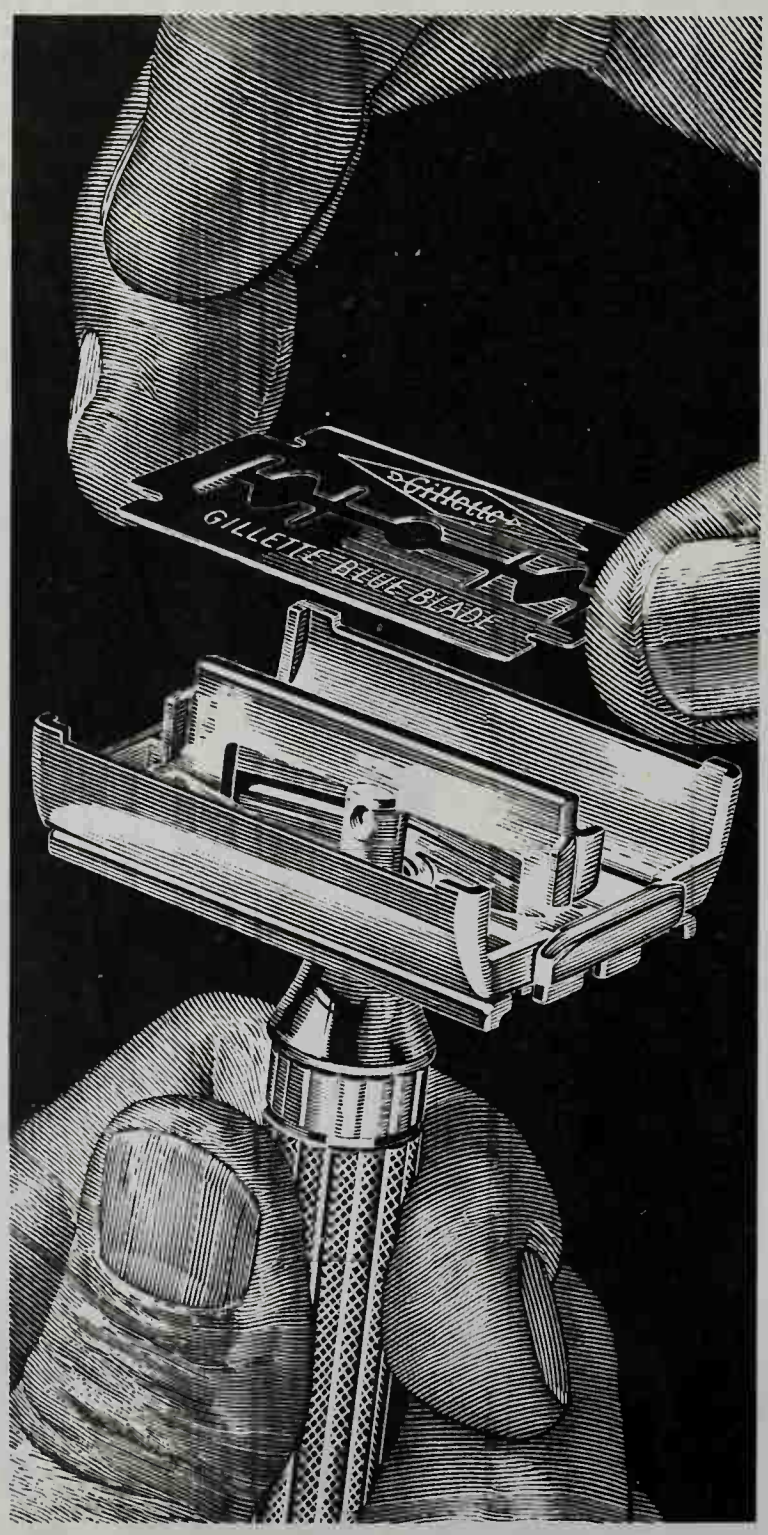

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Gillette Safety Razor Company
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trade as a "mechanic," was the center and the bottom. ey had to do was palm a ted dice, and a few of the s, and get out alive. He to make the switches; he he types of cards and dice ouse, and had substitutes in Or so he thought.
ay was at the dice layout, decided to start there. Of men absorbed in the crap tified six as working for the enly and four under cover. rmer was the man who sold d on a small platform over- ayout. The other was the ter each throw he raked in a crooked stick, picked tossed them back to the either side of the stick man man; their job was to see man was not jostled or in- . There were two shills, uring the early stages of the things going and won a few ncourage the other players.

p a Sucker's Chances

od where he could watch a few minutes before his shoot. He soon saw that was handling the switch; his hand and elsewhere on had secreted several pairs e. Each player, as his turn se the dice already in play, w pair from a bowl offered man. All the dice in the ke, and all were honest. If s a piker, and the side bets e was allowed to continue dice; the house would win the normal percentage of

shooter proved to be hot, ets increased, the stick man ir dice and threw in "bust- variously as tops and and tees. These are mis- with only three different ead of the six of a normal layer chose to use the dice man before him, and they be fair, the stick man for a pair with two deuces, d two sixes on each die. was impossible to throw n. The player's point would our, six, eight or ten. The ld then switch again to dice so spotted that the player would quickly seven out. The only chance to win in the big shot's joint was on the first roll of the fair dice; as soon as the stick man picked them up he controlled the situation.

When Mickey's turn came to shoot he called for new dice, and to his dismay found that the dice in the bowl, and of course the crooked dice held by the stick man, were not quite the same as the ones he had in his pocket. So he had to change his plan.

As he dipped into the bowl he clumsily overturned it, and more than a score of dice spilled on the table. In the scramble to pick them up Mickey palmed a pair, and then picked out another pair to throw, making a very small bet. The stick man left the fair dice in play, and Mickey made his point, which was six. Then, since he wanted the stick man to put the tops into the game, he made a fairly large bet. He threw a ten, which was his point, and when the stick man threw back the dice he switched a pair so spotted that it was impossible to throw ten and almost impossible not to throw seven.

But Mickey didn't throw the tops. Instead, he palmed them, and threw out the fair dice which he had previously filched. He had his evidence, but to keep it and get out reasonably intact he had to throw a seven. And with the fair dice. He tried several times, without success. Then he attempted the Greek Roll, which an expert can perform nearly every time with round-cornered dice, but which is very difficult with square-cornered cubes.

He held one die, with the four uppermost, between the first and third joints of the first finger; and the other, with the three uppermost, between the first and third joints of the second finger. His hand was vertical, at right angles to the table. He rattled the dice together, without permitting them really to move, and then flipped them out, rather than threw them. The lower die skidded from his hand, revolving rapidly but not turning over. The upper die, propelled by a flick of the finger at exactly the right instant, spun on its lower corners, but also failed to turn over. Mickey executed the throw perfectly, but the stick man scooped up the dice just as they were about to stop.

"No fancy stuff, Bud!" he warned. "Make 'em hit the boards."

So Mickey threw again. But luck was against him, and two fives came up. The stick man knew that nothing short of a

ways remember the pies Mother used to make: oven a little t; filling a bit overseasoned; soggy crust on the bottom . . ."

JOHN MILLIGAN

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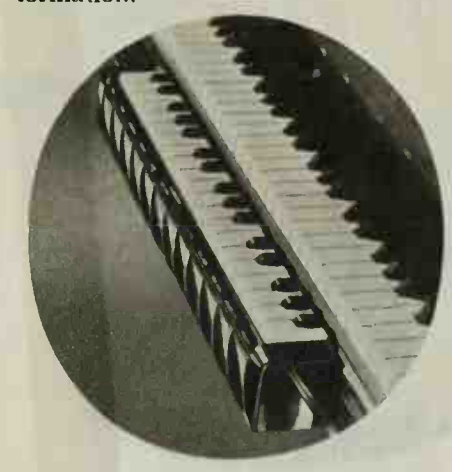

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vould make the dice he had put
game show ten. He slowly
Mickey's winnings across the
d at the same time signaled to
e gorillas. Two of these tough
's came up behind Mickey and
im on the shoulder. One said:
e wanted on the phone, mister."
rillas took Mickey down a hall-
a little office, where the big shot
ering behind a desk. The stick
there, too; he had gone on
explain what had happened. As
walked through the doorway one
rillas clipped him on the head
ackjack, then jerked him to his
started to fall.
s just a sample," said the big
he boys are going to work on
le, and then you'll get a cement
."
knew what that meant—after
been beaten to death, his body
encased in a block of cement
ped into the river. He thought
en the gorilla came at him again
blackjack, he dodged and ran to
not's desk.
a minute!" he cried. "You
y I tried to take you?"

on't dance at <u>all</u> like a girl
ts A's in ancient history, and
elongs to the science club!"

JOHN RUGE

't give a damn!" said the big
hy?"
se," said Mickey, "your joint is
over as a soft touch. I know a
e hustlers and mechanics who've
ou for plenty and you never
t I'd have got plenty myself if my
dn't been sweaty."
yin'!" said the big shot. "No-
ts a game where tops are used."
didn't I?"
e he did, boss," said the stick
e made a pass after I'd thrown
sters."
o" said Mickey. "I'll make you
tion. Give me a job and I'll
your games. I'll guarantee that
will clip you again. Send these
of here and I'll show you how
o."
rillas left the room, and Mickey
at the big shot's desk. With a
cards and a pair of dice, he
he big shot and the stick man
g he'd learned in the twelve
been in this curious business of
howed them what gamblers can
esides, a lot of magicians' tricks
ashy but of no use in a card or
e. Finally the big shot was so
that he offered Mickey a job
im to report for work the next

ou can bet I didn't do it," said
ey "I gave the state police the dice
nd, and told them what else to
for and then I got out of town. But
ng turned out all right for every-
he joint was raided and closed,

the contractor got his revenge, and I got a nice check from the contractor. Even the big-shot gambler wasn't unhappy long, for he opened up again in a few weeks, and his business was better than ever. And what do you think? That crazy contractor, believing that everything in the new joint was on the up and up, went back and dropped another bundle!"

Mickey says that this, potentially at least, was the most dangerous situation he ever got into. On several other occasions, however, he had escapes from death or serious injury that were about as narrow. Once he was engaged by a steamship company which operated passenger liners between New York and the West Coast, to investigate gamblers who had made several big killings aboard ship. Mickey broke up the gang's operations by exposing two of the sharpers, very dexterous fellows who had been using half a dozen different methods of cheating. They were not put under arrest, because the captain wanted to avoid scandal, but were ordered to leave the vessel at Colón.

The night before the ship docked, Mickey was standing at the rail, alone, when someone suddenly grabbed him by the ankles and tossed him overboard. Luckily it was a clear night, with a calm sea, and a sailor who heard his shouts threw him a life preserver. A boat put out and he was rescued. There was no evidence to connect the two sharpers with the incident, but Mickey has never forgotten that as they walked down the gangplank one of them grinned at him and said, "We had tough luck, Bud. Better luck next time."

A Lady Cardsharp Plays Pinochle

A few months after he had returned from the cruise Mickey went to work on a case at an Eastern resort town, where a national Women's Club was holding a big convention. One of the delegates had organized a pinochle game, and there had been complaints that she was entirely too lucky. Mickey kibitzed the game a few times, and found that she was using a belly-stripper deck, so trimmed that she could deal herself as many aces as she wanted.

The lady sharper was pretty good; she could cut the cards so she'd also get the aces when the player on her left dealt. The convention managers wanted to get rid of her quietly, so Mickey fixed up a little surprise for her. He prepared a stripper deck of his own, got into the game one afternoon, and managed to put his deck in play. When the woman dealt, instead of getting aces she got nines, which are virtually worthless in pinochle.

"She caught on after a couple of deals," said Mickey. "So she laid her hand down, picked out the nines, tore them across, and threw them on the floor. Then she looked around the table, stared at me, and I nodded. She smiled and opened her handbag, and I thought she was going to powder her nose and exit gracefully. Instead, she pulled out a long nail file and lunged at my eyes. I dodged, and she hit me near a nostril. I still have the scar."

By and large, Mickey MacDougall's profession doesn't seem to be the safest way in the world to make a living. But he's pretty fatalistic about it. "A gambler once told me," he said, "that I was in a crazy racket, and sometimes I think the boys are trying to prove it. But I suppose if they really wanted to get me they could; I'd never get anywhere if I went around with bodyguards or any other protection. Maybe they're only trying to scare me. Just the same, I don't take any chances. I keep an office in Manhattan, but I haven't told anybody where I live or about my family since I got an anonymous letter a few years ago threatening to get revenge on my family."

Mickey isn't interested in the little

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hustler who wins a few dollars with crooked dice, nor in the cheap mechanic who manipulates a marked deck and gets away with peanuts. He specializes in the investigation of gambling houses, and in hunting down the suave, polished, fine-feathered slicker of the type that used to work the cruise ships and big passenger liners, and probably will again within a few years.

Mickey has had more than 500 cases of this sort during the past dozen years, and they've taken him all over the country.

"There's scarcely a town in the United States," he says, "that doesn't support at least one open game, usually run by a professional. They range from a dice layout, or a blackjack or poker table in somebody's back room, to anything the sucker wants to take a crack at in an ornate gambling house. The one thing they all have in common is that, except in Nevada, where gambling is legal and 99 per cent honest, they are all more or less crooked. About three fourths are completely crooked; the player is cheated in every game played.

"And don't think it's difficult to get the materials to cheat with. There are at least eight firms in this country that manufacture crooked gambling apparatus and sell it openly to all comers. In New York alone there are more than a dozen shops that masquerade as novelty stores, but are really retail outlets for the makers of educated dice, crooked cards and other stuff. They'll sell you a pair of dice with which nobody in the world can make a pass, a deck of cards that practically arranges itself into unbeatable hands, and a roulette wheel that can do anything but cook. If they haven't got what you want, they'll make it."

There's seldom anything melodramatic in a MacDougall exposé. Mickey doesn't pin the crooked cards to a table with a knife, as in the old melodramas. When he has investigated a gambling house, he simply turns his evidence over to the law, and if the case comes to court he testifies as an expert witness. Incidentally, he is frequently retained by municipal authorities who tolerate illegal gambling (because the townspeople want it) but insist that the games be conducted honestly. They bring Mickey in to see that the boys are staying in line.

Club Members Under Suspicion

Sometimes Mickey is retained by a lone sucker who fears that he has been trimmed, which is the inevitable fate of the amateur who tries to match wits and skill with the professional. Again, he is called in by club officials who aren't sure that one or more of their members is cheating, but are worried by long and unreasonable winning streaks. Because private clubs shrink with horror from the idea of a scandal, the law is seldom called in on such cases. Usually the sharper is taken into the club office, shown what Mickey has discovered, and permitted to depart in peace.

If the club officials won't even go that far, the members are called together and Mickey puts on a show. He explains various methods of cheating, and finally comes to that used by the suspected member. While dealing and playing the crooked hand, he imitates the mannerisms of the cheat. One culprit, for example, always dealt with his head cocked to one side. Another drummed on the table with his fingers while considering his next play. By his mimicry Mickey made their identities clear, and they never played in the clubs again.

A year or so before the war Mickey was called into a prominent Eastern club to investigate the phenomenal winnings of a new member, supposedly a chemist. He played poker every night and, being as greedy as most cheats, won all the big pots. Mickey soon found what he was doing, and a meeting of the club membership was called. Mickey e few of the methods of cheats, began to discuss marked cards

"An expert card man," "doesn't have to put a previous deck into the game. He can e the deck already in play. He with his fingernail, or in a do ways. He can do it with a this, a very small tack with a point. With this tack I can m perforation on any card I wish. nary player would never notice cheat, who knows what to fe easily find it. But obviously, cheat, I can't pull the tack pocket and start sticking cards. tend I have a sore finger. I bi ger with a piece of adhesive under the tape I put the tack just long enough for the poi through. So I have it ready wish to mark a card."

By this time the club membe gun to cast venomous looks at ist. Everyone knew that he sore finger when he joined the that he habitually wore a pie over it. He had said he'd burn ger in a chemical experiment often complained that the bur heal. As Mickey began to with the tack, the cheat got and walked out of the club. came back.

Escape From a Grocery

Mickey got into his "cra partly because of a profound groceries. His father ran a sto delphia, where Mickey was bo When Mickey was fourteen, h from home and joined a sh headed by Horace Golden, Russian Illusionist. It hap Golden did a lot of tricks with needed a small wiry boy, s Mickey's word for it that orphan and that nobody Golden took him to Europe America, and it was six years was back in Philadelphia.

Meanwhile he had learned tricks and other bits of magic, Golden became ill, Mickey be a small part in the show. By t returned to the United States he knew enough to go out o He worked up a short act of and some simple illusions, an to get a few club bookings, fo was paid $25 to $50. The pretty tough, so one night w who had seen him perform a he could catch a card cheat. M mistically said it would be eas out to a club on Long Islan the bridge game a few times, managed to catch one of t marking cards. He proved i body's satisfaction, and was overcome when he received a $1,000, the most money he ha

"This," he said, "is my busi

For more than two years hard. He worked in a carniv learn the ways of the carnie bought crooked dice and cards months mastering them. He v bling houses and watched t perform. Then the business come in. It's still coming, an will continue to come, for says:

"The world is full of sucke ging to be trimmed. They're like the sailor I saw in a ba ago. He was matching quarte men, one of whom was using headed coin while the other with two tails. I caught the s washroom and told him wha doing, and he said:

"'I know they're cheating how can I quit? I'm fourtee the hole!'"

THE END

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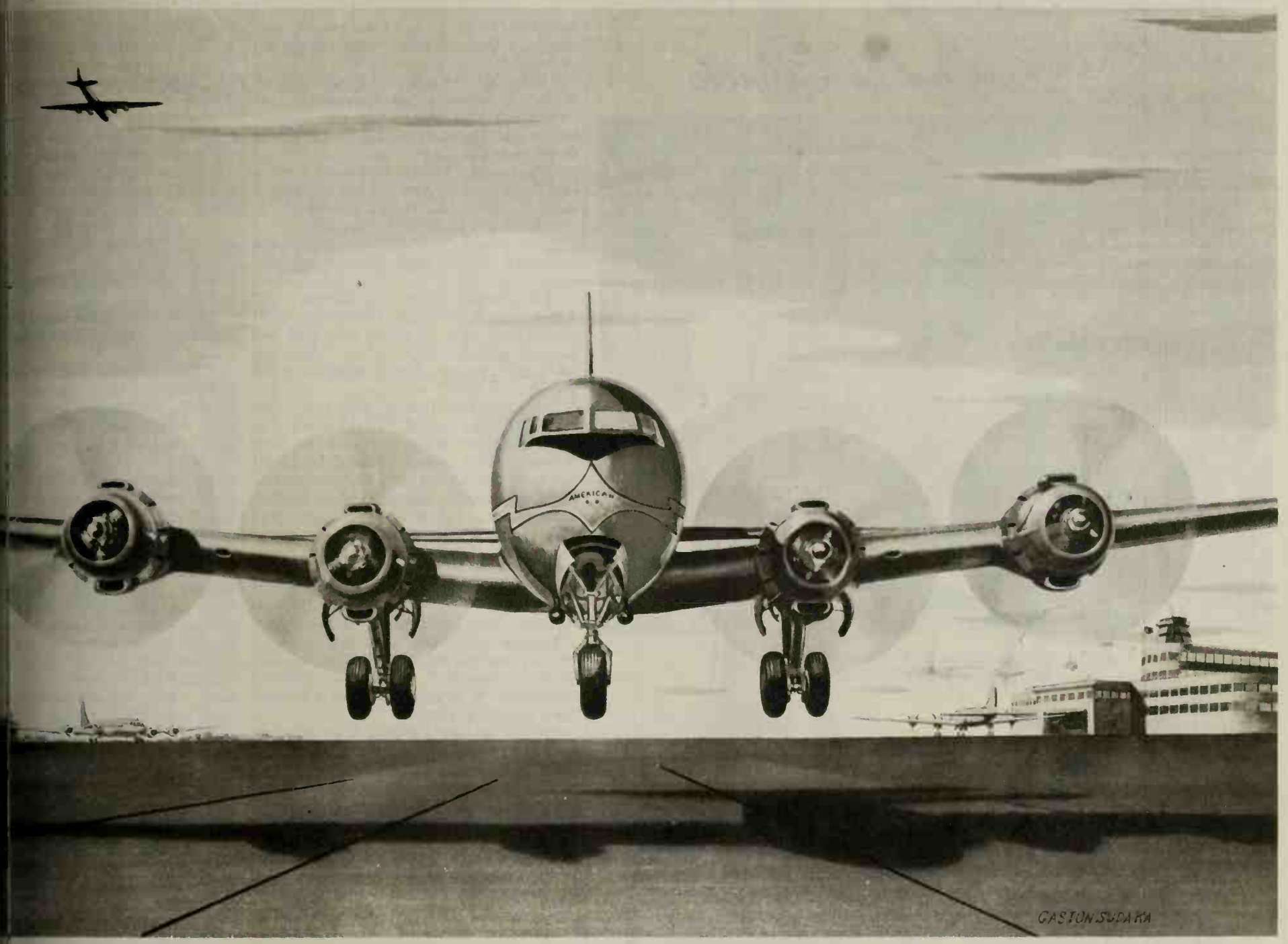

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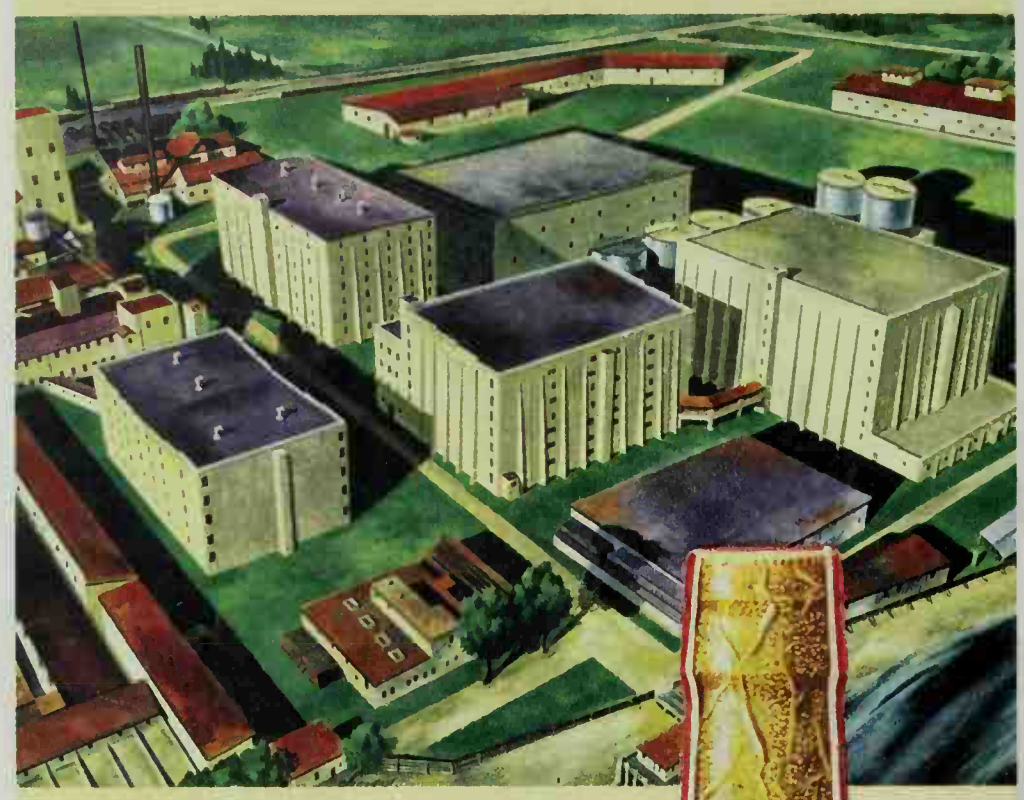

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GOLF IS A GAME

Continued from page 13

her, "you've got to be in the same condition as a Derby winner. I've always supervised Ronnie's training myself."

The waiter brought in the main course. It was a beautiful steak. Anne's eyes lighted up in wonder. She was speechless as Father cut the steak. It was about three inches thick.

"I knew the Claridge was good," Anne said, "but not this good. I haven't seen a steak like this since before the war."

"Try it, try it," Father laughed.

"You could cut it with a spoon," she breathed. We ate happily for a few moments.

"Lima beans—corn—cauliflower. . . ." Anne looked at Father the way a child would look at a magician who had just brought a rabbit out of a hat. "And this steak. Mr. Reeves, where in England did you find all this?"

"No beef like that in England, Miss Jarvis." Father smiled. "That's Black Angus beef from my own ranch in New Mexico. As a matter of fact, I had all this food flown over. It's a simple matter these days to fix up your plane with a deep freeze. I flew over enough beef and vegetables to take care of us and our guests all summer. You can't win golf titles on your English rations, you know."

ANNE was quiet for a moment. "I guess not," she said thoughtfully. "You know, we're allowed twelve ounces of meat a month." She looked down at her steak. "I'm eating a week's rations for a family of five."

"I wish we could give a steak like this to every family in London," Father said heartily, and he meant it.

"The miners come out of the pits after eight back-breaking hours. They come home to a meal of thin soup, a bit of fish and some weak tea." It was as though Anne were talking to herself.

"But that isn't our fault, my dear," Father said gently. "Finish

"I've had enough," she sa voice, pushing her plate awa has Ronnie a good chance Amateur?"

We talked golf then, polit out much interest. Sudden vis was a remote stranger want any dessert, although some wonderful fresh stra flown over. I, of course, ha olate yoghurt, which is a c flavored. Father explained this was one of the finest p to keep the digestive tract i ing order.

That's when Anne stood u surprise I noticed two ang on her cheeks.

"Will you stop talking a as though he were a prize b horse!" She bit her lip. "H be a useful member of so only give him a chance."

"My dear, my dear," Fath ously distressed. But it was had run into the living r heard the slam of the do helplessly at Father.

"I can't explain it, son." his head sadly. "I never ca women. That's why I nev after your mother's death. politics—those I know. W Well"—he put the whole women out of his mind— Archie Parks to work with week. They tell me he kno wich course better than any

"I can't figure why she that," I said.

"Let's get our mind on g Father said, looking at me what we came over here for

We left for Sandwich th ing. I liked the way the trapped. Sloppy driving high penalties on this cour

"I don't see how they can call them a luxury when they're really a

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WILL

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all right with me. Father had always insisted, "Drive accurately and you'll never live in a bunker." Granny Rice once wrote that I was the most accurate man off the tee since Harry Vardon. Anyhow, Sandwich was my kind of course. I went around with Parks and learned the tricks the wind played. Father and I discussed the topography of every hole with Parks. I grabbed the Daily Express every morning, but there was no story about me. Not by Anne Jarvis. I couldn't figure it out. However, this was no time to worry. I breezed through the early rounds of the Amateur easily enough. In the semifinals Willie Turnesa carried me to three extra holes. He was red hot that day. But when I sank a thirty-six-foot putt to win on the twenty-first, Willie grinned, slapped me on the back and said, "Ronnie, you carry too many good shots in your bag for me."

"I got a lot of breaks, Bill," I told him.

"You made them yourself, Ronnie," Willie said. "Knock this one off tomorrow and then go after the big one at St. Andrews."

I BEAT Michael Mulroy, the Irish champion, the next day without any trouble. They gave us a dinner that night in the clubhouse, and I was surprised to see Anne there. She was sitting with Sam Goodwin, a pretty good English amateur who had carried Bud Harding to the eighteenth in a third-round match. Anne Jarvis seemed glad to see me. She introduced me to Goodwin.

"What are you doing here, Anne?" I asked rather stupidly.

"I came to watch the animals perform," she laughed. "And also to write a story about the social side of the tournament."

"Jarvie doesn't have a very high opinion of golfers," Goodwin said.

"The trouble is, I think of golf as a game," Anne said, "not as a vocation."

"What happened to the story you were going to do on me?" I asked in what I tried to make a kidding manner.

Anne's eyes opened wide. "I only write light, amusing stories. I don't go in for tragedy, Ronnie."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Have a drink, Ronnie," Sam Goodwin laughed. "Pay no attention to this Fleet Street hussy."

"I—I'll have a glass of sherry," I said. I didn't think one drink would hurt me.

"Golf and drinking don't mix, Ronnie," Anne said with mock seriousness.

"If you don't behave I'll fix you the next time you're in my chair," Goodwin said, laying his fist against Anne's chin.

"Sam is a dentist." Anne smiled toward me. "He's my dentist and I'm scared stiff of him."

"You're a dentist?" I looked at the slender, casual-mannered English golfer in amazement. "And you carried Bud Harding to the eighteenth?"

"Bud was way off," Goodwin laughed. "I'm only a week-end golfer, Ronnie. I just got lucky on those first three rounds."

"If you could only work on your game seriously," I told him, "you'd be chasing all of us home. You've got everything but the accuracy that comes with constant practice."

"Maybe you're right," Goodwin said carelessly. "But I'm afraid I get as much of a kick pulling Annie's teeth as I ever would out of winning golf titles."

"One—only one of my teeth did you ever pull," Anne said.

"Jarvie, my pet, if we're driving back to London we better get started," Goodwin said. "That is, if you're crazy enough to risk driving in the moonlight with me. There's a lot of dangerous moonbeams out tonight."

"I was brought up on moonbeams," Anne laughed.

Goodwin shook hands and grinned. "Knock 'em dead at St. Andrews, Champ," he said. "Be fun to see an amateur win. Either you or Willie Turnesa could do it."

"Willie hasn't entered. He's leaving for home right away. Willie works pretty hard, you know," I told Goodwin.

Anne broke in: "An American athlete who works for a living? How too, too awful! I didn't know you allowed that."

"Willie is married and he has kids. Sure he works for a living. He's a salesman. Anything wrong in that?"

"No, no," Anne laughed. "I think it's marvelous. I honestly didn't know you Americans allowed working people to compete in amateur events."

Goodwin broke in: "All the best at St. Andrews, Ronnie. Look out for that eighth hole. It's a killer."

"I'll see you there, Ronnie," Anne said. "The paper is sending me."

"Would you have dinner with me the night the tournament ends?" I asked Anne. It seemed as though a lot depended on her answer.

"Of course I will," Anne said her eyes soft. "No self-respecting newspaper gal would ever turn down a free meal.". . .

There were one hundred and sixty of

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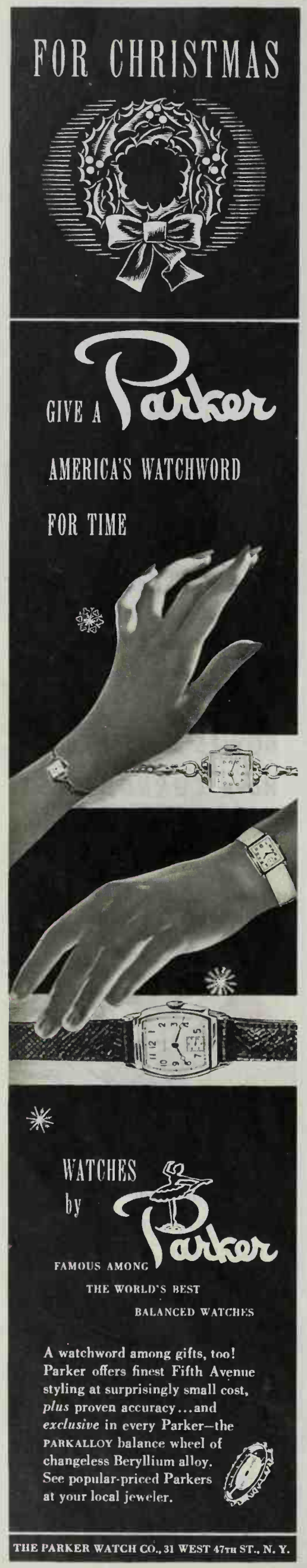
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the world's greatest golfers entered at St. Andrews. Because I'd won the three big tournaments of the year, there was a lot of attention centered on me. In the betting I was eight to one, and Father, who likes a friendly wager as well as the next man, took a few thousand of that.

I was amazed to see veterans completely blow up the first day at St. Andrews. The great tradition surrounding St. Andrews, the importance of the event, the knowledge that only the greatest of all golfers have won the British Open, and the unorthodox difficulties of the course itself all tend to tighten up the nerves. None of these things bothered me because Father had trained me for so many years never to feel on a golf course. He had drilled emotion out of me and in its place had substituted something he called concentration. I never think of anything except the shot which is being played. Father had schooled me to think not of the importance of the shot but of the execution of the shot. The sports writers have called me a golfing machine, and I guess they're right. During a match I never think of my score or of the other fellow's score. I only think of the shot I'm making.

I posted a respectable seventy-three on my first round. "This course isn't so tough," I told Father as we drove back to the house after I finished.

"That's because you've been playing it all your life," Father said.

"I never saw the course until two weeks ago," I said, puzzled.

FATHER smiled. "But I saw it forty years ago," he said. "And I played it fifty times and learned to know the course and to know what strokes a man needed to beat it. Every bit of training and coaching I've ever given you has been aimed toward beating St. Andrews. Only the most accurate driving and iron play can impress the course. Loft the ball, and the wind will carry it into the next county. Hook or slice and the ball will be found at the bottom of a well. Your drives and iron shots are low screaming shots that cut through the wind. And you've learned to keep them straight."

"Do you suppose I'm going to win this one, Father?" I asked a bit anxiously.

"Yes, you're going to win it," Father said casually, "with a score around 286."

"But, Father, that's . . . let me see . . . six strokes under scratch. No one beats par that badly here."

"No one," Father said dryly, "has been practicing and working all his life to do just that."

"Well, if you say so—"

"I do say so," Father said. And then he added, "After you've won it I think you should have a long rest. Ronnie, I think it's time you started thinking of getting married. Have you anyone in mind?"

"No, Father; that is—not really." I was startled. Father had never talked like this to me before.

"You say 'Not really.' That means you've been thinking a little bit about it. You—you rather like that Anne Jarvis, don't you, son?" Father smiled knowingly.

"I've only seen her twice, Father." I was embarrassed. "I like her, yes. She's all right."

"Yes, she is all right," Father said. "Comes of a very fine family. Her father, you know, is Lord Haverfield. His brother was Arthur Christansen, who came fairly close in the 1923 British Amateur."

"Where did you learn all this, Father?"

"My boy, having developed your mind, I find little difficulty in reading it," Father laughed. "I noticed that you were concerned with the girl, so I had my people here look her up. No money, mind you, but fine stock. There's nothing more about golf I can teach you. I'd like to have a grandson to train."

"Then you wouldn't mind if I married Anne Jarvis?"

"Let's talk about it when we've licked St. Andrews," Father said.

"Thanks, Father," I said. I was very happy and anxious now for the tournament to end. Three of us were bunched pretty closely for the lead as we started the final round. The weather was bad: a light drizzle and a sharp wind. I didn't mind this but I knew the others would. My tee shots never behaved better. Even on the soggy turf I was getting good distance, although I was depending more on carry than on roll. This was a real test of golf. You had to earn every par hole you made. In perfect weather a second-rater can get lucky and turn in a good score occasionally, but in bad weather Lady Luck stays on the side lines and lets your golf decide.

The thirteenth at St. Andrews is almost a ninety-degree-angle dog-leg. Two hundred and thirty yards out, the tree-framed fairway makes what is virtually a right-angle turn. The green is ninety yards from the turn. Most golfers, of course, try to drop their drives close to the end of the fairway, pitch to the green and pray for a birdie three or a par four. I thought I'd take advantage of the wind, which by now was blowing a gale. I cut my drive purposely, lofting it high. As I had calculated, the wind caught the ball, changing its line of flight. The ball curved to the right, following the dog-leg of the fairway. I couldn't see the green, of course, but from the shout that went up I knew my ball wasn't too far from it. When I walked up I found it had stopped six feet from the pin. I dropped it in for an eagle two.

"Luckiest shot I ever see at St. Andrews," my caddy said, open-mouthed with astonishment.

I looked at him in disgust. I had planned a perfect shot and had executed it perfectly. But I didn't let his remark bother me. I never let anything bother me on a golf course.

I finished with a sixty-nine, which made my total score 285—five strokes better than Wyman Worthington, the Scotch pro who finished second.

Well, Father had been right again. He was always right. I felt a quick surge of affection for him as he stood beside me when Lord Beacon-Palgrave handed me the big silver cup. There was a lot of cheering, and everyone was excited because, as I mentioned, it was the first time in more than twenty years that anyone has scored a Grand Slam in golf, winning all four major titles. I found myself unable to join in the excitement. Perhaps because all along I had expected to win.

Golf to me isn't an emoti
all. I was surprised to see
tremble as he took the cup

"I've waited a long time
he said to me. "A long, long
made me the happiest and
ther in the world, Ronnie.
concerned you can have
want."

"Even Miss Jarvis?" I a

"She's yours, son," he tol

Just then she pushed her
the crowd. She wasn't wea
the raindrops glistened on
had stopped raining and no
come out and the wind ha
It was very nice.

"Congratulations, Cham
laughing. "Do you reme
vited me to dinner?"

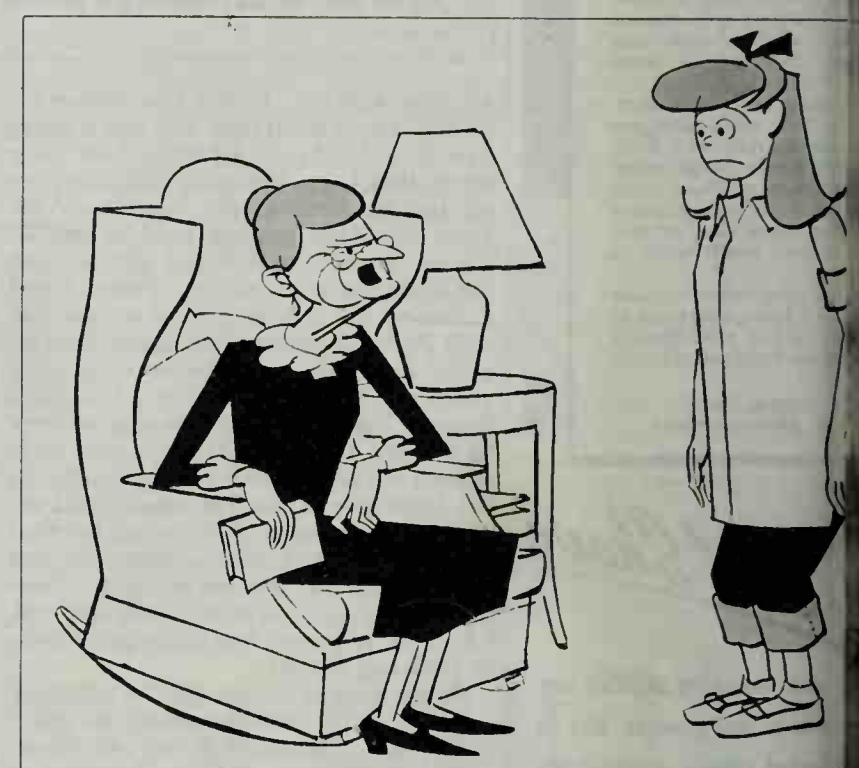
"I remember quite well,

"You wouldn't mind t
rations just for tonight, wo
asked.

"Not at all," I told h
"After all, the tournament
lay off training for a while

"You might even hav
sherry?"

I nodded. "That wou
think."



COLLIER'S "I hope you're wearing a petticoat underneath!"

As is the custom, there
ner that night and I didn'
a chance to talk to Miss
was over. Then there was
we danced and then sat o
race.

"Now that you've done
ble," she said solemnly, "
plans? You are towering h
Olympus, you're the best.
go from there?"

"That's what I wanted t
you, Miss Jarvis," I said se

"If you call me Miss Ja
give you the back of m
stormed. "Every linoty
every copy boy, every hor
reporter, every cab driver i
calls me Annie or Jarvie."

"I'll call you Anne if I ma
"I would like to discuss
you."

"Well," Anne said, a b
"I'm glad you don't want
Russian situation."

"I don't know anythi
Russian situation," I said.

"Nobody else does eit
doesn't keep them from
she laughed. "So you wan
marriage, Ronnie. Are y
against it?"

"I do not mean to dis
academically," I said, a litt
her lack of perception. "

...?...

r last minute shopping
essing . . . the rush to
g nice for Aunt Sophie
r unexpected gift . . .
ive a gift that'll please
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sonally. I was thinking of you and me. That is, the two of us together."

Anne looked at me with a puzzled frown. "You're not by any chance proposing to me, are you?" she said in an incredulous voice.

"If you choose to put it that way—yes, I am."

Anne was silent for a moment. "Well, I'll be damned!" she said slowly. "You really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. And Father approves, too. He thinks it would be a fine thing."

"He does, does he?" Anne stood up and looked down at me. "But won't that interfere with his plans? Now that you're the big champion, isn't he going to take you home to exhibit you? Isn't he going to put a ring in your nose and lead you around the country to show you off?"

"I don't understand your attitude," I said. I didn't, either. Here I was asking her to become Mrs. Ronald Reeves, Jr., and she talked about a ring in my nose.

"No, you don't," Anne said thoughtfully. "You really don't. I can't even get angry, Ronnie. You're sweet, but Ronnie, my pet, I just want to stroke your curls and say, 'Poor Ronnie, poor dear Ronnie.' You don't understand at all. Ronnie, don't you realize that you're much too young to be married?"

"I am twenty-six, Anne."

"You are ten, Ronnie boy," she said sadly. "When you were ten your father started you on golf, and you stopped growing mentally right then and there. Golf is all you know. Really, Ronnie, you have nothing to offer a girl."

"My wife will always be well provided for," I protested.

ANNE put her hands to her eyes. I didn't know whether she was laughing or crying. I guess it was a little of both. She reached for her handkerchief.

"Ronnie boy, Ronnie," she gasped. "Imagine bringing tears to my old eyes. But, darling, you still don't understand. Suppose we were married. What would we talk about? What would we do? Could we ever walk into the moonlight and feel that the stars belonged to us? Could we ever stand in a pine grove and hear the rustling of the trees and know they were singing a song that only we could hear? Could we, Ronnie—?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, Anne," I said miserably. I thought she must have been drinking.

"That's what love is, Ronnie," she said earnestly. "When two people are so close, so in tune, that they hear things and see things no one else can hear or see. But Ronnie, a man with the mind of a ten-year-old boy can't feel these things."

"I suppose someone like Sam Goodwin could?" I don't know what made me say that.

"Sam?" Anne looked thoughtful. "Yes, Sam is like that. In fact, millions of men are like that. But not you, Ronnie. You're too young to know about love."

"I am sure I love you, Anne," I said softly.

"And I love you, Ronnie—as I would love any sweet little boy," she said. "But a girl can't marry a boy. Ronnie, you've never shouldered a responsibility in your life. You're never done anything."

"I've won the four big golf titles this year." I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Yes, Ronnie, you did. And you were a good boy and you drank all the nasty vegetable juices and ate the big steaks your father brought over. Yes, like the good little boy that you—oh, Ronnie. Ronnie, I'm so sorry for you. So sorry. But I hate you for not seeing what your father has done to you. To satisfy a selfish, cruel whim he made you into a machine. Ronnie, you've never learned to live or laugh or dream. You let him do this to you—and I hate you for it!"

That's when I asked, "What have I done? Anne—I just don't understand. What have I done?"

"Nothing, Ronnie boy. You've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

She turned then with what sounded like a sob and left me there alone. I took a step after her but then stopped. I was too bewildered and unhappy to do anything but stand there. I'd never been unhappy or bewildered before. What had she meant about my father? Father had always been wonderful to me. I'd always depended upon him for everything. What had he done to me?

I didn't see Anne again.

I THOUGHT of all this, sitting there in our suite at the Waldorf. I looked at my watch. I'd been there nearly an hour. Then I heard loud laughter and happy voices out in the corridor. The door opened and Father and a group of his friends came in. There is a fraternity of middle-aged men who follow golf tournaments. Many of them have their own protégés, amateurs usually, whose expenses they pay. They are real golf lovers and quite often make very large bets on the outcome of the various tournaments. Of course these friends of Father's had all bet on me and they greeted me a bit boisterously when they

entered the room. There were nine of them.

"The champion sitting all by himself," one of them chortled. "A fine thing indeed. You ought to be celebrating tonight, Ronnie. It's your night—your night to howl."

"Drinks are here, boys." Father beamed. "Scotch, bourbon, brandy."

They filled their glasses and they all talked at once—which was all right, because none of them were very good listeners. Every one of them slapped me on the back at least once and said, "You're the luckiest boy in the world, Ronnie." Or they said, "You got the greatest old man in the whole damn' worl' and don't let anyone tell you different."

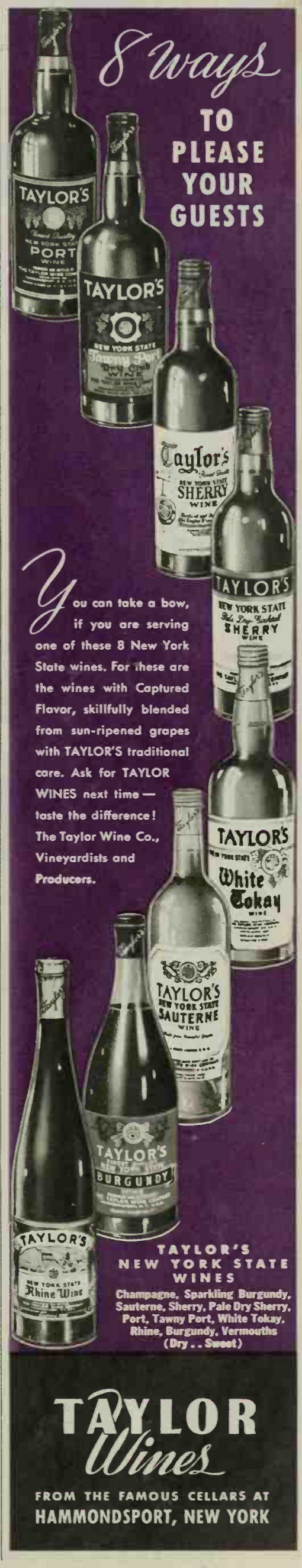
Two of them put their arms around Father's neck and started singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow—"

One of them pulled me to my feet and made me join in. We started it again and I sang with the rest of them, but I kept thinking: What am I going to do when I wake up tomorrow? What will I do the next day? What will I do every day from now on?

And the needle that had scratched across my brain before came back, and again I shut my eyes to hide the pain—and again Anne's voice came as though from far away, *"Nothing, Ronnie boy, you've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."*

And suddenly it was all clear to me. I knew what she meant now. And I looked at Father and his friends and it was as though I'd never seen them before. And I must have sobbed out loud, because Father looked at me strangely. I turned then and ran into my bedroom and shut the door.

THE END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JOHNNY'S GOT THE GUNS

BY GEORGE W. CHURCHI

In Will Rogers' old stamping ground there's a [man] who decorates his hotel with guns. The [guests] don't object—they get a kick out of living i[n the] midst of the world's greatest collection of fir[earms]

TRAVELERS with gun-shy wives should keep them as far away as possible from the Mason Hotel in Claremore, Oklahoma. Housed within its typically Western walls is what the owner, John Monroe Davis, believes to be "the largest collection of firearms anywhere in the entire world!"

"Nobody ain't ever offered any claim they got more than I have," Johnny Davis will tell you. "Seems like someone would have popped up with more than 7,500 different specimens by now if they had 'em."

As the visitor enters Claremore (82.3 miles south of the Kansas line on Highway 66) he will come to a stop at a red light that hangs in the middle of the highway's intersection with the tiny city's main street. Less than 130 feet from the point where the brakes are applied is this weather-beaten brick hotel with a wooden porch that goes out over the sidewalk. Once the front door is pushed open, it will never again be necessary to ask, "Where are the guns?"

Lining the walls of the huge lobby are guns of every size, description and for almost every purpose. Each barrel and stock is circled with a tiny chain which is hooked to a larger one that hangs from ceiling to floor. Behind the desk clerk's chair is the gun that was purchased as the "one that Napoleon carried at Waterloo."

"Could very easily be. It's that period. Nobody ain't ever proved it wasn't the pistol he carried and, of course, I can't prove it was. So there we are," Davis will tell you, and he will push his frameless glasses high on his forehead so that he can enjoy your expression as you stare at the black-and-bronze pistol with the bulbous handle and the engraved silver inlay.

"Yep, 7,500 of 'em," he will add. "No two of 'em alike except for eight pair of English and French dueling pistols."

The guns are everywhere. On the walls of the 50-foot-square lobby, in the hallways leading up[stairs to] banquet room, the coffe[e shop] the dining room are spid[ery webs] of guns that weave thei[r way] all the available wall spa[ce] jority hang in ladders w[hich are] made of the firearms.

"Gonna have to build [more] thin'," Davis will tell [you]. homa, Texas and Arkans[as have] offered to build a buildi[ng for] the collection to the st[ate] just do it sometime. I'd [like to] building up on the hill ac[ross the] from where Will Roge[rs] The John M. Davis Gu[n] Free to everybody."

Some of the pistols a[re in] glass cases which are p[laced] against the walls of the [lobby] regular intervals. Others [hang] in circular whirls and [are] two strands of wire to di[splay] extending from ceiling t[o floor] "shootin' irons" of Jesse [James] Starr and Clay Younge[r are] spaced with the blunderb[usses] Turks and the Pilgrim[s] with the crossbows of t[he Indians] and the early Japanese.

"There is 3,000 feet o[f wall] used for displaying guns [now] alone," the long-time ma[n] more will go on. "That [one] I've got mounted on tri[pod] is from an old Spanish ga[lleon] than 300 years old. Al[so the] whole chain of Colt long [guns]. know Colt ever made '[em]. Well, there they are!"

The hotel owner—who[, proba]bly be wearing a miniatu[re] chester for a tie clasp—[insists] that there is no gun ever [made] world of which he does [not have] least one sample. With [a straight] air, which is only affec[ted] point out pistols with flut[ed] tiny shirt-pocket varieti[es] one that shot President [McK]inley), Patterson Colts [and] Colts.

"Will Rogers didn't [like] Never catered to 'em," h[e]

R. M. MCCORMACK

Collector Davis exhibits a gun made in 1863, his most prized possession

Will didn't care a hang
. Was a ropin' man.
gun as far as I know."
got its international rep-
he late Will Rogers, hu-
nist and native son, who
ounty when he was a
He was buried there
Wiley Post had been
airplane crash in 1935.
that of his wife and their
who died in infancy
op of the hill, ten city
f Highway 66.

e Old Wild West

y of the Mason Hotel,
from Japan, Turkey
grim Fathers era hang
gun made of walnut
An extension of the
des out in front of the
-shaped gun. Bait was
extension and when the
imal took a bite the
exploded. The hunter
an down to pick up the
morning. One entire
he lobby is devoted to
famous outlaws of the
nd the names read like
of the era when the
' was the law.
She was the spunkiest
Davis says. "She used
own the front streets of
Saw her when I was in
saw her without her
ung over her saddle
say, 'I don't mean any
a name's Belle Starr.'
probably hold up the
e I almost saw her get
shoot right through a
400 yards without fail.
. Slight of build with
fully nice to look at.
upstairs. Just picked it

has ever collected, anything
machine gun. "I'd like
didn't have the room,"

His most prized possession from his own point of view is a Remington presentation gun made in 1863. If he had to part with all but one of his prized guns, he would keep this quite small and largely unornamented specimen without a trigger guard.

From World War II he has samples from every country, and while many are familiar, others look like museum pieces and seem not capable of carrying death in their beautiful barrels. The German "bedroom" gun with its beautifully carved cheek rest of priceless woods, and the type with the arm rest which fits over the biceps (to get away from the disturbing heartbeat which affects the aim) are beautiful modern pieces. Some of his foreign weapons carry crests of impressive designs, but little of the color and history of the former owner are at present in the possession of the collector.

"I started to collect guns when I was seven. My daddy gave me an unusual one and then when I was eleven I got some more. For a long time I just kept them in boxes, and the young boys from the Oklahoma Military Academy up on the hill started coming down and it was a job to open everything up. I just put them out. All told, I've got more than 15,000 pieces in the hotel. It's taken me a total of 52 years and something more than half a million dollars . . . but they're wonderful, ain't they?"

One of the most expensive of his modern guns is an Ithaca—custom-made for the owner, who is trained to shoot it looking only at the target and never at the gun. The model in his collection was purchased by the original owner for $2,210.

John Monroe Davis of Claremore has only one stipulation about his collection of firearms: There must never be a charge for the public, and the collection must always be kept together. ★★★

"Here's one story they'll never believe!"

SHE: Gosh! 2 a.m. I can just see Dad's skeptical grin when I give him that old "flat tire" routine.

HE: But I'll back you up with proof! There's a grease stain on my trousers.

SHE: Not very convincing. Your coat looks as smooth as it was at 9 p.m.

HE: I can explain that, too!

SHE: Just how . . . Mr. Fix-it?

HE: Simple! This is a Timely Clothes coat with Balanced Tailoring.

SHE: Don't tell me they're designing coats just for tire-changing.

HE: Not exactly! But Balanced Tailoring *is* geared for action . . . It's a blend of hand-needlework and machine-sewing that's got "give" plus guts.

SHE: This is one story I'd never believe! Alone on a deserted road — and all I hear is Balanced Tailoring.

HE: Guess I'd better save that one for the old man.

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Pal Hollow Ground has the "edge"

MAN OF GENIUS

Continued from page 19

should also win the one I loved—the only one I had ever loved.

One day they informed me that they were going to be married. Irma was ready to help support Finlay—with her pitiful earnings! She had accepted poverty as a normal state, but would Finlay accept it, I wondered, now that he had learned to live well? The question didn't seem to bother him.

A few months later, Finlay had completed three life-size portraits of Irma Voss—three masterpieces—and then he told me that he was ready to go back and conquer America.

"What about Irma?" I asked.

"Marriage frightens me when it comes too close," he said with a shrug. "An artist must have complete freedom of thought and action. As I've told Irma, I've decided never to marry. She understands."

Greater than my indignation was the hope that Irma might now consider me. When I went to see her that day, she was ironing clothes. Her hair was carelessly knotted at the back of her head and she was wearing a plain old house dress, yet she had never appeared more desirable. Every movement, every unconscious pose, was enchantingly lovely. I told her that I loved her and wanted her to come to America with me as my wife.

"I'm fond of you, Alan," she said gently. "Enough to wish that I could do as you wish. But I can't. I still love him."

My admiration for Finlay as an artist overweighed my contempt for him as a man and I remained on good terms with him. He fascinated me. I had a compulsion to see him get on, as though his success were partly mine.

WHEN we were back in New York, I procured a room for him at one of the exclusive galleries in which to show his work and saw to it that the exhibition was well publicized. His three paintings of Irma Voss: The Blue Waist, Redhead, and The Coquette, which have been seen by thousands at the Gotham Museum of Modern Art, and his studies of French peasant life started a war among the critics. They attacked one another in their columns, and art lovers crowded the exhibition room to see what all the fuss was about. The publicity brought Finlay a proper audience, and that was all that mattered. He had no use at all for the critics and he made himself believe that his success was due entirely to merit and his own efforts. Luck and ballyhoo didn't count; you would have thought that he had never heard of a competent artist starving.

Both of us couldn't use my little studio, so I rented a place for him. Soon after he had made himself comfortable there, I got him his first big commission. I persuaded John Olcott, the banker, who had been a friend of my father's, to have his portrait painted by Finlay. I had the good sense not to put a low price on Finlay's work, and what impressed Olcott most was that it was going to cost him three thousand dollars to be immortalized. I suppose he felt that anything so expensive must be worth-while.

When the sittings were over, Olcott gave a lavish dinner at his home. Only Finlay had seen the portrait as yet; with his flair for the dramatic, he had made it a policy not to let even the subject of a portrait get as much as a glimpse of it before it was completed, framed and ready to be hung. The unveiling of the picture at the end of the dinner created a sensation. It was an astonishing likeness—a subtly exquisite piece of cruelty. With devastating skill Finlay had put into the floridly handsome face of his subject the hint of gross smugness which was part of its normal expression. Excited murmurs arose amo and I sensed malice in thei no doubt many of them env affluence. As for the tycoo reaction was a painful thin rose from the table to get portrait. He grew purple a Now the guests, including prominent art critics, bega and Olcott was obliged to p was pleased. He had to t guests to smile and beam at

Later, I got Finlay alone terpiece, I guess, but there ness in it," I said.

"Such considerations ha do with art," he answered. est painter!"

A few weeks later, I lear cott that he had placed the alcove off his private den, b doors. "Once in a while, important," he confided to r ful laugh, "I sneak in ther good look at myself. It has chastening effect—better th

THE Olcott portrait gav siderable prestige, more followed, and most of th had at first disapproved o line with revised judgments He left the place I'd got him huge studio apartment on Street. He had more work handle and within a year d debt to me. He estimated w on him and then with a fl man paying off a mortga check at me. His obvious seem he was saying, in we're even!" Whatever I him that could not be paid for nothing.

It became fashionable f sit for him. Having Finla portrait not only advertis financial standing—his pric to five thousand dollar strength of character as something like being psy and, perhaps without his s ing it, that was part of the

One day he phoned me i ment to tell me that he had to the American Academ began congratulating him, him laugh at me. "Hold don't need the A.A. after *m* going to throw it right b faces!" That was his wa himself for the Academy Sc to award him their big prize been a student there, years papers carried the story an lot more publicity, of a kin not be bought.

While seeking prestige i possible, for self-satisfactio Homer Finlay did not ne life. I saw him in the com or five different women wit of a year. It surprised me me that he was thinking of ried. His ideas about n changed, he assured me. I years old, then, and felt, so it was time he settled down

Late one afternoon he d my home and asked me to walk with him. He seem mood, a state of controlle He took me to the Goth strangely silent on the wa visibly agitated, and led me where his first painting o hung. We sat down in fr settee in the middle of the the notion that Finlay wa artistically, and was tryin himself by studying the res great inspiration. After s while, he stood up and swu

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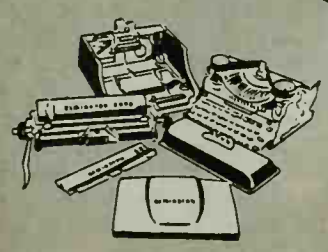

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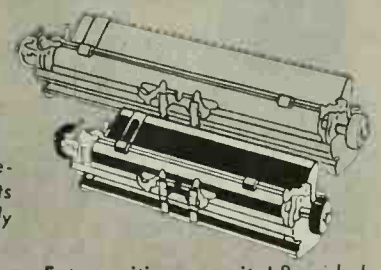

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

ANOTHER FINE LEVER PRODUCT

me. "I was an awful fool to let her go, Alan. I know now what a terrible blunder it was." He handed me a letter. "It came this morning. Read it."

The letter was from Irma, of whom we'd heard nothing since leaving France. She recalled some of our experiences together, sent best wishes to me, and ended by congratulating Finlay on his success. She had to write, she said, to let him know how happy it made her to hear that he was doing so well.

"I don't know what you're getting at, Homer," I said.

"Can't you see, Alan?" he answered with impatience. "The other girls mean nothing to me. It's Irma I've always loved."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked after a moment.

"Why, I'm going to send for her! She still loves me. I'm sure of it."

"Possibly," I said. "But you don't love her. It's only an illusion."

"You're wrong. I need Irma."

"You fancied yourself in love with her once before," I reminded him. "Haven't you done her enough harm?"

He became indignant. How could I doubt his sincerity when he was dropping all of the other girls, among whom there were a couple of heiresses? As he saw it, he was throwing away a fortune.

"Just another grand gesture," I said. "You can never resist doing the unexpected thing. My one hope is that Irma remains in Paris."

"She'll come—she's got to!" Finlay said. "I'll write her at once."

IRMA came to New York within the month. Finlay and I met her at the boat. Embracing him, she said, "You'll never get rid of me again, Homer! Never."

He married her a few days later. There was a quiet church wedding with only a few friends attending. Irma was more beautiful than ever and I was more in love with her than ever. I had to stand there and look pleasant through the ceremony, feeling in my heart that she was marrying the wrong man.

They spent a few months in Mexico. When they returned, Finlay bought a beautiful estate on Long Island and they made their home there. For a year or two they seemed happy with each other. Then marriage ties began to irk Finlay. Being a frequent visitor, I observed the gradual change in him from tenderness to cold boorishness.

Irma defended him by saying that it was the fault of his work, which made extraordinary demands on his emotional energy. She went on loving him, taking his abuse without protest. Her submissiveness reminded me of the way I used to humor him and cater to him. She was willing, as I had been, to forgive him everything for the sake of his art.

He had long periods of moody restlessness and irritability. One evening I beat him at a game of chess which he had been confident of winning. He jumped up from the table, swept the pieces off the board to the floor, and trampled upon them in a childish rage. Then he left the room.

I stayed alone with Irma, deeply embarrassed for her. As usual, after one of Finlay's tantrums, she apologized for him. "Homer's tired. His work gives him no rest. Be patient with him, Alan. Please, for my sake, if not his."

As he grew older, Finlay became a more and more disagreeable man. He could not tolerate an opinion that differed from his own, got into quarrels with his friends, estranged them one after another. But Irma was persistently loyal, and he could not understand it. He laughed at her, ridiculed her, even in my presence. He spoke of leaving her a number of times, but carried the threat no further. He valued her affection, since he got little elsewhere; he must have realized that she lent his home a warmth it could not have had without her; and then, too, her docility seemed to fill some perverse need of his.

I had come to detest him, but Irma wished me to remain friendly, and I did, on the surface, through fifteen years of their marriage.

On the day of my arrival at their home for a week-end visit one winter, we were sitting about the dinner table, the three of us, talking. Finlay, who was getting stout, had eaten well and drunk a lot of wine. Now he leaned back in his chair, scowling speculatively at his wife. At length he turned to me and said, "Well, Alan, what do you think of our Irma now? Beginning to show her age, don't you think? She'd hardly do for a model any longer."

I frowned and shook my head at him but he ignored me.

"See how the collarbones show," he went on, "and look at the shadows under the eyes. Turn your head, Irma, in profile."

Tears came to her eyes as she obediently turned her head.

"Notice the hollow under the cheekbone, Alan?" Finlay asked.

"Stop it!" I said. "I won't stand for any more of that!" I could have strangled him.

A silence followed, which I awkwardly broke, when I could find my voice again, by begging Irma to let me take her away from him. She shook her head slightly from side to side and remained as she had been, motionless, her chin bravely tilted up, staring into space.

Finlay snickered. "You see, Alan, she still loves me. See, you sentimental ass, she still loves me!"

I left as quickly as I could, determined for my own peace of mind never to enter that house again. . . .

Beckett stepped into the drawing room to ask if I wanted coffee or some brandy. I declined both and he left me alone again. I picked up Finlay's letter. Hard to believe it was five years since I'd seen him, that last scene still rankled so. What could he possibly want of me now?

The message was a short one. Finlay asked me for old time's sake to come and visit him. Irma was gone; she had been overcome by a heart ailment a month ago, and he was very lonely.

I mourned Irma as though she had been close to me all those years. I was sure Finlay's cruelty had shortened her life and I had no compassion for him. I felt only bitterness toward him. I would not go to him; let him rot, I thought. But on reflection I changed my mind. I remembered him saying: "That's the sort of person I am, Alan. I can't help it." I'd gone through too much for him to ignore him now that he needed me again.

WHEN I next saw Finlay, at the depot in Long Island, I was shocked. His hair had all turned gray; he seemed pale and flabby and somehow shrunken. His features still had a strong, set look about them, though, and his eyes were still fiery, in a malevolent way.

He was crankier than ever. All along the eight-mile drive to his estate, he scolded his chauffeur for not handling the car properly though it seemed to me he handled it expertly. At home, Finlay found fault with everything. He criticized each dish at dinner, complained of drafts one minute and of stuffiness the next, and had me pitying his servants.

After dinner, he told me of the difficult time he had had during the past year. Irma had been bedridden for months before her death. He had not been able to do any work, had not held a brush in his hand during that time. And he had not been very productive for a long while before that.

"No artist can be happy idle," I said.

"It's mostly Irma," he said. "You can't imagine how I miss her."

"I have no sympathy for you whatever," I said, and with those words I

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FOR YOUR EYE...

t my fear of him. I was glad
lt was good for me to learn
d no longer hurt me.
artled by my frankness. "I
you're thinking, Alan—that
her. What you don't under-
. I'd have been a better hus-
iad only resisted me a little—
self in some way. But she
She was spitefully passive.
tely brought out the worst in
umility corrupted me!"
ny head in disgust. "Irma
and it's sickening the way
g to make her out an evil

e silent.
iad everything a man could
. "Success, fame, love. I've
f those things, and yet I'm
nearly happy than you are.
ge?"
ink so," he said. "It's easy
ary man to find contentment,
genius have always suffered."

lowed in self-pity, I began to
nd him as I never had be-
ve made yourself miserable,"
ou never really cared about
in the world and if you're
it's because no one cares
ny more."
d at me sidewise, listening
his will.
ys hated people," I went on,
your painting was essen-
pression of a lust for power
Each new sitter was an
vanquished by putting him
nvas—each portrait was a
But it became too easy, no
routine, and in the end it
atify you. Now you take
out on your servants. You
em very well to make them
slaves, and I suppose it's
ou. Irma, too, was a slave,
otion was something you've
to replace—something you
m a butler or a cook."
aring at me, his face held in
n. Then with a show of
he poured himself a drink
our lecturing is wasted on
All I know is, I should get
k. Will you sit for me?"
ather not."

you should ask me to, after
rs. You used to dominate
idn't have to paint my por-
at I'm out of reach, though,
try to recapture me—em-
square of cloth. But I don't
ve you that satisfaction."
d queerly. "I don't know
alking about, Alan. Really,
acked. But it doesn't matter.
you'd make a very interest-
nyhow."
t try a self-portrait," I sug-
u still have your skill."
you know I'm as good a
ver was!" he said.
dt, you know, painted sev-
raits, and they're among his
I said. "But maybe you
e proper sort of detachment
And maybe you're afraid."
what?" he demanded.
at yourself, studying your-
ht be painful." It didn't
y to me whether he painted
t. I was curious about the
t, though, and the idea pro-
h a means for taunting him

xpect abuse, Alan. I sent
friend."
dn't know how much I de-
"I'm no friend of yours," I
ven't been in a very long

y did you come here?" he
.
some responsibility for you
."

That got him. The implication that I'd ever had anything to do with his success made him boil. "Get out!" he yelled. "Go away before I lay hands on you!"

I started to leave, but then he ran to me, took me by the arm, and begged me to remain. "I'm sorry, Alan. Please don't go. I can't bear being alone right now."

I felt some pity for him then and he was so humble that I stayed. . . .

Next morning, I found him busy in his studio. He seemed rather cheerful, and very anxious to get back to work after his long idleness. "I've been thinking of that self-portrait. I believe I'll try it," he said. I left him. Late that afternoon, I ventured back into the studio. He had arranged a mirror near his easel on which there was a small canvas. "Took me all day to get started," he said. "I was going to do a full figure but decided to concentrate on a head." He had done enough for me to see that he had not lost his skill. He seemed uneasy and shooed me out of the studio after I looked at the canvas. We had dinner and later went to the music room. He played a long symphony on his radiophonograph, listening with his head in his hands. I read. We said little to each other. Abruptly he announced that he was tired, and went to bed.

The next ten days passed similarly. I wandered about the countryside, did some reading, and waited patiently for Finlay to complete the painting. He would not let me see it after the first day, but promised I'd see it as soon as it was finished. I saw him only during mealtimes and in the evenings, when he invariably played heavy, somber music. I sensed that he was going through a great emotional strain.

One night, he finally said to me on retiring, "It'll be done by tomorrow, Alan." He looked wearier than ever, but he sounded more at peace with himself.

The next day was an endless one for me. I prowled about the grounds and kept looking at my watch. Finlay didn't come to lunch. He had left word with his butler that he was not to be disturbed. Seven was the customary dinner hour, but Finlay didn't appear then, either. I thought he was probably putting some finishing touches on the painting and didn't want to leave it until he was entirely satisfied with it. A little later, however, when the light had begun failing, the butler and I went to the door of the studio. My knock wasn't answered. The door was unlocked and we went in.

The first thing I saw was the painting, framed and set up on an easel. The face was so alive, it seemed to jump forward at me out of the semidarkness. Then I saw Finlay stretched out in an armchair. Somehow I knew at once that he was dead. The terrified butler went to call a doctor, but it was futile. Finlay had taken a large dose of poison.

A note, placed conspicuously near the painting, was addressed to me.

Dear Alan, it said. *I hope you like it. It's yours.* That was all.

SAYING the man was mad doesn't explain much, really. The answer is in the portrait itself, for, as Finlay had always said, he was an honest painter. For almost two weeks he spent every waking minute within himself, studying himself relentlessly with a last, long, furiously intense concentration of his unique powers. It's all there—every mark left on his face by a lifetime of self-seeking and seif-glorification: the arrogance, the cruelty, the corruption—and, finally, the self-hatred.

I couldn't live with it, so I presented it to the Gotham Museum. If the people who have really looked at it carefully knew how it came to be painted, they'd realize that it isn't much to be wondered at, after all, that Finlay did away with himself.

THE END

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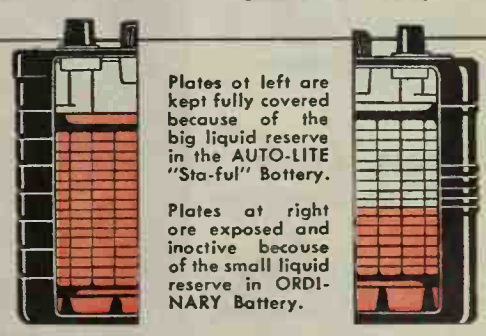

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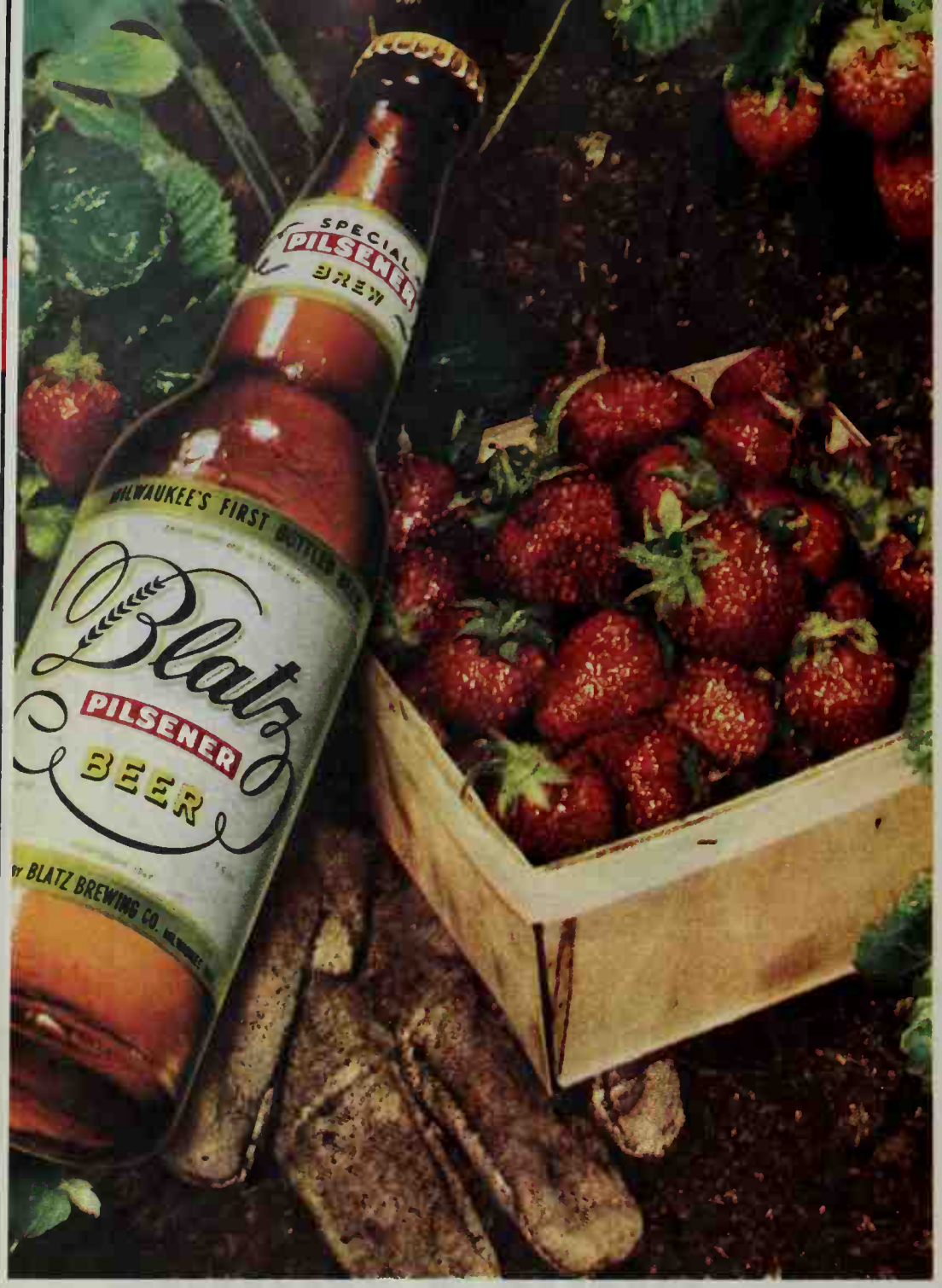

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TRUE LOVE ON MY MIND

Continued from page 23

mention Boston to Steven. She'd just get aboard his ship and go anywhere in the world he wanted to go. But then, she wasn't Elizabeth, and she didn't have golden hair piled like a crown on her head for Steven to admire. She wasn't even filled out, like Elizabeth. Although some of that was stuffing and didn't count. As a matter of fact, Judy reflected, she was beginning to fill out a bit herself. She took a deep breath, held it and looked down, pleased at the little swellings under her dress.

Then, "Ouch!" she said, for Mother had reached over and rapped her knuckles with her thimble.

"Whatever are you doing?" Mother sounded puzzled again. "Have you—Judy!—have you any of Elizabeth's padding—"

"Mother!" Elizabeth said sharply.

Judy got up, sucking her knuckle. Elizabeth needn't look so pained. Anyone with half an eye could see that it wasn't all Elizabeth under the bombazine dress with its tight bodice.

Mother nodded toward the door. "Judy, it's time for you to get cleaned up for tea."

STEVEN DABNEY arrived two weeks later. It was late afternoon when he brought his ship through the channel into Honolulu harbor. At dinner that night he sat across the table from Judy.

He was forty-three days out of Valparaiso, he admitted to Father. No, he hadn't put in at San Francisco. Afraid his crew would run off to the gold fields. He was carrying machinery for a sugar mill at Lahaina, and sheet lead consigned to Whampoa for lining tea chests. He nodded politely at Mother, he smiled engagingly at Elizabeth, and he winked at Judy when he caught her studying him across the table.

It was wonderful the way Steven never changed, Judy was thinking. His red hair still curled where it met his collar in back. He hadn't lost the few freckles that dotted the bridge of his nose, and he still played with the tiny ivory walrus on his watch chain while he talked. Except, Judy admitted, he had been a little strange right at first. She'd been upstairs lacing Elizabeth when he arrived. But at the sound of his voice she had let go the lacings and raced down the stairs.

He was shaking hands with Father, but he turned as she rushed at him, his arms out to catch her and swing her around. She'd felt her feet fly out, and she'd hugged her arms around his neck, pressed her cheek against his, and then kissed him.

It was right then that Steven had sort of stiffened and set her down, staring at her as if he hardly knew her. Then he'd jerked his hands back and she'd laughed, thinking he was making a joke.

"Steven brought you a present," Father had said. "You may open it before dinner if you wish."

Judy knew as soon as she saw the package that he'd forgotten his promise to bring her a monkey from the Brazils. It was a Paisley shawl instead. But before he could see her disappointment, Elizabeth had appeared at the head of the stairs, and he had run halfway up to take her in his arms.

Judy leaned forward now, her elbows on the table. "Steven, when do you leave for China?"

Steven shrugged. "A month, maybe. I have to take the ship to Lahaina to discharge the machinery. Then I'm going up to the Bering Settlements. I brought gunpowder to trade with the Russians for sea-otter pelts."

A sea-otter muff, Judy mused, would partly make up for the monkey he'd forgotten to bring. "You don't suppose," she began vaguely, "there'd left over—?" She winced as heel ground down on her inst

Elizabeth was smiling "Why, Judy, you should be

"Well, I just thought if St to bring me something I real After all, the mate from th

"Steven," Mother broke i must be quite an experienc ing a vessel at your age—Jud your elbows on the table— ship safely around the Horn see, how old are you—" calculating on her fingers.

"Twenty-three," Judy said

"Five," Steven corrected.

"Why, Steven Dabney, y either twenty-five!" Judy re pointed a rigid finger acros "You give me a pain, put because you're master of a

Upstairs, sitting alone in her bedroom, Judy curled window seat and stared m into the night. Not that she being sent from the table, herself. It had been wort Steven told off for fibbing. said he was twenty-five to m like a child.

Down in the harbor lu moonlight, she could see Ste ship moored at the wharf, h spars dwarfing the wareh Soon the ship would be gone and Elizabeth with it. But w she go with them, she begar After all, hadn't Steven said after cabin made over and bird's-eye maple? With wha hanging in gimbals. . . .

Judy rocked ecstatically a There'd be plenty of room bunk, maybe even one piv the roll of the ship. Beside had to be along to help El her stays. She could see he the quarterdeck, the clippe pointed toward China and t trades thundering in the sails

"Bring her up into the win whispered hoarsely. "Li Now—*snatch* her!"

She'd watch her tongue she decided virtuously. And beth she'd be sweet as bu they'd ask her to go along. be certain, she reminded h wriggled her nightgown ov she'd drop a few helpful hin

THE next day Elizabeth docks in the phaeton a Steven home for lunch. He unusually absorbed during t Judy wondered what he ar had been talking about on the house. Later, he'd invi come back to the ship with afternoon. Judy hadn't miss look Elizabeth had flashed she'd been surprised at the blushed, and then stammere all, he guessed it wasn't a goo with the ship discharging ca

The ship, Judy pointed out had been discharging cargo when she'd gone aboard And it had neither burned at nor sunk to the bottom of th she'd swept out into the ga the screen door bang angrily

What was coming over wondered irritably. Ever kissed him the day he arrive as though she had somethi Of course, she hadn't been him that night at dinner. B was afterward. She sat mo grass until she heard Steven

Back in the house she p closed door of the library.

Mother's worried voice, then
blazing out an interruption:
inks I'm going to spend the
life sailing around the world
! Mother, it would be worse
in a prison—"
Judy thought, Elizabeth has
w wonderful Boston was go-
Evidently Steven was going
to convince. Well, Elizabeth
only herself to blame if
got back on his ship, sailed
married somebody else. The
Peabody, jilted by Elizabeth
go, sailed off to China for a
and came back with a Man-
s for a bride.
was still going on, her voice
ed as if persuading Mother
ortant as persuading Steven.
n't listen to reason now, I'll
e get to Bah-ston—"

DN'T be beyond Elizabeth,
thinking. It wouldn't be the
she'd promised something,
rfectly well she wasn't going
part of the bargain.
's voice was still rising: "And
ning around Steven like a
f. No wonder—"
s a sudden hush. Judy took
toward the stairs and started
Elizabeth had a way of
rs open. And Judy didn't
eth to see her. Not now.
er face was burning with the
hat she'd known, all along,
just heard Elizabeth say.
rom the moment she'd felt
ds around her waist. She'd
oling herself, pretending she
e why her heart had beaten
ring that moment. Pretend-
't know the real reason she
e on his ship with him. Well,
w.
was in her room, flinging
down on the bed, smothering
the pillow. She knew now
een pretending: because she
g to realize how irrevocably
ged to Elizabeth for as long
nted him. And Elizabeth
In Boston, where she could
house and entertain at din-
by the light of candles in
deliers.
uld be there, ill at ease with-
e chimes of a ship's bell to
company. He'd be there,
n the presence of men who
a martingale stay from a
m. . . .
day Elizabeth stayed in bed.
nply stricken, poor dear,"
d helplessly, when Steven
morning to say goodby.
over another day," Steven
y, "but I have to get that ma-
to Lahaina."
l be back in a month. She's
because you're leaving,"
ained. "Elizabeth has always
tive. . . ."
y thought. This is just Eliza-
of throwing boiling oil on
w him she's displeased.
to the gate with you," she

lent until they reached the
gate. Then he looked up,
though he'd been so en-
his thoughts he'd forgotten
iage was waiting. He went
gate, dropping the latch
lace. Then he spoke:
s me to sell my ship, Judy."
ow. You'll be very happy,
ing in Boston."
e blurring her eyes and she
bitten off her tongue when
w she'd hurt him with her
swer. Well, she'd wanted to
ke him realize he was letting
d him around by the nose.
u understand, Judy?" The
arshness in his voice startled

her as he swung toward her. "I've given my promise." He reached out, closing his hand over hers where she steadied herself against the gate. "A year ago you were just a child. I never dreamed anything like this could grow out of our friendship. Not until I saw you again. And by then—" He paused, and as if he realized for the first time that his hand was clenched on hers, he drew it back. "I don't know what I'm saying, Judy. I only know I ought to say goodby."

He turned and climbed into the carriage. She stood there, clinging to the gate, the gate that stood between them, a barrier no less real than the promise he had given her sister, hoping he'd turn once more before the carriage swept out of sight down the dusty road. . . .

In her bed that night Judy watched the moonlight creep across her room, then rolled to look out the window, her thoughts going to Steven. By now the clipper would be coming up into the wind off Lahaina Roads. The man in the chains heaving the deep-sea dipsey would be chanting, "Twenty fathom. Twenty less half . . ." And in a moment Steven would raise his hand and the quiet of the offshore night would be shattered by the roar of anchor chain snaking through the hawsehole. Judy closed her eyes. There was nothing she could do about Steven, she realized. Nothing he would ever let her do. But at least, she reflected, her lips curving into a smile, there was one thing Elizabeth couldn't take from her. She couldn't take her dreams.

THREE days after Steven Dabney left for Lahaina, Mr. Considine came to call. On her knees in the front garden with a trowel in her hand, Judy watched him cross the road, swinging his cane in time with his long strides. He always managed to look so alien, she mused, with his frock coat buttoned snugly over his gray Shantung scarf, as if he refused to admit that the sun blazing down on his top hat was one whit hotter than the feeble rays that glimmered out of the dark skies of Boston.

"Bah-ston," Judy said absently, and then she jumped. For the seed of an idea was sprouting in her mind, planted there the day Mr. Considine said he was returning to Boston as soon as his mission was finished. Well, after all, it was his home. But, Judy was thinking excitedly, why shouldn't he take Elizabeth with him? Of course, he was terribly old. Almost thirty. But wasn't that the very age when a man wanted to settle down? He'd probably wanted to say something all along. But with Elizabeth engaged—

Judy rose hastily, smoothing out her skirts as she walked to the gate. There'd be no harm, she decided, just to hint a little. Her hand was trembling as she reached out to throw the latch, but her voice was steady as a rock. "How nice of you to call," she said sweetly.

"Ah, young lady," Mr. Considine replied in that heartily jocular tone he reserved for the very young. "I suppose you're all busy preparing for the coming wedding?" His voice rose questioningly as he glanced up toward the house.

"Oh, dear me, no," she said airily.

Mr. Considine permitted himself to look surprised. "You mean they're postponing the day again?"

"No, it's not exactly that. But—well, I'm afraid Elizabeth's not really quite sure." She dropped her voice confidentially: "Steven's very young, you know."

This was gossiping of the very worst sort, and she could almost feel the sting of the hairbrush through her pantaloons if Mother found out.

Mr. Considine seemed taken aback. He probed the broken coral of the walk with his cane before answering: "Ah, well, the course of true love—"

Judy thought suddenly of Father telling of his early whaling days. "There's only one time to dart the harpoon," Father used to state emphatically. "When

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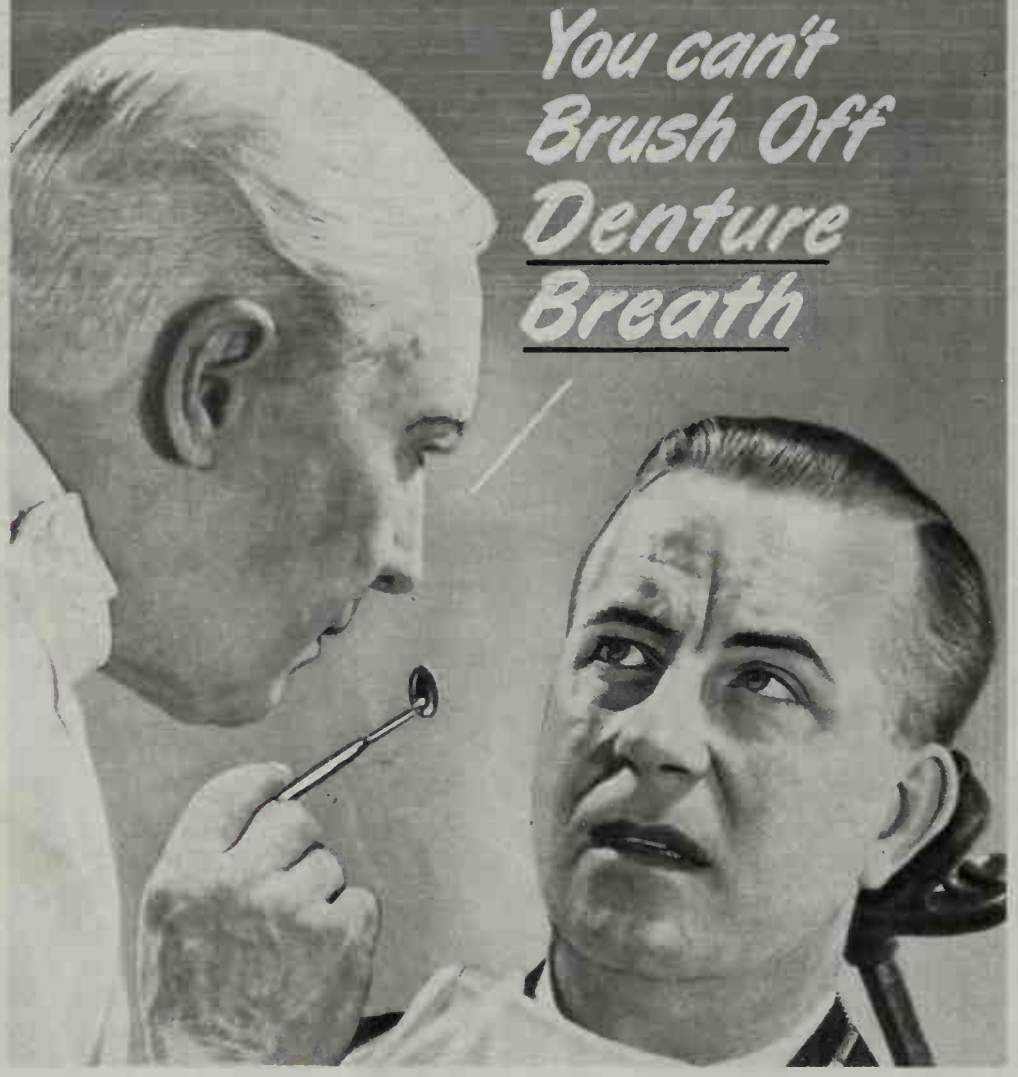
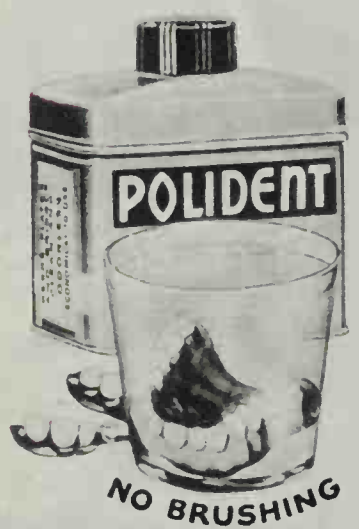


Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser, 30¢ and 60¢.

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily*

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT

the whale broaches alongside, all unsuspecting." She took a deep breath.

"Fiddlesticks!" she said sharply, and Mr. Considine jumped. "I should think a woman of Elizabeth's age would be interested in a more mature man."

She'd said enough for the time being, she warned herself. Mr. Considine was already looking at her with a puzzled frown. He was nobody's fool, and she didn't want him to start wondering why she was telling him all this.

"I'm keeping you standing in the sun," she said apologetically. From the house came the tinkle of Elizabeth's pianoforte as Judy walked ahead of Mr. Considine to the door, opened it and stepped aside.

"After you, my dear," he said.

Judy swept in with her head up, grandly aware that it was the first time in her life she'd been invited to walk through a door ahead of a grownup.

DURING the next week, Mr. Considine called on Elizabeth three times. Judy, listening from the hallway, heard them discussing Elizabeth's paintings. They were really just daubs, Elizabeth was saying. They showed a delicate restraint, a true feel for color, Mr. Considine insisted. Why, in the salons of Boston . . .

"Oh, thunder!" Judy whispered to herself. This could go on forever without their getting anywhere. She'd have to prod Mr. Considine again. She managed to be at the gate when he left.

"You'll come again, won't you?" she asked. "Often?" She was considering whether to say that Elizabeth did look forward so to his visits when she became aware of his amused silence.

"You pay me an unusual compliment," he said suddenly.

She smiled, puzzled at his words.

"I mean the way you are trying to make me propose to Elizabeth," he said.

She felt a wave of color redden her face as she forced herself to say offhandedly, "La! Whatever in the world—?" Then she stopped, miserably aware that her self-conscious smile wasn't masking her embarrassment at being found out.

She was grateful that he avoided looking at her as he continued:

"What you don't know, Judy, is that I've loved Elizabeth from the first day I saw her. I've even thought she cared more than a little for me. But"—he smiled and shrugged his shoulders—"Elizabeth is a very ambitious woman, and Steven Dabney a rich young man. Elizabeth knows what she wants, and she'll get it. You see, I could only give her respectability. Shabby respectability." He laughed easily as their eyes met.

It surprised Judy to see the pain in them. "I thought," she said gently, "because you were going back to Boston—"

He nodded. "Going back a failure. If I'd got that coaling concession, McVickar promised me a partnership. It would have meant a lot to me. But now, I've not much of a future to offer her."

She'd wronged him, Judy thought, watching him disappear down the road. She hadn't thought of him as a human being, a man with emotions as strong as her own. She'd used him impersonally, as one might a tool, to pry Elizabeth away from Steven. And Mr. Considine was too nice to treat in that fashion.

Well, there was one way she could make it up to him. He'd told Father the other day that the king wouldn't even grant him an audience. She'd see the king about that, she decided firmly. Even though Father would skin her alive if he found out she'd been to the palace again. By this hour, she reflected as she picked up her skirt and ran toward the house, the king would be taking a nap. . . .

During the next two weeks, waiting for Steven to get back from Lahaina, Judy had plenty of time to decide that things couldn't have turned out better.

The king had been just wonderful. That is, after he'd gotten over his fit of roaring that the next person [illegible] into his garden during his a[illegible] was going to spend some [illegible] to the reef.

Judy had nodded politely [illegible] until the king began pic[illegible] bowl of fruit, and grumbli[illegible] goes never had worms bef[illegible] men came to the islands. N[illegible] ate three mangoes while Ju[illegible] about Mr. Considine and th[illegible] cession. She'd been afraid [illegible] tening, but when she finish[illegible] his mouth with the back of [illegible] looked up at the palm fron[illegible]

"Judy," he began tho[illegible] knew this white man that [illegible] wanted something, so I did[illegible] So many times what the wh[illegible] is not good for my people.' [illegible] under the drooping mustac[illegible] ter. "I see what they are d[illegible] eyes warn me that if I fa[illegible] will steal the bones from m[illegible]

She felt the sadness in [illegible] melancholy that seemed to [illegible] ily even on his broad shoul[illegible]

"Once we were strong an[illegible] back into the sea. We we[illegible] then—until they brought t[illegible] ships, their fire in bottle[illegible] brought the coughing sickn[illegible] us to die like fish on the sho[illegible] turned my head away wh[illegible] asking again for this and a[illegible] because I am afraid that n[illegible] fading away from this land."

He looked directly at her [illegible] gently patting her arm. "I [illegible] born in Hawaii, Judy. M[illegible] you believe this white ma[illegible] Send him tomorrow and I[illegible]

It had been her word th[illegible] Mr. Considine the coalin[illegible] And within a week, she'd [illegible] excited expression in Elizab[illegible] it had gotten him Elizabet[illegible]

Mother had almost fainte[illegible] beth told her. Hanging o[illegible] stairs window, Judy had [illegible] every gesture. Mother ha[illegible] the cane chair on the veran[illegible] fanned herself vigorously.

"What your father's goin[illegible] don't know," Mother had [illegible] beth. Then she raised her [illegible] wide. "Elizabeth, what ab[illegible] will we break the news to [illegible]

UPSTAIRS in her roon[illegible] her clothes, Judy kne[illegible] tell Steven. She put her ca[illegible] hat with the black velvet [illegible] back of her head, bent the [illegible] front, and studied herself [illegible] She'd take it along, she dec[illegible] go with the steel-gray aft[illegible] and besides it would likely [illegible] they hove off the mouth o[illegible] poo River. This blue-silk c[illegible] she'd alter during the voya[illegible] the wife of the master of [illegible] had to look her best when t[illegible] merchants with their pillbo[illegible] tails came over the side to [illegible]

She turned again in fro[illegible] mirror, frowning as she pu[illegible] kles out of the front of h[illegible] stractedly she walked int[illegible] room, rummaged for a m[illegible] dresser drawer, and returne[illegible] deau made of two silken p[illegible] she tucked them into her [illegible] them into place, and smil[illegible] flection in the mirror. La[illegible] I'd turn Miss Aurora gre[illegible]

There were footsteps on [illegible] she could hear Mother's u[illegible]

"We'll have to tell Judy[illegible] she's been so preoccupied [illegible] thing lately—hardly see[illegible] what's been going on."

She'd have to remember [illegible] herself, to seem just terri[illegible] Then she whipped the pad [illegible] inside her dress, dropped it [illegible] drawer and turned as the [illegible]

THE END

"THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW!"

MBER THE RECENT FIRE
AGEDIES? Remember the de-
t swept the nation for building
ws and law enforcement? An
ress and citizenry asked for—but
—an end to wholesale death by

ppened in your community to
r own life and welfare? It's time
serious look—in light of these
acts:

municipalities in the nation, less
have adopted a building code
gal protection of the community
hown fire hazards. Many of the
ding codes in effect are fifteen to
old—so obsolete as to be prac-
thless.

ntion must start with law and
cement. It isn't enough to cry "there ought to be a law," after bodies are taken from smoking ruins.

Action—concerted action must come now through the collective will of every citizen. Action—before disaster strikes! Such action must have the unified support of state and local officials charged with fire safety.

Dangerous buildings must no longer be allowed to escape the regulation which is essential to the safety of human life.

The President of the United States has recognized the need for action now. He has declared all-out war against fire—a serious menace to our national life.

The fire insurance industry has perfected building codes for all communities. Responsibility for their adoption rests with local authorities and you, whose lives are at stake.

TAKE THIS ACTION NOW! Interested local authorities and citizens are invited to write for a copy of "The Report on Laws and Law Enforcement." Address: The President's Conference on Fire Prevention, Washington, D. C.

★ ★ ★

This statement is one of a series published by the member companies of The National Board of Fire Underwriters in support of The President's Conference on Fire Prevention.

"The danger that is most threatening to America today is the terror of our lives, the danger of fire. In the entire field of fire prevention, there is no subject that needs attention more than that of statute and ordinance enforcement—"

Harry Truman

BLOND VIRGINIA The head of Virginia Mayo, Samuel Goldwyn star, sprouts about 140,000 separate hairs, the quota for a blonde

THE HAIR-RAIS

Baldness can't be cured but, in some cases, it can be prevented. Two leading dermatologists, the authors of Your Hair and Its Care, tell you how

HUMAN beings spend more time and worry on their hair than on any other part of their bodies. It is cut, waved, washed, shaved, dyed, lacquered, singed. Straight hair is curled and curly hair is straightened. It is fried, twisted, soaked and stewed. It stubbornly persists in growing lushly where we don't want it, and not growing where we do want it, and so we scrape it off one area with razors and pumice and use unguents and salves in the hope of growing it on another.

Most people will believe anything about hair, especially if they're losing it. Despite the fact that the fundamental cause of baldness is unknown, they will listen attentively while totally bald men explain the virtues of acids, alkalies, alcohols, gums, oils, ammonias, eggs, vegetables, fruit juices and right thinking. And nothing ever happens.

The fact that nobody knows the basic reason for baldness does not mean, however, that all baldness is unpreventable. Loss of hair can often be forestalled through following a few simple and common-sense rules, the first of which is cleanliness and more cleanliness.

In this connection, one of the most widespread of all the many misconceptions about hair is that it should be washed no oftener than every three or four months. It would be equally preposterous to advocate brushing teeth and washing hands only at such intervals. Make no mistake: the hair picks up more dirt than any other part of the body. It traps dust, grease and soot. It requires frequent washings. Twice a week is fine, and once a day isn't too much if you really like cleanliness.

The ill treatment we give our hair is, of course, not solely responsible for human baldness. For half a million years now, we have grown steadily less hairy. We no longer need a woolly blanket as a protection against cold and injury. If you really feel like worrying, you'll be glad to know that anthropologists, looking ahead another half million years, see us as spindly-legged creatures with completely hairless, globular heads. And maybe no eyebrows, either.

Right now, we seem to be fairly well along in this evolutionary development. At least half of our middle-aged men are either bald or are in process of losing their hair. This tendency is less marked among women, and one good reason for this is that women have always taken better care of their hair. Evolution will catch up with them, too, all in good time.

As a rule, people accept loss of hair with resignation and unfunny jokes. They shouldn't. Certain types of baldness are preventable, which does not mean they are curable once they've happened. Enormous research strides have been taken in the past decade which bear out this statement. We have learned how to prevent diphtheria, smallpox and other diseases. Today, a well-trained physician can do much to prevent disease-originated baldness. As we shall see presently, all that is needed is careful attention to a few easily followed rules, and never mind about your grandfather's brother, who never washed his hair in his life and had a flourishing red mane at 105. Either he was lucky or somebody's lying.

Before we look at these specific measures, let's first see something of the physical properties of hair.

Redheads Have Fewest Hairs

The head of the average person contains 120,000 hairs. Blondes have the greatest number of hairs—about 140,000. Brunettes come next, and most redheads have to get along with as few as 90,000 hairs, although it doesn't seem to bother them much. Each hair contains three layers or cells. The outside coating is smooth, transparent. It consists of cells which overlap, much like the shingles on a roof. The middle layer contains the elongated cells which give hair its elasticity and flexibility. (Yes, you can stretch a hair.) This layer contains coloring matter and oil. The tiny inside segment is the marrow canal.

The hair grows up through a follicle—or canal—in the scalp, each hair having its own nerve, muscle and blood supply. The shape of the follicle determines the shape of the hair, and whether the hair is curly or straight. Thus, a round hair is straight, a flattened or oval one curly. Negroes have corkscrew-shaped follicles, which account for their kinky hair.

Despite all the various shades of hair, there are but two basic coloring ingredients: reddish-yellow pigment, and sepia brown. Very dense concentrations of sepia-brown pigment give the appearance of black. When pigment is absent we have the white hair of the albino, or the white hair of old age, or perhaps a zebralike spot or streak which some people regard as very becoming.

Hair grows in a series of reincarnations. It grows up, reaches old age, dies and drops out. Then it is replaced by new hair. Periods of rapid growth are followed by periods of rest—short hair grows twice as fast as long hair, which is old hair.

In general, hair grows faster in summer than in winter—faster during the day than at night. On erage, it grows at the rate of in six weeks. The life span gle hair varies with the indiv some cases hairs go through to-death cycle in three months. In others, they ma long as four years.

Stories of hair turning wh night are familiar to everyon are no fully authenticated such a thing ever happening

Emotion and Grayin

It is true, however, that individual is subjected to str tional tension the graying p hastened. With pigment form tarded or stopped, the new h ing in the scalp may emer gray or white. But to be n such a process takes weeks o There are definite records, of cases in which hair has tur black to gray and back to b eral times during an indivi time.

Hair is susceptible to a ho eases, many of which trac clean scalps. A completely head of hair is almost never tered and lack of hygiene ir spect is very frequently a fo of baldness.

Regardless of what you ha on the subject, baldness rarel suddenly. Getting bald is process which may have be way for months or even yea loss of hair reaches alarming tions. When this happens pe to doctors' offices. Their st ways the same. Hair is co by the roots.

It's a common error to mi tiny white bulb at the botton hair for the "root." Actually The slightly thickened bulb the base of a hair pulled head is merely the inner lini hair follicle. And when the h out, so does this bulb. It's n fret about, because the f growing a new lining ev you're worrying about the The true root is buried dee scalp, and it will take care very nicely if you give it a ch

Since new hairs are being all the time, and old hairs are is obvious that a certain ar shedding must take place. T age individual loses from hairs a day by this normal and usually gets alarmed ab he happens to notice it sudde

If you're already bald, you yourself a lot of time and tr refusing to listen to anyone o you of a way to make your h back in. If you're losing quantities of hair, the smart do is to consult your physic will advise you properly a you to a dermatologist if r And the latter will, if nothi done, tell you the sad, sad tr ing relief from falling hair in hair salons, or through "cures," can be pretty expen ishness. In most cases, it's a of which lasts the long money or your hair.

There are three main c

...ITH

BY HOWARD T. BEHRMAN, M. D.

AND OSCAR L. LEVIN, M. D.

...The top cause is unknown ...ly related to heredity and ...unction. You needn't nec... ...g it off as something you ...ything about. An enor... ...ber of people inherit a ...o baldness. That doesn't ...an that they *have* to be ..., can fight this tendency, ...le who inherit weak lungs ...tendency to tuberculosis. ...ases are the second great... ...f baldness. Dandruff isn't ... itself, but is a symptom of ...tion, according to one ...eory with which we agree. ...ales—either dry or oily— ...t some types of germs or ...e attacking hair follicles ...lands that lubricate hairs. ...he dandruff finally disap... ...air has disappeared with ...f is more common in men, ...se their hair more than ...

... major cause of baldness ...infection. Certain diseases ...ever, smallpox, diphtheria ...r to fall out. For years ... with these diseases had ...shaved, believing that the ...e filled with toxins which ...air fall. The procedure ...arded as being wholly ...n such cases, temporary ... caused by toxins that ... in the body. These ...ck hair roots under the ... hair to fall out.

...ng the Bearded Lady

...auses loss of hair, and so ... other diseases. The duct... ...lay a striking role in this ... The bearded lady in the ...xample, probably has a ...ber the pituitary or adre... ... When the thyroid func... ..., hair becomes dry and ...d begins to fall out. The ...likewise, play a big role ...hs, who are almost never ...gin to lose their hair after ... male sex hormones. But ...o derive from that fact ...ons as to your own viril... ...ot only be wrong, but ... Women still prefer ...cks on men and that's ...at no one, not even der... ... can do anything about. ...e been dozens of random ... concerning hair and its ...e body's system of duct... ... but so far nothing has ...m. There isn't, in other ... injection of glandular ...hich will insure hair ...ness there is a definite ...ficiency present in asso... ...the loss of hair. Certain ...nal and pituitary disor... ...ch an association.

...rson worried about loss ...lts a physician, the phy... ...les out any systemic dis... ...ay make a blood count ...oma is present, and per... ...metabolism test to check ...ty. If there are other in... ...so, he will most certainly ...rmann test, since some ... loss are possible symp... ...philis.

If this seems like an indirect approach to the problem, remember that poor blood makes poo hair, just as poor food makes a poor body.

If physical examination reveals no clue as to the cause of progressive loss of hair, the next step is to examine the scalp. Seven out of ten people who seek treatment for loss of hair have dandruff—known to physicians as seborrheic eczema when severe. That does not mean that the dandruff produced the baldness. Some men are bald without ever having had dandruff.

There are several types of dandruff. In one type the fat glands of the scalp become diseased, throwing off excess oil which dries and cakes. In this disease the scalp produces more fat than hair. A specific bacteria is suspected as the cause of this disease, although it has not yet been identified.

The physician has a remarkable tool to assist him in detecting hair disease. It is black, or filtered, ultraviolet light. When this light is directed at a diseased scalp, sick hairs take on a greenish cast if the disease is due to a fungus or ringworm. Diseased patches of the scalp assume a phosphorescent whiteness.

Many diseases of the scalp are highly infectious—particularly for children. They are passed from person to person by barbershops and beauty parlors which use improperly sterilized instruments. Hat stores are another prime source of infection.

There are several approaches to the problem of diseases of the scalp. The physician may elect to use X-ray treatments for certain types of ringworm infection. In large doses X rays completely destroy hair roots, and thus may cause permanent baldness. It may only be administered by an expert in X-ray therapy. Certain wave lengths of ultraviolet light generated by mercury vapor, quartz lamps or by vacuum tubes may produce excellent results in people with baldness in patches, sometimes called *alopecia areata*, as well as in other forms of hair loss. This weapon has a double purpose. It may not only stimulate the scalp but also combat any bacteria which may be present.

A large part of the problem of restoring and maintaining hair health falls on the patient. It is a matter of personal hygiene—keeping the hair as clean as possible.

For its vitality, hair depends on an ample supply of blood—which brings nourishment to individual hairs. Hair does not breathe, nor is it nourished by rubbing a perfumed tonic into the scalp. A factor in the production of baldness is caused by tight scalps which choke off the blood supply. Massage is helpful here.

Permanent baldness arrives only when hair roots wither and die. After this happens it is no more possible to grow new hair than it is to grow new teeth or fingers. But in some instances (as in *alopecia areata*) reasonably healthy roots may remain even after hair has disappeared. By proper care—glandular therapy in deficient people, cleanliness, massage, possibly radiation—new hair growth may be coaxed from these dormant roots.

A new vitamin, a member of the B complex called inositol, has fascinating possibilities. In as little as three days, addition of this vitamin to deficient diets of bald mice has caused them to grow hair. It must be realized that results in laboratory animals cannot be applied directly to human beings. As yet, no comparable results have been obtained in human baldness as the studies are only in the investigation stage.

Cured Mice, But Not Men

At least two other vitamins have turned out to be disappointments in this respect. Several years ago research men noted that para-aminobenzoic acid, and the pantothenates, had the remarkable ability to turn gray hair in mice back to its normal color. Both these vitamins, also members of the B complex, were proposed as weapons against gray hair in human beings. But the bridge between mice and men was wide.

In a few cases reported by only one investigator, natural hair color was restored. But the report stated that when this happened the patients were suffering from a deficiency of these vitamins in the first place. In other words, that their gray hair was a symptom of vitamin deficiency. And that when the deficiency was corrected gray hair disappeared.

Sum up the case then. Any abnormal hair loss may be an indication of scalp disease—if other factors of bodily ill health have been ruled out. A vigorous attack on the scalp disease is then in order. The hair should be washed frequently. As a rule, any bland household soap may be used. But if the infection is severe a medicated salve or lotion may be required.

After washing and drying, the hair may require some additional treatment. If it is too oily, a small amount of alcoholic hair rinses or lotions should be rubbed into the hair, and quickly dried. If, on the other hand, the hair is too dry, a small amount of oil—olive, coconut, almond or medicated salve—should be rubbed into the scalp.

The scalp should be massaged with the tips of the fingers for a minimum of ten minutes a day, to stimulate blood circulation. Sunlight and air are similarly beneficial.

Rigid adherence to these rules won't make the theater's bald-headed row into models for hair-tonic advertisements. But it will keep a scalp in good condition. ★★★

BRUNETTE VIRGINIA

Dense concentrations of sepia pigments make the hair of MGM's Virginia O'Brien appear to be black

It's good to know...

IMPERIAL *is made by Hiram Walker*

Reg U.S Pat Off.

89 YEARS AT FINE WHISKEY-MAKING MAKES THIS WHISKEY GOOD.

86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

l concerning what had happened
ho wouldn't be after having his
romp over him?
d was a Minnesota player—one
ota's star backs.
J. WHITBECK, Stillwater, Minn.

were running the wrong way.

OIS WILL BE DUBOIS

ER VELIE: On Sept. 2d and 3d, I
hearing of the Subcommittee on
ds and just wanted to tell you
r Robertson and Congressman
ought up your articles, They
Off Our Land (July 26th—Aug.
gested that they become part of
This they refused. After hear-
and Robertson describe your
d it over again, to see if it was as
ted. My conclusion was, and I
er by training, that there was
d that couldn't be substantiated.
t under the hides of Barrett and
herc is no doubt.
CHARLES C. MOORE,
Ranchers' Assn., Dubois, Wyo.

THE BOBBY SEX

After reading of Mel Tormé,
al menace discovered by your
n (Little Mel, the Debs' De-
11th), I am wondering about
ver a man of good health, will
if the bobby-soxers switch to
important, will America sur-
MER PETERSON, Boonton, N. J.

gest with a face like his Mel
k into, and hide in, the trade-
ess agent thought up for him:
Fog. . . .
RGE HARRISBONER, Peoria, Ill.

Dugan says Tormé got ulcers
ach during the war. I've got
ear listening to him after the

CE COONS, New York, N. Y.

, is he dreamy . . .
OLINE OWENGS, Passaic, N. J.

BUNNYISMS

m I too late for a Bunnyism or
le broadcasting the World
Barber cried ecstatically: "If
ink it's going to happen, just
mes to Brooklyn, and it'll hap-
Later he referred to Cookie
ho hit the double with two
inth and ruined Bevens' no-
"national hero." We suppose
Bunny might say, "A national
oklyn."
PETER RANDALL, Wayne, N. J.

someone crying indignantly:
e you're a genius, you needn't
so smart!" And according to
a certain gentleman on the
recently announced: "You can
this, but don't use my name."

E HAVE NO SEX APPEAL

R: I agree with your editorial
a Wife? (Oct. 4th) to a certain
where does one find this type
no possesses all those virtues?
ent of the dames I've met are
ic, self-centered, lazy, or pos-
no sex appeal. The other ten
happily married.
ctually a shortage of women,
ht to be advised as to obtain-
owly dwindling specimens as

HOLOWELL, South Amboy, N. J.

ho up as the ideal wife a young
w will chase her husband out
or and more money (however
ttedly") is unspeakably vulgar.
I want a wife who is kind, well-disposed, womanly wise, intellectually curious, who has wit, taste, manners, originality, talent for living, and that most enviable of all human accomplishments—humility.

There isn't much likelihood your fatuous, and it is to be hoped insincere, editorial could mislead a man, but, unluckily, it probably served to distort even further the sense of values of such of the brittle young women of America who saw it.

Although I am looking for a wife, I don't want to advertise, so if you publish this, please use initials.

R. D. D., Boston, Mass.

Whataya say, girls—

CRUNCH, CRUNCH!

DEAR EDITOR: I believe Mr. Crichton overlooked one important reason why the theaters are no longer crowded (Hollywood Headache, Sept. 20th).

It isn't so much the quality of pictures shown, but rather the Americans who are not happy anywhere unless they are stuffing themselves with food. Myself and friends attend movies less and less because we dislike hearing popcorn crunched in our ears, and Cellophane crackling in the midst of beautiful music or important dialogue.

HAZEL LYTLE, Hollywood, Cal.

ARE BRUNETTES DUMB OR JUST EMPTY-HEADED?

DEAR SIR: You say Pat Burrage, the model who posed for Jon Whitcomb's cover of Oct. 11th, is a blonde, and Whitcomb painted her as a brunette to accentuate the white shoe polish she was putting on her head for that distingué look. Could we have a look at the original? And would you be having her phone number, too?

VINCENTE CARMINARA, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . With things the way they are my hair is turning white naturally. That girl can't have much to worry about. . . .

JEANETTE LOWE, Baltimore, Md.

Pat's twenty-four, blue-eyed, from Fort Worth, has a pilot's license, studied at TCU, wants to marry and have four kids and sit on her front porch in a rocker all day. Her phone number is: Wigglesworth 2-2222, what town we're not able to say.

OUR GALLANT DEFENDERS

DEAR EDITOR: I find Mr. Edward Cade's letter in The Week's Mail (Sept. 27th) in which he accuses you of sarcasm in your comments on letters you receive, very amusing. If anyone knew humor when he saw it—he'd know your answers are humor at its highest peak. Give us more. Surely no one could take it for sarcasm.

If possible, please print more letters.

MRS. J. LANDRY, Portland, Ore.

TIME FOR PERK!

YOUR DOG Prefers PERK'S
Meaty, Juicy Natural Flavor!

IMPROPER diet is perhaps the source of more dog ills than anything else. Unless your dog is fortified with nutritious food, he can develop or catch almost anything. Fortify him with PERK. Feed your dog PERK for a well-balanced diet and solid nourishment. Maintain his well-being and stamina. Watch his coat grow thick and glassy, with firm, luxurious hair.

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"When it is in your power to build, why do you crush?" Mama's imperious fury was at its height. She backed the protesting Miss Keehan against the du

THE ROOSTER EGG

BY SYLVIA SHIRLEY

Robin's love letter traveled a long way

THE fifth grade huddled over their penmanship drills, pushing and pulling away like mad, while Miss Keehan walked up and down the aisles. I hoped she'd come to my desk before the drill changed to ovals, round and round. My push and pulls were by far the blackest and most beautiful in the class, but the ovals were never uniform, never like a coiled spring.

Miss Keehan stopped over my head and stood there silently. I knew she was thinking up some scathing thing to say, though why she should take so long was puzzling. Usually the whiplashes fell readily enough. The class stopped writing, and I could feel their expectancy as well as my own. We kept breathing and breathing. Nothing happened. I was not too much afraid, because on the whole I was a good student and too unobtrusive a girl to get into difficulties with the others. Miss Keehan hardly ever picked on me directly, and when she did I pretended to myself that it was someone else she meant. I hated her with all my heart.

My glance shifted from my stiffened fingers to the upper left-hand corner of my desk. Right above the inkwell lay an envelope that I had forgotten to hide! Instantly I reached for it, but Miss Keehan's dry cold fingers were over mine; she snatched it from me.

"That is my personal property," I said in dignified bravery.

"So-o!" screeched Miss Keehan. "Personal property, is it? Will you listen to the dirty little Bolshevik foreigner talking about personal property," she implored the class. She waited for them to laugh, but only Rocco Martincelli tittered. Steven Kelski hit him over the head with his geography. Miss Keehan screamed for order and I tried to use that moment to retrieve my letter. But Miss Keehan rapped my skull with her long piece of chalk, to add injury to insult, and stalked to the front of the room. My cannibalistic rather than Bolshevik instincts nearly got the upper hand. I wanted to take a bite out of Miss Keehan's haunch.

Being called names by Miss Keehan did not bother me any r
called us all names and I le
there was nothing personal
just loathed all children,
with foreign surnames just a
She loved to tell stories abo
gentility, and how wonde
York had been before the
the immigrants. Her father
a policeman, and her gran
alderman. Her own little br
was about forty, was at pres
clerk. She could remember
cows walked the unpaved pa
district streets.

Now, alas, it was all diff
taught in a large, four-st
schoolhouse that housed
hundred children from nin

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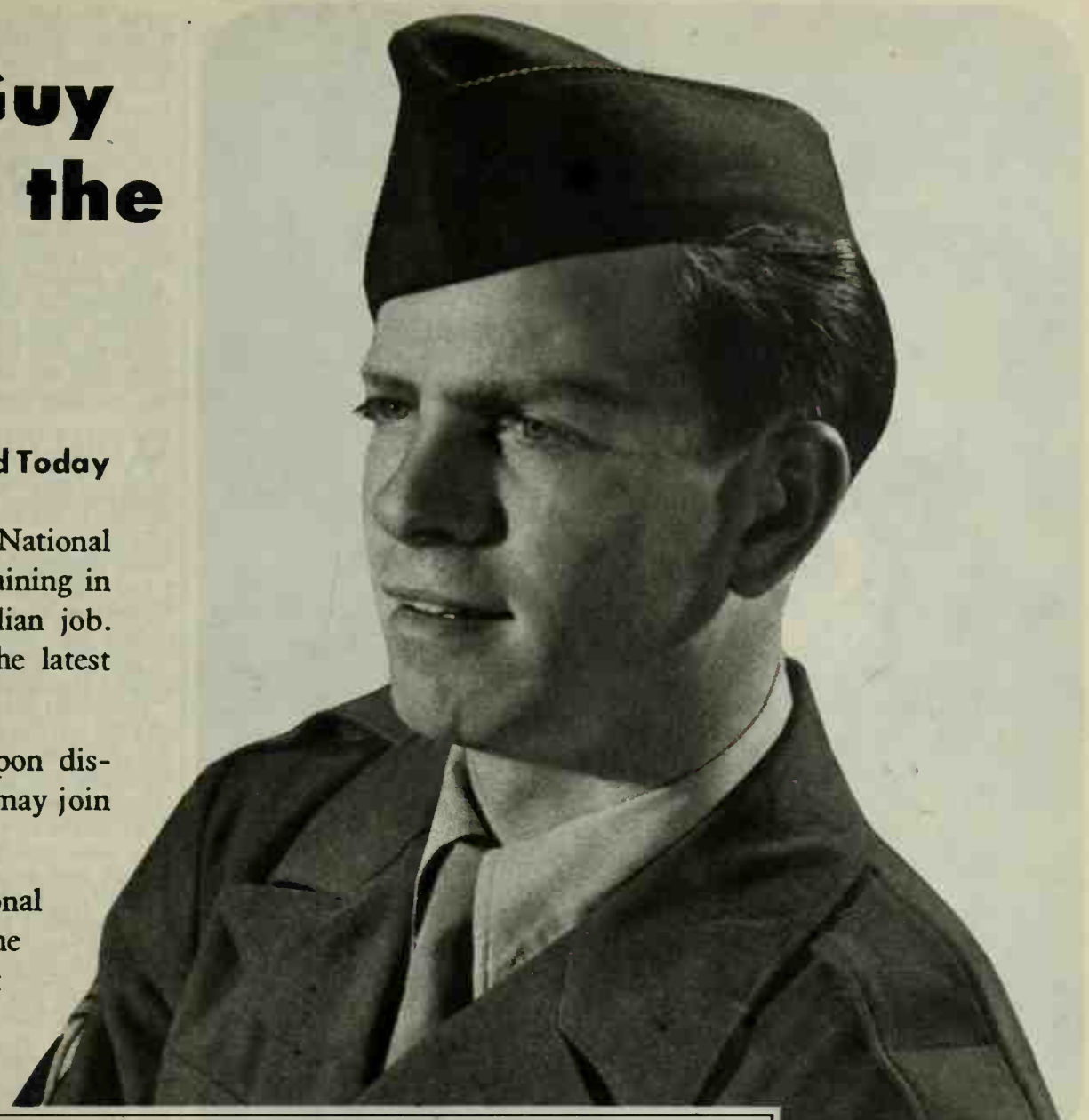

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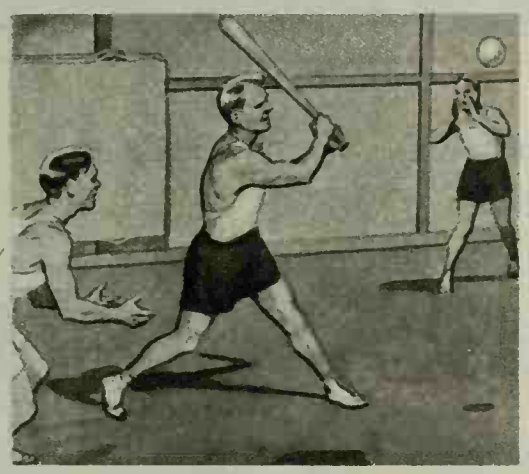

Likes sports, plays on National Guard indoor baseball and basketball teams. Studies in spare time to help further his chances in his civilian occupation.

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every weekday, the majority of them from non-English-speaking homes. The streets were paved, houses steam-heated; there were subways and trolleys, and the Third Avenue El.

But Miss Keehan said the United States was just getting too cluttered for endurance. She told us over and over how lovely everything had been before we came, until her stories became meaningless and ludicrous.

We escaped from Miss Keehan every afternoon at three o'clock. She never escaped from us. We discovered where she lived, and though we did not accomplish half the torments we planned for her, our schemes filled us with delight.

WHAT did perturb me half out of my wits was the letter she took from my desk. If she read it! She surely would. If she sent for my mother! Suppose she showed it to the principal? His name was Stephenstone, and in my mind I had him confused with Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote poems. I wrote poems, too. What would one poet think of another who had such a letter? How could I explain it?

I watched Miss Keehan lock my letter into the top drawer of her desk and spent the remainder of the morning feverishly scheming the most impossible feats to rescue my personal property.

At recess two of the other girls who had read the letter before the nine-o'clock bell stood by me stanchly, and helpfully spread its contents around to those whom I had hoped to impress in the first place. I had worked very hard and carefully on that letter for two evenings, with just that plan in mind, but this turn of events was unforeseen.

The boys, who never before had taken any notice of me, milled around, offering their lethal weapons in my defense. They did not understand anything except that the enemy had attacked their side once again and some strategy had to be employed. But there was nothing we could do, so we fell back halfheartedly on the oft-repeated jests that we had invented to exaggerate Miss Keehan's age and ugliness. . . .

When I went home at noon I was unable to eat and Mama started to bother me. She touched my forehead to see if I was feverish, and held my wrist to see if my heart was still beating. Then she started her interminable direct questioning. Mama was impossible.

Papa, now, always asked a question in such a way you could always think up a likely answer, if not a strictly true one. If you fumbled, he didn't o to prove you were squir eyes bored holes in you to the wall. Papa's eyes lo you. Papa had respect fo were in a tight spot. Bu

It was clear to me tha to tell her something, and teacher said I was a Bols it out loud in front of ev

"Ah," she said. "Dri

"And she hit me with h See, here." I pointed to hard head, wishing now sense enough to think of home. A small stone cou sizable bruise.

Mama said, "There's

"Sure, it's nothing to y feel it because it wasn't beaten."

"Beaten." Mama sea and I drew down the mouth. "You did not cry

"In front of everybody? What did Mama take m

"So. Why did she call beat you?" Mama was c hunk of sponge cake.

"She hates me," I said just hates me." And ther

Mama put the cake on not snivel. It is an offensi

I did not stop immedia use taking chances with was practically no dividi sympathy and suspicion

I drank my milk quickl time to savor the cake, k sad because Mama was

"Why does she hate yo

"Because she is a witch bald."

"Ah," said Mama, n bald." She regarded me s all true?"

"Upon my honor!" I cl on my chest as Papa alw she turns her back to writ you can see the blank pate."

"I mean about the nam

"You can ask anybody challenged. "Ask Steve."

I poked my finger into of the window box. L stopped expecting real a to grow from the seeds t set into this perennial ba But I did wish that th leaves that had shot up seeds of the St.-John's-br the real fruit: long, brow pods with sweetish pulp.

"Need some help with the dishes?"

COLLIER'S

e late to school," Mama's
l, and I went out reluctantly.
y she did verify what I said,
vere scarcely in our seats that
vhen the door burst open,
ood Mama in her best silk
ped. Miss Keehan gasped.
vy red hair was wound tier
r proud head. She was short
uilt, but her tread was light

bin's mother," Mama said,
ie point, as the gaping chil-
ved into silence.
an looked extremely tall and
she advanced.
know what is this Bolshevik
what is it doing in an Ameri-
Do you know the meaning
k, do you? Do you examine
reasons why poor people
omes and friends forever, to
land that offers hope?"
aid Miss Keehan, retreating,
hands like a little bouquet

eign-born and read about
Is it too much to ask you to
uropeans?"
epeated Miss Keehan. She
d at the class, helplessly.
is in your power to build,
crush? Is this your demo-
" Mama's imperious fury
ght and I wished my father
. She backed the protesting
against the dunce stool.
ave asthma," Miss Keehan
r very badly."
oped advancing.
t know how many sleepless
d, just choking," Miss Kee-
small voice.
Mama became practical.
ied a good physic?"
an was aghast, and she
class sharply to see if we'd
ecommendation. "Please,"
could see her deep shock.
d her eyebrows, her quick
ned to suspicion. "Perhaps
oyage would blow your
Why not a trip to Europe?
ally give you letters of in-
all the principal Bolshe-
led with heavy sarcasm.
an closed her water-blue
and leaned her head on the
looked at her silently and
o go. In the doorway she
n sorry for your sickness."
ed the teacher's eyelids
htly. Finally, she opened
iled painfully. Mama gave
ng look and went out.

EHAN recovered immedi-
he leaped to her feet, ap-
monitor and went out.
open door we could hear
oice conferring with the
loor.
ack at last, her courage re-
d pointing at me, said,
o home today, don't come
thout your father."
smile inside. This was an
. I could go to the library
w instead of to school and
the hundreds of books that
ves.
take too long about it, I'll
truant officer," Miss Kee-
My heart sank. Clearly
y of judgment.
of company on the way
alked out of their way to
e. But I took no pleasure
terest. This was the first
been told to bring her fa-

've told her your father's
the boys said.
oate." It was my mother's
ned. She should learn to
w business. No, it was mine
aled on Miss Keehan. Oh,
Miss Keehan's fault. *She*

should learn to mind her own business. But, no, it was really my fault. I should have remembered to hide that letter. Yes, the letter. I had forgotten about that.

The closer I got to my house the shorter my legs grew. I could take only such small steps. But it seems the longest road leads home, and at length I stood before Mama.

"Now I have done for all of us," said Mama, wringing her hands, when I told her that Papa must come to school. "Here have I been thinking how grand was my speech. Do you realize what this means? I have disgraced us, and Papa will lose a day's pay!" Her eyes were large and brown with little green flecks, and I saw that Mama was taking me into her confidence. I had not expected her to feel she was to blame, and guilt poured over me like wet cement, gluing me down into immobility.

I broke out at last, "I will go and kill myself," I offered magnanimously.

"Please," said Mama. "This is no time for temperament." She stood up. "Not a word of any of this until Papa has eaten. Never torment a hungry man." She went about her work and I felt I had lost an important moment with Mama. Throughout my life I was to have this disquieting feeling with her. Whenever I thought she would let me in, on an equal footing with her, I did something to make the door shut.

AT SUPPERTIME, I was already bored with putting things off. I wanted everything to be over. Papa took an unbearably long time to enjoy his food. But it didn't seem to bother Mama at all. She wanted him to have second helpings of everything.

At last Papa was tamping down the tobacco in his enormous pipe and I was blowing out the match. Mama began the story as I had told it to her. I was perfectly willing to let her do it, without interrupting because that kept her on my side. If I told it, I would let something slip about the letter, and I would surely stand alone. Somewhere there had been deceit, and it was still going on.

Long before Mama had finished, Papa's blue eyes had narrowed into humorous slits. When Mama ceased talking, Papa took the pipe from his mouth, threw back his massive head, and roared like any lion. He laughed and laughed, with Mama glowering at him.

"Well done," he spluttered at last, "my dear little champion of democracy." He leaned over to pat her shoulder, but Mama stood up impatiently.

"Always buffoonery. It's a pity you can't make a living from it. We'd be rich indeed."

Papa sobered immediately. He gave her a quick look, too quick, and Mama bit her lip. For the first time I was aware that there was something between Mama and Papa in which I had no part.

Mama said, "I am upset."

"No matter," said Papa.

"It's a day's pay," said Mama.

"Small matter in a lifetime. Perhaps something will be gained from it after all."

I went to bed and in order to keep from falling asleep immediately, dug my palms into my eyeballs until the wonderful orange and red patterns began. I fell asleep just when they were beginning to be really beautiful. . . .

In the morning I went to school with a carefully written note from my mother, signed with Papa's name, promising that he would come in in the afternoon.

Miss Keehan took the note from me with the tips of her fingers and looked at me as though I had warts on my person. She let me stay.

Papa appeared in the afternoon, carefully dressed in his blue serge suit and narrow trousers. He wore the stiff white collar the occasion warranted. But I could see that though he carried his Homburg hat, he had not worn it from the

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minute he'd left Mama's sight. His thick blond curls were unmanageable at all times, and now stood up, adding a good three inches to his height.

He introduced himself to Miss Keehan and made her a small stiff bow. I had never seen him do this before. Miss Keehan raised one eyebrow and inclined her head a little as though she were really a countess, and a commoner had come to pay respects.

"I suppose you are aware of why I have sent for you?" she said stiffly.

Papa bowed again, to my delight, and smiled at her. "I have come to hear your side, before I can make judgment."

Miss Keehan's brows went higher.

"That is only fair, you admit it?" Papa said.

Miss Keehan looked at him very hard. "As her parent, what do you know of this, and how do you allow it?" She flourished the letter at him.

"Permit me," Papa said and he took it from her, although I could see she had had no intention of relinquishing it. All of a sudden I felt fine.

FIRST, Papa held the letter up to his nose, and then at arm's length. He threw me a look of mock inquiry. He said, "Tsk, tsk," and studied the envelope again. Papa could only read print letters. I had scribbled this writing to disguise my hand. He could look at it forever and it would mean nothing to him.

"Well, aren't you going to read it?" Miss Keehan tapped her foot.

Papa looked at her tapping foot, then at the letter. He took a chance. "It is addressed to me?"

"Of course not, to your daughter. Can't you see?" For a minute I thought she would snatch it from him. But Papa held on, his large hand covering the whole envelope.

"Then the letter was not meant for you or for me," Papa went on, his voice getting softer.

"What has that to do with it?"

"How did you come by it?" Papa asked.

"I took it from her. I'm in charge here, and I—"

"I do not understand," my father broke in. "This is not yours, not addressed to you, not meant for you, yet you took it, and read it." He looked baffled. "Permit me, I am a stranger here, but is there not a law against meddling with United States mail?"

I leaned back in my seat. I felt swell all over. Nobody could beat my father on the question of law.

Miss Keehan started to protest. Papa held up his large hand. "It is all right, I assure you. I will make no more of it. We are human and make mistakes. I am sure you have done your duty as you understand it." He slipped the letter into his pocket and patted it from the outside.

The weight of that letter suddenly settled me, and the giddiness departed out of me. Oh, that letter!

Papa was saying, "If my daughter or my wife have distressed you, I beg your pardon and I promise you justice will be done. Permit me to say how much I admire your courage to come here each day, good weather or foul, to stand before this—" and he gestured toward the class. He gave her his most beautiful smile.

"Oh, well," Miss Keehan simpered, turning on her heel a little, "one must do what one must."

"So true! It was a pleasure to meet you." He took her hand in his and bowed very low this time. The class snickered and I could have slain them all. Papa was too good to be wasted on such an audience.

When he had gone, Miss Keehan smiled at us. "Such a charming man," she said.

Unwilling to leave well enough alone, I burst out, "His father was a duke."

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"Really?" She was startled, but impressed.

"They had to flee from the revolution," I went on, not daring to use the word Bolshevik again.

"Were they able to rescue the family jewels?" Miss Keehan asked sweetly.

"No," I went right on fabricating, "they buried them and my father has the map. Someday we are going back and dig them up."

"Oh," said Miss Keehan coldly. She looked at the class a little too knowingly and I decided to shut up.

AT THREE o'clock, I found Papa waiting for me at the exit. I was surprised and scared.

"We will walk," Papa said, without asking me, and he turned toward the park, two blocks away. He did not talk to me which was not unusual. Sometimes Papa and I walked a whole afternoon without talking. Only this day it was different. I didn't even feel like humming.

We walked a little way into the park. Papa started to scrape some dry leaves together with his shoe. I was anxious to be of some help and hastened to make a mound.

Papa looked at the sky. It was smoke-blue, and a little heavy. The day was too warm for November and too beautiful for me. I wished that it would storm suddenly, so that the trees would bend and crash and that the earth would run slithering into mud. I wished that my face would be wet with rain, and my hair plastered to my head. . . .

"There's the matter of that letter," Papa said quietly. I was mute. Let the storm come, angry and terrible. I promised God a lot of extravagant things, only let the storm come and be done.

"From whom did the letter come?"

"From no one."

"That is interesting. No one writes a letter. It takes form and wings its way to you."

"Yes," I said.

"No," said Papa. I gulped. "What is in it?"

"Nothing."

"Ha! This is even more interesting. No one writes nothing and it causes so much trouble." He took the letter and weighed it in his hand. I looked up into his face, but he did not look at me.

"Can you tell me what this nothing is?"

"I cannot," I said. I really could not.

"Can you not?" he asked me sadly. And I nearly wept at the sound of his voice. He looked at the sky again and at the leaves that kept floating down. "I am sorry for that," he said at last.

I could feel the warm breath of the wind on my cheek and I kept drying my palms on the sides of my coat.

"Well, then, a letter from no one that means nothing is better off invisible." He felt in his pocket for his matches and struck one on his thumbnail. The match flared up. Papa looked at me and waited.

"Burn it," I said. We watched one corner disappear and then the other. It burned quickly and Papa dropped it on the leaves. He drew a circle on the earth with the toe of his shoe to keep the fire from spreading. Then he sat down on a stone across from me, and we looked into the fire.

I began to cry and Papa pretended not to notice. "It is the smoke," I said.

Papa shrugged. It was nothing to him. His knee showed bony through the worn cloth of his trousers.

"It was a love letter," I shouted. Papa did not turn.

"I wrote it to me and used one of Mama's stamps to mail it. I took the stamp without asking."

Papa nodded as though he understood how it was.

"I mailed it to me because I wanted it to look real and I waited for the mailman. Mama lets me have the key to bring up the letters."

"You told Mama about the letter?"

"No. I hid it and took it to show the children."

"The teacher saw it and took it?"

I nodded. Papa picked up a dried twig and started to snap it into small pieces. I did the same thing.

"Do you see how one wrong led to another, one lie upon another?"

"But it wasn't wrong to write the letter," I insisted.

"You pretended it was from someone else, not as part of a game but because you intended to deceive someone. Why?"

This was not so easy to answer or to admit to. I considered it for a long time. The reasons that had prompted the letter were already far away, and not so important.

"The other girls are bigger and they talk about boys and they never notice me. I wanted them to see that I was somebody, too. I wanted them to—" I didn't know now, what it was I wanted to impress on my classmates.

"Ah," said Papa. "Recognition." He smiled, but not at me.

I looked around. I didn't know what it was he recognized.

"You remind me of the rooster who was not content with being the dominant force in the henhouse. A little worm burned in him. Why should an ordinary hen be able to lay an egg and not a handsome rooster? He did not examine the fact that it was not in the nature of a rooster to do thus, but went around plotting and exerting himself to no avail.

"Came a day he stumbled on a little puny egg laid by a pullet, to one side by the fence. Here was the very thing. The hens were off scratching away, as hens are inclined. So, with utmost caution, the rooster backed up to the meager little egg, crooked his glossy tail, let out his handsome chest, threw back his comb, thus, and crowed, 'Come-see-what-I-can-do!'" Papa threw back his great head, closed his eyes in enjoyment and crowed.

"Go on," I begged, forgetting that the story was being told to teach me a lesson.

"Well, the hens, having the inquisitive characteristics of all females, came running singly and in groups, crowding the vain old rooster up against the fence. They came so quickly and in such abundance, not leaving room for one another to breathe, that the old rooster was stampeded. In his excitement, he stepped through the thin little eggshell—and got his feet sticky."

PAPA paused and squinted at the sky. "If you want recognition from those you admire, you must work hard and come by it honestly. Do the best you can with the things you best can do, Robin. That should be enough for any little girl."

He did not seem to understand how hard I'd worked on that letter.

"I'm sorry for the day's pay you lost, and the stamp," I said, "but it was a good letter."

"I can take no pride in it," he said. "It was a false expression, entirely wasted, and led to no kindness for anyone."

"I won't do it again, Papa."

"If I thought you would, would I sit here talking to you as one friend to another?" His smile, at last, was very sweet to me, and yet aroused so much pain in my heart that I could feel my eyes filling.

Papa wiped my face with his red-and-white workman's handkerchief. Mama hated him to use these. She felt it marked him peasant. But Papa believed that that which was only utilitarian ought at least to be redeemed by color.

"Your mother will be looking for us," Papa said. "Let us go and see what is for supper, though neither of us has earned it this day." He took a stalk of St.-John's-bread from his pocket and snapped it in two. He gave me the larger piece, and I realized how hungry I was.

We walked home slowly, carefully saving the hard brown seeds to plant in Mama's window box.

THE END

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LET'S REBUILD OUR BUILDING CODES

Continued from page 15

composition boards by setting up performance standards—the weight that must be safely borne, the duration of a material's resistance to fire, and so forth —thus making it possible for your contractor to employ a new material or gadget as soon as it has shown that it can take it?

In Grandfather's time the two-by-four upright, or stud, spaced at sixteen-inch intervals, formed the vertical ribs of almost every house of frame construction. Hundreds of codes still insist upon such a framework although with walls of thinner, lighter, sometimes stronger materials than Grandfather knew, and the use of some modern types of beams at floor and ceiling levels, the two-by-fours needn't be closer together than forty inches to assure adequate strength and safety. The difference, of course, shows up in your bill for lumber.

Plumbing—Our Nation's Pride!

What, if anything, does your home town code have to say about plumbing, the one modern amenity in which almost every well-washed and traveled American proudly proclaims his own country's pre-eminence, even though we still have 11,000,000 homes with no running water and 14,000,000 dwellings lacking flush toilets? In the plumbing field municipal code makers may require larger—and therefore more expensive—pipes than good building practice has found advisable. They often forestall the employment of copper tubing in making repairs, so that these become unreasonably expensive. Water and air pressures are not the only pressures the plumbing interests know how to apply.

The "S" or half "S" your drain pipes make under each sanitary fixture—tub, basin, sink or toilet—is deemed by the government Bureau of Standards and by most city codes to be ample as a trap to keep waste fumes from returning into your rooms, but New York requires additional traps and vents where the pipes exit from each property line into the public sewer. This adds both to the plumber's income and to the cost of living in New York. To such criticism the New York plumber replies that in sewer gas explosions, the extra vent keeps these blasts from blowing back into the house. Here again the safety factor necessary in codes gets into the realm of opinions, some more costly than others.

The members of the National Association of Master Plumbers and the makers of the fixtures they install like to consider themselves as being in business for your health as well as for their own prosperity. On tap the master plumbers keep a code prepared by their standardization committee headed by Jere L. Murphy, who for more than fifty years has directed the installation of fixtures all over the continent, from cottages in Newfoundland and Panama to the topmost faucet in the Empire State Building.

Building is an industry so divided against itself that city councils are inclined to let sleeping codes lie. The moment the elect in City Hall nudge a code they find themselves in a snarl of disputes among the people who are presented as experts on such subjects as fire resistance, engineering design, heating, elevators, boilers, sanitation, sunshine and ventilation, zoning and, of course, building materials of all sorts, each having its boosters, paid or voluntary. Though the willing ears of the councilmen be reconciled to such strains, the question arises: Can the budget bear the expense? Even when drafting committees work for nothing, codes are an expensive form of literature, particularly in states whose laws require municipalities to publish ordinances in newspapers.

Threshing out New York City's existing code was a ten-year task for fifteen committees of ten men each. Going into their first huddles in 1928 they emerged in 1937 with a volume so bulky a longshoreman might have asked for a helper in moving it. Interim advances in the making and use of materials had outmoded parts of the code from the start, but New York has kept abreast of most developments by amendments and decisions from its Board of Standards and Appeals. The $80,000 a year which this board costs may be peanuts in the city with the only billion-dollar municipal budget, but smaller communities couldn't afford such an outlay.

Once it has adopted a code, Main Street must pin its hopes for proper enforcement on the honesty and capability of a building commissioner. His post is usually too poorly paid to attract a competent man. Old-timers contend it takes a building commissioner at least five years to learn his job, but few are allowed to stick at it that long, what with a new crowd getting into City Hall at two- or four-year election intervals. Atlanta is the one city which elects a building commissioner. Detroit is the only one that hires a $12,000-a-year man for the position. In many cities it is consigned to a faithful voter who the mayor, after dishing out the fire and police commissionerships, reckons is deserving of one of the leftovers.

To jolt a city into modernizing its rules for housebuilding oftentimes requires on a cataclysmic scale what the insurance people call an act of God, or else a page-one streamer-headlined example of human carelessness. A rash of inspections and reforms spread over the land last year after hotel fires in Atlanta and Chicago had caused scores of sudden, horrible deaths. Mayors, councilmen and city engineers who hadn't been heard from since Election Day began writing in for advice and guidance to the Building Construction Bureau of the Department of Commerce, the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the American Standards Association, the American Society for Testing Materials and other organizations which know how to keep standard codes up to date.

More recently the Chamber of Commerce of the United States began urging local chambers to initiate reviews of their home-town codes, remarking that building regulations too often were the "hysterical aftermath of some great disaster rather than of the carefully thought-out deliberations all good planning entails."

Lessons Learned From Tragedy

It took the Cocoanut Grove fire to prompt the state legislature in Boston to expand the powers of the commonwealth's public safety department and open an inquiry which disclosed that 257 towns in Massachusetts had no provision for inspection of buildings. The New York legislature discovered last winter that a comparable situation existed in the Empire State. The Massachusetts legislators concluded it was almost impossible to expect small communities to draft their own codes since they lacked the money or competent men, or both.

So the state itself went to work on a building code to the drafting of which the Massachusetts Institute of Technology contributed the best minds it could corral. This new Massachusetts law says the Board of Standards in the State Department of Public Safety "shall set up alternative provisions covering the use of materials and structural systems in dwellings, which shall then become acceptable throughout the state despite the possibly

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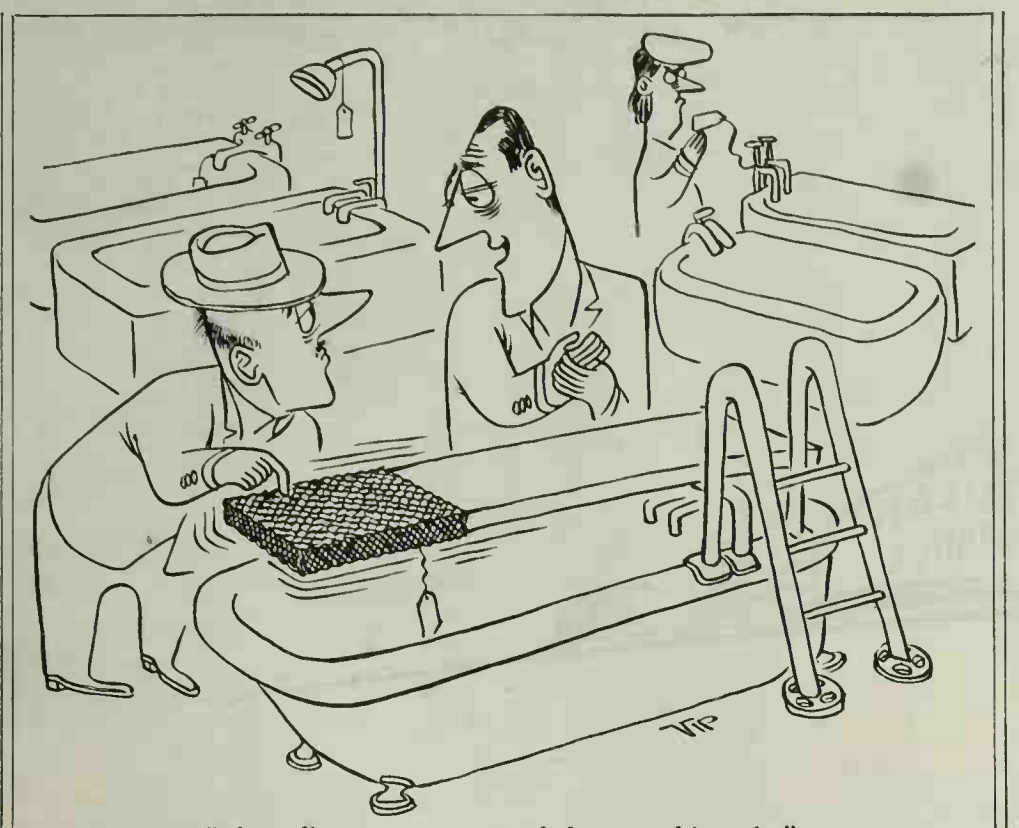

COLLIER'S "It's really more ornamental than anything else" VIRGIL PARTCH

different requirements of local building codes."

Only a few other states have building codes. Those of Ohio and Indiana apply only to public buildings and places of assembly, such as theaters. From Wisconsin's code one- and two-family houses are exempt. In recent months both the Connecticut and New Jersey legislators provided for state codes which municipal councils may adopt by resolution.

Most advocates of code reform agree that the brakes which the chaotic code situation puts on building construction would be noticeably released if the codes were made more uniform the country over with their rules based more on performance standards than on the use of specified materials in certain ways in certain quantities. There must be some variations with a city's size, climate and geographical location. Florida's designers can ignore the matter of snow loads on a roof, but they must keep hurricanes in mind, just as West Coast code makers anticipate earth tremors and the Kansas architect will take precautions against tornadoes. But for the bulk of its provisions one code could well be like every other.

Slow but noticeable progress has been made in recent years along the road to uniformity, even in a land where bricks come in 75 sizes, roofing slates in more than a thousand, and most dwellings have to be put up to fit an individual taste or pocketbook.

The New England Building Officials Conference code has been adopted, with minor variations, by more than 100 cities, that of the Pacific Coast Building Conference by more than 200 others, and the Southern code by several score. Regulations of the Federal Housing Administration have helped spur the dragging march toward uniformity, but these have been frequently criticized as being, in some respects, overcautious and, therefore, needlessly expensive to comply with.

As the summer of 1947 came to an end, with millions of Americans eager to have new roofs over their heads and only a few hundred thousand dwelling units to show for two years of postwar construction efforts, a basic building code was offered gratis to any community that may wish it by the Building Officials Foundation, a nonprofit-making offshoot of the Building Officials Conference of America, Incorporated.

After three years of spare-time get-togethers by a committee of prominent engineers, architects and building commissioners roped in from all parts of the country and paid only their travel expenses, the last "t" was crossed on this free-for-all basic code at meetings in Detroit and Columbus. It is a performance code, prescribing standards of construction, but refraining from peddling any man's wares or prohibiting another's—if they can come up to scratch. It leaves the way open for the adoption of any material, or process, now in use or to come, which meets required laboratory tests. For towns of less than 10,000 population, the foundation offers a version of the code written in practical, nontechnical detail.

Next Comes the Practical Test

Whether this new tome turns out to be an answer to the home hunter's prayer will probably take a long while to determine. It was steered through many committee meetings by Bernard A. Savage, now a nation-wide distributor of composition building materials, who at that time was completing twelve years as commissioner of New York's Board of Standards and Appeals. He thinks this new basic code opens the way for all communities to adopt uniform requirements that can easily be kept up to date.

But the road will be long, much of it through uncharted terrain. Of the 16,220 American municipalities, some 14,000 are without local building regulations, as are nearly all of the rural areas. And in the 2,000 communities that do have codes there are personal whims, political considerations, labor union formulas and other barriers to standardizing the rules of the building game. As they now stand in their infinite, irritating and expensive variety, the codes create a situation which, in Mr. Savage's words, is "as ridiculous as though the University of Illinois football team had to play under a different set of rules in each college city it visited."

Whatever else Congress can do about the housing problem, it has no authority to tamper with building codes, except in the District of Columbia. The codes derive their authority from the police power, which resides in the states and is commonly delegated to the communities. So, if you have a notion that code restrictions or bad administration may be holding up or unduly increasing the cost of building in your community, don't go looking for your congressman's weeping towel up on Capitol Hill. The place to start doing something about it is right downtown in your own City Hall.

THE END

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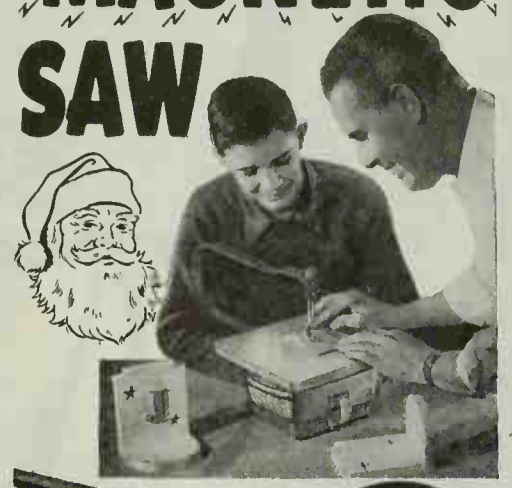

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OUR DUTY AS TO FOOD

SPARK-PLUGGED by the energetic Charles Luckman, the Citizens' Food Committee is ballyhooing meatless Tuesdays and eggless and poultryless Thursdays in this country so that the fewest possible people in various other countries may starve to death this winter.

The facts in the case are clear enough. Simply, there is not enough food in the world just now to go around; the United States, despite the short corn crop, can stretch out its food supplies so as to be of material help elsewhere; and grain is the core of this relief program because grain will feed more persons per pound than any other food.

So it's our Christian duty to string along with the conservation program to the best of our ability. The object in cutting down on meat, fowl and eggs is to discourage the farmers from pouring excessive amounts of grain into their cattle and poultry while ogling high-market quotations on those products.

Voluntary conservation worked well in World War I. It should work in this war against starvation—and we mean real starvation, n hunger.

It should work especially well if the will resist all temptation to hector and th rest of us, and limit their appeals to the tures which, believe it or not, most of

Don't starve yourself or family, but c eat, and don't waste food. Those are ba any time. At the present time, they are that; and, to repeat, it is our plain Christi cut down on them.

WHY CONTINUE THE PAC?

WHEN the Taft-Hartley Act was passed, the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee swore that it was going to get the scalp of every member of Congress who had voted for the measure. Now, the PAC is announcing that it will center its fire in the 1948 campaigns on only about 150 of these lawmakers.

We have a better suggestion for the C.I.O. than that. It is: Why not just abolish the Political Action Committee?

The organization is based on the premise that there is a "labor vote" in this country which can be swung as a bloc if enough appeals are made to its supposed passions and prejudices. That premise has been knocked over in election after election, the latest of these episodes having been the swamping of the PAC's candidate in the 8th Pennsylvania District's recent special Congressional contest.

The PAC's trouble is that few Americans are class-conscious, despite the efforts of radicals for the past 40 years to make them so. That, we believe, is because though every U.S. workingman knows he is a workingman, he also knows he has a chance to become a capitalist, as plenty of workers have done. Why, then, should he tie himself ganization that professes to think only of ers' interests?

All this is tough for the PAC's jobho for its spenders of C.I.O. members' m forced contributions. But we don't se PAC ever is going to get around this fac the United States. Consequently, we don Phil Murray and his top C.I.O. associa want to put any more money on this w That PAC nag just doesn't have what win races.

EDITORIALS ON THE AIR

COMING up for discussion in January before the Federal Communications Commission is the interesting question whether radio stations and networks should or shouldn't broadcast editorials —frankly labeled expressions, by competent commentators, of the views and policies of the various radio organizations.

We hope the FCC will okay the experiment. If it does, we hope radio in general will go into it carefully and seriously.

What we mean by that is that it is not overeasy to find persons really qualified to write editorials for magazines or newspapers, and that it will probably be no easier to find speakers who can send editorials over the air with the needed vigor and persuasiveness.

Mere glibness won't deliver the goods. Hysterical editorials will impress as few customers on the air as on paper. Any editorial broadcaster who "talks down" or "talks up" to his audience can expect to win as many Bronx cheers as are invariably won by newspaper and magazine editorialists who write down or write up:

People who follow editorials are looking for intelligent, forthright, honest expressions and policy by persons who can be pr know what they are talking about, and w it in a reasonably interesting and stimul

The editorial audience, so far as we've to discover, doesn't want a lot of big wo punches, tightrope walking, or perfunct filling. It wants meat for its money, a detect substitutes and phonies with lig rapidity.

Anyway, we expect to watch the ethere experiment with great interest.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Edit

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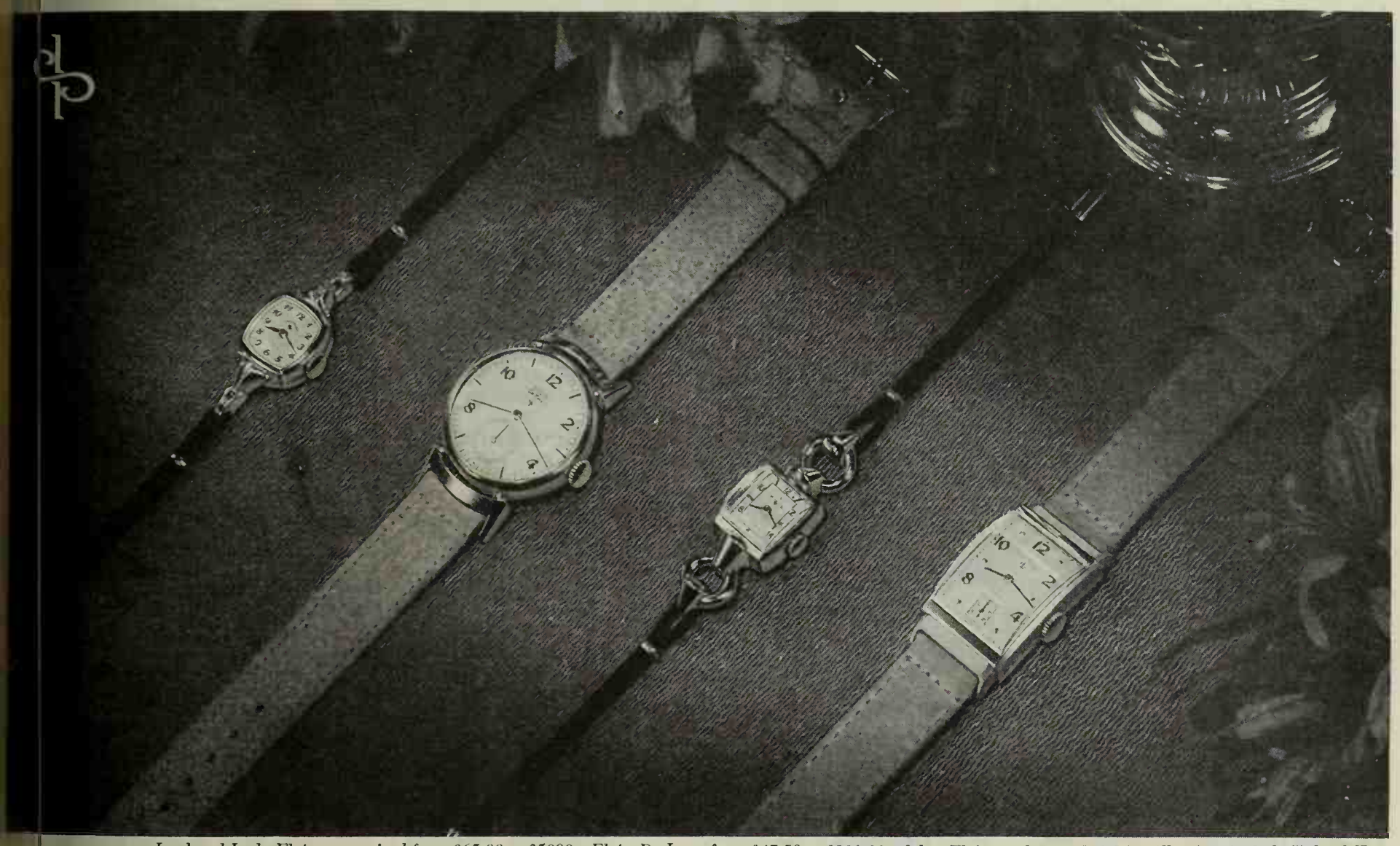

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COLLIER'S

November 22, 1947

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THIS TIME FOR KEEPS"

ESTHER WILLIAMS

LAURITZ MELCHIOR • JIMMY DURANTE • JOHNNIE JOHNSTON

XAVIER CUGAT and his orchestra

DAME MAY WHITTY • SHARON McMANUS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by GLADYS LEHMAN • Story by ERWIN GELSEY and LORRAINE FIELDING

Directed by.....RICHARD THORPE
Produced by.....JOE PASTERNAK

Our desk calendar said: "THIS TIME FOR KEEPS"—tonite, 8:30. Now we had been slaving away all day. We were, to put it mildly, beat. The world was too much with us. But at 8:30 p.m. we were in a darkened screening room . . .

Then, wham! "This Time For Keeps" had started—M-G-M was reeling out one of its fabulous musical romances. Our pulse quickened. Our heart pounded. Our foot tapped. How we loved it!

Just look at the inventory of this wonderful picture: first of all there's Esther Williams draping that lithe, lovely figure in ten different bathing suits . . . we counted 'em. Esther performs six water ballets aided and abetted by the universe's prettiest aqua-queens. Then, there's handsome Johnnie Johnston who sings five exciting love songs (pssst! that's how he gets Esther).

More inventory: lovable Jimmy Durante, up to his nose in Technicolor, playing the piano even under water (we're not kidding!). And, there's the magnificent Lauritz Melchior, in moments of melody that made us applaud madly.

Oho, and that's not all! There are the terrific rhumba rhythms of Xavier Cugat and his orchestra; little Sharon McManus who danced so adorably with Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh". There's a fast-rising romantic actor, Dick Simmons, and brilliant actress Dame May Whitty.

It's all beautifully filmed in Technicolor. Breathtaking winter and summer scenes photographed on enchanting Mackinac Island. What a background for romance!

For "This Time For Keeps", movie audiences throughout the land will send forth volleys of acclaim to veteran showmen Joe Pasternak, producer of such successes as "Anchors Aweigh", and Richard Thorpe who directed hits like "Bathing Beauty".

For a great time, a delightful time, a tuneful, Technicolorful time, by all means see "This Time For Keeps".

THIS WEEK

FICTION

TRY TO FORGET — By ALLENE CORLISS — 11
The Serial Story. The first of four parts.

THE PIGSKIN HEART — By JOEL REEVE — 17
Garth didn't know when to quit—and the coach wasn't telling him.

A BIG DAY FOR MULVEY — By WILLIAM HOLDER — 20
There are some snarls a rookie traffic cop can't foresee.

FIRST CHOICE — By RAMONA STEWART and ALLEN MARPLE — 24
But once Dida set her cap for him, George had no choice at all.

THE RIVAL — By IRENE KITTLE KAMP — 28
The Short Short Story.

WATER HOLE — By HAL G. EVARTS — 100
To live, he had to outsmart a man who held all the cards.

ARTICLES

ROGUES' RODEO — By WILLIAM T. RIVES — 14
Texas convicts stage the world's wildest Wild West show.

GARDEN OF ALLAH, I LOVE YOU — By AMY PORTER — 18
Wacky doings at a Hollywood hotel that many film folk call home.

SIDETRACK TO PALESTINE — By RUTH GRUBER — 22
A reporter visits Cyprus and tells how Jewish DPs are treated.

WILL THE NEGRO ELECT OUR NEXT PRESIDENT? — By WALTER WHITE — 26
The "colored vote" could play a vital role in national politics.

CRIME AT YOUR FRONT DOOR — By STANLEY FRANK — 36
Mailbox thieves are getting away with $300,000,000 a year.

PRINCE OF PRESS AGENTS — By DICKSON HARTWELL — 75
Reviewing the amazing publicity exploits of Mr. Steve Hannagan.

PINK PILLS AND PIN-UPS — By PAUL GARDNER and ALLAN GOULD — 97
"Doc" Webb, famous St. Pete druggist, sponsors a beauty contest.

●

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COVER — By *GILBERT DARLING*

THE WEEK'S M

LOWERING THE UPPER CL

DEAR EDITOR: Your article de the ancient great houses of En the rapidly becoming extinct Br classes (The Baronial Blues, Oct very interesting. I wonder how us realize that this trend has al self felt in America? The am efficient American makes his after taxes during his life and t ance tax are paid, how much carry on a dynasty?

It would seem then that in sp best efforts, we are being forced h fundamental tribal codes. All for one for all. What name would the coming economy? Service to t people is displacing self-aggrandiz a prime motive. We are bein toward community interest. Th the tribe, the state, and the world.

C. R. CARY, Oak

We hope.

YOU'RE TALKING THROUGH OUR

DEAR FRIEND DAVENPORT: Shoe size are hard to find—no, my fe large! They're small, and W-I-D I have to accept whatever I can fi size. Now, I find after reading H Jackson's Both Ends Neat (Oct. I have often worn country shoes On a recent trip with nothing but shoes along, I did not leave my h for three days, even for meals!

Mr. Jackson also states that a hat should be worn every day. It to think what my hat bill is going the end of a year.

AL O. WENDELBURG, Miles Cit

IT SEEMS THERE WAS ONE IRISI

SIR: I thank you for the fascinati (The Week's Mail, Sept. 27th) fr othy E. Hayes, of Long Beach, C cerning the good-will visit of my a to Newburyport in A.D. 778.

In this connection may I ask you the name of the King of All Irel shining light of freedom of the Isle and her peoples throughout th as Brian Boru or Brian Boroim not Brian Borhme, as Mr. Hayes ten it?

This rather difficult spelling easy when you hyphenate it as IM-HE ("Boro, I am he") but good enough.

I, as a columnist, receive letters over the world. It comes occasio "BORIL," and once in a while as "I But the most insulting, if not int

(Continued on page 72)

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LONG DISTANCE CALLS ARE MOVING FASTER

We're adding new circuits every day and service is improving.

Nine out of ten out-of-town calls go through while you hold the line. We can handle more calls, by more people, more of the time.

That's real progress but we're not boasting yet. Too many folks are still waiting for telephones. Some calls are still delayed.

We can tell you, however, that we're on our way to that happy day when everyone will get all the telephone service he wants . . . with speed, accuracy and of course with courtesy.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

With hair like this,
you'll hear this·

"hello, handsome"

Chaps with handsome hair make a hit with many a miss. Because girls take to well-groomed hair like bees to honey. If you could use a little honey, try . . .

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol-Myers

50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Feel that clean, freshening *tingle!* That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from the all-oil dressings, hey? And the alcohol evaporates in a flash! Leaves a fine protective film of pure vegetable oils over your hair and scalp. This prevents dryness, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. **10 seconds** to comb. How is *that* for handsome hair? Natural lustre with no greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. At any drug counter or barber shop . . . ask for Vitalis today.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER

For several years, the Windmill Theater in London has presented musical shows called Revudevilles which have become famous for the near nudity of their beautiful and shapely girls. Today, these shows are so torrid that the management has installed in the lobby a large sign reading, "Any additional artificial aid to vision is not PERMITTED."

A game rapidly growing in popularity in England is korfbal, a kind of combination football and basketball played outdoors on a large field with goal baskets at each end. A team consists of six men and six women; and the game's first rule forbids tackling a player of the opposite sex.

Some prisons throughout the world have metronomes operating in the corridors outside the solitary confinement cells so that the convicts in them will be prevented, by the constant ticking, from communicating with one another by means of tapped-out messages.

At times, the antarctic regions become enveloped in a peculiar milky-white fog that has caused explorers to lose their sense of distance and perspective in such a way that a small matchbox, lying only a few feet from them in the snow, looked like a barn a mile away.

In Hansard, the report of the proceedings in the British Parliament, an ordinary M.P. is referred to as Honorable Member, one who is in or has been in the armed forces as Honorable and Gallant Member, and one who is also a lawyer as Honorable, Gallant and Learned Member.

Now available to blind persons without charge is a new sewing needle that they can thread, by the sense of touch alone, in less time than a sighted individual can thread a regular needle.

The hog is one animal that does not "make a hog of itself" or overeat when having access to large quantities of food.

The greatest depth ever r a deep-sea diver equipped an oxygen mask was the 3 which Maurice Fargues div in the Mediterranean off Sè This depth (pressure 175 the square inch) broke th world's record of 295.2 fee 131 pounds to the square i was made there last June. however, was too strenuou gues, and he died within a after returning to the surfa

Shortly after Congress h the Declaration of Indepe 1776 and a formal copy ha pared for signatures, it Thomas Jefferson, took h corrected manuscript with he returned to Monticello. by Jefferson as well as the priceless document reposed his files there for 47 year whereabouts was brought t a dispute over its authorshi

Plans for the new New Yo ium call for equipment tha conditioned 100 kinds of cause captive fish cannot liv to which they are not ac Besides 40 main pumping s will circulate the water thro and aerators, there will be mentary systems that will different waters at the prop atures and supplied with the chemicals.—*By Frances New York City.*

No stage play in Americ ever achieved the popular Nights in a Barroom, whi *première* in Boston in 1854. some 50 years have passe heyday when hundreds of were performing it, this me still being presented in thi Four movies of it were mad 1909 and 1931 and a re staged on Broadway as late

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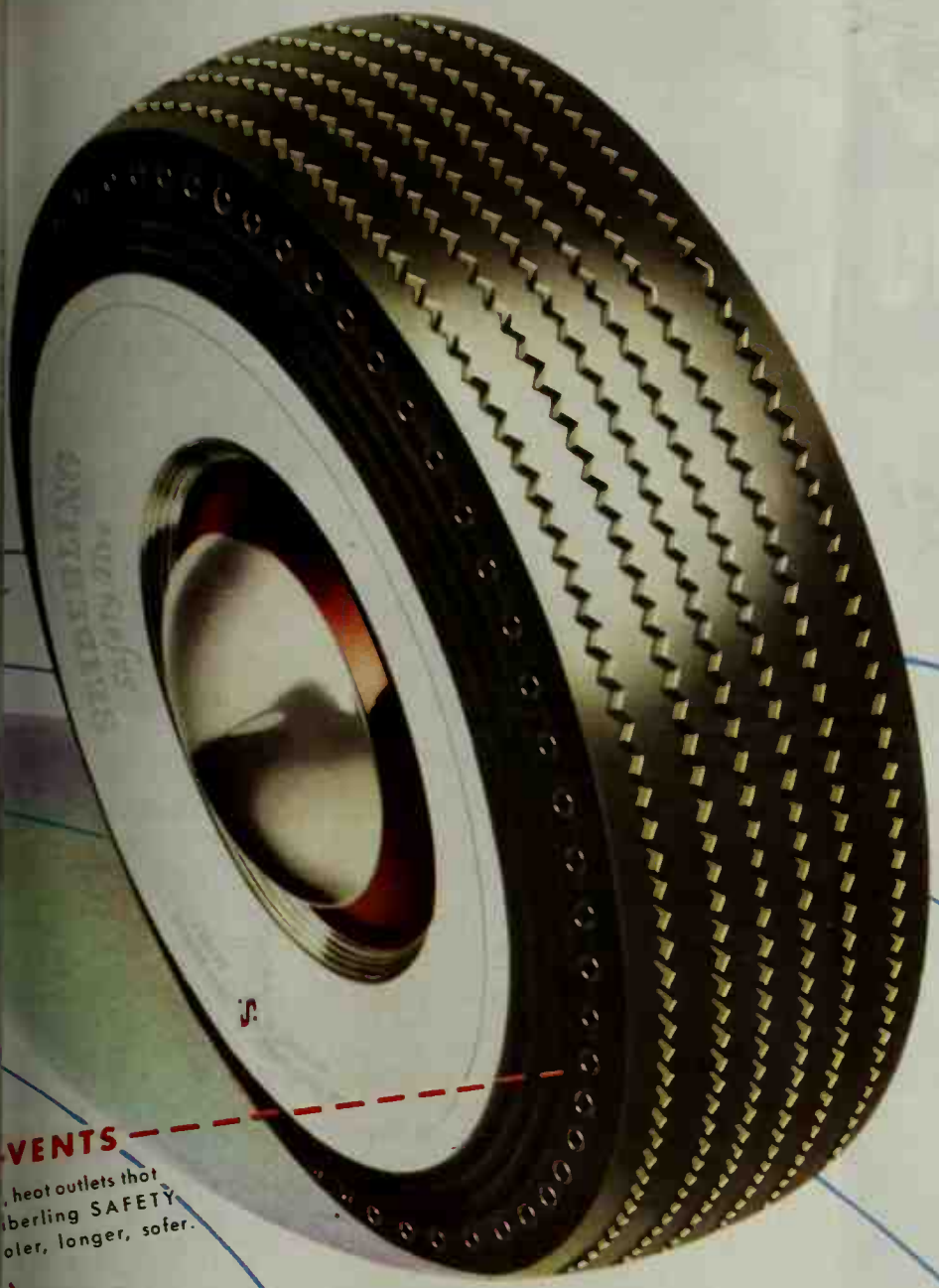

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THE SENSATIONAL NEW Delco AUTO RADIO

In this one set is everything that is finest in auto radio, *plus* the amazing "ELECTRO-TUNER"—a new development which makes obsolete even the very latest type of push-button tuning!

This new electro-mechanical masterpiece—exclusive to Delco Radio—is operated at the touch of a finger tip . . . each time you touch it, a new station is "trapped" and tuned in for you. Another touch brings you the next station in line—*automatically!*

No Pre-Set Push-Buttons

This sort of tuning is a safety measure. There is no dangerous fumbling with dials or push-buttons . . . no taking your eyes off the road—*even for a second!* You do nothing but drive—and flip a finger!

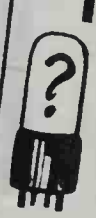
Transfer from Car to Car

Here's another feature of the new Delco: it is easily installed on any make of car or truck. And it is easily transferable when you get a new car.

Act Now!

This is your opportunity to get a truly remarkable auto radio—one in which there is no pre-setting of stations and no push-button tuning—in fact, *no tuning at all,* because the tuning is done for you, *automatically.* Ask for a demonstration at the nearest United Motors Service station.

THIS DOES IT!



This is the magic "trigger tube" which sets up a separate sensitivity field and tunes in the stations for you, one by one!

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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THE WEEK'S WO

Ruth Gruber in Jerusalem, leaving for Cyprus with fresh fil

RUTH GRUBER (Sidetrack to Palestine, p. 22) has recently returned from the DP camps of Europe and Palestine, where she accompanied UNSCOP (United Nations Special Committee on Palestine). She was the only correspondent attached to UNSCOP permitted by the British to enter Cyprus. "Although I've been close to the Jewish problem for some years," she says, "I was completely unprepared for what I found on Cyprus, which has been curtained off from the world. Hence my article."

On Cyprus, the British gave her freedom to roam around one camp, Xylotimbu. "In the other camp, Caraolos," she says, "they gave me a lovable Bertie Wooster character, a British officer, who, sober or not, escorted me daily through the camp grounds, permitting me to take pictures of everything."

Miss Gruber also covered the "Exodus 1947" in Haifa, when the fateful ship was crushed by the British Navy outside Palestine's territorial waters. She then flew to Port-de-Bouc in southern France to cover the hunger strike and departure to Hamburg.

Born in Brooklyn, Miss Gruber, after getting degrees from NYU, Mount Holyoke, Harvard and Wisconsin, took a Ph.D., *summa cum laude* at twenty from the University of Cologne, has newspapered and free-lanced the world over. A rugged trip into the Soviet Arctic resulted in a most unroutine travel book, I Went to the Soviet Arctic. Interior Secretary Ickes appointed her Field Representative in Alaska in April, '41, where she remained during the war. After the war Ickes sent her to Italy to shepherd to Oswego the thousand refugees whom President Roosevelt invited to America. It was then her activities as Palestine specialist began. She is now working on a novel.

BECAUSE he has English, Irish, French, Scotch, Spanish and Austrian blood strains, William T. Rives (Rogues' Rodeo, p. 14) insists he is a native Texan. He pronounces his name Reeves, is thirty-five, is married to a "nice critter" who first attracted him because her eyes disappeared when she laughed. One son, Bill, will always be called "Little Bill," even when he's ninety. Guess why.

Rives says he's been a newspaperman or reasonable facsimile thereof since 1933, ever since he put away his college diploma (where, he doesn't know), except for four years when he prepared communiqués, speeches and news releases for General abroad.

After terminal leave work for the Dallas Morn January 1, 1946, as a rov "Some of my colleagues i ing,' " he says. "I've co thing from politics to gol anniversaries. Toughest in my life: the New Lo explosion of 1937 and Texas City disaster. Ther hundreds of pleasant one Texas prison rodeo. Wh doing the Great Ameri Acute inertia."

THE new serial: "To s around," Allene Cor thor, divulges, "I was b mont, have always live fully intend to die there. have three children, a bra in-law, and have been wr magazines since 1930.

"In case anyone is int why they should be I car I dislike bananas, hot w holidays, shopping for e for the week end, and drop in for ten minutes a hours. However, I like bed, the entire month Kern songs, gray Persian editors who buy my stori who don't), agents who my pretty nose to the gri a lot of other harassed like myself, write for a they could do far less ex far less rewarding things."

As for the birth pangs creation of Try to Forget Corliss has been interru writing anything for mon she set herself a come-hell ter-I'll-write-something d down on the given day hacking away at a story i been floating around in h years. "A young man n Holbrook, whom I was t well during the next f emerged from nowhere. bell and suddenly someth been an idea stopped be and became a story. If crazy," she concludes, " thing about writing is s eyed and mad, at least the it is. . . ."

This week's cover: Party bert Darling, expert wield man-interest pen, delight two sides of the teen-ager

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING since the invention of the phonograph

It's new! It's beautiful! It has everything! New pull-out phonograph makes record loading easy. New high speed changer plays up to 12 records automatically. New static-free F-M radio with tilt-tuning dial. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond period cabinet with compartment for 144 records in albums. See it . . . hear it . . . at your Admiral dealer, today. Walnut only $299.95 (Slightly higher in west and south.)

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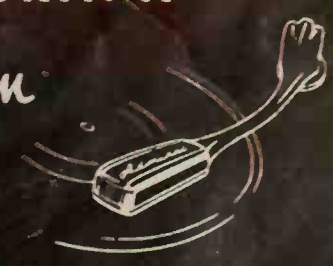

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YOUR CAR seems to be air-borne . . . when you drive with Texaco Sky Chief gasoline. You'll thrill to Sky Chief's luxurious smoothness. You'll appreciate its split-second response . . . its fast starts . . . its mighty surge of power, *there* whenever you need it. With Sky Chief, you TRAVEL FIRST CLASS. It is for those who want the best.

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TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. METROPOLITAN OPERA broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.

Dave had only wanted this one girl, this small, clear-eyed girl with the innocent brown hair

...Y TO FORGET

...BY ALLENE CORLISS

...Branch rejected the man who loved her, but ...ted for it—by marrying a man who hated ...re is the first installment of a powerful novel

...er for November 22, 1947

SHE was expecting him, so he had no sooner pressed the electric buzzer than she had the door open. For a moment they stood without speaking, staring at each other silently, each waiting for the other to take the initiative. In the end she spoke first.

"How do you do?" she said. "Won't you come in, please?" There was no apparent embarrassment or self-consciousness in her voice but neither was there any warmth or friendliness. He was here; she accepted the fact, but it gave her no pleasure.

Well, it didn't give him any either. It had probably been foolish to come here. He had nothing to say to her—nor she to him. Why, then, *had* he come? Why, with his train leaving in less than three hours, had he felt this sudden, inexplicable compulsion to see her, to talk to her in her own apartment—this apartment where Dave must have come—not once, in anger and bitterness, as he, Ridge, was coming today—but again and again, eagerly.

She continued to hold the door open, if not graciously at least courteously, and he walked past her into the room. Cream-colored walls and a blue rug. A soft-cushioned sofa covered in flowered linen, a faded chartreuse velvet wing chair. Built-in bookcases, a handful of copper-red chrysanthemums in a shallow white bowl. Nothing cheap or makeshift about any of this. Nothing, for that matter, cheap or makeshift about the girl.

She had closed the door and was leaning against it, her eyes fastened on him quietly, her face carefully polite, deliberately expressionless. Nothing about her properly

fitted his preconceived idea of her. He had had no idea that she would be so young and untouched-looking. He had not been prepared for the clear, unsullied gray of her eyes. Nor had he known that her hair, cut neither long nor short but an unfashionable, almost awkward length, would be such an innocent shade of brown.

He continued to stare at her, feeling not only confused but oddly betrayed, as if she had no right to look like this. She moved away from the door, crossed to the sofa and sat down on it, drawing her slim legs up beneath her in a completely natural sort of way. So she must have sat countless times, her eyes fastened on Dave, while he pleaded with her, argued with her, his voice young and urgent and beseeching or thick and angry and belligerent, depending on whether or not he had been drinking—pleading with her and getting nowhere and growing less and less able to face it.

Dave, who was brilliant, lovable, better-looking than any man had any right to be, who could have had any girl he wanted just for the asking—and had only wanted this girl, this small, clear-eyed girl with her damnably innocent brown hair and her face that looked, even now, as if it could be both ardent and gay.

He sat down opposite her in the velvet wing chair and she leaned forward, her hands clasped together lightly in her lap, and frowned at him.

"Why," she asked, her gaze fastened on him steadily, "have you come here? What do you want?"

For some reason her words and her cool young composure aroused all the bitterness, all the deep-lying resentment he had felt toward her for months; this bitterness, this resentment spilled over into his voice.

"I came because I wanted to see what sort of person you really were. But mostly I came because I wanted to ask you something." His voice was hard, clipped, unemotional: "Why did you lead my brother on, involve him in a stupid, senseless love affair and then refuse point-blank to marry him?"

SHE stopped looking at him and looked down at her hands. She'd never be able to make him understand. Never, never, never. She'd known that when he telephoned. He'd made up his mind about her long ago and nothing she could say or do would change it now. She recalled Ben Graves telling her about the accident, trying to convey to her tactfully, compassionately, that she wasn't to go to Vermont, that Dave's brother, Ridge, wanted no part of her—that she and any grief, any loss she might be feeling, were of no concern to him whatsoever, and were therefore to be kept quite private and separate.

She took a deep breath, forcing herself to speak quietly.

"But it wasn't a stupid, senseless love affair," she said. "At least," she qualified honestly, "it wasn't at first. And I had a very good reason for not marrying him—I wasn't enough in love with him."

He stared at her, his face suddenly twisted with bitterness and contempt.

"In other words," he said bitterly, "you liked him well enough to indulge in a little off-the-record love-making but not enough to risk an honest, permanent relationship."

She caught her breath sharply.

"You have no right to say a thing like that! You're deliberately making it sound cheap and casual—"

"Well, wasn't it?"

"No," she said, "it wasn't. Dave wasn't a cheap or casual person."

"You mean," he said, "he wasn't until he met you. I'm sorry," he said, "I shouldn't have said that—I'm afraid this thing has hit me pretty hard."

She stared at him with wide, pain-drenched eyes.

"You really hate me, don't you?" she said slowly.

His mouth tightened grimly.

"Yes, I expect I do. You see Dave and I were—well, I loved the guy."

The pain was spreading now through her whole body. It was a hard, ugly knot in her throat, a tight relentless band around her heart. "I know," she said. "He loved you, too. He used to talk about you. He thought you were pretty wonderful."

"How he felt about me doesn't matter. It was how he felt about you that was important. He wanted to marry you. He wanted you not for just a little while but in a way you should have been proud to be wanted—but you preferred to settle for a more casual relationship. . . ."

But it hadn't been like that! It hadn't been at *all* like that. What could she say to make him believe this? How could she explain to this dark, hard-bitten young man that after months of wandering, lost and forsaken, in that dark valley of despair into which Denny St. George's death had plunged her, Dave Holbrook had come into her life, taken her by the hand and led her up and out onto a high and sunlit plateau where it was possible for her to laugh again and *feel* and care what happened to her? How could she explain to him that after months of being dead, Dave had made her come alive again—and that for this she had been grateful to him, so grateful that when he had suggested that they go away together for a week end, it had not seemed too high a price to pay for all he had done for her? How could she explain that in the beginning, unconventional as the whole thing had undoubtedly been, it had seemed to both her and Dave, right and honest?

How could she explain any of this? She couldn't, of course. Not to him. Not to anyone. Nevertheless, and painful and futile as it would undoubtedly be, she had to try.

"But it wasn't like that," she said. "At least it wasn't like that in the beginning. In the beginning it was—"

He interrupted her with a sort of savage impatience.

"I'm not interested in the beginning," he told her coldly, "it's only what it—what *you* did to him, eventually, that interests me."

"But that wasn't my fault. I had no idea he would fall so desperately in love with me. If he hadn't, if he had just gone on loving me the way I loved him, I might even have married him. It is quite possible that I would have married him. But you can't marry a person who feels like that about you unless you feel the same way about him. You simply can't do it—it would be too horrible for both of you."

But neither his voice nor the hard, unbending way he was looking at her showed anything but his intense implacable dislike for her. He was saying, "And you don't think things were horrible for Dave the way they were? So horrible that the only way he could face the whole lousy situation was by drinking himself blind night after night?"

"I know," she said slowly, her face still twisted bleakly, "but think how much worse it would have been if I had given in and married him. It wasn't my *not marrying* him that was driving Dave crazy, Ridge, it was my not being able to love him the way he wanted to be loved. And all the marriage services in the world wouldn't have changed that."

She had called him Ridge quite naturally. As if she had known him for years, as if they were friends instead of the bitterest, most instinctive of enemies. She had charm, all right. Plenty of it. And it was obvious she wanted to win him over. Make him see her side of it. Well, she was wasting her breath. She didn't have a side. She had drifted without the slightest compunction into a light, kiss and run love affair, and it had boomeranged in her face—and now she was trying to slide out from under, refusing to accept any responsibility for what had happened.

SUDDENLY he remembered Dave's first letter, which he'd received months ago in Germany. Dave had met a new girl. She was enchanting. Her name was Dorcas Branch. Ben Graves had introduced them. She read manuscripts for him. They'd gone dancing a couple of times and to several concerts at Carnegie. Nothing here to indicate that she was anything more than just another girl.

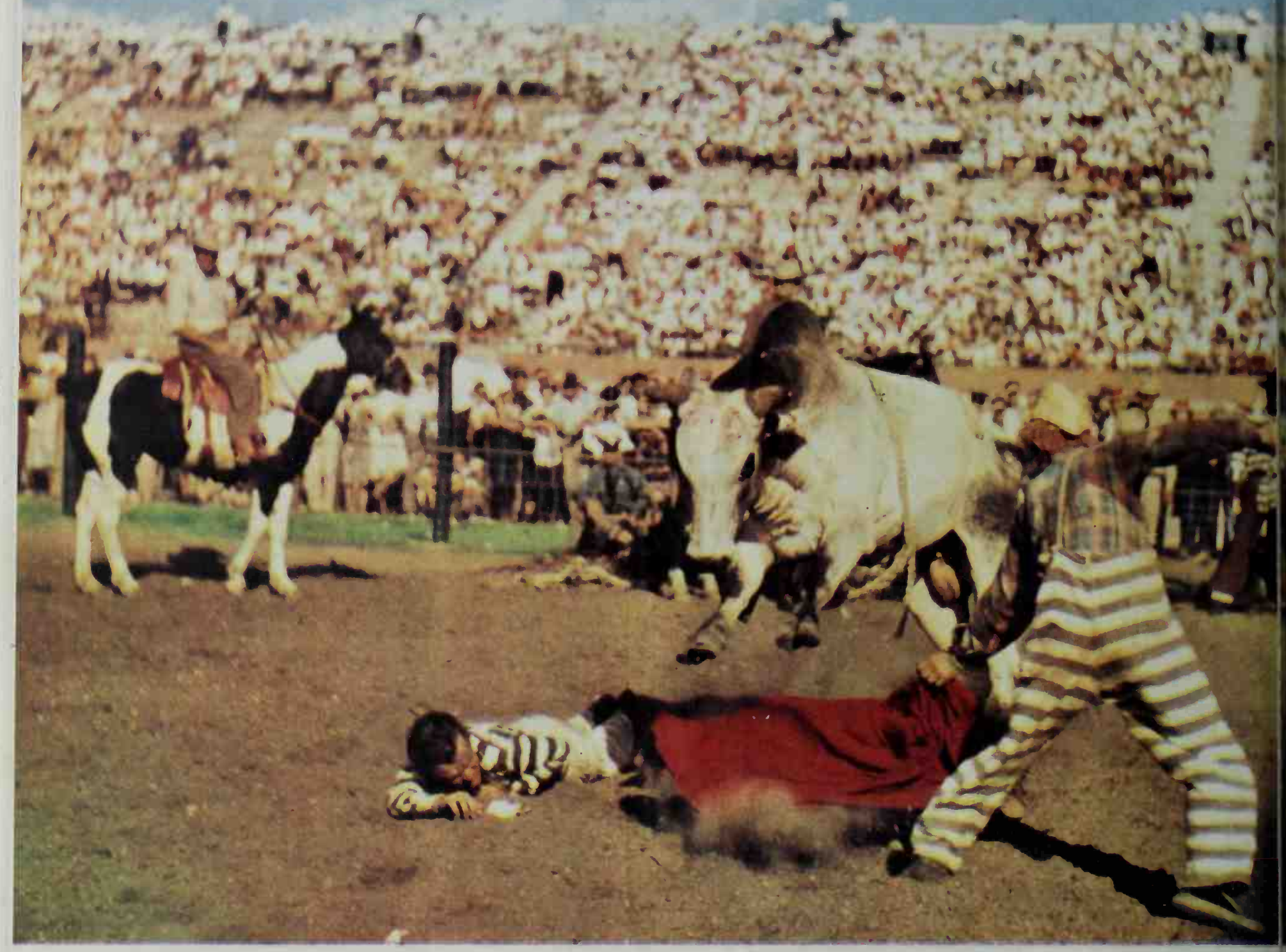
But later, writing about her, a different note had crept into Dave's letters and on that first week end Ridge and Dave had spent together at the farm after Ridge returned from Europe, it was obvious that something was definitely wrong. For one thing, Dave was drinking too much; and when Ridge had said, "What's wrong, Dave?" Dave had said, "It's that girl I wrote you about while you were still in England, Ridge. Dorcas *(Continued on page 38)*

Lida saw Ridge's truck drawn up close to the loading platform, but Ridge was nowhere in sight

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

ROGUES' RODEO

BY WILLIAM T. RIVES



A convict rider is rescued by the clown of the show in one of the most dramatic moments of the annual October spectacle. John Seay, serving 15 years f ro is being trampled while Maurice (Lightning) Anthony, a clown, doing 50 for robbery, rushes out to distract the bull with a red cloak. Seay got off with g

On the sand of the Texas State Prison stadium at Huntsville, men convicted of murder, rape and theft stake their shut-in lives against the thrills of the toughest cowpunching show

IN THE colossal corral known as Texas, where the top of sport is to ride the hurricane deck of a fractious bronco, there is only one rodeo provocative enough to hold attention from the Panhandle to the Mexican Gulf.

That is the wild, hazardous affair staged each Sunday and a couple of weekdays in October by the inmates of the Texas state prison, known to its 6,500 unwilling guests as "The Walled-Off Hotel."

All other reproductions of the storied cattle-country roundups are regarded as shallow similitudes designed for the weakhearted and the gullible.

On the sandy floor of the high-walled, guarded prison stadium at Huntsville, convicted murderers, forgers, bank robbers, thieves and confidence men risk their lives in events from which the standard rodeo performer would recoil in horror.

So dangerous is the program that participation in it is considered to be as reckless as slapping the face of a Texas Ranger. Survival without injury is reckoned a miracle. Many of the contestants have had no closer communion with life on the range than that provided by Roy Rogers on the silver screen. To them, a bull is a police officer to be avoided constantly, and a horse is a gadget that preceded the motorcar.

That is why the home-grown Texan, notorious for his low boiling point, reaches the peak of indignation when he is exposed through the public press to lengthy dissertations on the "World Championship Rodeo" in Madison Square Garden.

To any Texan who has thrown his leg over a nervous cow pony, all this is obnoxious, nauseous and degrading. He sniffs disgustedly and gallops to Huntsville, where for a buck he can see tough men com te tough man's title—the L Championship.

The idea of a rodeo fo which seemed somewhat ps the time, was born back in penitentiary officials turr head of stock into the be mond and allowed some of to try their talents at br bull-riding and roping.

The following year the invited, and in the sever since, this rodeo has grow of the Southwest's pren attractions. Approximate persons see it annually, thousands are turned away room.

Five hundred convicts 150 as contestants and the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

da-pop vendors, ticket sell-
s, stock boys, chute boys
bouts. An additional 3,000
are rounded up from thir-
n farms, where they oper-
yed aggies" (garden hoes),
ansported in trucks to the
There they are seated in a
ed enclosure immediately
stock chutes.

with high-powered rifles
ne guns sit in turrets on the
eyes constantly roving over
ts and visitors. Outside are
and bloodhounds attended
Rangers and more prison

the convicts are too busy
the spine-chilling show to
cape, although occasionally
ontemplatively at the "free
they see sitting elsewhere in

Spectators Get Scared

ors, on the other hand, get
of their close proximity to
s. Sometimes they wince
ably under the attentions
e from ham-actor inmates,
t in frightening women by
r leering in the manner of
on at his worst. They in-
unified, raucous booing of
med police officer who en-
nds.

the sandy pit the after-
ilous events are unreeled
h explosive drama to keep
ors jumping for two and
s and leave every larynx a

law who enters the tourna-
must sign a formal release
m against the state in case
pled by a vicious, hump-
hman bull, is gored by a
ed by a horse, or other-
ed *hors de combat*.
e of those who are to com-
e animals must get a once-
his physique. Any case of
les calls for a rigorous
amination. To survive, a
e quick and strong.
est stock obtainable from
farms and ranches fills the
e animals are tagged with
of infamous criminals,

deathless heroes and famed outlaw horses. Some of the meanest critters are Clyde Barrow, Dillinger, Sam Houston and Hell's Angel.

The caliber of the show is evident as the opening event unfolds. The curtain raiser is billed as "The Mad Scramble." Any man who competes in it cannot have his life insured. Ten wild Brahman cows spring from their chutes simultaneously and seek to dislodge the ten convicts trying to stay glued to their bare backs.

The animals plunge, twist their narrow, bony hips violently and in a matter of seconds have their prisoners sprawled all over the arena. Then, with ten savage bovines free to attack them en masse, each fallen knave faces the immediate possibility of being thoroughly gored unless rescue is quickly at hand.

The wild-horse race comes close to tying this. When the steeds are turned loose the convicts are sent out in three-man teams to round up each of them. The horses are violently uncooperative, doing their best to evade capture by every kicking, biting and dodging trick they have at their command.

Braving the slashing hoofs and teeth, two men of each team try to hold a rearing charger while the third saddles him and rides him, if he can, to the far end of the enclosure.

There are other rough episodes, such as the wild-cow milking contest, and a few slow events sandwiched in to let the customers catch their breath. During some of these, men and women convicts beguile the spectators with music and singing which lacks the professional touch but is so enthusiastic, loud and infectious that it wins more encores than Frank Sinatra was getting in 1944.

"The Goree Girls," from the Goree prison farm for women, yodel the sort of lugubrious hillbilly selections usually associated with home, Mother and unrequited love. "The Cotton Pickers' Glee Club," a group of twenty-two Negroes, sings sweet spirituals, and an octet called "The Rhythmic Stringsters" assaults the latest swing music.

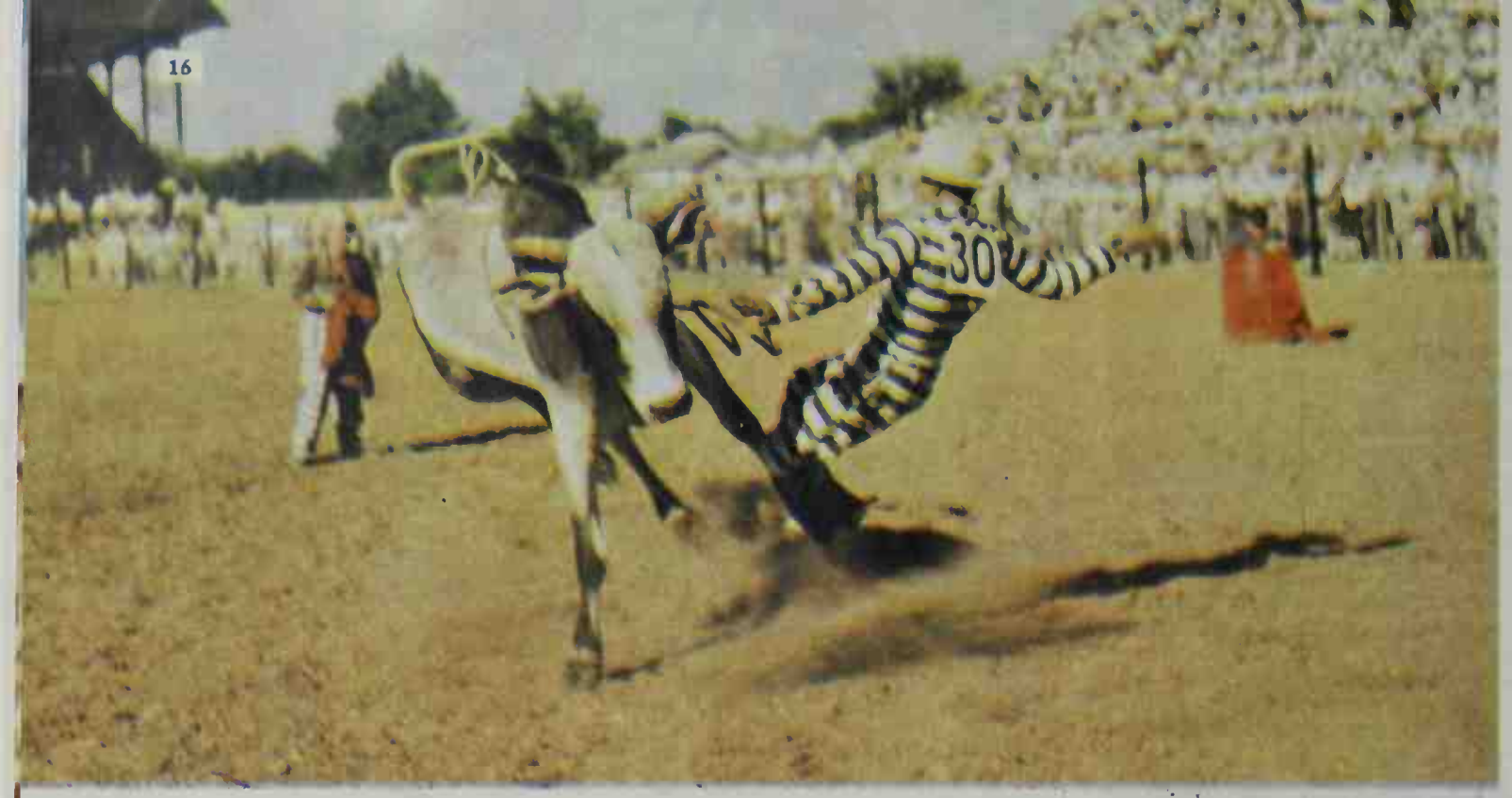
The entire show is conducted in a friendly, informal atmosphere. The announcer does his part, introducing

Ira Doss, regular death-house guard, watches cons in the pen waiting to ride. The man in the center, with arms over knees, is Lacy Wingfield, doing life for robbery

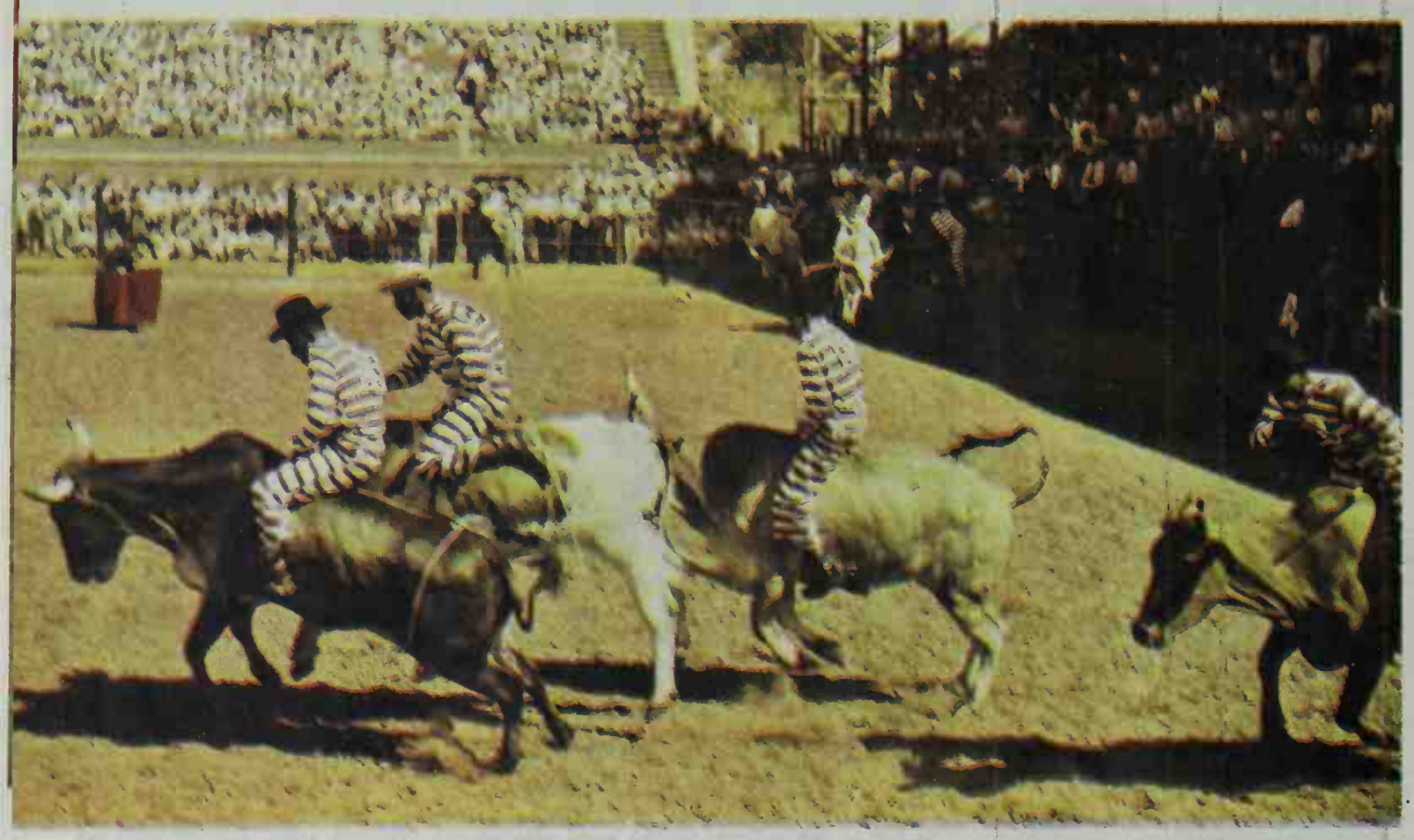
The Goree prison farm all-girl band entertaining between acts. Left to right are Lurline Nelson, serving 5 years for robbery; Jewel Fairchild, 9 for robbery; Blanch Finckley, 2 for robbery; Bonnie Louks, 35 for robbery; Winnie Garner, 50 for murder, and Ruth Wilder, 2 for robbery. The farm matron is at the far right

ton, serving 10 years for rape, cracks the ground in a split when Wimpy, tosses him. One of the civilian judges, Pen Wheelis, rides up

In the Brahman bull contest, Freddie Turley, serving 10 years for burglary and theft, gets the old heave-ho from a four-legged whirling dervish. Fred got over the fence



George Almonrode is just dismounting from a wild bull with as much grace as he can muster under the circumstances. Almonrode is serving 2 years for possession of marijuana. In the background is Bert Stonehocker, former convict and rodeo funnyman



In the curtain-raising Mad Scramble three rogues ride for their lives. Left to right, in the center, are Nathan Oliver, serving 17 years for burglary; Ernest Sheppard, life for burglary, and J. D. McNeal, 20 for murder. Oliver and Sheppard were winners

First-place riders in the wild-horse race included Cleveland Davis, holding horse, upper left, serving 101 years for rape, and Johnnie Bell Holland behind him, in for 12 for burglary. Second place went to the men who are fighting the seated horse

participants with appropr
ment.

All this precarious and er
activity is the diversion that
vict looks forward to the y
Since the rules provide tha
mates in good standing
warden may attend, the r
powerful stimulant to good

Nothing short of a pardo
important than at least a s
rodeo. The more careless
who may have nothing mor
sentences to lose, will cou
for kicks, which they some
If they get it in the head, i
fatal, like the guy on a st
years back who tried too ha
he started to fall he just hur
his legs until his head was
off the animal's hoofs.

There is no positive evi
the lure of the show has
the state's crime rate, but i
record that a lot of miscre
sought to get into prison
see the show, fighting the sl
of the wheels of justice.

The Judge Was Too Ol

W. W. Barbee, charged
bery and forgery in Housto
raigned before Judge La
King. The judge explaine
right to a trial by jury.

"No, Judge," said Barb
get it over with. I want
Huntsville in time for the r

Judge King pondered b
then responded considerate

"I'm going to make it p
you to see several of the
Seven years."

Convict craftsmen, who
own time and at their ow
make souvenirs like slippers
boy belts, are allowed to
during the show. About $6,
are thus disposed of each
each participating convict
at the prison commissary
amount he makes.

Occasionally permission
tained to solicit contributi
the audience for a convict
this is a hazardous deal, bec
of the spectators have no m
ples than the prisoners. On
term convict carelessly turn
at an event after he had h
piggy bank to someone and
turned back it was gone.
would own up. The priso
shouted, "There's nothing l
a damned petty thief!" an
away in disgust.

Despite extreme precauti
convicts have managed esc
ing the rodeo. In one ca
them, who had civilian clot
their striped uniforms, cut
beneath their seats and drop
ground under the grandsta

A guard saw them trying
a fence. Ceremoniously h
them and shoved them out
entrance.

"Get going," he comman
don't like gate crashers aro

General proceeds from t
cle go into the prison's wel
which finances a program
tion, morale, counseling
training of the inmates.

The rodeo is probably o
few exceptions to the crime
pay rule. A professional
would snort at the $25
money, but the philosophica
contend it will buy a lot of
bacco.

THE END

alled "Garth" and Willy got
t. The doctor was up like
p, running toward the coach

ILLY GARTH sat on the
bench, his left leg stuck
straight out in front of him,
ls caressing the knee. The
jacket felt good around his
re he was sweating a little.
ed the Vale team come
nst Kings.
stood, as always, immobile,
features pointed at the ac-
long ulster fell almost to his
is hat was adjusted to a
gle, the snapbrim shading
Vale was coming through
tackles. It was the last
d Kings led by two touch-
ut there was that tackle
and the Blue of Vale was
one of its famed last-
ties.
said without turning his
nkel."
arth saw the sour expres-
e captain's face as he went
stand beside the coach.
ver took his eyes from the
spoke sharply to Hinkel.
been a time, only last year,
aptain at Kings was entitled
from the coach, but De-
respect for no one. He had
ll-American himself and he
t respect for any football

vent in; Sharp came out.
d not look at Sharp. He
nsure him for letting the
gh. That would come next
Degraw, Sharp did not
t as a pawn in a game he
g against the Vales.
t down, pulling the sheep-
his head. He mumbled,
a good play there. Good
cored twice, Willy . . . Your
"
ch," said Willy.
t a swell play. They split
ry wheels through."
id, "Wait'll Bolton starts
gh next week. Wait'll that
e starts tearing us up."
lways talk about that
harp sighed, then said ab-
egraw is such a jerk. It's
y more, playin' on this

football. Cut him open,
art would turn out to be
gskin," said Willy.
was watching Hinkel. The
t coming, gaining fewer
ry, but still gaining. Kings
League team. It was the
inued on page 83)

HE PIGSKIN HEART

BY JOEL REEVE

The coach said it was football. The doctor called it murder

ED BY VINCENT GUISE

Patron saint of the Garden was Robert Benchley (left foreground, abo
clude (left to right) Bogart and Bacall, Designer Muriel King, Fannie

GARDEN OF ALLAH I LOVE YOU

BY AMY PORTER

Noisy, friendly and uninhibited, this Hollywood hotel has been home to some of the most famous characters who ever listened to the song of the grackle bird

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

HERE is the way this hotel in Hollywood operates. There are a number of bungalows, or villas, clustered around a swimming pool. The first thing you notice about these villas is that the walls are thin. If you don't notice this right away, you wish you had. The first time Playwright Arthur Kober stayed in one of these villas he was awakened in the middle of the night by a sleepy voice saying, "Would you get me a drink of water, dear?" He got up, stumbled to the bathroom and came back with a glass of water before he realized he was sleeping alone.

The way to have a private telephone conversation in this hotel is to have an extension cord put on the phone long enough so you can take the instrument into the bathroom and shut the door. This works, however, only in the single-story villas. In the two-story villas the people upstairs would hear. A newcomer, wishing to get beyond earshot of the crowd in her own living room, dragged her phone out to the front porch. This was a mistake. You could tell by what she was saying that she had not meant to speak for the information of the people living in the villas to the right, the left and across the way.

The name of this hotel is the Garden of Allah, and you feel silly at first telling people that's where you live, in the Garden of Allah. Y
say, "It's not like what y
And, of course, it isn't;
what anybody would think

Take it from any angle,
of Allah is different. Sta
swimming pool, which is
shape. Work on back th
trees and shrubs, which ar
designed, having been imp
the South Seas. Push thro
20 or 30 villas, which are
cupied by people conne
movies or the radio, all m
well known. Hear th
noises. . . .

Harmonicas, typewrit
phones, dogs, children,
and a particularly strident b
as the grackle, all contrib
symphony of sound which
flows back and forth across
ming pool day and night,
day—a phrase that came
Writer Cole Porter, an i
Garden resident, while lyin
his villa muttering to himsel
night, night and day . . ."

One need not be loneso
Garden of Allah. All one n
is to join in the game know
tening." To play this game,
an evening pastime, th
pants go out to the edge of
ming pool and say, "H
harking, one can quickly

s Butterworth (in wheelbarrow) he brought a load of laughs to the hotel, built by Nazimova (center, top) as her home. Others prominently displayed in- Whiteman, Joe E. Lewis, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, Ben the Bellboy (below, resting), W. C. Fields (in tree) and Tallulah Bankhead

of the most noise. Say one e that Villa 13 is the winner. e work of a moment to go the door of Villa 13 and I come in?" Unless, of door is already open, elimi- need for knocking.

ave been those at the Gar- ontended that a person was his or her privacy although he Garden of Allah, and e question "May I come inclined to answer, "No," people soon were good- jostled out of their anti- ude or out of their villas, there is always a waiting y.

den of Allah has long been d to famous names. Since od of the movies it has wit- rocession of fame, begin- Alla Nazimova, the first be billed as a movie star. Nazimova built the Garden y twenties as her country osing a spot rather far out sant rural road called Sun- rd. Within a few years the had evolved into The Strip, rtery of Hollywood's busi- ight-club activities, and in zimova sagaciously con- home into a hotel. She ere in one of the villas, still distinguished job in the movies (Escape, In Our Time) until her death in 1945.

Almost everybody of movie importance has stayed at the Garden at one time or another; its guest book is the Hollywood equivalent of that of Buckingham Palace. Name any outstanding star, writer, director, orchestra leader, singer of the past 20 years and you almost certainly will be naming a resident or habitué.

Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Whiteman, Ernest Hemingway, Woody Herman, Hugh Walpole, Louis Calhern, Dorothy Parker, Roland Young, Red Skelton, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Lucius Beebe, Greta Garbo, Lili Damita, Errol Flynn, Dudley Nichols, Marc Connelly, Thomas Wolfe, Ruth Chatterton, Fanny Brice, Orson Welles, Joe E. Lewis, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Joel Sayre, Donald Ogden Stewart, Artie Shaw, Arthur Sheekman and Gloria Stuart, Marlene Dietrich, Louis Bromfield . . . a mere sampling of the lengthy list of Who's Who guests.

Intermittent residents include Walter O'Keefe, playwright; Jay Flippen, radio comedian; Movie Director Paul Stewart and his singing wife, Peggy LaCentra; Actress Natalie Schafer; Fiction Writer Johnny McClain; Columnist Thornton Delehanty; Movie Writer Edith Sommers; Organist Ethel Smith, Radio Writer Bob Solderberg. The Humphrey Bogarts and the Woody Hermans, who recently left their Garden villas for houses of their own, are around frequently, and so are Louis Calhern and Milo Anderson, head designer for Warners'. From the Garden you can see Anderson's house perched high up on the hill that rises from the opposite side of The Strip.

The Garden's Patron Saint

But to anybody who knows the Garden at all, the late Robert Benchley is its patron saint. Benchley, the man who wrote the funny pieces and starred in the funny movies, and who they say is still more alive than most people who are alive, lived in Villa No. 20, known as the Bear Trap. Lucius Beebe, columnist and long-time Garden resident, says, "He presided over the most tumultuous premises I ever saw . . . strolling minstrels, 24-hour bar service, everybody welcome, and if the master wasn't in, somebody else was there acting as major-domo, Charlie Butterworth or Johnny McClain or somebody."

On one promising evening, Butterworth went to the window of Benchley's living room, peered out across the pool, and uttered his classic line, "H'mmm, looks like it's going to get drunk out tonight."

There's a classic line for Benchley, too. He is supposed to have come home one rainy night and said, "I've got to get out of these wet clothes and into a dry Martini." He always disclaimed this line, but everybody felt he was just being modest. It had to be his; it sounded so much like him.

Benchley hated the sun. He would not sit beside the pool in the repulsive daylight. He did rent a sun lamp, however, and put it in his bathroom, and reclined beneath its rays in splendid privacy, wearing goggles.

Benchley hated traffic, and feared it. He would not attempt to cross Sunset Boulevard to reach the Players' Club almost directly opposite. Instead, he would call for his car and his chauffeur to see him safely across Hell's Corner. On one occasion, when he found himself stranded at the Players' without his car, he called a cab, and then, ashamed to let the driver know he was afraid to cross the street, he evaded the issue. "Take me to the Mocambo," he said. "Got to meet a fella there," and so down The Strip some blocks to the Mocambo, where he had the driver wait while he went in and bought a drink he didn't want and came back to report, "Missed the fella," and to ask, at last, to be taken home.

(Continued on page 102)

A BIG DAY FOR MULVEY

BY WILLIAM HOLDER

I HEARD Mom knocking on the door and I looked at my wrist watch on the night table. Mom said, "Joey Mulvey, you'd better get up or you'll be late for school."

"Okay, Mom. I'll be out in a minute." I stretched and took time to consider things. When Mom said "school" early in the morning like this, she meant the Police Academy. I'm in my last couple of weeks there; in my last year of law school at night. Sometimes it's a little confusing.

I got up and stuck my head out the window. One of those fall days that are left over from summer. Blue sky and plenty of hot sun. I shucked my pajamas, put on a bathrobe and went into the bathroom. I brushed my teeth. I reached in through the shower curtains, turned on the water the way I like it, stepped into the shower with a song in my mouth. My feet went up in the air and I landed out on the floor, all tied up in the ripped shower curtains. I took a look, then opened the door and said, "Mom, please tell me—what are roller skates doing in the bathtub?"

"Roller skates?" Mom said. "Oh, they must be Larry's. He must be practicing for a race, or something."

Practicing in the bathtub? I said, "Okay, Mom."

I SHOWERED, then shaved and got dressed. Khakis I'd worn in the Army. Black tie and shoes. I slicked up and went into the kitchen, and Mom had breakfast ready. Bacon and eggs. Hot rolls and wonderful coffee.

Mom said, "How's Molly, Joey?"

"Molly is fine. Saw her last night after school." Molly Burke, Mom is talking about. She has blue eyes and black hair and comes up almost to my chest. A pint-sized chunk of dynamite. Until a month ago, she couldn't make up her mind between me and Willie Brady. I finally got her to hold still long enough so I could jam a ring on her finger, and now we're engaged.

I shook my head when I thought of that Willie Brady. Molly certainly would have made a mistake if she had teamed up with him.

I finished the last of the bacon, the roll, the coffee. Delicious.

"Pip, pip, Mrs. M. Nice to have seen you," I said. I took the stairs in bunches. I'd just about make it.

During the last few weeks of the course at the academy they send you out with a regular patrolman, so you'll get the feel of the thing. For five days I'd been working with Jimmy Miller, at Forty-fourth and Fifth. I was due there again today.

The traffic was fine, heavy as the streets could stand. I had a wonderful time, but Miller was growling. He'd been on this post for four years. He was losing his enthusiasm.

The day was lovely, nice and warm. About three o'clock I started to put a bit of polish on the gesture department. Molly works at Forty-third and Madison, which is only two blocks away, and she gets off at four o'clock. Sometimes a little earlier. She comes over to my corner to get the bus uptown, and I always like her to see Mulvey at his best.

At about a quarter after three, the sergeant comes along in his car. The usual afternoon check. Willie Brady is his driver. Almost a year on the force, and he might just as well be wheeling a hack. They stop alongside, and the sergeant says, "Everything okay, Miller?"

Brady looks at me and doesn't say anything. He's very burned up about Molly, and I can't say that I blame him. He was doing all right until I came along. I guess maybe the ring sewed up the deal. Or maybe it didn't. It shouldn't be hard for a smart girl like Molly to see the difference between a Mulvey and Willie Brady.

Miller says everything is fine, and the sergeant says, "All right, Brady. Let's get going," and they move along. When they're well gone, Miller says to me, "Kid, my feet are killing me. You think you can handle this alone while I get a cup of coffee?"

I tell him, sure, I can handle it alone. After all, what help is Miller to me? On the force twelve years, and he can't even whistle real loud through his teeth.

The traffic is heavy, but I handle it nice and easy. Nothing is complicated after my family.

About ten minutes of four, there's a change of lights, giving a red to north and south, a green to the east-bound stuff. Everything stops when I give them that palm-up business, and the cross-town cars come piling through. And just then it happens.

> The traffic was doing all right—it was the cop who was in a jam

A colossal convertible, coming north on the outside lane, tries to catch the light. Brakes scream, pedestrians leap for their lives, cabbies get eloquent. I yell, "Pull over!" I get the snarl straightened out, go over with the ticket book in my hand.

There's a girl alone in the open car, and she's beautiful. Golden hair that reaches to her shoulders, a face you do a double-take on. One of the nicest grins I've ever seen. Beautiful legs. The car is almost as gorgeous and is wearing a Westchester license plate.

The girl says, "Such a handsome policeman!" and the grin widens.

"I was runner-up for Mr. Traffic Cop of 1947. Didn't you see the light? As red as your fingernails. Leave us take a gander at your registration and driver's license."

She looks in the glove compartment, then in her handbag. She gives me that wonderful grin again. "That's strange. I must have forgotten them."

"What's your name?"

"Mary Ryan. What's yours?"

I say, "Look. All this is very hilarious. You almost kill six thousand people, then you act like a bad radio comedian. I just work here. Let's stop being so very gay."

She has a lovely nose, and it was even prettier when she wrinkles it up the way she does now. "Will you listen to a story?"

"It had better be a dandy."

She has a nice voice, low and even. I can tell she was on the level. "I've just come from Children's Hospital. I've had a couple of sick kids out for a day in the country. Tonight, up at the club, we're having a big affair, raising money for the hospital—a big raffle—everything. I'm on the committee and I'm late getting home. You're right. I was trying to beat the light."

My kid brother Larry had been in Children's, a few years ago. They'd worked a miracle on him. I say, "How do I know you didn't spin this one up?"

She says, "Well . . ." and looks around, puzzled. I glance into the back seat, and as far as I am concerned, she can leave right now. A couple of candy wrappers on the floor. Three or four little sticks. Lollipop sticks.

She looks at me and I nod, then she snaps her fingers. "More proof." She digs into her handbag and comes up with a book of tickets, like outfits use when they're running a raffle. "Today's date on the raffle tickets," she says.

The grin breaks out again and she says, "You wouldn't like to buy a ticket, would you?"

I think of my kid brother Larry. "I would certainly like to buy a ticket."

She gets out a pen. "Your name?"

"Joseph Michael Mulvey."

She writes it down, tears the ticket from the stub, folds it nicely and hands it to me. "Two dollars, Mr. M."

"Two bucks! What are you people raffling off, a barrel of rubies?" But I dig down and hand it to her. After all, what was it but money?

I put the ticket in my pocket and she says, "If you want to check on the story, my number is in the Westchester phone book. Rye 9-0785."

"It's okay. You look like an honest woman."

She surprises me, then. She reaches up and grabs me by the ears. She says, "Mulvey, you're wonderful." And she kisses me.

I stood there with a silly grin on my puss while she waved a hai that big job into gear and to I looked up, and there was the sidewalk watching me

Her eyes looked nice. Hu the North Atlantic. The l fuse burning to the po Boulder Dam breaking.

She was as pretty as a pi she was this mad, but ho tell her? Do you pat the l nose when he's got your h mouth?

She managed, "Joe Mul You—!" She couldn't find Then she looked down a hand. She wrestled the r finger and heaved it at me. ducked it would have take out. It went all the way ac

I said, "Sugar, wait a can explain! I . . . !" Bu gone. She whipped into t and was doing about forty hour. A nice mild girl wit temper.

THEN I thought of the ri across Fifth through the almost lost a leg. I had to on my hands and knees in t but I found it. I went ba intersection, but I'd lost my cabby made a right turn int a red light and I let him get it. My heart wasn't in my

That Molly. She jumpe clusions faster than a m wink. She was gorgeous a her, but I could do with half an ounce less temper.

I went home. Larry wa in the long hall. He's twelv say anything. I didn't wa rupt him at a moment like had a baseball glove on his from his pose I knew what on.

He was really in the Polo pitching against Brooklyn. T are ahead, 2-1. It is the fi the ninth, and the bases a with two out. Dixie Walke plate and the count is three Larry takes the sign from who is catching. He nods. his full windup, and the ru all moving. Larry heaves hard one in there. Walker s misses. The ball game is o

Larry turned to me "Hello, copper."

"That was a nice pitch."

"In the clutches they ca me."

In the dining room, M "Where's Molly? I though coming home with you."

"Miss Burke had a change The last I saw of her, she wa along Fifth Avenue, knocki down. That girl would hav great halfback."

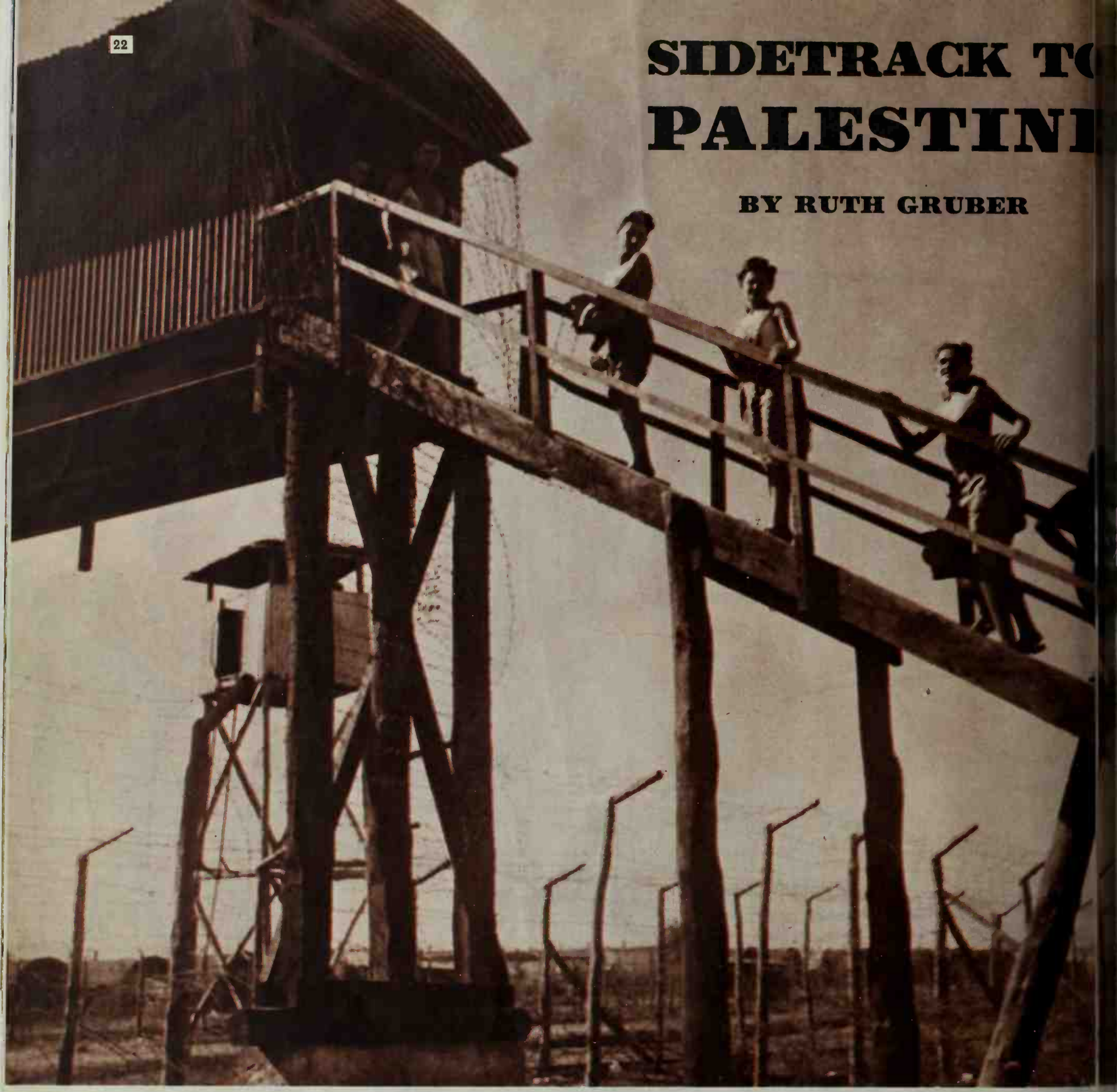
(Continued on page

ILLUSTRATED BY DINK SIEGEL

"I hope it fits," Mary Ryan said. "Oh, it does," Molly replied. "I've been wearing it for a month." "I meant the coat!" Mary said

SIDETRACK TO PALESTINE

BY RUTH GRUBER



This overpass leads from one part of the detention camp to another, across barbed-wire barricades. Jewish refugees call it, ironically, the Warsaw gh

An American correspondent reports on conditions on the island of Cyprus, just an overnight journey from the Promised Land. But for 17,000 Jews seeking illegal entry into Palestine, it is a place of endless frustration and hardship

ONE small boy stood alone in the midday heat, clutching the gate with his hands, his eyes fixed on the road outside the barbed-wire boundary of the camp. Behind him, down the long rows of silent camp streets, the population had retreated into the thin shadows of tents and Nissen huts, trying to escape the burning assault of the sun. Presently the boy's ears caught the sound of a motor. He waited until the squat water truck materialized out of the dust.

Then he flew down the camp street shouting, *"Wasser! Wasser!"* Other small boys sprang out of the stillness and took up the cry. *"Voda!" "L'eau!" "Agua!" "Veez!"* A man ran out of a tent carrying a five-gallon tin. A woman followed him with an evaporated-milk can. Everyone dropped the nothing he was doing, grabbed anything that would hold water and swarmed around the truck. The newcomers carried only cups. They hesitated on the fringe of the crowd. They would soon learn to scrounge or steal bigger tins like the one the man had and fight their way to the head of the queue without ceremony.

People pushed and shoved and clawed in a festering commotion to get to the spigots. A red-faced girl jostled a bearded old man and upset his basin. The old man watched the hot ground drink up his man slapped an urchin's the boy threw half a cup extravagantly in his face shinnied up onto the pounded it madly, as if he spring to spurt from unde The tank emptied quick people moved carefully their treasure. The drive young corporal who had ing silently by with his a climbed back into his cab away, with the tank spi droplets onto the burning

Back in a hut, an old wo a little water from a cup tent fly a young man name

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

...e to smile about, this couple are happy over their good luck in the ...mble for water. Rations must do for drinking, laundry and bathing

...an inhabitant of Cyprus for eight months, was born on the "illegal" ...t of Europe. Birth rate in the camps is more than two babies a day

...d carried the five-gallon tin ... shave, wetting his razor in ... His wife, Toba, stretched a ...nd a faded pair of shorts on ...he sprinkled water on them ...spoon and attacked them ...unk of yellow soap. She ...owly because of the heat ...se she was heavily pregnant. ...ite pains she sprinkled the ...again with the spoon and ... scrubbing she hung them

...wiped his razor and put it ... old woman lay down on a ...and fanned herself listlessly ...rty handkerchief, pausing ...then to mop the sweat off her face. A humid, humming silence moved through the alleys and streets again as the Caraolos camp gave up to the heat and slipped back into the long coma of waiting.

This was the crown colony of Cyprus, in the eastern Mediterranean. Here Jews, captured trying to run the British blockade to Palestine, have been shunted into two huge detention camps, Caraolos, on the edge of the tiny harbor of Famagusta, and Xylotimbu, 30 miles away. This was "Love's Island," so named by the Greeks because Aphrodite was born of foam off its shores. Here Richard the Lionhearted was married and Othello wooed Desdemona. Here today nearly 17,000 Jews—triple the population of Yuma, Arizona—live in confinement, without plumbing or electricity, with insufficient water, blistering in the summer sun, shivering in winter's miserable wetness.

Fifteen months ago when Caraolos was opened, the Cypriots had angrily protested the invasion of foreigners. The Jews had rebelled when German prisoners of war were used to help construct the camp. Terrorism in Palestine had been intensified. By September, 1946, although many of the 4,000 Jews in Caraolos had been crowded 12 to a single tent, the British planned expansion with Nissen huts before the rainy season turned the place into a quagmire. "And perhaps," a British officer had said, "if the illegal Jewish immigrants realized that they are going to wind up here, they may not be so anxious to crowd aboard their stinking hellships and try to get to Palestine."

Instead the traffic steadily increased. The caïque Palmach came from Italy and Greece with 630 souls. The Knesseth Israel followed, unbelievably, with 3,900. In the spring of 1947 the Theodor Herzl brought 2,640 more. The weirdest collection of all was a shipload of 380 Spanish-speaking Jews from Algeria and Morocco. In 12 months some 25,000 Jews on 23 vessels were captured and diverted to Cyprus. Caraolos was bursting. Xylotimbu was opened before the barest necessities could be provided. Finally the British permitted 750 Jews from Cyprus each month—half the total legal monthly immigration quota they still allowed—to transfer to Palestine.

So Cyprus became another way station, a kind of suburb, for the strange modern exodus of the children of Israel out of the wilderness of postwar Europe to the so long-promised land. "A deliberately planned migration," the harassed British cried, "conceived and carried out by the Zionists in violation of all immigration restrictions and with utter disregard for the Arab problem." Whatever the high politics, the little people like Moshe and Toba had become convinced there was no place else to go.

Moshe and Toba were part of the miracle of survival, two of the few who had come back from the gas chambers and lime furnaces where six million of their brothers had perished. Even if Toba had been able to scrape the tattooed numbers from her arm, she couldn't expel from her memory how the Germans had forced her to distribute towels to the Jews at Auschwitz as they entered the "showers," before the gas was turned on.

Moshe had escaped to the woods during the Warsaw ghetto uprising and fought with the partisans until liberation. They found each other afterward but the memories and the fresh, ugly little pogroms in Poland drove them out through the DP camps in Germany where nobody talked of anything but Palestine. They traveled the underground to a secret port in southern France and boarded a leaky fishing boat, which was caught by a destroyer 9 days later off Tel Aviv.

Brief Glimpse of Palestine Hills

Moshe and Toba first saw the flat, brown, treeless expanse of Caraolos from the back of an army truck. For a tantalizing moment they had glimpsed the shining hills of Palestine as Tommies dragged them weeping from their filthy vessel in Haifa harbor to the caged hold of a transport for the overnight journey to Cyprus. Another hurried transfer to barges and then into the trucks. As their lorry rumbled through the narrow streets of Famagusta and over the rutted road to the camp, the couple and their comrades clung to one another's shoulders, swaying with the bumps and singing Hatikvah, the Hebrew hymn of hope. Moshe had knotted a handkerchief over Toba's cropped head to protect her from the sun.

Two soldiers with Sten guns guarded the Caraolos camp gate. As the immigrants passed through, the sharp shadows of the double barbed-wire fences, 12 feet high, fell across their faces. They jeered and whistled and made V signs at the sentries standing with machine guns in the wooden lookout boxes which rose on stilts above the camp.

Inside, other Jews crowded around the newcomers, searching their faces for brother, father or friend. "You will pick up your baggage after it has been searched," an officer was saying. Sometimes the Jews had hidden dynamite sticks in their knapsacks, in blankets and cakes of soap; the British were taking no chances.

Moshe and Toba were directed to

(Continued on page 62)

Long days of waiting are empty for most, but some practice handicrafts with crude tools and materials. These young people display tablecloths, plaques, etc.

FIRST CHOICE

BY RAMONA STEWART AND ALLEN MARPLE

George was playing hard to get. Papa was playing hard to take—but young Dida was playing it smarter than either of them

take up the op-
said. "That," George
dan . Good night!"
cou get up, he left

"DIDA!"

The bay of Papa's voice broke in on Dida's lovely dream about George. George had finally kissed her across a table in the Brown Derby—in front of everyone—and now he was going to say something. There was a look in his eye, and Dida slid her dark blond head farther under her pillow. She had to get back to her dream; she had to find out what George was going to say.

"Where's Dida?"

Papa's shouts were coming from the living room now, with Mama's shrill staccato for counterpoint. Then Papa's unmarried sister joined in with her rich contralto, and Dida knew it was no use. Papa had a Thing. It seemed that every time she got a good clean shot at George, even in sleep, Papa came up with a Thing.

Papa was a motion-picture producer. At the studio Papa told writers how to write, directors how to direct, actors how to act, and it got to be a habit. Around home Papa told Mama how to run the house, the cook how to cook, the maid how to clean silver. He told his sister how to get a husband and Dida how not to. Nobody argued, Papa was a genius.

Still, it was a strain, always having to tell people, and it gave him these Things.

Dida wondered what it was this time. Lately he'd been giving a play to rare tropical fevers. But it might be an old stand-by like ulcers or commissary poisoning.

Dida rolled out from the pillow and looked at her wrist watch. It was noon. For a second she wondered what Papa was doing home from the studio, and then she remembered it was Saturday.

She got into her blue flannel bathrobe and tapped the rug gently with her bare feet until they found her slippers. Her eyes caught her reflection in the closet-door mirror and she sat down abruptly on her bed. She might as well admit it—she was twenty-two—pretty soon George would begin to see she was getting on.

"Dida!"

She wound her bathrobe cord about her, went through the hallway, crossed the red-and-silver rumpus room and walked down the steps to the Swedish modern living room.

"Hello, Papa," she said. "I overslept."

His other womenfolk had vanished and Papa was alone, his comfortable bulk spread out on the sofa. He looked like a motion-picture producer; he looked like a huge pink beach ball made of very expensive rubber. He was smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper.

"I have a thing in my throat," he said. "A wart or something. I'm worried. Come and look at it."

He opened his mouth seductively and waited.

Dida crossed slowly to the sofa and peered into the chasm. When she finished her inspection, she patted his jowls for him to close his mouth.

"It's perfectly normal."

He put out his wrist and she took his pulse. As she counted it, her eyes strayed to the comic strip on the back of his newspaper. Somehow Li'l Abner always reminded her of George.

"Well?" Papa demanded.

"Normal."

"That's what you always say. You never tell me the truth."

She continued to read the comic strip until he crushed the paper down so that she couldn't see it. She eyed him thoughtfully.

"Nice baby," she said. "Let me have the paper."

"Get me a glass of water. I'm very sick with this throat thing and I'm thirsty." He picked up his cigar and stuck it in his mouth. "What's the picture on the corner tonight?"

"I don't know. I'm going out."

He shifted his cigar. "Who with?"

Without thinking, Dida said, "George," and instantly she was sorry, because Papa didn't know about her and George.

George was a writer, and he was working on the script for one of Papa's pictures. Papa liked George; he said George was a genius, too. But he was just a $1,000-a-week genius, whereas Papa got $3,500, so Papa was telling him. Anyone Papa told belonged to Papa. George was Papa's writer, just as Dida was Papa's daughter, and he expected them to keep it in mind.

Now he snorted. "George." He considered whether either of them was being untrue to him, and decided it was impossible. "All right. We'll take him with us."

Dida frowned. "Go with Mother."

"She's playing bingo over in Brentwood. And anyway, what's this about going out with George alone? Didn't he ask me, too?"

"It's a night ball game. He only had two tickets. And I'm prettier."

He paused. "You don't either of you care if I'm lonely."

"I don't."

He raised the paper with simple dignity and began to read. After a bit, he put it down again. His round face radiated benevolence. Dida set herself and waited.

"I should think you'd want to get to bed early tonight," he said. "So you'll look less like a pig tomorrow."

He paused, and curiosity made her take the bait. "Why?"

"Peter's coming home."

"Peter!" Dida sat down on the inch of sofa Papa was not covering. "You're making it up."

Papa put his hand inside his sport jacket and drew out a folded copy of the Hollywood Reporter.

It was there—three lines near the end of the gossip column.

"Peter Jackson, the young man who made such a stir with a small part in the Broadway hit, Blind Fury, has had a couple of nibbles from Hollywood. He comes into town on the Chief, Sunday. Good luck, Peter."

Dida looked at Papa innocently. Before Peter had gone to try his luck in New York she'd used him as a stalking-horse to keep Papa from getting curious about her and George. It was nice of Peter to come back. If there was anything in dreams, he might come in handy.

"M'm," she said. "I thought he was coming Union Pacific."

Papa smirked wisely. "Get me a glass of water," he said, "and find out about the picture."

She got up and unwound the cord of her bathrobe. Papa's sister had put up with this until he married Mama. Then Mama had taken it for years, until she discovered bingo. Now it was *her* turn.

THE Great God Papa, she thought. He had snapping turtle in him, once he got hold of you he never let loose. Her only hope was to get George to pry Papa's jaws apart with a marriage license.

"Anyway," Papa said hopefully, "you're too bright to be serious about an actor."

"Lots of women marry actors." Dida made it sound defiant.

"Older women."

"I'm an old woman. For Hollywood."

"A mere child," Papa said. "My head aches."

Dida let it lie. "Can I have the car?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Papa went back to his paper. "I don't approve of women driving."

She saw he was going to have a huffy afternoon.

She got off the bus at the corner of La Cienega and walked down the hill to George's apartment house. He had one of the group of bungalows, white stucco, built on terraces and covered with purple bougainvillaea blossoms. Sometimes George was out front watering the nasturtium patch in front of his living room. Today he wasn't.

Dida climbed the flag steps to the third terrace and rang the bell under the sign Hacienda 7. After a long wait she heard footsteps inside and George flung open the door. He stood there, blinking sleepily at the sunlight. His red hair stood every which way on top of his head and he needed a shave.

"Oh," he said. "It's you."

She walked past him into the green-and-yellow living room and began pulling up the Venetian blinds. George leaned against the wall under a water color and fished in the pocket of his dressing robe for a cigarette.

"Quit fussing with the blinds," he said.

"It's dark in here."

"I like it that way. And what would Papa say, you crashing into a man's apartment?"

She shot him a glance. "You're getting fat."

He was stocky but he was vain about his figure. He pulled in his stomach. "Go on home," he said.

Dida gave him a sunny smile. She went into the kitchenette and began taking eggs from the icebox.

He came to breakfast carrying a fat shooting script. He was shaved and wearing his white tennis pants and a clean white sweat shirt. He was tentatively good-humored and *(Continued on page 89)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

WILL THE NEGRO ELECT OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

BY WALTER WHITE

●

The Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People gives a vivid preview of what may happen in the 1948 election

IN 17 states of the Union, with 295 electoral votes, there are now enough Negro voters to swing any reasonably close election. Thanks to the migrations incidental to two World Wars, it is quite possible that the Negro vote, which has become increasingly independent, will be a deciding factor in the choice of our next President and of a considerable part of the next Congress. It almost certainly would be if the Negro should throw his whole strength to any one candidate or party.

These facts, very disturbing to old-line politicians, have given rise to a whole series of questions which are perplexing the masterminds of both major parties; for the next year you'll see them scrambling frantically to learn the answers. How will the Negro vote? Is the magic name of Roosevelt still strong enough to keep the Negro within the Democratic fold? Or, angered and discouraged by the consistently anti-Negro attitude of Democratic senators and representatives from the South, will he resume his former allegiances to the party of Abraham Lincoln? What individuals or organizations have sufficient influence to "deliver" the Negro vote?

I think I can answer the last of these questions, and the answer is simple and blunt. No person and no organization can deliver the Negro vote; it is an imponderable and independent vote, and the Negro increasingly demands results in return for his support.

The political development of the Negro so far in this country has given him an interest in basic issues and specific legislation which affect him both as a Negro and as an American citizen; he cares little or nothing about the handing out of appointments and plums to "deserving" Negro politicians who simply carry out the orders of a machine boss.

Except to a slight extent in Chicago, there has been no intensive organization of the Negro voters on a purely racial basis, either local or nation-wide. Perhaps in time there will be, but most of us devoutly hope that it will never be necessary to form a racial bloc of Negro voters. It would be far better, both for the Negro and for the country as a whole, for racial and other groups to function as American citizens. Whether the Negro does so or not is not a choice he will make. It will be made for him by the political parties and the public.

The 17 states in which the Negro voter holds the potential balance of power are Illinois, New York, West Virginia, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Connecticut, Delaware, Kansas, Michigan, California, Kentucky, Oklahoma and Massachusetts.

Nine of these states—New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey and Missouri—have a total electoral vote of 223, and the party which carries them will put its candidate in the White House in 1948. Only 266 votes are needed to elect a President. It is important to note that these nine states are precisely the ones with the largest concentrations of Negro voters outside of the South.

Voting Strength Important

Now, just how strong is the Negro vote in these areas? And whom is the Negro likely to support? What have the wartime migrations done to the Negro populations and voting strength in some of the large cities of New York, Illinois, Michigan and other pivotal states? In 1945, New York City had a Negro population of 547,000, an increase of 19 per cent since 1940. Recent estimates for metropolitan New York run as high as 650,000. Chicago has better than 425,000, an increase of about 50 per cent. Los Angeles has 133,000, twice as many as at the beginning of the war, and San Francisco has 32,000, an increase of 558 per cent. The Negro population of metropolitan Detroit has tripled in the last three or four years. It is now 345,000 of which approximately 210,000 are eligible to vote.

In smaller cities like Boston, Springfield, Massachusetts; Bridgeport and New Haven, Connecticut, there have likewise been substantial increases in the Negro populations, and also in the principal cities of states not included among the 17. In Portland, Oregon, for instance, there are five times as many Negroes now as there were in 1941. Even with this increase the Negro population of Portland is only about 11,000, but about half of these are voters, and every politician knows that 5,000 votes are not to be sneezed at. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, for instance, the margin between the voting strength of the two big parties is normally very small; a few thousand Negro votes could, and may, swing the election either way.

It is not difficult to see what the Negro voters could do to the coming elections if issues of sufficient racial interest should cause a large percentage of them to cast their ballots as a unit, to vote as Negroes instead of as citizens. If they had done so at the last two elections, they could have upset many of the smashing victories won by candidates of both parties.

In 1946, Thomas E. Dewey was elected governor of New York by almost 700,000 votes, while Senator Ives defeated Herbert Lehman by a little more than 250,000. The present Negro population of New York State is estimated at slightly more than 750,000, of which about 550,000 are of voting age and eligibility. If they had all voted against Dewey and Ives, neither man could have been elected. On the other hand, of course, a solid vote for the Republican ticket would have given them enormously increased majorities.

If the Negroes had voted as a bloc against Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1944, Dewey would now be President. In Pennsylvania there are 250,000 registered Negro voters, and an additional 200,000 Negroes of voting age who are not yet registered. Roosevelt carried the state by a little more than 100,000; the Negro vote could easily have beaten him. Maryland has more than 200,000 Negro voters; Roosevelt beat Dewey there by 22,000 votes. Illinois has an estimated 375,000 Negro voters, of whom 275,000 are concentrated on Chicago's South Side. Roosevelt beat Dewey in Illinois by 140,000. New Jersey now has almost 200,000 Negroes who are eligible to vote; in 1944 the state went for Roosevelt by 26,000 votes.

How will the Negro vote in 1948? Negro leaders from Maine to California have told me that it depends entirely upon what the Democrats and the Republicans do between now and election time. All over the country Negroes share the disillusion created by the revival of lynching, job discrimination and the Nazilike treatment of minorities in the Democratic South. And they resent equally the condescending, cavalier treatment they have received to date from the Republicans.

Having done all that they were permitted to do in a Jim Crow Army and Navy to win a war "for the freedom of men everywhere," they are cynical and bitter about the re-establishment of a racial pattern almost identical with the one they struggled against before the war. Negro veterans are frequently quoted in the Negro press, which incidentally has a circulation of more than 2,000,000, as finding far more equality and democracy in Germany, Japan, Italy and England than they do back home.

The Negro is very tired of promises that are never carried out; he can no longer be influenced by vote-getting techniques of t is not inclined, any longer, candidate or a party that s interest in him just before el ignores him during the ren the year. The party that wi gro vote in 1948 will be th offers some concrete evide intends at least to help square deal. That is all the ever wanted.

At the moment, Presid appears to be strong amon groes; he gained a grea ground with his speech last the Lincoln Memorial in W in which he said that the fe ernment must show the w extending civil rights to ev The question is whether M can hold what he has whether the good will whi ated for his party and his didacy will be overthrow actions of Southern me Congress.

Large Trade-Union Men

T. G. Nutter of Charle Virginia, a former member islature and a prominent N yer, says that 50,000 Negr state, which Roosevelt carr than 70,000 in 1944, are m trade unions, and that at l of them will be influenced attitude toward the Taft-H All informed observers agr factor will also play a pot deciding the trend of Negr New York, Michigan, Ohi Pennsylvania, and to a larg less industrialized states.

In Mr. Nutter's opinion munists will not influence vote in West Virginia. "I Wallace," he says, "is ve Thousands of West Virgini would vote for Wallace i nominated by either of t parties, but I do not think t follow him into a third pa

Of the eligible Negroes 9 —about 70,000—are regist and Mr. Nutter believes th 90 and 95 per cent of these the polls. Almost all of the their ballots for neither of political parties as such, b candidates they consider h able. This attitude is appar Negro voters throughout th

"As far as I'm concerne Negro automobile worker "I'm going to wait until 6 vember 2, 1948, when I go t to decide who to vote for A going to vote for the man the best record and for not

"That's the way I feel, too Ohio war veteran. "I'm goi for the best man. I'm not g any attention to party lin like to see somebody poin single difference between t crats and the Republicans."

There is another fact abo gro vote in this country politicians would do well t carefully—the Negro toda

(Continued on page

Even Santa Claus is flabbergasted!

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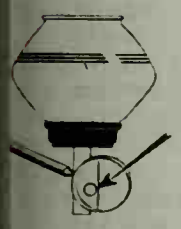

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

"Do you remember that night?" he asked. "Certainly," she said firmly. "A girl never forgets the night a man proposes to her"

THE RIVAL

BY IRENE KITTLE KAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEATS

"READ to me," she said softly, "please."

"What'll I read?" He looked over the paper at her and seeing the big sewing basket in her lap, smiled.

"Oh, anything. The small items. They're always entertaining. Full of little bits of information."

"You and your little bits of information," he said. His voice was amused, tolerant. "Tell me, do you save them the way you save all those little bits of sewing thread and odd pairs of snaps. All those buttons and things?"

She looked up surprised. She had been mending a small tear in an embroidered napkin. Now she paused, the needle poised on its point in the thin linen, the silver thimble glittering.

"I didn't know that you were so well acquainted with my sewing basket."

"Oh, yes," he said, and he stretched back against the big chair and closed his eyes, and the softly lighted room faded from his mind and he saw another room, much like it, with the girl seated just as she was now, with a sewing basket open on her lap. And he saw himself, still in a sergeant's uniform, restless, troubled—sitting close to her, picking up things from the sewing basket, putting them down.

"Oh, yes," he said now, opening his eyes on this other room, this room he was in now. "I got to know your sewing basket very well, intimately, you might say, on an important occasion in our—"

"Yes," she said softly, her head bent to the things in her lap. "I remember."

"You do?" he asked. "You remember that night?"

"Certainly," she said firmly. "A girl never forgets the night a man proposes to her."

"Any man?"

"The one she marries."

"About this sewing basket of yours—I might as well tell you now: I thought it was a pose on your part."

"A pose?" she didn't understand him.

"The sewing basket," he said. "The cool, efficient career girl, suddenly becoming the picture of charming domesticity. A beautifully kept sewing basket with all sorts of little treasures laid out in such orderly fashion."

"You thought it was a pose?"

"Yeah," he said, and grinned. "It only added to my general confusion. I was taking everything with a grain of salt those days. Getting back from overseas, and the disappointments that were natural enough after being away so long and dreaming about everything. And even you—you weren't exactly the way I'd dreamed about you. I felt—well, nervous, and not sure of what I wanted. . . ."

"I know," she said, her head still bent, listening.

"You know," he went on, "we'd been going around town a lot those first nights I was home and then there was this night you cooked dinner and we stayed at your place and there you sat, your hair all soft and tousled under the light and you had your legs crossed under you, tailor fashion, and this basket in your lap—and it was too good to be true. I suspected you of planning it just for its effect on me. . . ."

"Well, maybe I did," she said serenely. "I don't remember thinking about it. But maybe, subconsciously, I thought you ought to see the quiet side of me. Not," she looked up and smiled at him, "not that that was a fake. I have my quiet side, you see. You see that, don't you?"

"Oh, hell," he said easily, "I'm not complaining. I'm just telling you how it was that night. How I wondered if you were putting on an act for me. Lots of girls do, you know. And then there were all those little bits of saved things in the bottom of the basket. Bits of thread and buttons."

"Oh," she said, disparagingly, "you shouldn't have let that bother you. It's a habit. I was taught to save things as a child. Matter of fact, it can be terribly tiresome. I never want to throw anything away and that makes it hard when you hardly have room enough for the things you need every day. And then I was always finding that as soon as I cleaned it all out and threw away a lot of stuff, that was just when a need for some of it would come up—"

"Yeah," he said, "that's what you said that night. I remember I asked you why you saved all that old junk and you said you never knew when it would come in handy. I remember. But there's something else I remember and I've always wanted to ask you about it."

"There's something I've always wanted to ask you, too," she said. She put down the napkin and clasped her hands loosely over the basket and looked at him. "I know," she went on, "that you were sort of lost that night and upset and then suddenly you asked—begged me to marry you. I could never figure why, just then. Why?"

HE LAUGHED. He closed his eyes, remembering, and when he opened them he was still smiling.

"Well, that has something to do with *my* question, too," he said. "There I was, wondering if I should ask you to marry me, or what, and then I saw this—this thing in the sewing basket and suddenly I knew that I couldn't bear to lose you—"

"Lose me?" she said in alarm.

"I don't feel," he went on, hurriedly, "that it's really any of my business. I was away a long time and we didn't have anything settled and all. But maybe you wouldn't mind telling me now."

She was staring at him.

"Telling you what?" she a

"Whose was—who did poral's chevron belong to?" I a little embarrassed.

She stared at him and the little sound between a gig cough escaped her. She r in the basket and brought u of something which gleam blue and khaki under the li

"This?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Looks li said.

"You mean," she asked, " you saw this you thought ma somebody else? Somebo corporal?"

He nodded.

"And that was why you to marry you and you were hurry to get it done right av

"Well—in a way, I guess it

She began to laugh and t fell on the floor and she i She got up and walked a room and laughed and lau stood it as long as he could

"All right," he said, "ma funny. But you could at lea my question."

"Oh, darling," she said, ' shouldn't answer it."

He shrugged. He looke hurt.

"But I will," she said, "I chevron, my dear, is yours."

"A corporal's chevron—m

"Yes, darling. You were a before you were a sergeant, y It was that last hectic fur yours before you went overse supposed to sew it back on But the next night you hac uniform on and we both forg

"And you kept it all th he asked. "All those yea overseas and all. My chevr thought that was very intere

"Well, yes," she said, and laughing again. "As I alw you never know when a t come in handy."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

JUST THE TASTE OF A MILKY WAY...

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A BIG DAY FOR MULVEY

Continued from page 20

Mom looked at me and shook her head. "You shouldn't have done it, Joey."

"I shouldn't have done what?"

"Whatever it was you did."

I said, "Mom, is it my fault if you raise handsome children? Is it my fault if a beautiful blonde comes along and kisses me, right on Fifth Avenue? Why should Molly be sore about a little thing like that?"

"And Molly saw you?"

"Any time a thing like that happens, you can be sure Molly has a grandstand seat. The girl is uncanny."

"It's because she's Irish," Mom said. "She has the sixth sight."

I called Molly on the phone a couple of times during the evening. Her mother told me she wasn't home, but I heard the piano going and a fair baritone voice singing. Since only Molly and her mother and father live in the apartment, and her old man has a voice like a foghorn and can't play anything but pinochle, it all sounded a little fishy to me.

In the morning, Mom knocked on the door. "Joey, you're going to be late."

I said, "Okay, Mom." I got up and went to the window. A beautiful day. Warmer than yesterday.

Yesterday. I sat on the edge of the bed and thought about it. A carload of grief and all the trouble a man could expect for a week or so. I hoped. Maybe Molly would show up at four this afternoon and I could explain things to her.

I WENT in, brushed my teeth, remembered to look in the shower. Just a baseball bat. I showered and shaved, came out and dressed in my khakis. I started to look for my shoes. "Mom, you see my shoes around?"

She hadn't seen them, and we started looking. After five minutes, Mom put her finger to her chin and that certain look came into her eyes. She said, "I sent your father's shoes out to be fixed this morning. Do you think . . . ?"

I said, "Yes, Mom. I think." Most of the time it wouldn't matter, but my spare pair was already at the shoemaker's and wouldn't be ready for another day.

"You'll have to wear your father's shoes," Mom said.

Pop wears size ten. I wear eleven. "Mom, it will be like putting a great Dane in a hatbox." I put on Pop's shoes and it was cruel, but I figured I could stand it if I had to.

I ate breakfast in a hurry. I had an idea about the shoes, and when I'd finished, I made up a small bundle in a brown paper bag. Just if things got too bad.

I was ready to leave. Mom said, "You'd better wear a heavy coat, Joey. It looks as if it might get rainy and cold."

I marched her to the window. The sky was cloudless, the sun hot. I showed her the morning paper. The weather forecast was "Sunny and warm."

"Take your raincoat, anyway. Just in case."

Okay. I took the raincoat, just to make her feel good. I wrapped my bundle in it. I said, "Where's my cap, Mom?" It wasn't in the closet.

We looked around, and Mom shook her head. "Larry must have worn it by mistake. He went out to school in a hurry."

The only hat Larry owned was a blue baseball cap with Eagles written across the front of it. I figured it wouldn't look so good on me. I said, "Okay, where's my felt hat?" A nice job that cost me ten bucks. Brown, snapbrim. It wouldn't look bad, except that I preferred the cap for working. The brown hat wasn't in the closet.

Mom looked around, and that expression settled on her face again. "I *thought* your father looked peculiar when he went out this morning."

He must have looked very peculiar. "It's a good thing he's got big ears, or he'd need someone to lead him." Pop is absent-minded.

I can't stand in the hot sun all day without a hat, and Pop's is the only one in the house, unless I want to wear Larry's "Eagles" job. So I put on Pop's Homburg and pull it down tight. It's not too bad—just as tight as a barrel hoop.

Mom looked at me doubtfully. "I think you should wear Larry's cap. It would look cute."

It's a great house. I was surprised that no one had stolen my pants. I went down the stairs like a frightened mountain goat.

I'm just in time at the academy. I line up with the rest of the bunch, my hat in my hand. The lieutenant looks worried. He comes along to me and says, "Mulvey, you've been working at Forty-fourth and Fifth with Miller?"

"Yes, sir."

Just before noon, Pop murder me. I stand it fo more, but I'm not the h over to the bank, get m a pair of white tennis sho and comfortable, and a shoe polish. I give ther of the polish, and go b Real comfort, like I ha feet up on the kitchen t

After lunch it starts to raincoat, and everythin sour again. The blacki shoes, only I don't notice Pop's hat must be made because it gets even tight look like Willy off the F

Then the rain stops changes, and all of a su North Pole. Icicles in record low for the month and freeze. The raincoat cheesecloth and no help warm I wave my arms a and the drivers are getti

At half past two I'm giving up. Who wants t way? Then I hear a car

BUTCH by LARRY

COLLIER'S

"One little factor we overlooked in planning our getaway. Most ladies shop on Saturday morning"

He gives me a good once-over. "You think you can handle it alone? Miller's home sick. Half the department is home sick, I think. We've got just about enough men to make up a softball team."

I tell him, certainly, I can handle it alone. After all, Miller is very little help to me.

He says, "Okay, Mulvey. We'll give it a try."

In the morning, it's wonderful. I gave the raincoat and bundle to Jimmy, the guard at the bank on the corner, and he puts them in his locker. I tell him, "Jimmy, if you want to see a really classy performance, take a look at the corner now and then. I'm soloing."

I go out and the sun is warm, the traffic nice and heavy. I keep it rolling like a rubber ball. Wonderful. The sergeant stops by once, during the morning, looks at me and just grunts. Willie Brady is driving him, and Willie has a smile on his face like a kitten that's just found out where they keep the cream. I don't like it. I keep thinking of that baritone voice I heard over the phone last night.

in back of me. Someon heavy foot on the brakes *wheeeee!* landings. I tur it's the same beautiful co the top up now. The sam with all her yellow hair snood—against the weath

She is all smiles today t she says, "you look wo Mulvey, you'll never beli won the raffle last night. thousand tickets, and you one out of the box. You

You couldn't have he inch gun go off, in that n had changed, and every who owned a car had hi horn.

I hear her yell somethir hurry! Be back this wa Then she shoves a long. box through the window

I yelled, "You'll be bac

She grins, gives the ca goes out of there like a w

Everything is fine, now loused up, I'm freezing t have this box under my ar

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DISTANT POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION

Craddock-Terry Shoe Corp., Lynchburg, Va.

a man with four small kids at the circus. I try holding the box under my right arm, then under my left, then between my knees. Can't get any class at all into my gestures.

After about ten minutes I give it up. I don't know what was in the box, but nothing is worth this much trouble. I pull off the string, open the box, and I see the coat. You could have knocked me over with a slice of salami.

I'm brought back to earth by the silence. I look up, see that the lights had changed. But not a car is moving. No horns. Nothing. Everyone is watching me. With the coat on my arm I start whistling and waving. I get them going.

Now I have the coat in one hand, the box and string in the other. A mess. A truck goes through Forty-fourth and I heave the box in the back. The coat alone is still annoying, and I'm blue from the cold. So I do the smart thing and put it on. It's cut big and loose and it sort of fits if I don't fasten it. And I'm warm. That's one thing I'll always know about the coat. It's warm.

So I'm happy. Traffic is moving on ball bearings, and the big clock on the corner says twenty minutes to four. Twenty minutes until Molly comes along for her bus and I can try to square myself for yesterday's little accident.

THAT Molly. A character. Bite your head off for no reason at all. Then I grinned. It was nice to have someone so upset about you. I figured that there wouldn't have been any scene, yesterday, if Molly didn't care a great deal. It was worth a little trouble.

I heard the car pull to a stop behind me, and I thought of Mary Ryan. She was early. Here was a nice, civilized girl. No temper. I turned, grinning.

It was the sergeant. He pushed himself across Willie Brady, and his face went beet red, his eyebrows pulled down around his chin somewhere. He looked like trouble. He stared at me for a full ten seconds, as if he couldn't believe it.

"This is it!" he bellowed. "Now I've seen everything! Everything!"

Brady was enjoying himself. A big grin. This was right up his alley.

"That!" the sergeant said, pointing to the coat. "Where in the name of the mayor did you get that thing?"

"It's a long story," I said. I put my foot on the running board of the car. "It's like this, Sarge. I—"

"Brady!" the sergeant shouted. "Get out there and handle traffic while I hide this oaf." He looked at me. "Get in here and drive."

Brady got out, looking as pleased as if he'd just been made lieutenant. I could imagine what he was going to do to the traffic. I got in the car. "There's a spot over there at the curb," the sergeant snarled. "Pull in and explain yourself. And it better be good."

I parked the car. A quarter of four. I'd have to talk fast. "Sarge," I said, "it all started yesterday."

When I finished, he looked dazed. "Eighteen years in the department, and I've never seen anything like this."

"You should come up to the house to dinner, sometime."

"So now," he said, "you want to meet your girl and square things. Right?"

I made like an echo. "Right!"

He nodded. He looked like a man who's just come out of ether. "Okay. The new shift'll be coming on in a minute, and you might as well go. But do me a favor. Just take that coat off. I'm getting too old for this sort of thing. And wear your own shoes tomorrow. And your own hat."

"On my honor as a former Scout!"

"Blow," he said.

I got out fast, took the coat off and put it over my arm, looked at the clock. One minute to four. I walked away.

The corner was crowded. I watched Willie Brady performing in the middle of the street. From hunger. He just didn't have it. If he stayed there five minutes longer, either he'd get run over or they'd have to close Fifth Avenue. It did my heart good.

Someone jostled me and I looked around. I might have known. It was Molly. She was staring at Willie Brady, and from her attitude, I might as well have been in the next county.

I said, "Sad, isn't it?" and she turned around and said, "Oh, hello," and turned that cute little nose another half-inch into the air.

"The bum should stay home and practice in front of a mirror," I said. "No class at all. He's going to knock himself out, waving his arms around like that."

"Some people are just jealous," Molly said. "I think Willie is doing very well."

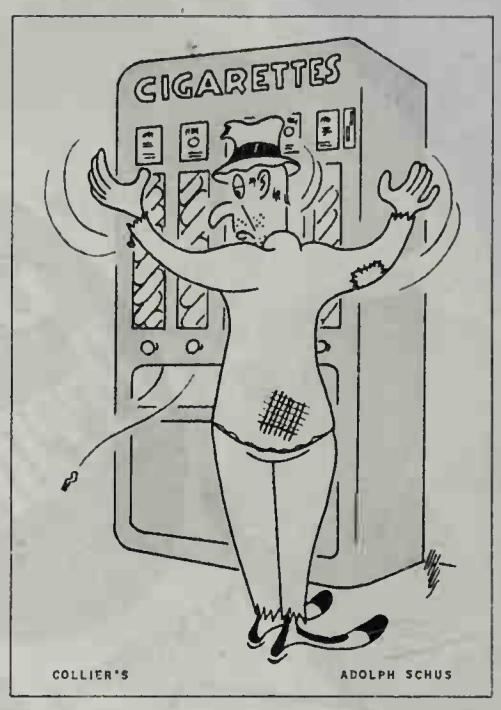
"In another five minutes he'll need a chiropractor. But there's one thing about Willie. He's got a nice tenor voice."

She looked at me then. "A baritone, you're so smart."

"He was singing very pretty last night, wasn't he?" *I* was getting sore, now.

She looked up at the sky. "Just because a friend of the family happens to stop by to see a girl's father is no reason . . ."

"Okay," I said. This was a game a



couple of people could play at, and right on the other corner I had spotted what I thought might be the winning run. That big convertible. It was Mary Ryan, and she was easing along slowly, looking for someone. I knew who that someone was.

I said to Molly, "I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Burke. I've an appointment with a friend." I stepped off the curb, waved my free arm. Mary saw me, brought the car over and stopped.

She rolled down the window on my side and said, "Well, how do you like it, Officer Mulvey?"

Golden hair, blue eyes, that marvelous grin. How could you help liking it? It wasn't Molly, but it was very nice.

"Lovely," I said. "Positively lovely."

She shook her head, still smiling. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

I was thinking about that when I heard the voice at my elbow.

"Pardon me. Joey Mulvey, but I'd like my ring. If you don't mind."

I said, "You'd like your what?"

"My ring. I dropped it last night. Remember?" She was standing beside me, now. She poked her head forward a little and said to the girl in the car, "We're engaged, you know."

Things were moving a little faster than I had expected. I said, "Miss Ryan, Miss Burke." I fished in my pocket for the ring.

Mary Ryan gave Molly that nice smile. "Why, that's wonderful. I thought he seemed a little distracted. Does he always act this way?"

"Just most of the ti
and she was smiling, too
I found the ring, brou
Ryan said, "I certainly h
"Oh, it does," Molly
wearing it now for a m
her finger out just as
performance every day
The ring slipped on nice
The girl in the car sai
But I meant the coat."
I remembered the co
and Molly looked at it f
I thought her eyes were
across Fifth Avenue.
There were a lot of
now, and Mary Ryan sa
tions, you two, and lot
me an invitation to the
waved, and then she was
Molly was still stari
She said, "Mink!" She
you do when you're in
dor Mink!"
"Yeah," I said. "Min
Molly put out her h
the coat the way you'd to
Then she jerked her h
looked at me. "Joey Mu
you steal that coat?"
"Leave us not speak
law," I said. "And let's
coat for a minute. W
Brady doing up at y
night?"
She looked at me for
said, "Well, if you rea
he stopped by to ask
should buy us for a wed
Willie Brady? Well, m
a bad guy when you go
but . . .
"And Pop asked him
of beer," Molly said, "ar
him to sing a song before
After all, the guy doe
Police Glee Club. It
enough, the way Molly p
"And who," she put it
girl? It was the same
last night. And where
coat?"
But she wasn't sore, n
could hear a little touch
voice. Just a touch, but i
I said, "Oh, the coat."
for her, and she slipped
put it on every morning.
derful.
She turned around on
"Swell. It fits like the mi
She smiled, and that w
liked to see. I told her, "
say 'Thanks.' You'd th
ered these things with t
morning."
"I could say 'Thank y
cab, Joey," she said.

I WAS lucky. There
hack passing and I flag
We got in and I gave hi
I pulled off Pop's hat
noise like someone had
tle of champagne. The
Molly.
In about three minutes
who was that girl?"
"Just an odd character
rides along Fifth Avenu
mink coats."
"And where did you ge
"Sometime I'll have to
that." But not now. I
much more interesting thi
I said, "How about co
house for dinner tonight?"
She nodded. "I called
this afternoon. She know
They're wonderful. W
It's tough to stay a step
You can't beat them, but
you can tie them.
"You haven't told me
girl was," Molly said.
I grinned at her. "I di
you know about that? It's

THE END

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CRIME AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

BY STANLEY FRANK

The public is losing an estimated $300,000,000 annually in stolen and forged checks, and much of this is lost after it reaches the family mailbox. This crime wave is accelerating and even includes women and children. Here are some tips on how to safeguard yourself from them

.EW YORK

8 Seized in Mail-Box Thefts Of Relief Checks Worth $30,0

Six men and two women were ... arrested early yesterday b... eral postal inspectors and ... with stealing ... than ...

JUSTICE probably appeared to be more blind than ever to the casual citizen in a Cleveland court on May 8, 1946, when Mrs. Helen Czarnecki, having pleaded guilty as charged, heard sentence pronounced. Mrs. Czarnecki, twenty-seven, mother of three small children and comely, was given two years in a federal penitentiary for stealing letters from mailboxes. A stiff penalty, the ordinary observer might have speculated, and for what? Y... nosy women are. W... crooks, racketeers an... thugs on the loose, it wo... the law had more urgent ... jailing the mother of a fo... infant and two kids five ...

Mrs. Czarnecki was ... dulging a feminine wh... when she rifled mail... states. Ripe morsels ... personal letters did not ... She was looking only fo... information to assist h... bogus checks. This wo... independent operator ... costliest and least pu... wave bedeviling the cou...

In the two years tha... necki flourished in con... her husband, Harry, ... who also got two years ... made a haul of $9,404 at ... or risk, until the post off... service collared them. ... every time.

The American Banker ... estimates the public is lo... as $300,000,000 a year ... forged checks. This is ... servative figure when yo... as few people do—the en... of redeemable paper ... every day. The federa... alone issued the staggering ... 348,749,450 checks in the ... 1946, and the bulk was ... mail. The average che... the U.S. Treasury was ... a grand total in excess ... 000,000. These figures d... 15,000,000 terminal-lea...

Merchants often are incredibly gullible about cashing checks for anyone who comes along waving a piece of paper

or the more than 7,-
yment, Social Secur-
d old-age assistance
s are mailing every

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the nation's business
understand why the
ice Inspection Serv-
wn on a campaign to
s public with the im-
guarding its mail and,
, taking elementary
nst forged endorse-

0 government checks
olen and 29,600 were
st Office Inspection
taff of 810 men, in-
hefts from city letter
rom rural boxes and
sts.

affic in government
t doubled in the last
secret service investi-
es of forged govern-
mpared to 16,500 in
ffice and secret serv-
ched to the Treasury,
ll ng the culprits, the
ng the theft angle and
stepping in when a
rnment check is com-

ieves get little pub-
hods are not as spec-
obbers'. They don't
ons of lead pipe and
laring as safeblowers
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onspicuous persons;
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pes look like peanut
tick-up is front-page
aper in America, yet
o prey upon other
away with an equiva-
y day without arous-
tion.
chief victims of mail thefts are people who have no source of income other than government and state checks. Retired public servants living on pensions, aged, infirm folks who need old-age assistance of eating and rent money, and dependents of servicemen suffer genuine hardships when someone beats them to their one or two monthly paydays.

According to the post office, the majority of letters stolen are taken from slum tenements and third-rate apartment houses in large cities. The reasons are pretty obvious. Hall letter boxes frequently are in such a disreputable condition that they can be opened easily—if, indeed, they ever are locked at all. Since the entrance to the house generally is unattended, it is a cinch for anyone to walk in and observe mail delivered to all tenants.

The crux of the swindle is, however, what amounts to the criminal negligence of small, neighborhood merchants in cashing checks. Mail would not be stolen if it were impossible, or even moderately difficult, for the pilferer to convert the loot to cash. You would think a reasonably bright merchant would demand some sort of good identification before he cashed a check for a stranger, but this basic rule is abused so casually that the naïve storekeeper is virtually an accessory to the crime.

A typical case was cracked in Washington, D. C., in November, 1946. Mrs. Mabel Pritchard, twenty-eight, also the mother of three children, was the queen of a ring that included her husband and assorted relations. For more than a year the gang systematically rifled mail in one section of Washington and business was so brisk that a motor scooter was used to cover the territory. Among the victims were James Doddrell, eighty-five, trying to exist on a pension of $29 a month, and Mrs. Emily E. Pettit, whose only

(Continued on page 93)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FINK

He borrowed a pen from the barmaid to endorse the check. Imagine his consternation when the barmaid yelled for the cops

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☐ Have salesman call.

Name.....

Company Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....*State*.....

TRY TO FORGET

Continued from page 12

Branch. I'm crazy about her and I've been trying for months to get her to say she'll marry me, but she just threatens to stop seeing me altogether unless I lay off the marriage stuff."

Now he asked her, "Why didn't you end it once and for all when you saw how things were going? Why did you have to keep on with it?"

"Don't you think I wanted to end it?" she said. "Don't you think I *tried* to? But Dave wouldn't. He kept pleading with me, arguing with me that if I would just be patient, things would change, *I* would change. I think he had some idea that it was Denny St. George but it wasn't—"

Denny St. George. That must be the boy she'd been engaged to. The boy Ben Graves had mentioned in his letter. The boy who had been killed early in the war at Salerno.

It had been that letter of Ben's that had made Ridge realize just how bad things really were. Because he had introduced them, Ben felt more or less responsible. . . .

"The hell of it is," he'd written, "Dorcas is a nice girl, old Boston family, Westover, all that sort of thing. Not at all the sort you'd imagine would get snarled up in a situation of this sort. But it seems she was engaged to some boy who was killed at Salerno, and when Dave met her she was still pretty numb and unresponsive emotionally. He did a lot for her and in a moment of what seems to have been an unfortunate combination of gratitude and misguided generosity, she agreed to go away with him for a week end. For a while things seem to have gone along fine, but then Dave made the mistake of falling desperately in love with her, wanted her to marry him. Dorcas can't see it this way and as a result he's been drinking like a fish all summer, his work is all shot to hell and at the moment he's living on an advance we've made him on his next novel. But unless he snaps out of it, he'll never write that novel or any other. . . ."

BEN'S letter had gone on to say that whereas they had never met each other, he was Dave's publisher and Ridge was Dave's brother, and between them they should try to do something about him. "I wish," he'd continued, "that you would either come down here and try to knock a little sense into him or better still try to get him to go up to the farm for a while—ease up on the bottle. . . ."

Dave hadn't lived to get home. He'd agreed to come, he'd even started. But just beyond Hoosick Falls on the road to Bennington, he'd tried to pass an oil truck, lost control of his car, skidded on the wet pavement and crashed through a fence into the river.

"Okay," said Ridge, wrenching his mind forcibly back to the present moment and the girl on the sofa, "so it wasn't Denny St. George. So it wasn't anything you could help. So Dave is dead and you aren't to blame. Only I think you are. I think you're guilty as all hell. I guess that's why I came here today. I guess I wanted to have the pleasure of telling you exactly how I felt about you."

"And now that you have done so," said Dorcas, "do you feel better? Can you go back to Vermont and relax and forget about the whole thing? Feel that you have discharged some sort of brotherly obligation to Dave?"

He couldn't tell whether she was terribly angry or whether she was sitting there, secretly laughing at him. Either way he hated her. Hated her for looking so young and so virginal, hated her for being alive now that Dave was dead, hated her for not losing control of the situation for even a split second, for seeming to have, in spite of all that had happened, a young, undamaged and quite absurd sense of personal integrity.

But the thing that bothered him most was that hating her for all these things, he knew that had he met her under other, more propitious circumstances, he would have liked her. . . .

He stood up.

"No," he said, "I feel neither better nor worse. But you're right about one thing—coming here today was something I had to do."

"In other words," she said, "you didn't want to go back until everything was neat and tidy, no matter how unpleasant it might be. Well, you can go back to Vermont now, feeling you have neglected nothing."

While she was speaking, he had crossed the room to the door. He turned now and looked at her and she knew suddenly that he had not heard anything she said. He had been too absorbed in his own bitter thoughts.

"Dave was a swell guy—lovable, good-looking, successful, fun to be with—I still don't see why you wouldn't marry him."

"I told you why," she said. "I didn't love him. That is, I didn't love him *enough*. It wouldn't have been fair—to either one of us."

She said all this evenly, monotonously; all the warmth, all the vitality was drained out of her face, and suddenly he realized how many times she must have stood just there where she was standing now in the center of that blue rug, her voice repeating those same tired, stubborn phrases over and over to Dave: "I don't love you; that is, I don't love you enough—it wouldn't be fair." And he could see Dave standing where he was standing now, his face hard, dark scowl, his ey hurt and baffled. Not kn make of it, not knowing with her.

"To hell with it!" Ridge in a tight, hard voice. Op he went out and down th street.

THE doctor was a thin y starched white hospital the polished hexagonal len less glasses, his eyes were d melancholy. This was a s ting opposite him in his le chair.

She had simply walked given her real name and s rect and disarming forthri he had found completely think there's a very good l I am pregnant, Doctor. I find out positively whether

Well, she was pregnant, doubt about that.

He said now, "The man, there any reason why yo married immediately?"

"I'm afraid there's a ver He was"— she looked at h her lips and then conti enough—"he was killed a ago in an automobile acci

"Oh, I see. I'm sorry."

Stupid words. Banal. I sorry. She deserved a bet this. You could see that s girl, well brought up. New father was probably a pro Nice, conventional backgr this.

He leaned forward, made of his clever, nervously dis and talked rapidly for a fe

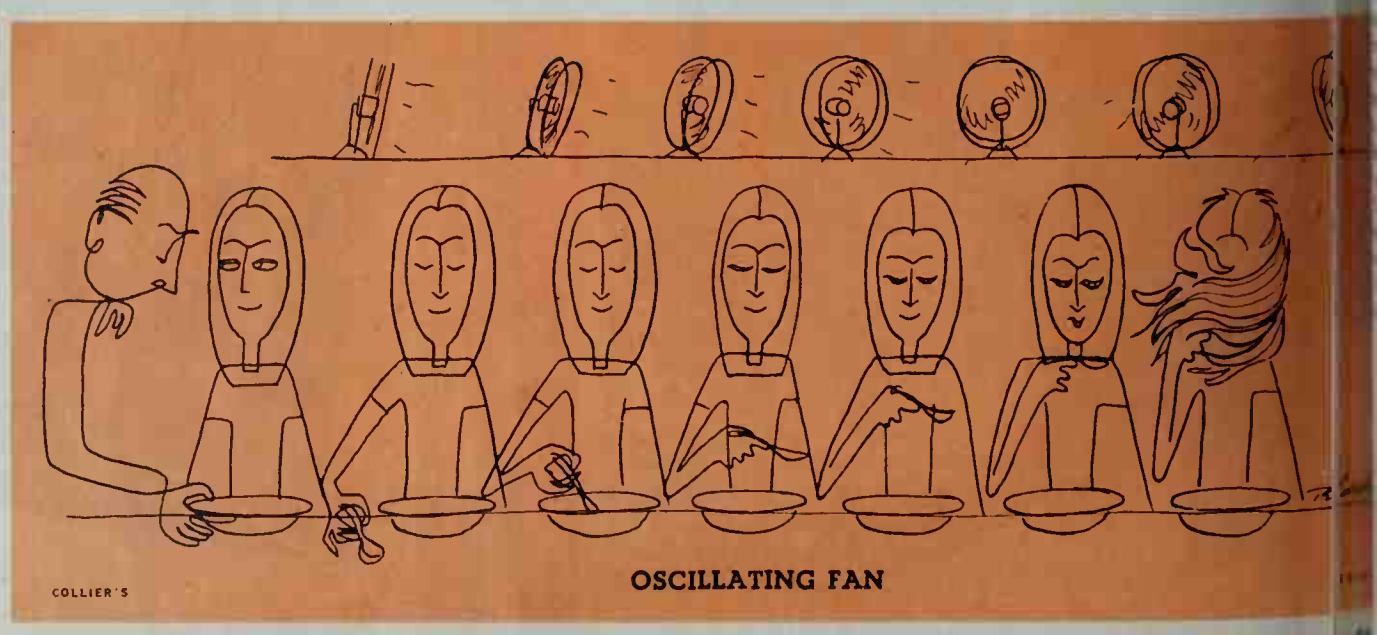
She listened quietly, the want to have this child."

He shrugged and said money? It will be expensiv

"I have an aunt in Bos help me—I think."

She stifled a hysterical her head back, close her e This whole thing was w wrong. She should be frig stricken, beside herself wit come with guilt and remor dead and she was going to His child. It was a compl depressing situation. Why name, didn't she feel f guilty and remorseful and

Why must she always *hard* way, the *different* wa like that from the first. A would have been able to way he wanted to be loved. terribly fond of him. Hi ship had meant everythin



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The girl you're so proud of. Do you have to wait your turn in the stag line to get a dance with your own daughter? Let her know how proud you are with a lovely, dependable Hamilton like the OLGA (second from left below)—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case and double-strand bracelet . . . **$59.50.**

The girl who's still your best girl. Does she grow younger every birthday? On her *next* birthday, remember your mother with a graceful Hamilton—made by America's only manufacturer of fine watches exclusively. Below (third from left) is the FL-12—17 jewels, 14K gold case and bracelet, *Medallion* movement . **$275.**

The girl you grew up wi[th]. [She] ways been such a good [pal] never minded her being [a tom]of of a brother? This Chri[stmas] the gift she's always wan[ted] stunning Hamilton like [the] (fourth from left below)—[a] gold case, *Medallion* mov[ement]

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's wide variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from **$52.25** *up. Prices inc[lude]*

Aside to the ladies: If there's a man in your life you're very much in love with, tell him so with a handsome Hamilton. Above (left to right): ENDICOTT—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case, **$52.25;** GILBERT—19 jewels, 14K gold case, **$120;** LESTER—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case, **$66.**

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nto her life at a time when it ither spiritual significance nor stability and for a while he t both. For this he had been him. Terribly grateful. And ad seen how things were with esperately he had wanted her —not just gaily, happily, but -out, intense, consuming pas- ad tried, she had tried very you couldn't make yourself ne that way. It had to come pontaneously. Or not at all. end, his very need of her, sperateness, had driven her farther away from him; and tremely sensitive, perceptive had sensed this and it had miserable. Why then, now was dead, now that it was want this child? Was it her d conscience, perhaps, which t she pay and pay in full? new joy in life that Dave had her after the long, bleak pe- ing alone with the terrible that she'd never see Denny gain.

back now she wondered if ly been in love with Denny? d she must have been. At had wanted to marry him od and faithful wife to him children—and now Denny nd she was going to have d, instead. You could see ung doctor thought that she go through with it.

u are the one to decide this, nd may I say, Miss Branch, e your courage."

both standing now and she r hand.

crisp, tangy evening in late nd she walked quickly back quiet city streets, her green at buttoned primly beneath he liked to walk at night in feel the wind whipping like her hair, lifting it off from d then blowing it forward cheeks. She and Dave had t, especially that first spring ad still been living at that the East Seventies.

spring. . . .

d been dead almost a year been in New York five Graves had introduced her a number of unattached none of whom had meant her. And then one day he ced her to Dave. Her first f him had been that he was bt one of the best-looking young blond men she had ever seen. It had also occurred to her that he was quite a lot like one of his own novels (there were three of them, and a handful of short stories)—fast-paced, perceptive, lightly ironic and pleasantly sophisticated.

It had never occurred to her that he would bother with her beyond a casual cocktail or dinner date. She was just a not-especially-pretty girl who had recently sustained a pretty bad emotional blow. She was surprised and pleased when he continued to make one date after another.

He was on sick leave from the Navy and he was supposed to be suffering from a duodenal ulcer; he had to show up at the St. Albans Naval Hospital once every two weeks. The rest of the time he was free as the air. He wasn't supposed to drink or smoke or eat any highly seasoned foods, but he had been in the South Pacific for nearly two years and he expected to be back there before very long and so he went right on ordering Martinis and Scotch highballs and eating highly indigestible things like lobster thermidor.

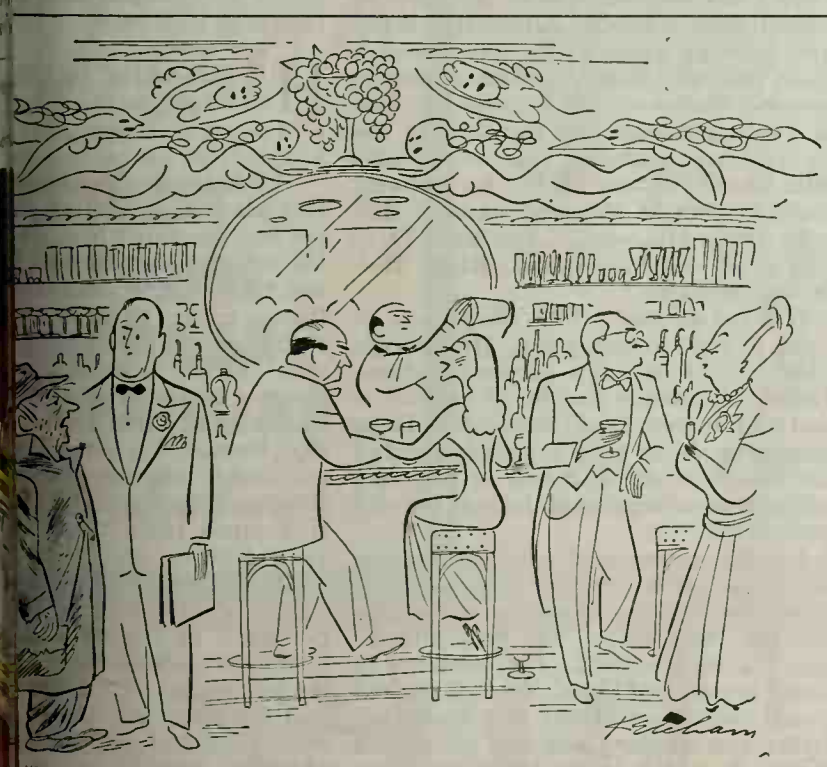
They had continued to see each other constantly all through June; and in July Dave's ulcer, in spite of the Martinis and the Scotch and the lobster thermidor, had disappeared completely and he was given a desk job in the Navy offices at 90 Church Street.

Then in August the war had come to its abrupt end.

In October, Dave had asked her without any warning at all to go away with him for a week end.

"I'm kind of in love with you," he had said, "and I think you care more about me than you realize. But if the idea shocks you, you must say so straight out and we'll just forget the whole thing. On the other hand, there's no real reason so far as I can see why we shouldn't go; we're both free, white and twenty-one and responsible to no one but ourselves. I realize," he'd added swiftly, honestly, "that this is definitely an adult point of view and that quite possibly it's too adult for you to accept or for me to expect you to accept . . ."

Was that why she had gone? Was that why she had done something which was so completely alien, so completely foreign to every moral precept she had been brought up to believe in? Had it been because she couldn't bear to have him think that she wasn't as adult, as emotionally grown up as he hoped, as, in his heart, he believed her to be? Or had she gone simply because she wanted to do something for him, something which



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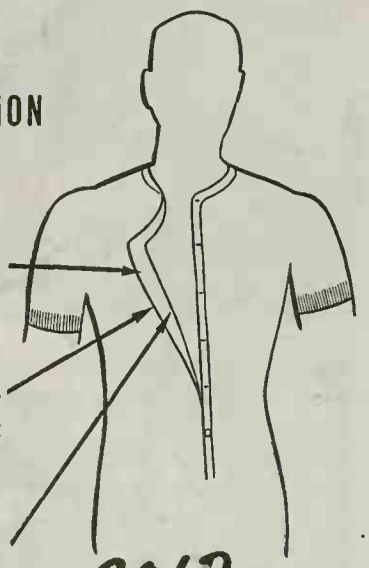

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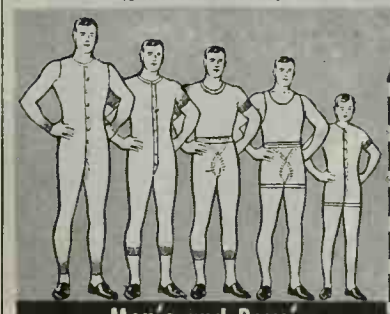

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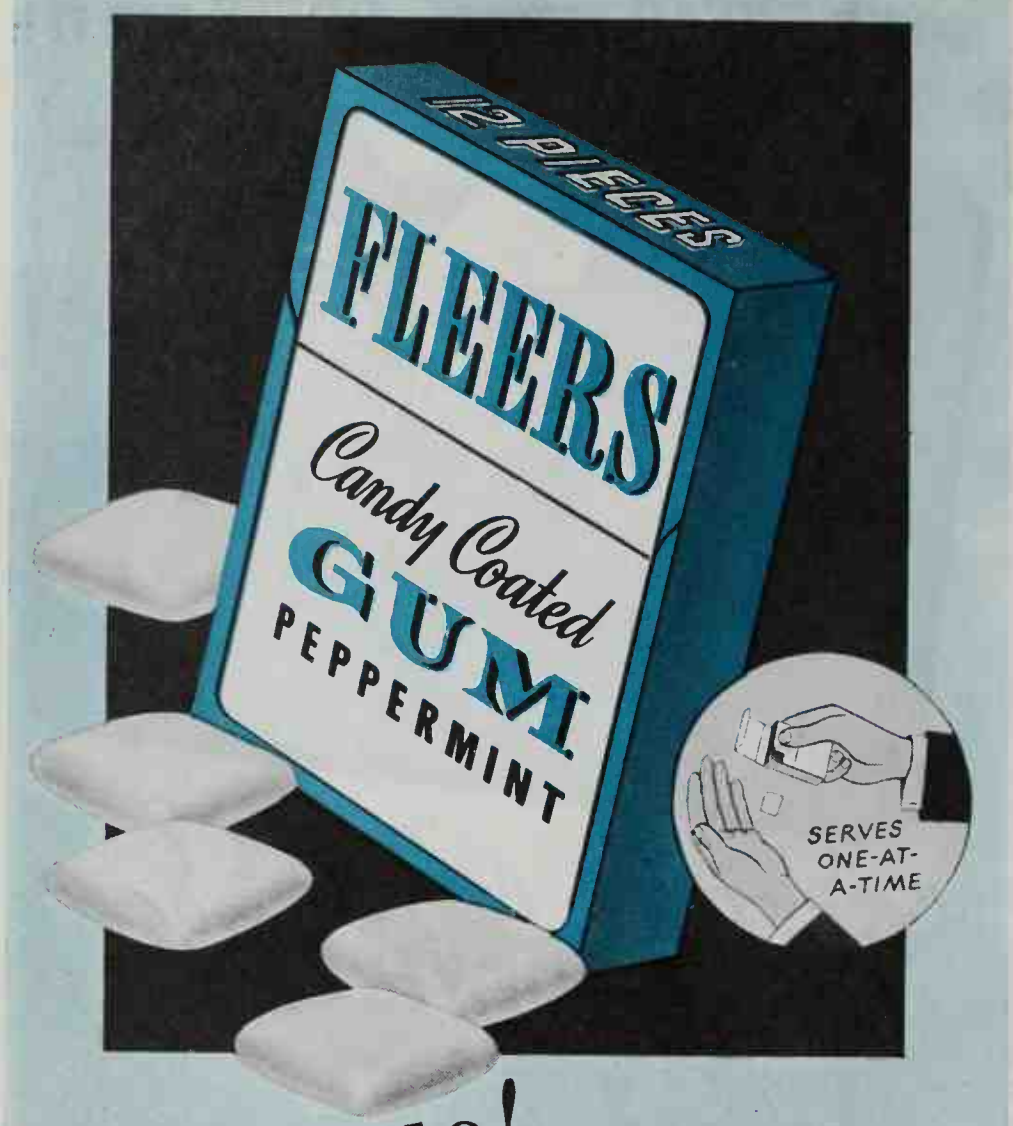
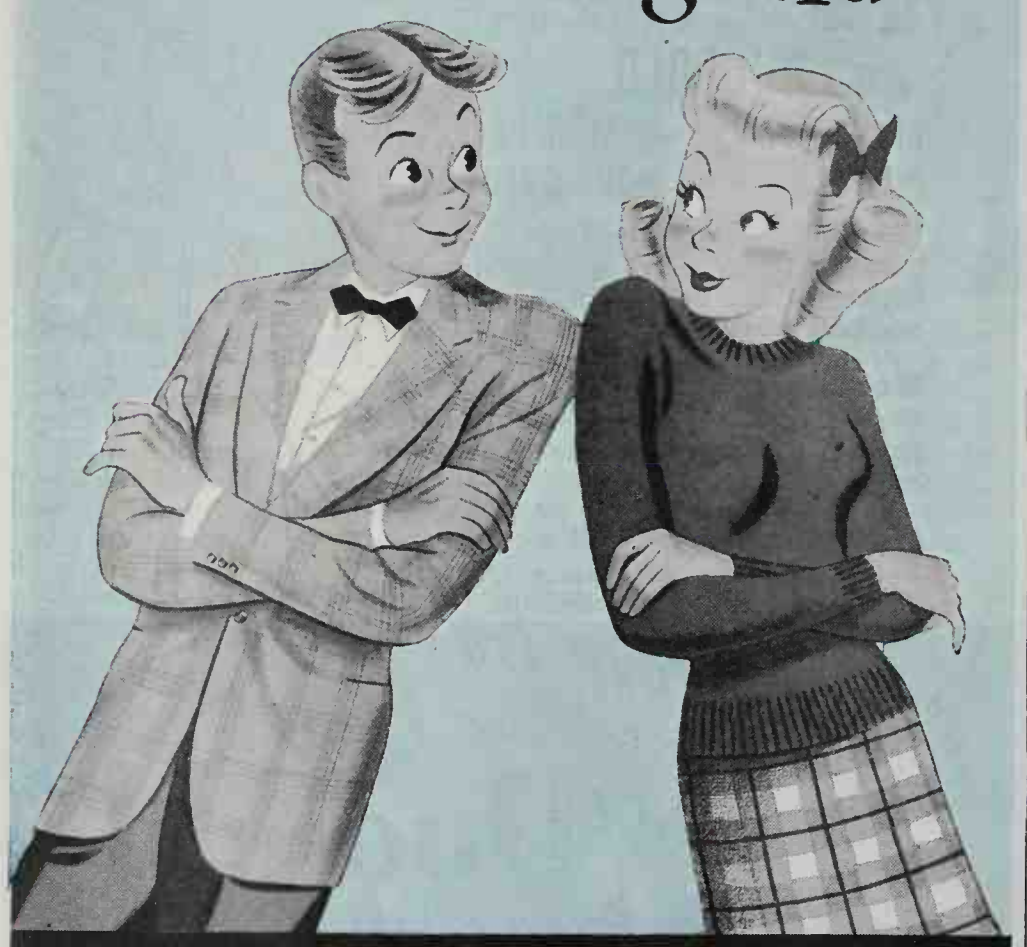


delicious! delightful!



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would, in some small measure, repay him for everything he had done for her?

Yes, she told herself now, absurd and altruistic as it might sound, this had been the real reason why she had said yes; he had been very good to her, he had helped her through a bad, a desolate time, and now she wanted to do something equally magnanimous, equally generous for him. She was not in love with him the way she had been in love with Denny St. George. But it was quite possible she might never be in love with anyone like that again. In the meantime, no one in the world meant so much to her as Dave.

They had gone to a small inn in the Berkshires. They had gone for long walks and then had come back to a pungent log fire; and evenings Dave had read aloud to her.

Had he asked her at the end of one of these evenings to marry him, the chances were she would have agreed; but at this point, marriage was something with which he did not want to complicate his life.

WHEN, a week later, he called her one day, and told her he knew a man who was giving up his apartment, and suggested that she take it, she had done so. She owned furniture; it was in storage in Boston. Furniture that had belonged to her father and mother. It had been put in storage at the time of their deaths in 1935, and had been there ever since, and as she had explained, talking long-distance to her Aunt Hildegarde in Boston, she might just as well be using it.

At any rate the furniture, or as much of it as she could use in a two-room apartment, had been taken out of storage and sent down from Boston to New York. Once it was unerated and put in place, it had aroused in her all sorts of nostalgic memories about the house in Weston and the life she had lived there with her father and mother. For a few minutes, standing there in her new apartment, surrounded by their furniture, she had missed those two young parents of hers as acutely and painfully as if she had really known them well—which, of course, she hadn't.

But then Dave had come in with his arms full of flowers and food for their first dinner—and that wave of nostalgia had passed and had never returned again, at least not with any real intensity.

But tonight, walking alone along this quiet street, the wind whipping at her hair like the fingers of an affectionate but capricious child, Dorcas found herself thinking that if her father and mother had lived instead of dying within a few hours of each other when she was twelve, her own life would undoubtedly have turned out quite differently. When you grew up alone as she had, you felt quite naturally that you owed nothing to anyone, that your life belonged to you and that you were free to live it as you thought best, spending your leisure time with whom you saw fit; for the past year she had seen fit to spend most of hers with Dave Holbrook. And now Dave was dead and his brother, Ridge Holbrook, hated her.

It was odd and a little disquieting to think of anyone hating her. Most people liked her. Quite a few people loved her. Denny St. George had loved her dearly and his father and mother still did. There were others who were genuinely fond of her—teachers she had had at boarding school and college, girls she had roomed with.

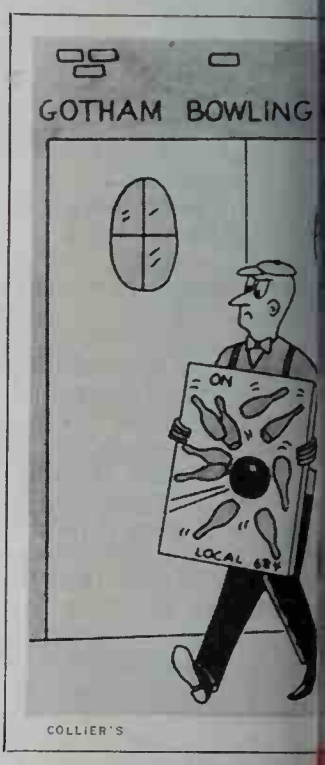
But Ridge Holbrook's hate had shone in his eyes and trembled in his voice.

She had wanted, strangely enough, to run after him, to call him back and try one last time to make him understand about herself and Dave. She had wanted to tell him about Denny and about her father and mother. She had wanted to explain to him how she had loved these three people at different vulnerable periods in her life and depended on them for her emotional security; sh to point out to him how th of their own, they had f how, because they *had* t had developed a sort of love. At least to the kind had wanted from her. Sh to point out that in the b himself hadn't wanted thi possessive, demanding, any more than she had.

She had wanted to call try to make all this clear to as she had wanted to do known that it was useles brook had loved his broth brother was dead and so fa was concerned, she, Dorca as killed him. So there calling out to him; she had

It was too bad, in a w things had been different, him first instead of Dav have got on very well, th liked each other very muc

She had reached her o house. She went up the brownstone steps and was apartment was on the sec not the third. She was ti



more tired than she rem having been before in H thought: I'll make myself a coffee and have a hot bath write Aunt Hildegarde. I anything about the baby— giving up the apartment ri returning to Boston. . . .

HILDEGARDE PEYTO inlaid desk in the librar on Louisburg Square in Bo a letter from her niece in Ne

The letter was definitely told her almost nothing, an tell her she didn't like. Do ing up her position and h and returning, at once, to disconcerting. In the first pl the house was far from sma other person around wou privacy, seriously disturb well-ordered pattern of her that Dorcas was young an reasonably attractive woul things still further. The tele ring much more often, ar venient times, and there w matter of her smoking.

Any way she looked at it, cas back in Boston was definitely inconvenient. the girl had no right to take that she could just throw u New York and return here obtaining permission. It course, that this was—te least—her home. But eigh

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ago when she had gone to New York and gotten herself a job in that publishing house, it had been tacitly understood that from then on she would be, except for brief visits and the usual birthday and Christmas checks, on her own.

It had been with a definite sense of relief that Hildegarde had had the rose room redecorated and restored to its original status of guest room. Ten years was a long time but no one could say that she had not done her duty by Virginia's child. It hadn't been easy having her entire life disrupted and thrown out of gear by a girl of twelve, the daughter of her half-sister.

Dorcas' parents had died in 1935—both, ironically enough—of food poisoning. Without admitting it to herself, Hildegarde Peyton knew she had never forgiven them for it. Because it had meant, of course, that she had had to take Dorcas. Tom had no immediate family and there was no one else.

Well, no one could say that she hadn't done a good job, that she hadn't been, from the first, most conscientious and generous. It had been her money that had bought Dorcas' clothes and sent her to good private schools and paid her dentist's and doctor's fees and provided her with music and dancing lessons. No, she had spared no expense and she had nothing with which to reproach herself, but there was a limit to what she should be expected to do.

DORCAS was no longer a child, she was a young woman, a young woman who, but for the unfortunate death of young Dennis St. George, would have been married by now with a home, an establishment of her own.

Now that had been an eminently suitable match. Not too much money but very well connected, excellent background. Well, no use crying over spilled milk; young St. George was dead and instead of staying put in New York, Dorcas was on her way back to Boston. She would arrive, Hildegarde consulted her letter again, at four forty-five this afternoon. In time, thank heaven, to freshen up before tea.

It was typical of Hildegarde that she still insisted upon serving tea each afternoon at five o'clock. It was a civilized custom and one from which she had refused to depart even during the war: a good many of her friends now preferred cocktails, but in her house they got tea. There were certain standards, certain traditions that you preserved . . . the way you preserved your figure by eating sparingly of sweets. At fifty-eight she was still as slim as she had been at twenty, yes, *thirty* years ago. And as straight. Her hair no longer was that rich lustrous shade of brown, of course, and her neck had begun to go but in many ways, she was *better* looking than she had ever been. Now that her hair was completely gray, she was, well, not handsome, perhaps, but certainly distinguished-looking.

Her eyes returned to the sheet of note paper on her desk and she frowned and bit her lip. Incredibly impertinent of the girl to arrive practically on the heels of her letter. Well, there was nothing to be done about it. At least not at the moment. She extended one thin, vein-corded hand and touched the bell that would summon Bessie, her elderly maid.

"Bessie," she said, a moment later when that spare, pale-faced individual, dressed in correct black and white, appeared in the doorway in answer to her ring, "Miss Dorcas is arriving from New York this afternoon. See that the bed in the rose room is properly aired and you may serve tea for both of us here in the library at the usual hour."

But Dorcas did not, as it happened, arrive in time for tea. Her train was an hour and ten minutes late. Admitting her, Bessie said, "Miss Peyton is in the li-

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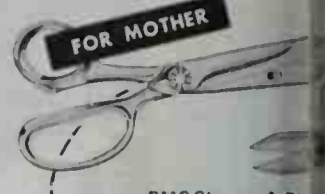

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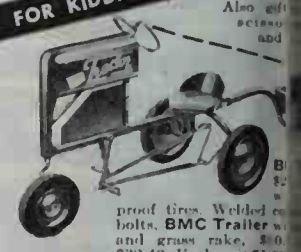
and

FOR KIDDIES



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reading road sig
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to Wear
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styling; the no-pinch
button fit of the exclusive
closed seat. *Guaranteed m*
and convenient than
you wear now,
Wash easily; no

•BOOKLET 75 makes comfort co

AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP

Jones QUALITY HA
AMERICA'S *Comfort*

cas. You're to go straight

Bessie," said Dorcas.
ere in the white-paneled
k Oriental rugs, its hand-
alnut furniture, its gold-
s of three generations of
that same frantic desire
that she had felt on that
ay when she had been
ter her parents had died
f, formal little visit—but

however, run that day,
un today. She smiled at
elinquished her dressing
latter's well-trained if
ands, and walked down
o the library.
st week in October and
burning sedately in the
replace, and there were
silver bowl on the French
veen the tall front win-

rde, waiting for her in
as she had waited twelve
ked up.
I expected you in time

rcas said, "but my train
n I had trouble getting

he room and kissed her
e pale, dry, verbena-
Then, because she was
remely tired, she took a
es out of her handbag
ght one.
n on her aunt's face
in time. "I'm sorry," she
ten that cigarette smoke

oo much," said her Aunt
l your generation smoke
as they do everything to
no restraint any more,
e. It confuses and dis-
—manners, morals, *ev-*

orcas.
felt not only physically
lly and emotionally de-
told that young doctor
I have an aunt in Bos-
lp me." She wondered
he had been so sure of
ad thought for one mo-
garde Peyton would help

her. Why had she expected any sort of sympathy, help, or understanding from this woman, this New England spinster with her long, cold nose and pale eyes and selfish, tight-lipped mouth? Love—either sacred or profane—had never touched her at all. Life, itself, had never really touched her except in a purely superficial sort of way.

"Don't run—walk." "Don't gobble your food—chew it slowly." "Don't bang doors—close them quietly." In other words, don't ever be alive, young, rushing head-on to meet life—stand back and let it slip politely by you. Stand *well* back out of the way of the more vulgar, demanding emotions, with your skirts pulled down carefully over your knees, both literally and figuratively.

"Perhaps," her aunt was frowning at her slightly, "you had better have some tea even if you did arrive late; you look extremely pale and your hands are shaking . . ."

"So they are," said Dorcas, and she looked down at them with faint surprise and then made them into tight little fists and thrust them into the pockets of her tweed topcoat.

"Dorcas," said Hildegarde Peyton, still staring at her intently, "you're not ill, are you? You *look* ill." In fact now that she had had time to regard her dispassionately, she saw that Dorcas really looked very bad. No color at all and violet smudges beneath her eyes and a funny pinched look about her mouth. "Tell me," she said, her voice rising a little nervously, a little shrilly, "is something *wrong?*"

"Not really wrong, no," said Dorcas, sitting down on the cinnamon velvet chair opposite her aunt, taking out that pack of cigarettes and this time, lighting one, forgetting completely in the exigency of the moment, the really *appalling* exigency of the moment, that cigarette smoke was obnoxious to her aunt. "You see I'm quite all right, really. I mean I'm not ill. That is, not really ill. I'm just, well, just a little pregnant . . ."

She stopped, the cigarette halfway to her lips, her eyes completely horrified. She had said it. She had actually sat here in this room and said that utterly astounding thing; she hadn't led up to it, she hadn't prepared this stony-faced woman opposite her in any way, she had just sat there and let her have it. Right, she thought—and once more there was

"Now the next line, Abelard—"

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-and they are mild!

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too . . . if they're Kerry Knights!

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the waistband for custom-built fit. An e
is added for those who like snugness at
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you twist and turn and sleep and stret
restriction.

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clusive new patterns. Full range of sizes
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ac esire to laugh—right be-
ey.
re hat—*what?*" said Hilde-
to leaning forward like an
n, lips moving stiffly, her
an glazed-looking like—like
f a *ozen* fish, thought Dorcas

int, said Dorcas. "In other
n g ng to have a baby. Peo-
ve nem, you know. All the
re's ne born—"
ll." said Hildegarde Peyton.
s, itching the arms of her
w te and trembling. A little
itc d painfully in her right
sha throbbing had started at
er skull. She thought: I
ml must gain control of my
I will have one of my head-
B how could you be calm,
yo get your emotions under
n ced with a thing like this?
a ghtmare . . . that girl sit-
in er soft, well-cut tweeds,
gray eyes and innocent
l king like an embarrassed,
b child and saying, saying
o prayed Hildegarde Pey-
t be true, don't let a thing
p to me, *not to me!*

she prayed, she knew it
This thing had happened.
e had taken this girl into
a great personal inconven-
; she had spent money on
d l of money; she had seen
w p knowing the right peo-
ht social and moral val-
is . . . *now this!* And the
edly, quite impossible,
married—otherwise she
re, would she? No, of
h would be with him. . . .
said, speaking with great
her throat hurt her, "is
this—this outrage? And
come to me instead of to
e you brought your dis-
it at my door instead of
it belongs?"
h spoke, she realized that
had just said sounded
nd absurd, like something
ctorian novel. But it was
d have to stand.
t was exactly as if one
had detached itself from
on the velvet chair and
ver by the fire, secretly
whole absurd situation.
g it. All these years of
ck, of always doing what
f never being allowed to
make any decisions of her own, even little unimportant ones . . . *"It's ten o'clock, Dorcas, please turn off your radio; it's disturbing me . . ." "It's too early in the season to wear your fur coat, Dorcas, the tweed one is more suitable . . ."*

"His name would mean nothing to you," said Dorcas. "And the reason I did not go to him is simple. I couldn't. He is dead."

"Dead?"

"He was killed six weeks ago in an automobile accident. At the time neither one of us knew anything about the baby. Now," she said, and her voice sounded suddenly touched and vaguely, gently surprised, "he will never know."

"Very well," said Hildegarde, moistening her dry lips, "he is dead. But he was not dead two months ago. He was not dead six months ago. Or however long this shameful affair has been going on. *Why, then, didn't he marry you?* Or was he, perhaps"—she pounced triumphantly on the next two words, her eyes shining like hard blue marbles—*"already* married?"

"No," said Dorcas, "he wasn't. But he wanted to be very much. He wanted to marry me."

Now it's coming, she thought, the thing Dave couldn't take, the thing Ridge Holbrook couldn't take, the thing *she* won't be able to understand or accept.

"Then why, why if he wanted to marry you, didn't you marry him? Was he socially unacceptable?"

"No," said Dorcas, and she suddenly felt such a bitter contempt for her aunt and all her stupid, narrow, Boston-snobbish prejudices that it was an actual taste in her mouth, a nauseating, acrid taste like ashes on her tongue. "No," she said; "although he didn't, in your sense of the word, have any family connections. But he was quite, quite eligible, I assure you. And not in the least poor or uneducated. As a matter of fact, he was quite charming. You would have liked him."

"Then," said Hildegarde, "in God's name, why didn't you marry him?"

"Because," said Dorcas, "I wasn't enough in love with him—"

And then, quite unexpectedly and with a rather touching young dignity, she smiled ever so slightly, sighed, and for the first time in her life, quietly fainted. . . .

Lida Whipple finished her third cup of coffee (she was drinking too much coffee and she knew it but she couldn't seem to stop), rubbed out her cigarette (she was also smoking too much) and got with sudden resolution to her feet.

It had been almost two weeks since

nev touch them, myself—they're too much trouble to make"

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STATE FLOWER OF M

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"I never really appreciated my dollar-a-year job until I got back and started paying taxes" CHARLES PEARSON

idge Holbrook and then d been accidental. Well, ide in her pocket and call surd, just because Dave luck to get himself killed, ut himself off so com- eryone, including herself. nyhow, she thought sud- n't been for him, she and ave been married years

ver liked her and he had ow to communicate this . Ridge might not have self, but it had made a

ve was dead and it was a thing to admit, but in glad. Not really glad, of ertheless, it was a relief e no longer had to con- ave's casual but definite The fact that it had been re had been no tangible, or it had made it all the with.

Readsville could be said hing as a "first family," inly it. Her father was of the biggest banks in rt of the state and her herited all of the Cart- hich was at least half a

ly any reason you could on, bring out into the se of once and for all. n't liked her.

ould consider her a per- ge Holbrook to marry. eople—considering that ollege in his junior year running of that damned nsider that *she* was get- d of the bargain. Well, and it had been two had seen Ridge and that She'd call him and ask r out to Ridgeways for lls. Ridge's housekeeper, goodness.

always been in the Hol- Ridge's grandfather and for that matter, had been ugh there wasn't much al house; they'd knocked ght and left and put in and built on a whole g. It was lucky they had cause a few years later brook had died right iddle of the depression, thing his executors had age for Ridge and Dave er had been the farm. After that they'd lived there winters as well as summers and Rosalie Holbrook had died six years later.

Ridgeways had been heavily mortgaged, and everyone had advised Ridge to let the bank foreclose but he had refused. Instead he'd left college, come home and taken over the entire management of the place himself. It hadn't been easy, but he'd managed to hang onto it, and he'd helped send Dave through Dartmouth and today he had one of the best herds of pure-bred Jersey cattle in the state. He'd worked like a fool, of course, but he'd loved it; he'd hated having to leave it and go to war. There again everyone, including her father, had advised him to take the deferment he was entitled to . . .

How she'd hoped during that winter of 1942 that he *would* take his deferment and ask her to marry him! She had been twenty-one that winter, achingly in love with him and ripe for marriage. She'd been a junior at Sarah Lawrence that year and at Easter she'd decided suddenly not to go back—hoping that if she stayed home they might be married by summer.

BUT it hadn't worked out that way. In June, Ridge had enlisted. For the next two years she'd written faithfully, first to camps in this country and then during the eight months he'd been in Europe. He'd answered these letters promptly and fairly ardently and she had supposed, she had been *sure* that when he came back—but again she had been wrong.

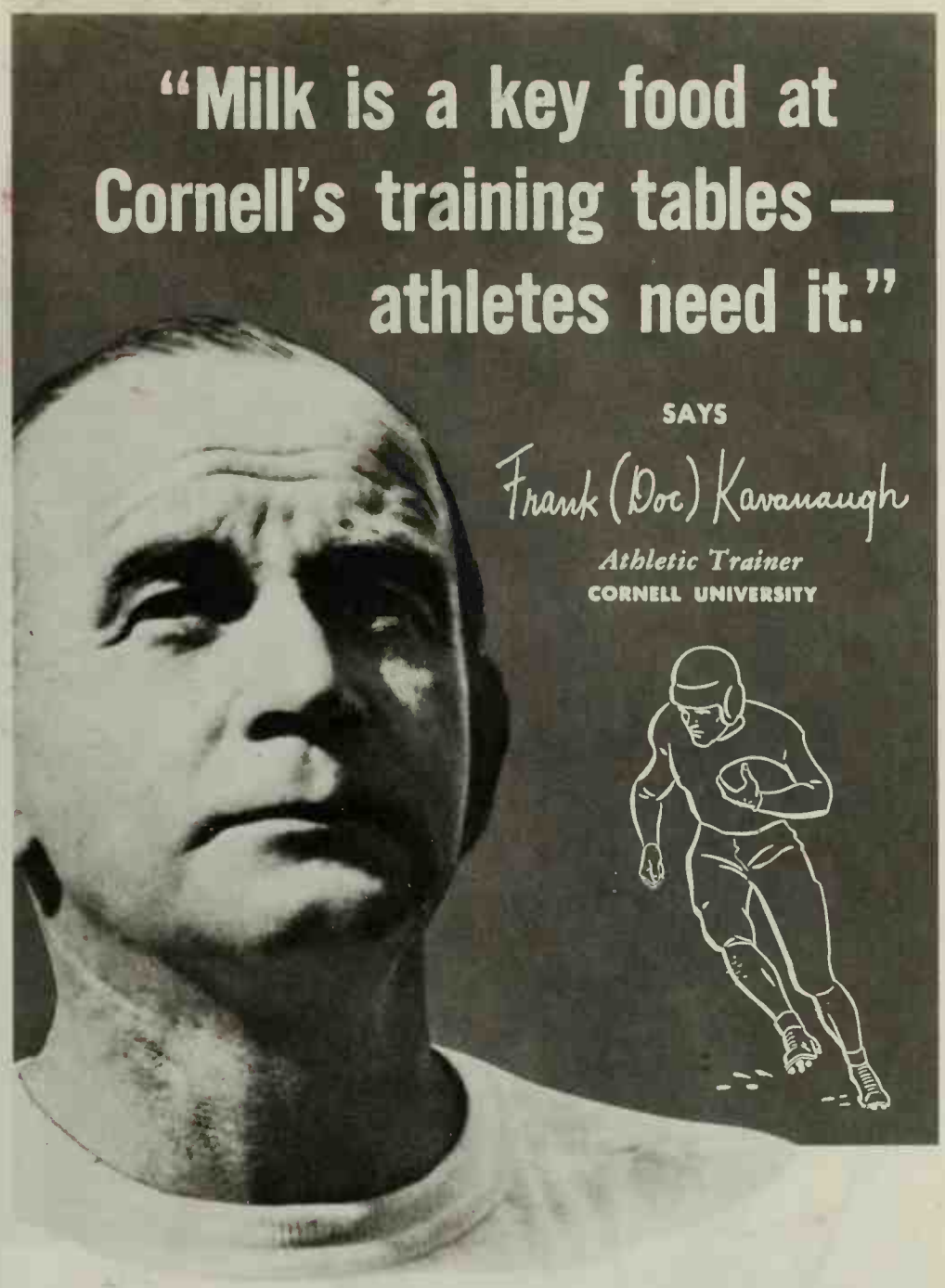
He had been back for almost six months now and things were just as they had always been, no better and no worse. He would call her up and take her to dinner or the movies and afterward they would drive out to the Red Barn, that roadhouse on the lakeshore road and drink beer and dance; coming home he'd drive the car off the road, kill the engine, take her in his arms and kiss her—and she'd think that surely *now*—but suddenly he'd let her go, start up the car, and the evening would end without anything being said, anything being settled. He'd leave her without making another definite date so that each time he left her she could never be sure when she was going to see him again or even *if* she was. It was absurd and nerve-racking and she didn't know how much longer she could stand it. The only thing she did know, the only thing she was sure of, was that she didn't intend to let another day go by without seeing him. She was proud, but not *that* proud—she was proud but she was also in love, so much in love that it

"Milk is a key food at Cornell's training tables — athletes need it."

SAYS

Frank (Doc) Kavanaugh

Athletic Trainer
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



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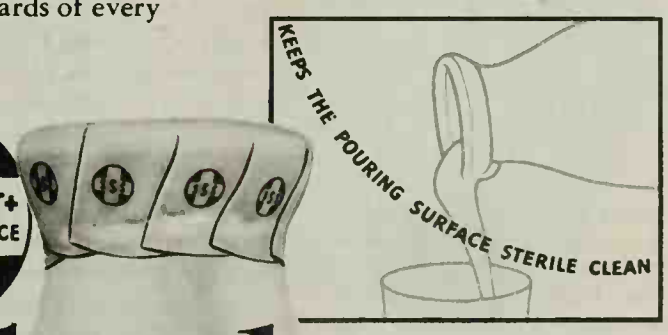

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Like all great entertainers, the Crestwood has an air of distinction, authority—that quality of musical tone called *presence*. Its *balanced* "Golden Throat" tone is the heritage of RCA's 27 years of radio and electronic research combined with Victor's 48-year musical leadership.

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RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

orment inside of her like

four telephones in the some stucco-and-timber before the war, but the Whipple's study was on e went in there now and to-person call for Ridge

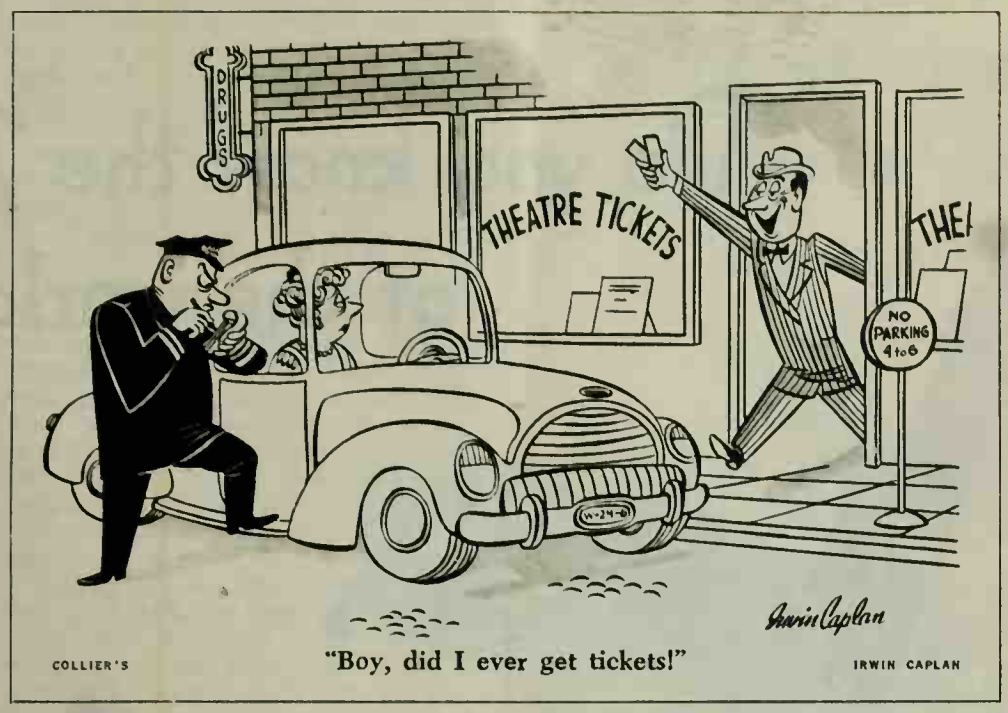
nother annoying thing ays; it was in the next meant that you had to r a call to go through. g, however, she didn't She heard Ella Wells, eper, say almost at once ator, "Ridge isn't home. hosphate came in this hs out to the city unload-

y" was East Readsville's referring to Readsville. e phrase irritated Lida t that Ella Wells should elf to pass out informa- e's whereabouts. Lida "small-town" and dis-

up to find her mother he doorway, smiling at

er mother, never a wel- y time, infuriated her. e have to sneak down- dle along the hall, open and stand there looking t funny, mocking, sly n't she stay in her own belonged? She was sick, sick, too nervously ill, domestic or social re- ell then, why didn't she elonged, not go wander- itted ghost around the

t and let him call you? him, Lida? He's not the n you can get that way



COLLIER'S "Boy, did I ever get tickets!" IRWIN CAPLAN

—you ought to know that. You, of all people, Lida, who are so smart, so much smarter than the rest of us . . ."

So she *had* followed her here and listened! Anger flamed up in Lida, set her teeth on edge, brought her tensely to her feet.

"Shut up," she said viciously. "I'll handle this the way I see fit—the way I damn' well please. With no help, no advice from you!"

Her mother, in a shabby blue flannel wrapper, her faded brown hair twisted carelessly in a loose knot at the nape of her thin neck, continued to smile at her, mockingly, almost tauntingly, as if she were getting some sort of perverse pleasure out of the anger she had been able to arouse so easily, with just those few well-chosen, half-whispered words.

"What do you want of another man, anyway?" she insisted softly, leaning forward a little, her breath coming in quick, shallow little gasps. "Isn't one enough? One devoted slave who jumps at the chance to please you—"

Lida felt her anger dissolve swiftly into that old familiar, pitying contempt. Her mother was talking about her father, of course. How her mother resented the fact that he preferred her, Lida's, company to that of his own wife. How she resented the fact that always, right from the first, he had loved her, Lida, best.

People thought her mother's ill health had made her father turn to her for love and companionship, but Lida knew better. She knew he would have turned anyway, that for years now, he had found her far more exciting and desirable company than he had ever found her mother. They said he spoiled her, showered her with money and attention because there was so little he could do for his wife, and he was naturally a generous man given to making bighearted, extravagant gestures. They didn't realize that he spent money on her because he adored her, felt for her a love which he had never felt for her mother because, compared to Lida, her mother was a drab, dull, colorless person.

Well, she, Lida, was in no mood for a scene today. Ridge was in town and she meant to see him even if it meant getting in her car and driving down to the freight depot. She looked coldly at her mother.

"Your hair needs combing," she said, "and that dressing gown is disgraceful. You'd better go back to your room before someone comes in and catches you wandering around the house looking like a refugee from some sort of an institution . . ."

WHILE she talked, Lida had been walking toward the woman in the doorway. Now she was even with her, now she had brushed past her, now she was out in the hall. She snatched up a soft camel's-hair coat and ran out of the house. down three shallow stone steps and across the close-clipped, velvet-smooth grass toward the garage. She was breathing hard and there were little beads of sweat on her upper lip. For a moment as she had come directly opposite that figure in the doorway she had had a feeling that her mother was going to strike her. Well, she hadn't. But some day she might. God knows she hated her enough to strike her. If she ever did, her father would insist upon sending her away somewhere . . .

Oh, well—if she were lucky, if things worked out the way she wanted them to, she, herself, would be living somewhere else before much longer. It was nice, it was definitely convenient to have a father who adored you, who lived only to fulfill your every wish—but she was no

HENRY BOLTINOFF

SPORTING ODDS

ubbard, the American League umpire who formerly otball for Geneva College and also with the National e, was asked to pick what he called a "special football newspaperman asked Hubbard to name 11 pro players m, so good that if the team won it would take a jack 0,000. This is the team Hubbard picked: Dutch Clark, ers, Keith Molesworth and Bronko Nagurski in the Bill Hewitt and Verne Dilweg, ends; Steve Owen and halske, guards; Mel Hein, center and Link Lyman, at e. Then Hubbard added, "And if this mythical game is e played for $100,000, I'd play that other tackle myself!"

—Les Biederman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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ld, he was twenty-six years
nted not a father but a
nd he didn't want just any
e anted Ridge Holbrook.
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aft him? He's not the sort
in u can get that way . . ."
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"Mr. Ridge Holbrook?
e-ease," and then she
r party, go ahead, ple-

ease—" and then a young, very clear voice that he had never expected to hear again said, "This is Dorcas Branch, Ridge."

"Oh," he said. "Yes."

She said then, "Do you suppose you could come down here right away? Tonight or tomorrow? Perhaps you could fly. It's important. It's *terribly* important—"

For a moment he didn't answer her. For a moment he couldn't answer her, he was so completely astonished. Then his amazement gave place to anger. Hard, cold, perfectly justifiable anger. What right, what possible right, did she have to call him from Boston, from *anywhere* and ask him in that sweet, breathless, poignant voice, to come to her? Didn't she know that he never wanted to see her again?

Apparently she did, because she was saying, running the words together hurriedly as if she were afraid he would hang up on her before she could get them said, "I know how you feel about me, I know you don't want to see me again—but you have to, Ridge, you really have to. You see, something has happened, something that concerns you as well as me—that is, it concerns Dave, or it would if he were alive and I think somehow you would want it to concern you. I thought I could manage this by myself—but it seems I can't . . . I—look, I can't talk to you on the telephone, it's all very involved. I really have to see you—and I'm at a hotel, and it's horribly expensive and I have very little money. I can't stay here more than another day, not possibly. Well," she said, and now she had run completely out of breath, "are you coming or aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm coming. I'll try to fly down but if I can't get a plane reservation I'll be down on the night train. What hotel? . . . Oh. All right, I'll get in touch with you as soon as I arrive."

He hung up then without saying goodby and turned and walked out of the freight office. When he stepped out onto the platform he saw Lida Whipple, sitting in her gray roadster, talking to Clarence Jones.

He walked toward her, and Clarence went back to the truck. Lida waited until he had come quite up to her and then she smiled and said, "Hello, darling. You can't escape Ella Wells. I tried to get you on the telephone, too, but she said you were down here loading phosphate, so down I came. You see I was determined not to let another day go by without . . ."

Her voice thinned out and then

"How long do you intend holding me to that stupid, love-sick promise I made in 1942?" KIRK

Did my ears prick up when I heard that!

. . . and whose wouldn't? My Bob and that man with the briefcase were having such a serious discussion . . . (they were talking about me).

"My wife's about 24," Bob was saying.

"Then she has many happy years ahead," the stranger replied. "Have you considered the income she would need for clothing, food and shelter, if she had to manage alone?"

"Yes, but she *could* get a job," Bob said, "and what about Social Security?"

"Her Social Security benefits would be suspended, if her job paid more than $15 monthly. And Social Security alone would pay her only $50 to $60 a month."

I really had my ears well forward by this time. Imagine raising and educating my son on $50 a month! Why . . . but now he was explaining how something called "Insured Income" Service could change all that. I didn't miss a single word.

It seems "Insured Income" Service is a new Mutual Life method of teaming up Social Security with life insurance, to assure maximum benefits from both. A program we could afford right now would take care of little Jimmie and me, even if something happened to Bob. And if all went well, Bob and I would have an income for our retirement years.

Believe me, I lost no time getting into the living room when Bob called me. I knew we were both interested in what that Mutual Life representative had to offer.

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Of Topmost Cho

ether. He wasn't really lis-
t all; he was standing there,
but he wasn't listening to

" she said. "What's wrong?
one call—is something
?"
id, "that is, I don't know.
But I have to go to Boston.
ly down if possible—"
id Lida softly. "I was go-
self out to the farm to din-
low long will you be gone,
had wanted to call him
but when you loved any-
as she loved Ridge Hol-
arned to ration yourself
ike that, to hold back, to
nds, for instance, taut on
tead of letting them reach
him as they wanted to do,
to do . . .
I don't know. I'll prob-
ack tomorrow night. I
ea."
nice girl, a swell girl, really,
treating her abominably
d returned from Europe,
o. He'd have to snap out
self together and do some-
, about her, about *them*

JOHN RUGE

—either ask her to marry him or get out and let someone else marry her. She was too nice a girl to leave dangling like this—but he wished she had chosen some other time to seek him out . . .

"*No idea?* But you—"

"It all depends on what I run into," said Ridge impatiently.

But he knew what he was going to find when he got there, didn't he? The only thing he didn't know was what he was going to do about it.

DORCAS stepped out of the elevator wearing a suit the same silvery-green color as the underside of a beech leaf and a little round-necked white blouse; there was that same sparkling clean, untouched look about her that there had been that other day, that day in her apartment in New York. Ridge discarded the cigarette he had just lighted and walked quickly toward her. They met halfway across the lobby and she spoke first, just as she had that other time.

She said, "I didn't really expect you until tomorrow."

She didn't offer to shake hands and neither did he. For a moment they continued to stand there, facing each other a little awkwardly, and then she said, "Would you like a cocktail? If you would, we could go in the bar—"

He said he would like a cocktail very much, thinking they were both going to need not one but several.

They went into the bar, and an elderly waiter, who walked as if his feet hurt him, led them to a corner table, took their order and departed.

"I hope," she said, moving a dish of peanuts about nervously with slim, ringless fingers, "that it wasn't too inconvenient—your coming down here—"

"Of course it was inconvenient," he said, making no pretense of friendliness. "I'm damned busy at this time of year—any farmer is—and it was definitely inconvenient for me to leave. However, I gathered from your telephone conversation that it was fairly urgent that I come."

"Yes," she said.

She stopped playing with the dish of peanuts, took a fresh pack of cigarettes from her purse, tore it open, put one between her lips.

He waited. He'd be damned if he'd help her, if he'd lift a finger to make it easy for her. He thought he knew what she was going to tell him, but she'd have to sit there and say it without any help from him. She'd had her fun, played this game of hers exactly as she'd wanted to right from the start—now let her sweat a bit. Now you had only to look at her to see that all that fine young self-assurance she had had that day in her apartment had been knocked higher than a kite.

And then quite suddenly her extreme nervousness seemed to leave her completely. She looked at him and said quite calmly, in an absurdly unemotional voice, as if she were stating any irrelevant, unimportant fact, "I am two months pregnant."

"Really?" he said.

Dear God, she thought, *how he must hate me*—to be able to sit there and smile at me like that! Well, I can't stop now, I've got to go on, he's my only hope . . .

"I went to a doctor in New York. He undertook to—advise me. But I told him I wasn't interested—"

"Wasn't that rather highhanded of you? I mean, it's the logical solution, isn't it?"

"Not for me, it isn't. I gave up my job and sublet my apartment to a girl at the office and two days ago I came back to Boston. I thought, you see, that my Aunt Hildegarde would help me."

"You mean—she won't?"

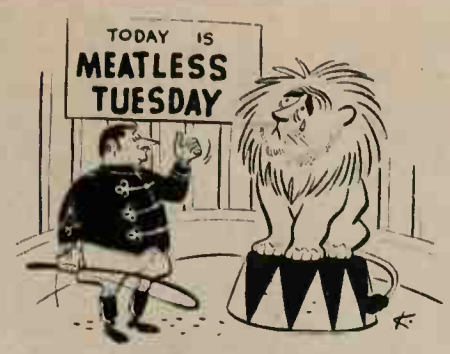
"Yes," she said, "and no."

"Don't quibble—she either will or she won't."

"Very well"—she took a deep, painful breath—"she will. But only on one condition. It happens to be a condition I can't accept: she will help me only if I agree, as soon as the baby is born, to turn it over to a foundling home for adoption. . . ."

"Am I to infer," said Ridge, "that for some reason known only to yourself and possibly God, you don't want to do this?"

"You are to infer exactly that." Suddenly she didn't care. Suddenly it was too much trouble to move carefully.



SAVE FOOD !

What if she did antagonize him? He was determined to make the whole thing as hard for her as he possibly could anyhow.

"This is my baby," she said, "and I am not only going to have it—once it is born I am going to keep it and take care of it."

He saw she meant it, and stared at her, shocked at last out of his hard shell of casualness. "But you can't—you—damnation, it wouldn't *work*—"

"Whose baby is this?" she demanded coldly. "Yours or mine?"

"It's yours," he admitted angrily, "but it's Dave's, too. That is," he said, "I suppose it's Dave's—"

SHE held his gaze steadily for a full moment. Then she said, "It's Dave's, all right. You can take my word for that. That's why I sent for you, Ridge. If I'm going to keep this baby, I'm going to need help, and except for Aunt Hildegarde, you are the only person I have any sort of right to turn to."

She had the outrageous effrontery to sit there and feel that she had any right to turn to him, Ridge, for anything! She must know how he felt about her, how intensely he disliked her, how bitterly he resented her.

"Just what," he asked grimly, "do you want me to do? I gather you do want me to do something?"

"Of course I want you to do something," she said almost crossly. "Otherwise I wouldn't have asked you to come down here." She said then, "I want you to lend me some money. Quite a lot of money. I think Ben Graves will give me back my job and I'll be able to work for another two months or so but after that there will be a long time when I won't be able to. I have a small income from some life insurance my father left, but it's not nearly enough to pay my expenses and the baby's until I can start earning money again. I will need at least a hundred and fifty dollars a month for at least six months. That is—"

"Nine hundred dollars," said Ridge.

"Yes. It's a lot of money," she admitted honestly, "and it's only fair to warn you that it will be some time before I'm able to pay you back."

"Nevertheless," said Ridge, "you think I will give it to you?"

"Yes," she said, "I think you will give it to me. I think you will give it to me because you know Dave would want you to—because however you may feel about me, however much you dislike me, this child is his child as well as mine." She said then, "Dave is dead and if this baby isn't allowed to be born, nothing of him

don herold says:

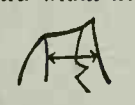
Why Do Most Coats Look So Swell on Dummies—And So Awful on US?

Most men have given up. They just take it for granted that overcoats and topcoats must fit like bags and hang like horse collars around the neck. So they've quit dreaming.

However, the makers of Mt. Rock Coats have come out with a slogan that ought to give us hope again. The slogan is "*They fit.*"

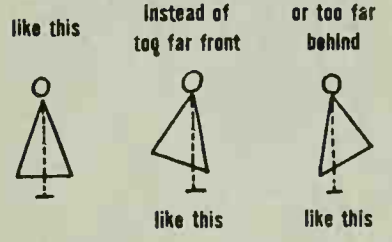
Ordinarily I'd be skeptical, and I was until I dug into Mt. Rock Coats and found that they actually are engineered at a dozen points to fit living males—not store dummies.

For example, these coats have extra width here:



which allows your lapel to stay flat.

And Mt. Rock coats hang with you in the middle.



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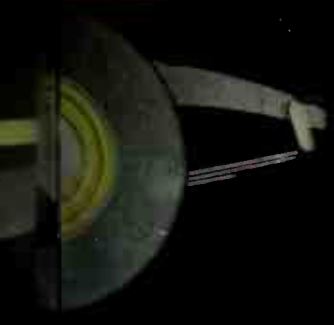

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will remain on this earth, *nothing,* and that to me seems quite horrible."

"And yet," said Ridge, the knuckles of his clenched hands showing white through their summer's tan, "you didn't love him—"

"I never said I didn't love him," she protested quickly; "I said I didn't love him enough to marry him."

There they were, thought Ridge angrily, right back at that old impasse. Didn't she know that there was a seven-letter word for children whose mothers for one reason or another allowed them to be born out of wedlock?

"Look," he said, "your aunt is right. You can't possibly keep this child."

"I'm sorry," she said, her mouth tightening stubbornly, "I can't possibly give it up." She said then, "I have never done anything I thought was either wicked or shameful in my life. Maybe it was terribly wrong—Dave and me. I'm simply saying that I didn't feel it was. If I had I wouldn't have done it. But if I were to have this child, and then turn my back on it, leave it to strangers to bring up, I would never be able to live with myself again."

HE STARED at her, his face a strange mixture of anger, impatience and reluctant admiration. She was being young, obstinate and infuriatingly impractical. It was this same single-track, misguided individualism which had undoubtedly landed her in this impossible situation in the first place.

Well, she'd convinced him of one thing—she hadn't gone into that affair with Dave heedlessly, just for the excitement of the moment. But if she had a code of ethics, why did she have to have one which operated in such a completely cockeyed fashion?

"Look," he said, "do you realize what you are doing? Do you realize that you are proposing to bring up a child, a child who will sooner or later have to know that it is illegitimate, that it hasn't even a legal right to its father's name?"

At last he had been able to break down her defenses. He saw the blood drain out of her face, leaving it white and pinched-looking; he saw her mouth go thin and bleak. She picked up her Martini, which until now she had ignored, and drank some of it quickly. "I've thought of that," she said. "Don't think I haven't—"

"Well," he said, "you'd better think about it. You'd better think about it long and hard."

"I'll make up for—for that part of it in other ways. I'll dedicate my life to being a good mother, and in the end it won't make any difference—"

"Do you honestly believe that?"

"No," she said, "no, I don't. Damn you, leave me alone, will you? Stop torturing me! Don't you see," she said, "I won't be talked out of this—I tell you, *I won't be!* Your arguments sound right—but they're not right, not really."

She was crying now, tears running shamelessly down her face, falling onto her clenched hands; people were staring at her, wondering what was wrong, wondering what the thin, dark young man with her had said to upset her so; maybe he was telling her that he didn't love her any more.

She stopped crying, dried her eyes on a sheer monogrammed handkerchief, one of a dozen Dave had given her for her birthday.

All around her people relaxed visibly. There, that was better. There wasn't going to be a scene after all . . .

"It's no use," she said, "I've made up my mind. Dave is dead but this child isn't. I'm sorry it won't ever have a legal right to its father's name but there is nothing I can do about that—that is, there is nothing I can do about it now that Dave it dead."

"Yes," said Ridge, "there is something you can do." For a moment he paused

COLLIER'S

"Mind if I smoke?"

and then he said, speaking very distinctly but without any particular emotional emphasis, "You can marry me. My name is Holbrook, too, you know."

For a moment she simply sat there, her eyes widening and darkening and her first thought, oddly enough, was: Whatever happens I mustn't faint again. It would be too embarrassing for him, and I have already caused him enough trouble and inconvenience as it is.

Then at the thought of how much trouble and inconvenience she would cause him if she allowed him to go ahead and do this fantastic thing he had just suggested, the whole situation struck her as unbearably funny and she began to laugh, softly, hysterically . . .

He stared at her, his eyes outraged. What the hell was the matter with her *now?* Didn't she ever have a normal, *decent* reaction to anything? If she had started to cry again he could have understood it—could even have felt a certain compassion, a certain pity for her . . .

"Go ahead and laugh," he said coldly; "it's reassuring to see that you have a sense of humor, even if it is slightly perverted."

"I'm sorry," she said, her face sobering quickly. "I didn't mean to laugh—and I wasn't laughing at what you thought I was laughing at at all. I mean I wasn't laughing at you—"

"Thanks," he said dryly.

"No. It just struck me as unbearably funny—you don't even like me, you despise me, really, and yet you are willing to marry me to make an honest woman out of me—"

"On the contrary," he informed her coldly, "I have no interest in you one way or the other. But as you have pointed out, not once but several times during this conversation, this child is not only yours, it is Dave's. I don't propose to let any child of his go through life without a name when, by marrying you, I can give him the name he normally would have had except for your damn'-fool stubbornness—"

"I don't have to marry you, you know," she warned him softly.

"But deep down inside know that marrying me you can square yourself, this child but with Dave. "you won't run out on m a special license, and I thi marry me not later than go back to Vermont wit than tomorrow afternoon

And in the end, of co exactly what happened.

Not that she gave in ri didn't. She held out de they sat there and drank a She held out slightly less through dinner.

"You don't even like m an impossible, a *shockin* riage—"

She said things like this, and anguished, her finge cigarette to bits, and he baby we have to think of n of it constructively. Non child's fault—there's no should be made to suffer.

In the end it was his a the baby not being made broke her down, made all ments seem selfish, flim stantial.

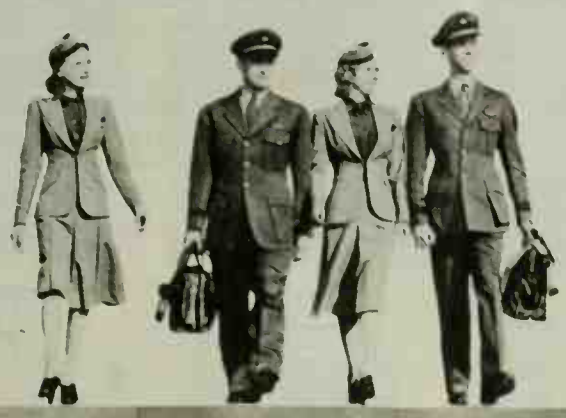
SO FINALLY, complet not really caring much other, caught up in a strang evitability, she gave in and went off to telephone som some man he'd known in a special license. This ma who was fairly important Hall. If anyone could he could . . .

Wouldn't it be better, to get up and run out of still could? How could had ever started out to l generous and uncomplicat up like this?

He left her sitting there an hour and just as she w wonder if perhaps *he* had out of the hotel and gon mont, she saw him comi and she knew at once from

Better Service, more of it

...FOR 1948



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on his face that his conversation had been successful.

He sat down beside her and said, "Bill seems to think that he can fix us up. I told him we planned to get married at Christmastime, but that you had had a hell of a row with your aunt and walked out. I explained that I had to get back to the farm and couldn't hang around town for long. He said he'd see what his old man could do, and I think they'll come through all right."

He broke off abruptly and, as if aware of her for the first time in any intimate, personal sense, said, "You look frightful. Absolutely sunk. You'd better get upstairs and try to get some sleep."

He called her at exactly nine fifteen the next morning and asked her if she could meet him right away at a certain hospital. He'd forgotten about the blood tests, but if she could get over there right away they'd rush them through.

She took a cab and met him at the hospital, and four hours later they stood up in front of a bored-looking individual in a wrinkled alpaca coat and were swiftly but very legally married.

LATER, in a cab, Dorcas, a little outraged that a marriage service which had always seemed so particularly beautiful to her could be so emasculated and corrupted, said, "I thought it would take longer. I can't believe we're really married—"

"Oh, we're married, all right," Ridge assured her, smiling at her a little grimly. "If you don't believe it just try to get out of it without good and sufficient reason. . . ."

Dorcas stared at him. But of course someday she would have to get out of it. It was ridiculous to suppose that they were going to spend the rest of their lives together, disliking each other intensely, resenting every minute they had to spend in each other's company. She realized she didn't actually dislike Ridge at all; she was grateful to him—but he disliked her.

Well, if their positions were reversed she supposed she'd feel the same way. After all, it couldn't be much fun having a strange girl come barging into your life upsetting everything. If it were going to be embarrassing for her to show up in Readsville, Vermont, newly married to Ridge, it was going to be a thousand times more embarrassing for him. Just how was he going to explain her to Ella Wells, for instance? To his hired hands on the farm? To his friends in town? And supposing, just to make it all a little more difficult and complicated, supposing there was some girl, some girl he was fond of, *some girl who was fond of him* . . .

"Ridge," she said, deciding to ask him straight out, because it would be too awful not to know, "you've never said anything about a girl—but you must have one. You're—well, more than reasonably attractive—"

"Come, come, Mrs. Holbrook, you embarrass me. After all, we scarcely know each other . . ."

"No," she said, "seriously, there must be someone, someone who—"

"Someone, shall we say, who will be upset by my suddenly having acquired a wife?" He was smiling at her, his eyes and mouth frankly mocking.

"Yes."

"Well, as a matter of fact, there is. Her name is Lida Whipple, and if you hadn't called me yesterday just when you did I should undoubtedly have had dinner with her last night instead of with you." He paused for a moment and then added quite deliberately, "As a matter of fact, I might even have asked her to marry me."

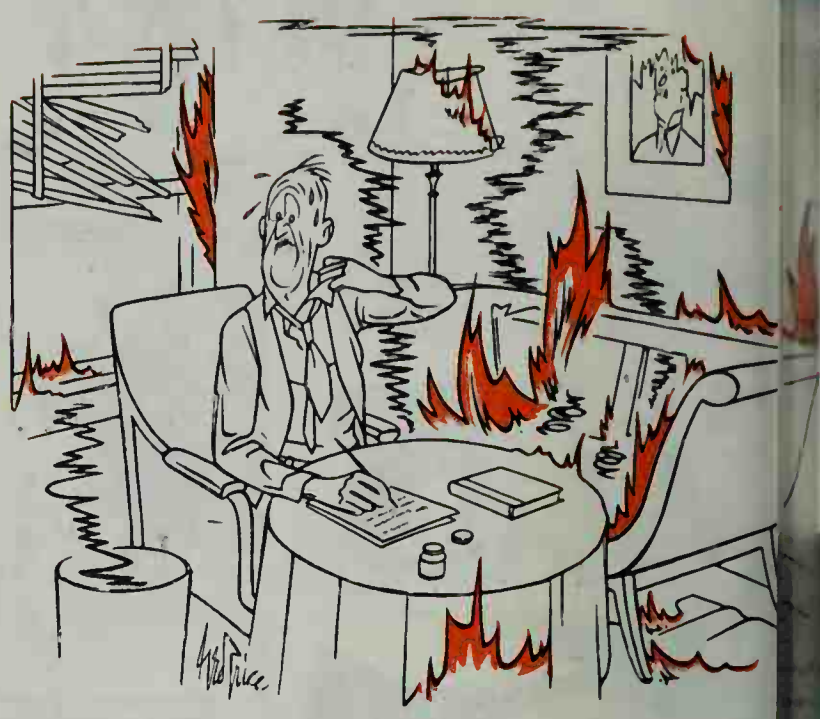
"You mean—" She was staring at him, her eyelids pulled wide apart, her eyes mutely, honestly horrified. "Surely you wouldn't be such an altruistic fool, Ridge. You wouldn't put yourself in such an impossible position—or her—or me. If you have done this, Ridge, I swear I will never forgive you, *never*. . . ."

"Skip it," he said abruptly, interrupting her thoughts. "I was just kidding you. Lida Whipple's just an attractive girl, but if I had wanted to marry her, I would have done so years ago."

Saying this he almost believed it. Almost but not quite. Hadn't he always meant, eventually, to marry Lida Whipple? Yes, of course he had.

He honestly didn't kno side-stepped the issue so knew was that now it was for everyone concerned Even as it was, he didn't to their first meeting. Lid difficult girl, and she wa like his coming home like brand-new wife. She w told himself bleakly, going all. . . .

(To be continued nex



A resident of the Borough of Queens reports that Engine Company 302, in South Ozone Park, recently responded to an alarm which he sent in by mail—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Chief Stuart M. Potter
Central Fire House
Greenwich, Conn.

My dear Chief:

How are things down at the firehouse? Long time no see. I forget the time Henry Crawford tossed four ringers in succes

Say, there's a little situation here at my house you and might be willing to give me a hand with if you're not too seems I must have flipped a match into the scrap basket a lit back and set fire to some wastepaper. Anyway, the first thin the curtains were on fire and, in less time than it takes to tell, dow frame and couch were blazing like sixty. Well, the sm flame gave me the idea of dropping you a short line in the h you and the boys wouldn't mind dropping out this way with cal wagon.

The best way to get here is out Mason Street to Putnam turn right on Putnam and go due east until you get to North, North about three miles until you reach Clapboard Ridge Ro left and go about a quarter of a mile until you come to the tra at the bottom of the hill. My house is that small white job from the road. You'll recognize it. Just a minute while I mo cooler room.

I suggested a chemical wagon but on second thought I gue better make it a chemical wagon and a pumper. There's a h front of the Herzogs' house which is right next door to whe You'll need—oh, say about 150 to 175 feet of hose. I have a h roof has caught so you'd better bring a couple of ladders jus

By George, the trouble I just had getting hold of a fl stamp! I dipped my handkerchief in water, tied it around and wriggled into the library on my stomach. My first attem in a blind alley under the divan. On my next foray I finall the desk and, after groping around blindly in a hot drawer, with the object of my search—slightly singed but, I trust, If there's anything more nauseating than smoldering rugs, lows and leather-bound books I hope I never run across it.

Well, I guess I'd better bring this to a close if I want to next delivery. As I say, I'll appreciate it if you and the boys out here with a little equipment. Maybe you better make it cal wagon, two pumpers and a hook and ladder.

Hoping to see you in the very near future and with ki gards, I am,

Yours truly, Ja

...DLE NOISES! New Stewart-Warner Electro-Hush ...cer banishes mechanical noises you *don't* want ... gives you only what's on the record.

NO DAMAGED RECORDS! New Electro-Hush Reproducer, with unbreakable Dura-point that *retracts*, can be dropped on record without harm. Won't scratch!

NO CHANGER TROUBLES! Swift, silent automatic record changer. Even when playing or changing records, mechanism can't be harmed if tone arm is held!

Listen for the remarkable difference . . . in the

New Stewart-Warner

Radio-Phonographs with Strobo-Sonic Tone

Beautiful performance is yours—*both* radio and record—no matter which of these new Stewart-Warner sets you choose! All give you the new Electro-Hush Reproducer . . . the famous built-in Radair Antenna . . . the radiant, true-life beauty of Strobo-Sonic Tone.

Fine hand-rubbed cabinets, period and modern, are handsomely *style-proportioned* to blend with every decorative scheme.

Hear your choice of these 1948 sets . . . at your Stewart-Warner dealer's . . . today!

A Model for Every Purpose
—A Radio for Every Room

Stewart-Warner

AM Radios FM • Radio-Phonographs • Television

CHICAGO 14 ILLINOIS

SHADOW-BOX DIAL glows like a little lighted stage—see it clearly from all angles. The first major improvement in radio design in 15 years . . . smooth, accurate!

THE INTERPRETER, (*above*) Smart, modern. AM radio and phonograph with intermix automatic record changer. 34″ high, 26½″ wide, 15⅜″ deep.

THE MUSIDORA, (*left*) old-world mahogany. FM and AM radio and phonograph with automatic intermix record changer. 34″ high, 34½″ wide, 16½″ deep.

THE NEW MINSTREL, (*right*) rich, contrasting walnut, expressed in a handsome contemporary design. AM radio and phonograph with standard record changer. 34″ high, 23¾″ wide, 16″ deep.

THE ALLEGRO, (*left*) period piece in the 18th century manner; dark mahogany with bronze grille. AM radio and phonograph with standard record changer. 33¾″ high, 26¾″ wide, 16″ deep.

America's favorite "after-dark" shirts are back!

• These wonderful Arrow Dress Shirts are just as comfortable (well, *almost!*) as the handsome Arrows you wear by day! And they're ALL Sanforized-labeled. *No fabric shrinkage over 1%!*

Arrow *Shoreham*

Probably Arrow's most popular dress shirt, with semi-starched pleated bosom and turn-down collar, attached. $5.00

Arrow *Kirk*

A long-time favorite for very formal affairs. Fully starched, with fancy piqué bosom and cuffs. A two-stud, neck-band style. $5.00

Arrow *Nassau*

A new, soft, pleated, collar-attached Dress Shirt. Soft collar with long points—collar slightly sloped for comfort. Two knife pleats on each side of center pleat. $5.00. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

LOOK FOR THE ARROW TRADE-MARK

ARROW SHIRTS

SIDETRACK TO PALESTINE

Continued from page 23

an army tent where seven other people were already living—two other couples, an old woman from Riga, and two young unmarried girls. There were four cots in the tent; five people would sleep on the ground.

Toba noticed the sides of their tent had been slashed off; she asked why. "Somebody needed a jacket," the old woman said. The Jews knew this destruction made the shortage of tents even more serious, but many of the men had no more than a couple of shirts and a truncated pair of trousers to their names, and if a woman had a change of underthings it was sheer luxury—despite the extra clothing which the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Incorporated, a relief agency, distributed. Besides they seemed to find something diabolically satisfying about attacking the very fabric of this hated place even though it would seem folly when winter came.

Moshe and Toba were given one corner of the tent. They placed the plates and kitchenware they had just been issued on a box. There was no furniture. A tent pole was adorned with a soiled snapshot of the old woman's daughter, who had been burned at Treblinka, one anonymous stick of kindling in a human woodpile. It could have been worse, the tent. Some of them held 12, and the larger Nissen huts from 16 to 20. For six months, eight months, perhaps longer than a year, this canopied square of ground, no bigger than a corncrib, would be home for nine people.

As Moshe went out to survey the camp, his eye was caught by a crudely lettered sign on a latrine wall. "Is this British Socialism?" it read. There was, he learned, one unpartitioned 10-hole outhouse for every 200 persons, separately designated for men and women. The stink was overwhelming.

Gradually, he and Toba found that the day began at five and ticked itself off into nothingness, filled with petty, manufactured urgencies. There was the letter to write to Uncle Eliav in Tel Aviv. The coming of the water truck. The incoming mail—delayed for weeks by censorship. Bartering the issue of five cigarettes a day. Sometimes a soccer game on cooler evenings. And the rumors. "They say the Irgun blew up another troop train last night." "Smul is sure his brother will be on the next ship from Italy." "There will be 4,000, perhaps 5,000 aboard." "Is the United Nations committee coming?" "Bevin is ... America."

The business of eating b... mechanical. In the comm... —some serving as many as ... the meals were prepared ... day. There were soup, pota... dried milk, dried eggs, sor... but the people did not alwa... spiring men and women ... blackened windowless coo... stirred the pots. The sour ... clung to the kitchens and ... in the mounds of garbage ... odor permeated the skin ar...

The water ration repeat... stretch to the allotted fou... person a day. For admin... security, Caraolos had bee... four camps, Xylotimbu i... sections were disciplined ... cluttered with debris and ... defiance, depending on the ... of the British officers i... the Jewish civilian comm... under them.

Water Supply S...

Number 55, where Mo... were put, was bad. Afte... tent, Moshe hated himsel... battle for the water, but ... life had become. Parts ... had storage tanks, but tha... satisfactory either, becau... was always stealing wate... in the pipes—or making ... from. Once a nine-year... missed at supper. She wa... ing a new hole she had d... pipe.

There were a few con... houses, shacks with two ta... hip-high. For an hour in ... two in the evening, the wat... the pipes. As each perso... in the queue, he crouched ... the tap, paused for a mo... was shoved on. By crowd... Moshe could get a showe... days. The Mediterranean ... shore a few yards away w... inviting but swimming w... stricted under armed gua... escape. At Xylotimbu on ... could go, and the privileg... taken months of petition... hind the fences the Jew... could see the German P... through the surf.

In the inescapable in...

"I'm certainly proud of my thrifty ancestors"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE ...

LL TRUCK...ALL OVER

2 WHEEL DRIVE "Jeep" Trucks set new marks for low-cost operation and maintenance. 4700-5300 lbs. gross vehicle weight. Functionally designed bodies in all popular styles.

These are the trucks that America had a right to expect from Willys-Overland. Built around the world-famous 'Jeep' Engine, they set new standards for performance, economy and sheer engineering excellence.

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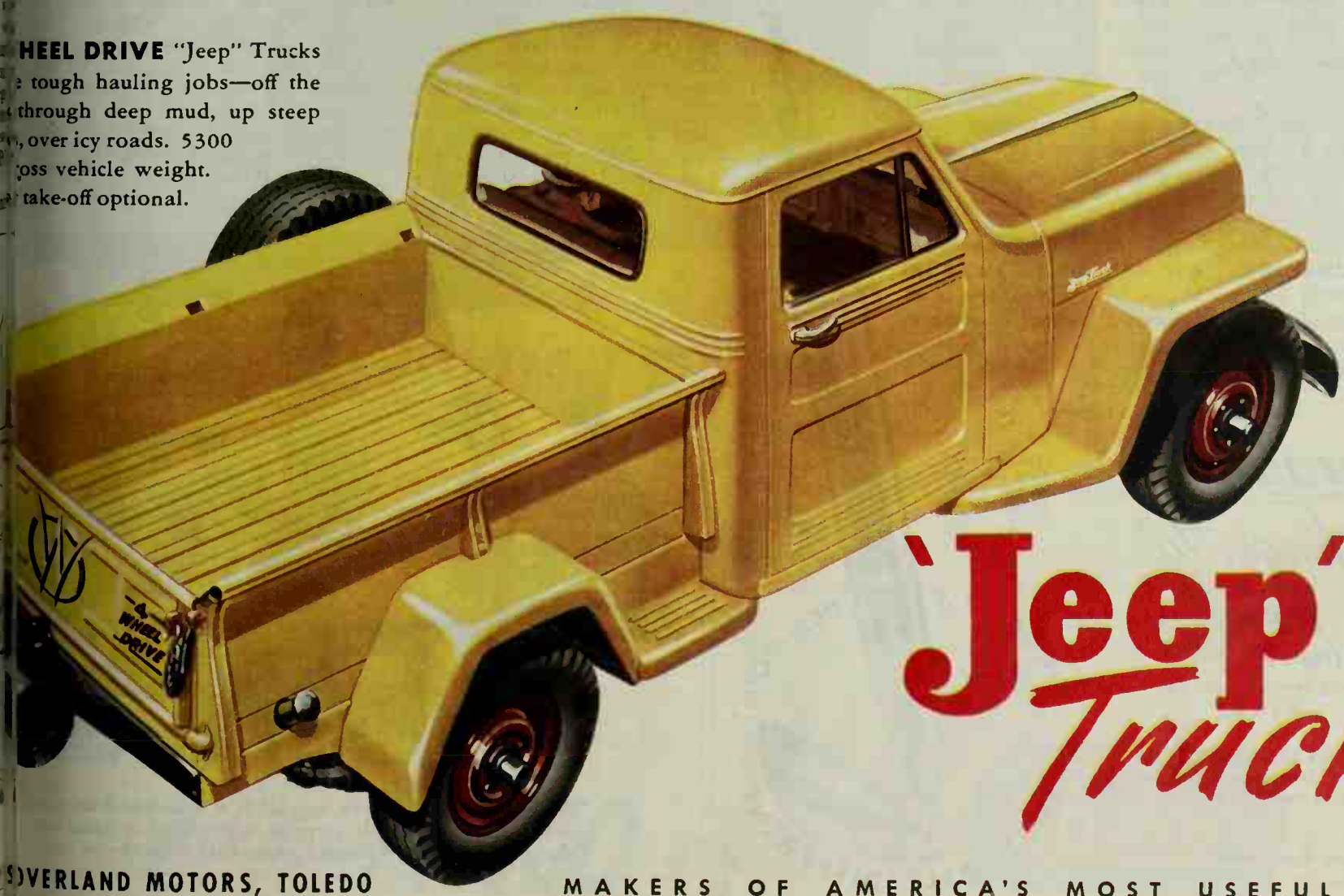

'Jeep' Trucks

)VERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

Discover your Secret Self through your handwriting!

that I've been doing la
Sunday I spent in the
last weekend. There i
something about the
the soft sweet sme
homesick. It took me

ng then train from whe
pick you up directly af
know we have and so it
by John's first business i
the train. By the wa
ita to be from Ukdn

Do you make wide loops on your h's and l's? Then it's a good bet you're sensitive . . . a dreamer . . . you're one to get lucky hunches! We'll wager, too—your being this type—that you'll be plenty strong for a pen with sensitive, watchmaker balance, with dramatically different looks—like the Moore Fingertip Pen. What a pen-point pen! It writes s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y to the gentlest pressure, and comes in swell-looking, he-man colors.

Do you dot your i's directly above the letter? Do your m's and n's have sharp, angular points? They do? Well then, you're the about-town type! Analytical! A perfectionist! You *compare* everything shrewdly—even in a fountain pen! And chances are, if you compare all four leading pens on every count . . . looks, dramatically different design, and easy writing . . . you'll pick a Moore Fingertip Pen, too. Most folks who compare 'em do!

HAVE *YOUR* HANDWRITING . . . *HIS* HANDWRITING . . . ANALYZED BY AN EXPERT! Send 10¢ in coin, ten words or more of the handwriting to be analyzed, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Emily Ames, Moore Pen Company, 33 Melcher Street, Boston 10, Mass., and she'll send you a personal analysis.

Compare all 4 . . . and you'll choose a Moore!

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Pen illustrated: Gold Cap Moore Fingertip Pen, $10.00 plus tax.

Also ladies' Fingertip models in a range of prices. See this amazing new pen at leading department, jewelry, and stationery stores today!

*TRADEMARK REG'D.

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Manufacturer of fine pens since 1900.

camps, human dignity had begun to decay; Moshe remembered the time he had intruded into a tent, looking for a friend. Four women were sitting on the floor, trying to sew. In a far corner, behind the stifling and impromptu privacy of an army blanket, a man and his wife were seeking love in the only way Cyprus afforded them. The women did not speak but with their eyes they said, "We do not watch: but there is no place else for us to go." And in Xylotimbu one day a girl had asked a relief worker if she could use his kitchen shack that night. "I am getting married this afternoon," she said, "and I'd like to use it for our honeymoon. It is the only place we can be alone."

"We are not starved here," the oldsters often said. "We are not beaten or tortured. But we are prisoners behind barbed wire, with no identity at all. Even the DP camps gave us a vestige of freedom and privacy and an UNRRA card with a name on it. Here even the streets are nameless for nameless people."

Resentful Toward British

"Why do they keep coming then?" a bewildered British major had asked once. "Why don't they be patient and wait?" He knew he might as well ask why a salmon would dash itself to pieces in a river rapids, trying to get upstream at spawning time. "Are you British any better than our Nazi jailers?" a refugee had screamed at him hatefully one day. The next Sunday, his day off, the major spent the whole time driving up and down Cyprus searching for shoes to buy up for the children of his camp.

One day the monthly Cyprus quota for Palestine was cut in half, just a few hours before the 750 were ready to embark. An illegal ship had succeeded in reaching a beach of the Holy Land and it was estimated that upward of 300 Jews had escaped. This cut was the penalty to all. The affected refugees converged on the gate of their camp and demanded to see the commanding officer. Guards ordered them to disperse. They refused. Their protests grew loud and angry. An impetuous young officer ordered the guards to fire. One refugee was killed, five were wounded. The refugees went on a hunger strike for 90 hours.

There was another hunger strike when the Jews failed to receive a reply from their petition to the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine in Jerusalem to visit Cyprus. The acknowledgment of their plea arrived a month later—delayed by censorship.

The soldiers themselves did the quota cut or the censo Majesty's forces ran the can they could and retired to their evenings to apply their min matters. "So I try to requi beds," an officer once con friend. "I apply to my colon to District, and District goe which, apparently, goes to C (head of the Colonial Office and I bloody well wait for m

Moshe and Toba soon hea grimmest joke on Cypru covered, wooden bridge whic had built for the Jews over t wire barricades in Xylotim they could pass from one se camp to the other. This qui the refugees' Forty-second St pedestrian traffic was endles ever climbed the bridge witho smile. "Do you remember the the Nazis erected in the Wa so that Jewish footsteps wo an Aryan street?" a friend Moshe.

It was arranged for Toba to Xylotimbu for a prenatal e Moshe could not go becau traffic between Caraolos and was forbidden. This made tion doubly hard, because was finally delivered in the pital in the town of Nicosia, be no communication betwe might be days before Moshe the birth and whether his w barring a chance word passe

In Xylotimbu, Toba went nursery, a whitewashed Niss hill, to see what life would her child. Nurses showed h sleeping peacefully in impr covered with mosquito net near-by annex there was pa Anxious mothers and fathe and in filthy clothes, crowde ignoring doctors and attend ing over the wizened bod babies. "They are newcom last ship," a nurse explaine take time to train these parer babies died in Europe or on They are all they have l parents are afraid."

One morning shortly afte Caraolos, a whirlwind of spiraled through Cyprus. A h had been intercepted by the off Palestine. There were so 4,500 Jews aboard, the lar ever to attempt to run the b was the "Exodus 1947."

Would there be a fight?

"Well, the businessman's special is a marshmallow pear salad, glazed vegetable surprise with jellied chicken nibbles, and chocolate whipped cream cake with cherry sauce

COLLIER'S

...on was made from a 4 x 5" Ansco Color transparency.

• *35mm transparency size.*

• *2¼ x 2¼" transparency size.*

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Take thrilling *true-color* transparencies famous photographers!

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You can have this life-like film processed *quickly* by returning it to your dealer . . . or you can develop it yourself! What's more, your dealer can have gorgeous color *prints* made, on Ansco Printon.

If your camera uses 35mm cartridges, 120 or 620 rolls, sheet, or 16mm movie film . . . *if* it has an f6.3 or faster lens, you can use Ansco Color Film. Although supplies are limited, ask for Ansco Color Film. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

Ask for ANSCO color film!

Spirit Lake with Mt. St. Helens (9,671 ft.) in the background.

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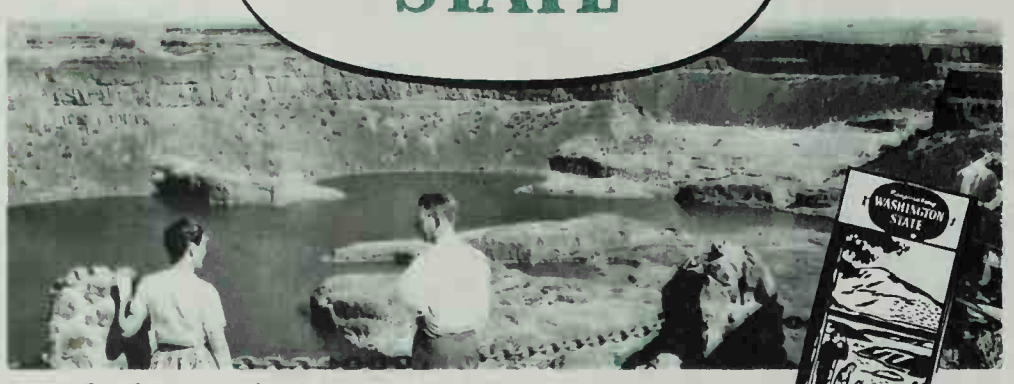

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Hungarians Display Ingenuity

With Toba gone, Moshe found a little oasis of companionship in the tent of some neighboring Hungarians. It was the most cheerful place in Caraolos; it seemed impossible that anybody could contrive to give a steaming tent anything of the freshness of a Budapest apartment, but these people had done it. Two girls had festooned the tent with gay paper flowers—made from toilet paper. Somebody else had fashioned stools and a little table (in whose center was placed a tiny spotless lace doily—memento of a prewar home) out of packing crates. Behind the tent was a shower bath—a piece of pipe and a tin can. Beside the doorway there was a patch of sweet peas.

Best of all, the Hungarians had challenged the monotony of endless days with industry. They had built, after the most expert scrounging in Cyprus, a small loom. The women unraveled threads from slashed tent canvas and wove towels and even a tablecloth. Two boys carved dominoes and chessmen from pieces of Cypriote rock gathered from the sand.

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The children's minds were hungry. In both Caraolos and Xylotimbu, rows of youngsters gathered around plank benches in a shaded strip between two tents in the mornings to learn their lessons from teachers recruited from the refugees or sent from Palestine. Sixteen-year-olds, crafty as animals and old as patriarchs in the bitter knowledge of existence taught them in the concentration camps or the far forests of eastern Europe where guilelessness meant extermination, were belatedly becoming rich in the intelligence that one plus one equal two.

Almost ripe for marriage and children of their own, these bleak-faced aging waifs were learning now to read and write. They gave strangers narrow, furtive looks and went back to their sums. Two plus two equal four. What lay ahead for these old children?

Psychiatrists are repeatedly being shocked by what they find. One day in Xylotimbu, a New York social worker gave a group of orphan boys and girls a set of toy furniture and a pair of "father and mother" dolls. The parentless children were fascinated by the refrigerator, the gas range and bathroo things they never knew e they finished playing, they ture toilet to bed and abandoned on the floor.

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It was the major who shoes who broke the new He called them all toget read them the wonderfu in a tense voice. Their f

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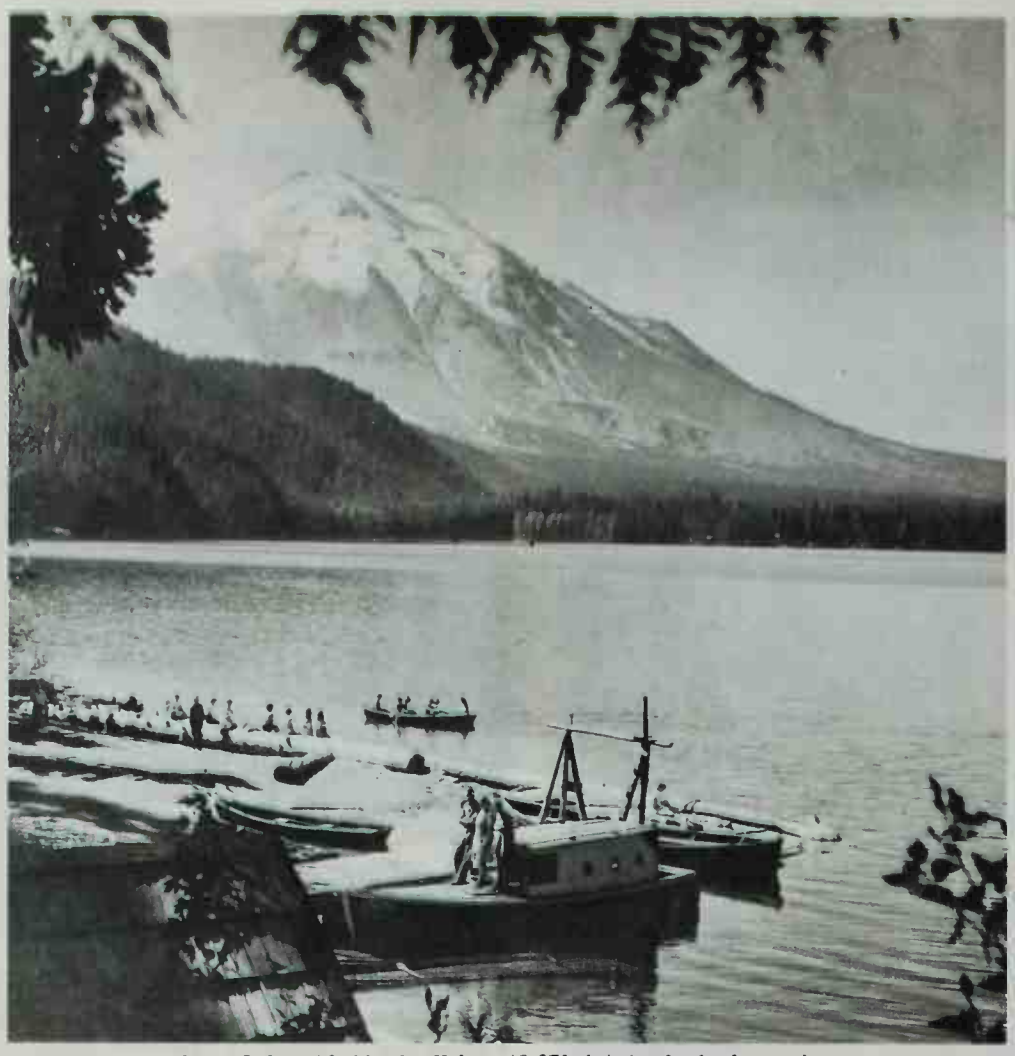

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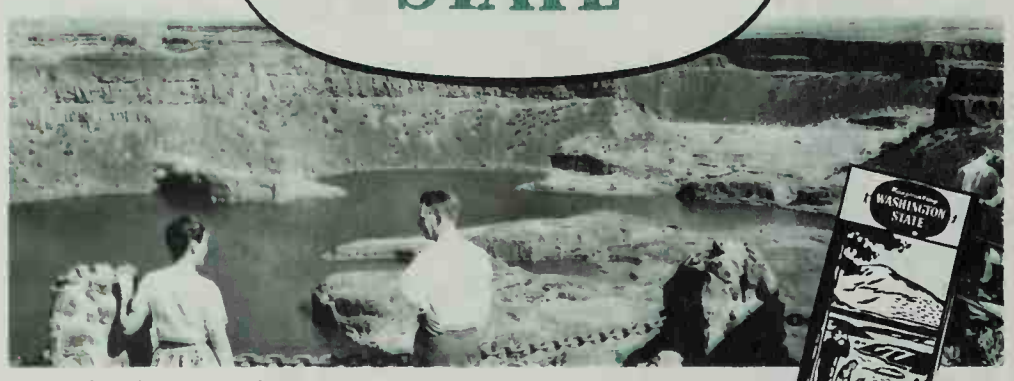

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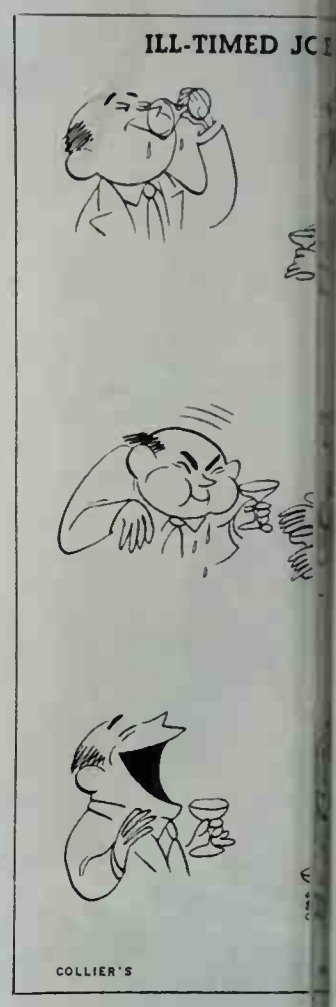

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An Evening of Gla…

While Moshe fretted … Toba he spent many ev… Hungarians. In the flick… lamp they would sit and … the next allotment of cer… times Imre, a wrinkle… Budapest, would join the … made his rounds playing … with his violin, and they … songs. One of these eve… bounty of good news. A … saying Toba had borne … both were well. In the … tion came the camp co… nouncement that not on… quota of 750 be transfe… this month but an extra … children would be take… Imre, the fiddler, was … Hosanna!

It was the major who … shoes who broke the new … He called them all togeth… read them the wonderfu… in a tense voice. Their f…

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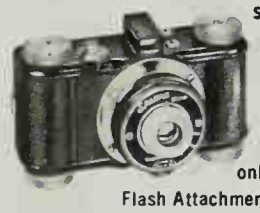

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blank. Suddenly he understood. They knew no English. He dropped the announcement on the sand. "Look," and he waved his hands. "Ship!" He fashioned a ship in the air. "Go!" He pointed outside the fence to the sea. "Palestine!" The children shrieked with joy. They jumped over the major. A little girl shyly kissed him.

Parties of farewell and rejoicing were held. People gave the youngsters precious little gifts, a photograph, a small candlestick. In the excitement nobody slept. At last at 4 o'clock one morning the time came to leave. The children returned their army blankets, their tin cups and plates. They stood in a queue and clambered aboard trucks which carried them to Famagusta. There were three ships. The first one, the Empire Lifeguard, had already sailed. The children and other adults were taken aboard the remaining two transports, the Empire Rest and the Empire Comfort. The major was at the dock. "Goodby, Major," the children sang back at him in their few words of hastily coached English. "You are good, Major." He waved and looked away.

Joy Turns to Uncertainty

Finally they were moving from the last suburbs into the heart of Palestine. The ships rang with shouts and singing. They remained at anchor long after sunrise but nobody paid any attention. There were always delays. This was nothing. But noon came and three o'clock and still the vessels had not upped anchor. It was whispered they would sail at sunset. Darkness fell and they stayed there.

"What is wrong?" somebody shouted. "Why don't we go?" The guards said nothing. Two little boys sitting on a steel staircase began to whimper.

In midevening an offic... "There has been a change o... announced. "You will be ... Cyprus tonight." That w... strings of hope snapped. T... women wept and wrung ... Seeing them, the frighter... cried. Gradually by the gr... cret shoots the news came o... Empire Lifeguard had bee... Haifa, terrorists, following ... code of their own, had sabo... exploding a limpet bomb on... punishment, there would ... Jews received from Cyprus ...

Exhausted and hungry, ... Jews became hysterical. ... caten aboard ship. They sc... soldiers unloading them. ... gear was searched again. ... snatched old Imre's viol... hands. "Whatcha got hid... Jack?" he demanded. "Dy... he dashed the instrument t... "You bloody fool," an offic... was highly unnecessary." I... gathered up the splinters ... and then climbed mechan... truck with the rest.

It was nearly midnight ... camp gates there was fo... touched it, not even the ch... faces were drawn from cryi... cried, but tearlessly and wi... any sound. They couldn't ... their old tents. No sooner ... this morning than their c... assigned to other children ... major" was there, walking ... "I think it may be for only ... he said. "You need some... Nobody listened. Nobody ... children stood there numb... the gate in the glare of th... from the watchtower an... move.

THE END

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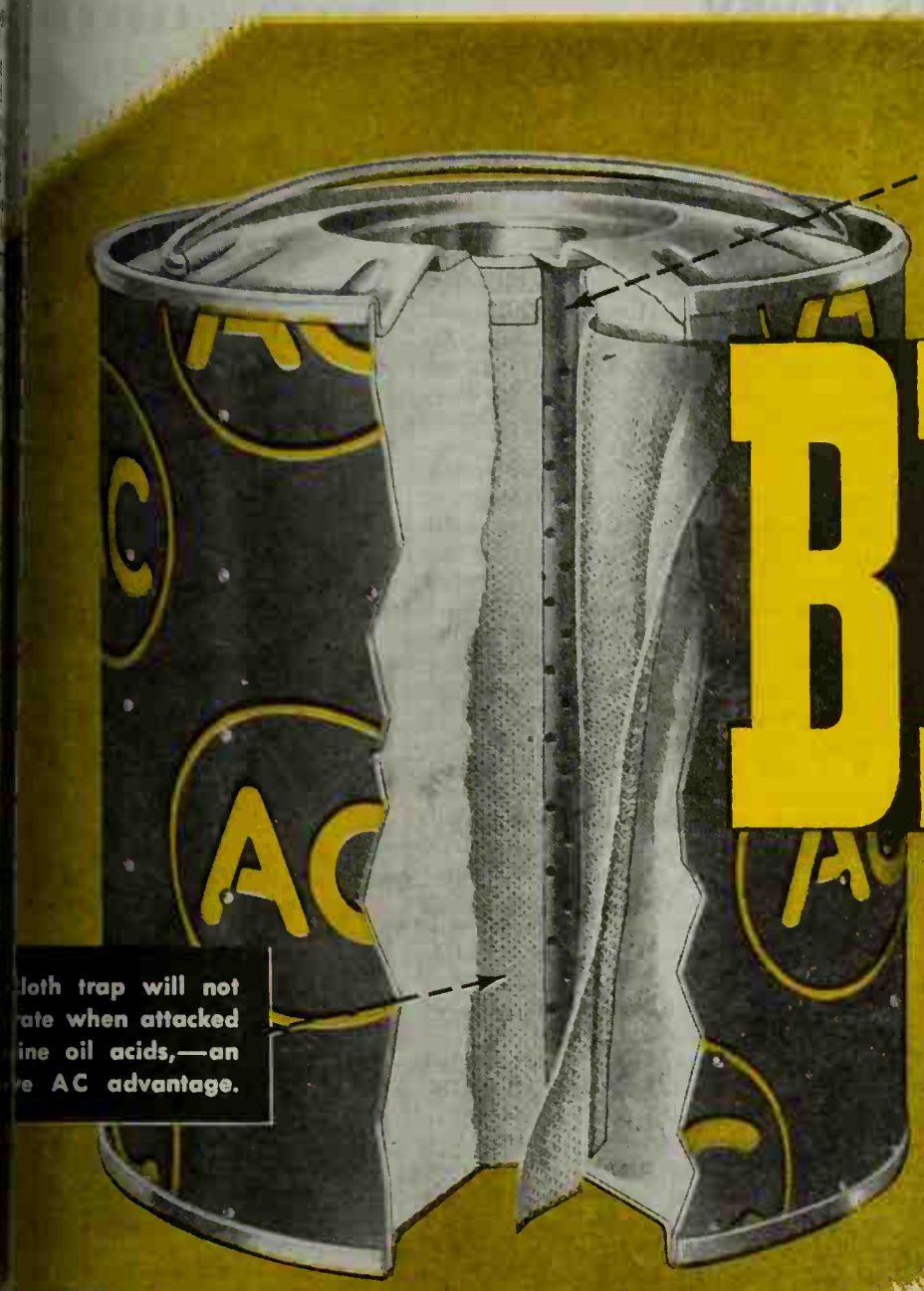
COLLIER'S

"I hope there'll be enough people there so that we can leave unnoticed when we get bored"



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WILL THE NEGRO ELECT OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

Continued from page 26

vote-conscious than ever before in his history. This is due almost entirely to the epochal decision handed down in 1944 by the Supreme Court, which outlawed disfranchisement of the Negro in the so-called white primaries of the South.

The effect of this decision upon the Negro voter in both the South and the North has been far more profound than most Americans realize. Its effect upon the political thinking of whites in many sections of the South has been almost as important. The more enlightened states of the South have accepted the verdict of the court, although some of the more backward areas are still trying to find legal or other means of continuing to bar Negroes from the polls.

New Freedom for Negro Voter

In Virginia, Texas, Arkansas and Georgia, the Negro is now voting with comparative freedom, and for the first time in the history of those states his vote is being sought by Democratic candidates and political groups. Of course, as long as the South remains a one-party island, this new Negro vote can do little as far as electoral votes for the Presidency are concerned. It is unlikely that it will bring about a break of any sort in the Solid South within the measurable future. But it is conceivable that the Negroes in less hidebound states such as Virginia, North Carolina and Oklahoma, and perhaps even in Texas and Florida, may eventually unite with white voters who are tired of and disgusted with the Talmadges, the Bilbos and the Rankins.

When that happens the South will become a two-party region, the best thing, politically speaking, that could possibly occur. It will affect political thinking and activity throughout the nation. In any event, and in the near future, the new political freedom which the Negro has been granted in the South will put a damper on the Southern demagogue whose sole stock in trade has been racial hatred and friction. Even a Bilbo or a Rankin might think twice before attacking those whose votes he must seek.

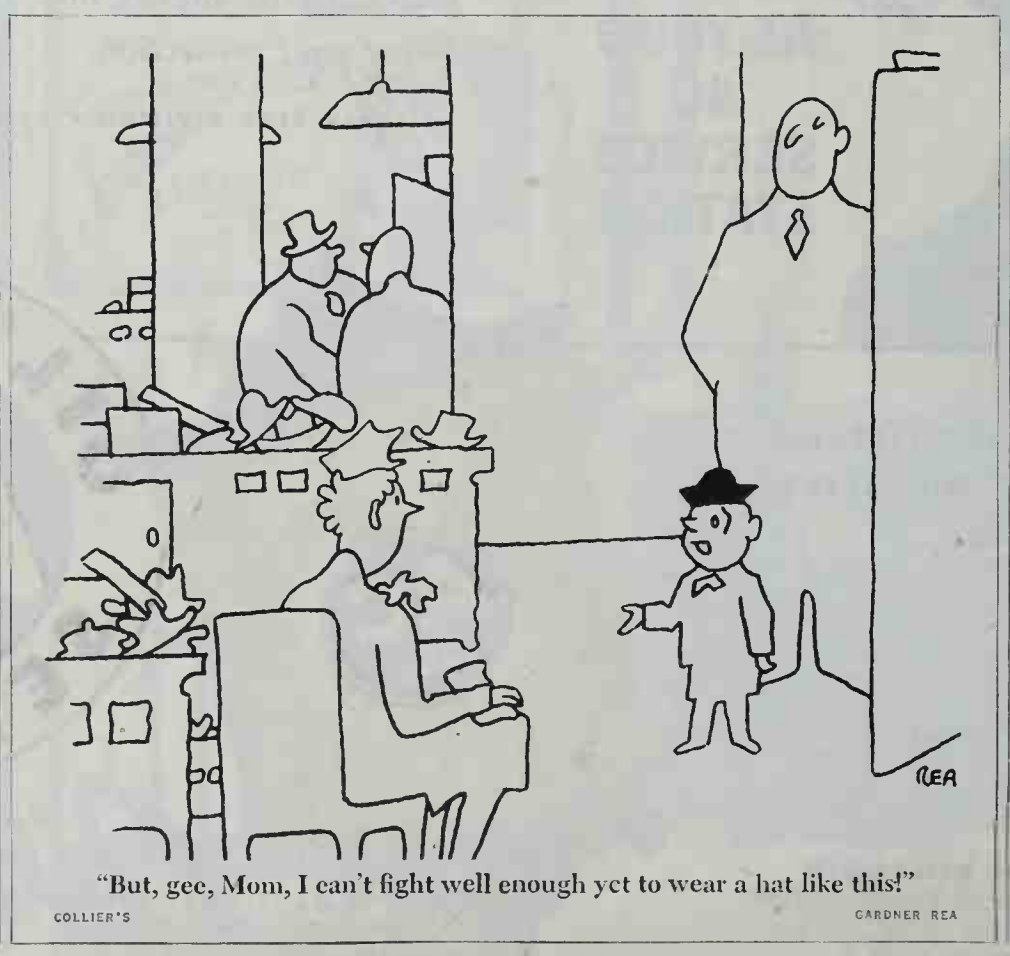
Already the new freedom is being used, fortunately with wisdom and dignity. In Richmond, Virginia, a young Negro lawyer and war veteran, Oliver Hill, ran eighth in a field of 16 in a Democratic primary contest to fill seven seats in the Virginia House of Delegates. Hill lost out by a scant 190 votes. Of course, he received heavy Negro support, but to the dismay of the die-hards, a considerable number of white Democrats also voted for him.

In another recent election in Savannah, Georgia, two factions of the Democratic party fought a closely contested campaign. The Citizens' Progressive League campaigned vigorously among the newly enfranchised Negroes, promising that if it won the election Negro policemen would be appointed for the first time in the history of Savannah. The League did win and kept its promise, and the heavens did not fall upon Savannah.

It is very easy to overemphasize the significance of elections such as those in Richmond and Savannah, especially when one remembers the requirements exacted of Negro voters in the Democratic primary in Mississippi on August 5, 1947—that they swear opposition to antilynching, antipoll tax and F.E.P.C. legislation. This was done in blatant violation of the Constitution and defiance of the federal agreement.

Nevertheless, the fact that for the first time Negroes were permitted to participate in Democratic party elections in two Southern states helps enormously in the development of the new trend which is rapidly galvanizing Negro political opinion and action, and considerable white opinion as well. This trend already has the strategists of both major parties worried, and it is destined to cause them a great deal more concern before the ballots are counted in November, 1948.

The strategy of the Republicans is manifestly to make a great to-do over the antilynching, antipoll tax and F.E.P.C. bills now before Congress, and to force them through the House of Representatives with the aid of Northern Democrats. It is no secret, however, that most of the Republicans in both houses count on Senate filibusters eventually



"But, gee, Mom, I can't fight well enough yet to wear a hat like this!"

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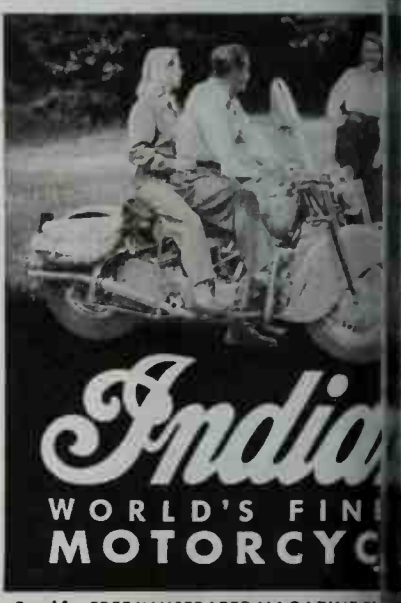

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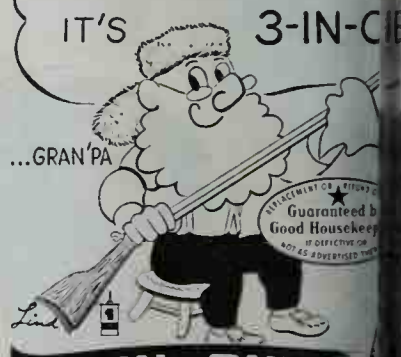

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killing all of these measures. Negroes realize perfectly that if this were not so, if the politicians really wished to pass the bills, the Republicans and the Northern Democrats would amend the archaic and complicated Senate rules to permit limitation of debate by a majority instead of a two thirds vote.

It is a gullible person indeed who believes that an antilynching bill, or any other measure of that character, will ever get by the Senate until the rules have been amended. Pious political pleas that "We would have passed the bill if it hadn't been for the Southern filibusters" will be greeted with stony silence at best, and more probably with hoots of derision.

As far as the Negro vote is concerned, the Democrats are in an even more serious plight than the Republicans. "Between the more liberal Democrats of the North and the race-conscious Bourbons of the South," said Harold L. Ickes, recently, "the poor Democratic party is suffering from a severe case of schizophrenia which the psychiatrists will have a difficult time in coping with before November of 1948."

Racial Prejudice Still Rampant

In this description of the situation Mr. Ickes is being remarkably temperate. South of the Potomac the political machines are still in the grasp of politicians whose chief asset is race conflict. In some states their power is being challenged, as in Georgia by Ellis Arnall, and elsewhere by veterans, churchmen and other Southerners who are tired of seeing the South made ridiculous. But all these efforts will hardly bear fruit in time to affect the 1948 campaign. The demagogues will continue to appeal to bigotry; it is the only method they know to perpetuate themselves in office.

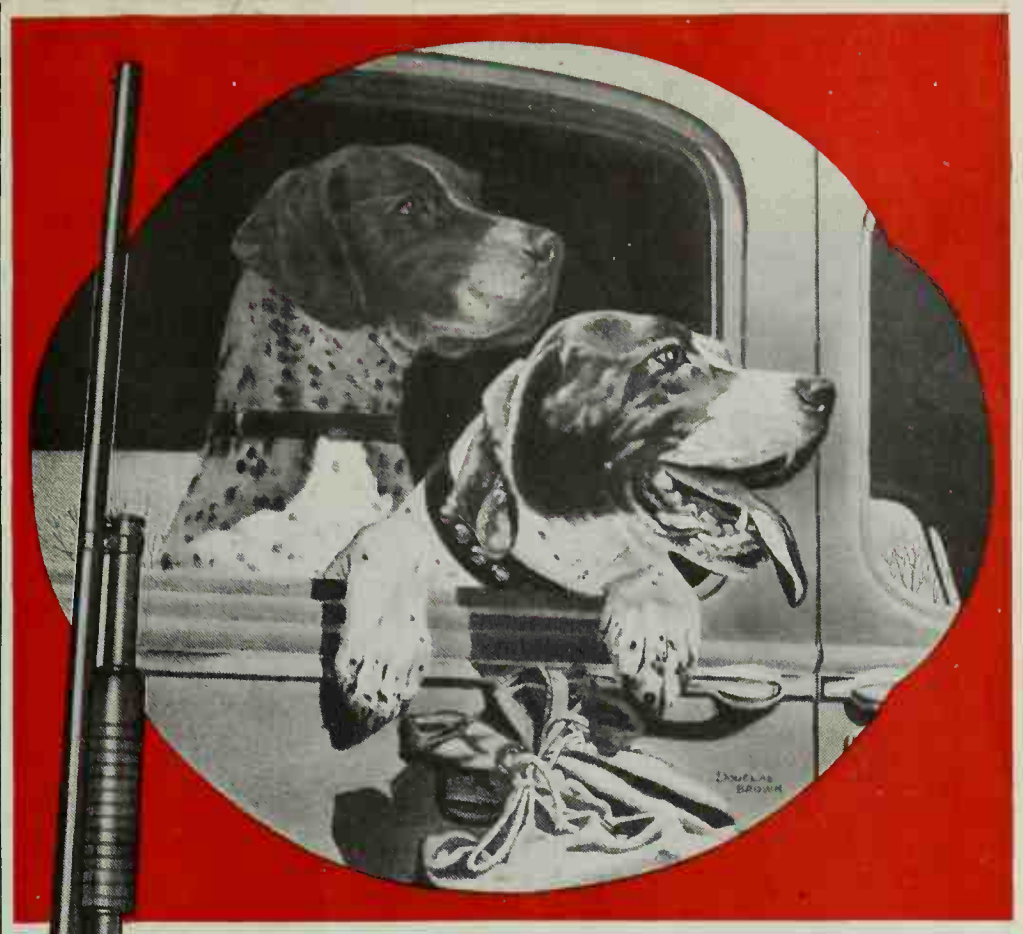
The Northern Democrats, who are not so numerous in either house of Congress as they were before the 1946 elections, are intimidated and outvoted by their Southern confreres. Several stalwarts, like Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, who have fought against lynching and discrimination, have been silenced by illness, and none have taken up the cudgels they were forced to put down.

Some prominent Democratic politicians, knowing that their ticket cannot win without the Negro vote, are hoping for new Republican blunders. Others believe that the knowledge of how the Republicans have consistently played ball with the Bourbon Southern Democrats will be enough to keep the Negro vote in pivotal states safely on the side of the Democrats. But the wiser Democratic strategists know that such a policy of inaction may not be enough.

Wendell Willkie in 1940 came closer to breaking the support given the Democrats by Negro voters than any other Republican since Theodore Roosevelt. There was a great deal of genuine enthusiasm for Willkie among the Negroes, although they distrusted many of Willkie's backers. But there appears to be no enthusiasm at all for any of the current Republican candidates. And of course, as far as the Negroes are concerned, there is no comparison between President Truman and Franklin D. Roosevelt, despite the President's present popularity.

Hard pressed already by unemployment, cynical of politicians, and rapidly approaching political maturity, the Negro voter watches with a hard-boiled eye the antics of the would-be Presidents and lawmakers. He knows perfectly well that the most effective weapon he possesses at this critical juncture is the vote. And he is grimly determined to use that weapon on the basis of what happens between now and Election Day and not on the basis of what happened in previous administrations.

THE END



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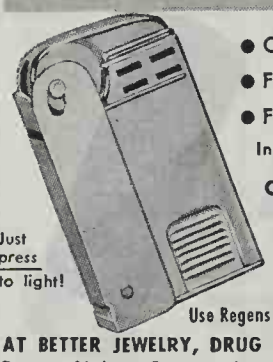

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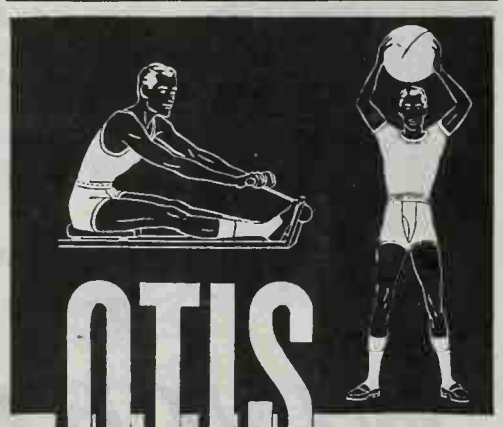

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

was from an enthusiast who had something internal to sell, and who addressed me as:

"Brian Born Dumm, Dear Mr. Dumm:

"Do you know that your intestines are 60 feet long?"

BRIAN BORU DUNNE, Santa Fe, N. M.

PARTY LINE

DEAR SIR: All the Republicans are hurrying to the newsstands each week to see if Collier's has any more inside dirt about the New Dealers in this week's issue; all the New Dealers are rushing for a copy to read again and again the same old baloney about their political saint.

I have suffered through Fanny Perkins, page-read Farley and have just dozed through Morgenthau. I fully believe one sentence could comprise all three memoirs:

"I was always faithful to the President (Boss-chief) but—I, I, I,—"

Why not save the paper, and money, for more such articles as Thomas Wolf's Here Is America or for Collier's continuously fine editorials?

C. E. FOLTZ, Warsaw, Ind.

CLOCK WATCHERS

SIR: Clock Hounds at the V.A. (Oct. 11th) concerning the stampede for the street at 5 P.M. is an editorial with which there can be no disagreeing. There is little doubt that many of the veterans now employed by the V.A. went to work with the idea of not only earning a living, but with the idea of doing a good job for the great group of veterans as a whole. Yet the background of government service in this agency is not good, for the worker is nagged with petty rules and regulations, strutting straw bosses, office cliques and petty despots.

J. ELLIOTT NOBLE, Seeane, Pa.

. . . I cannot refrain from replying to such an untrue and libelous statement. I am a combat veteran of World War I, and I have been in the U.S. Civil Service for more than 28 years. I have never known any employee who would not work overtime, cheerfully, to help a deserving veteran get compensation. If there is a case where a postponement until the next day would work a hardship to a veteran we stay on until the claim is properly adjudicated.

E. FORREST FEWELL, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . As a veteran employed with the V.A. for almost two years now, I have observed that memorandums, such as the one issued by Francis Dryden, occur very frequently. I can state from personal experience that most of my days as a typist have been spent in typing copies of just such memorandums while cases sat piled on my desk awaiting action.

Is it any wonder that these employees rush for the nearest exits when the long day of reading so many unnecessary memorandums is over?

BELLA C. DOVER, Cincinnati, Ohio

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

DEAR SIR: What a coincidence! I have just finished putting Looking For a Wife? (Oct. 4th) into practice but it failed. I first met the girl about two months ago and proposed marriage three times. She said she didn't care to see me any more. Evidently she doesn't like me. I'm beginning to wonder if your principle is sound. One friend advised me to keep plugging after her—but I'm beginning to wonder if it's worth while. Another said to go find another girl—but this is not easy to do while you are still in love with the first. What's your advice? JOHN DEC, Seward, Alaska

Darned if we know. Maybe as the fellow said: "Whatever you do—marry or not—you'll regret it."

. . . Looking For a Wife? is just the kind of stuff I like to read, because it is spiked with good, old common horse [illegible] age-old truths—how a good ga[l] out to direct and help the m[an] picked to succeed.

Give me a good gal and a [fair] chance and I'll give all the ho[t] bands and disgruntled batches a[way] and with *my woman*, as they [say] 'em all in the shade.

The only trouble is *I never m[et]*

NED MAUSTON, Los A[ngeles]

Reader Mauston looking f[or]

APPOINTMENT AT WES[T POINT]

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: You su[re] vacancies at West Point (Depr[ess] Point, Oct. 11th) are not const[ant] applicants of one congressma[n] be turned over to another cong[ress] distribution. That will solve [the] shortage of applicants but st[ill] method of appointing cadets a[re] men, I believe, is incorrect.

If we could put the appoint[ment] sition on a complete comp[etitive] rather than cloak it in a politi[cal] believe that the mortality rate [from] physical disability and mortal[ity] nation would be cut down.

HENRY R.
Lt. Col. U[SA]

. . . In your recent issue you [say] West Point education is worth [$]000. For what? Having serv[ed] years in the Army, I consid[er] qualified critic of Army officer[s] officer for 5 years.) The most [stupid] I ever knew was a lieutenant [who] had graduated from West Poi[nt] price education?

R. A. BRYAN, B[altimore]

CRUNCH, CRUNC[H]

DEAR SIR: Mr. Crichton's [Big] Headache (Sept. 20th) rem[inds] Santa Fe. The loge seats were [not] but were at the rear of the firs[t] the balcony. Up in the balco[ny] Spanish-Americans filled their [bags] piñon nuts, cracked them wit[h] and allowed the shells to flo[at] the loge seats. The gentry t[hat] saw the picture with their hats [and] coat collars turned up, but t[he] satisfaction of knowing the[y] most for their seats.

OSCAR P. BLOUNT, O[klahoma City]

. . . In addition to the po[pular] theaters are now faced with t[he] British films. Some of them [are] in a few the dialogue is so t[hick] clipped Oxford and Cockney [that] our patrons have trouble.

Recently in Port Washingt[on] about twelve stood it as long [as] He then got up and started [out] He waved a nonchalant ha[nd] "Well, cheerio."

WILLIAM JACKMAN, Ma[nhasset]

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DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY • A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION • NASHVILLE • TENNESSEE

WHITEHALL...

White Broadcloth With "Locked-In" Lustre

of Imported Egyptian Cotton

60% stronger by test* than shirts at the same and even higher prices. The natural, lasting lustre of Egyptian cotton makes the fabric richer. Demand value...demand Whitehall. $3.95

*U. S. Testing Co., Inc.—Tensile Strength Test No. 80856 and Hatch Textile Research—Tensile Strength Test

THE NATION SAYS

Jayson

SHIRTS SPORTWEAR PAJAMAS

Listig

...three generations of
highest quality standards are expressed
in these products.

Jayson Shirts from $3.25 • Jayson Pajamas from $3.50

Jayson Sportwear from $3.75

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC • 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR • Makers of Exce

PRINCE OF PRESS AGENTS

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN

n ndiana boy named Steve Han-
b ame a rajah of public relations,
s ible of wealthy clients who trust
l y him and pay him fabulous
A far-from-modest success story

E well-known mind-pryer, Dr. George
, were to poll the American people to
w many could identify Steve Hanna-
ances are that only a handful would
h the right answer. Hannagan's fame
n—he is a sort of celebrities' celebrity.
President down, anyone important
et his name in the papers and keep it
about Hannagan. And what he knows
respect tinged with awe.
nagan is probably the most unusual
who ever drew breath. His fees are
he has fired more clients than he has
He turns away about $500,000 worth of
ar. At one time or another he has pro-
enterprises as Miami Beach, the Ford
pany, Coca-Cola, the Union Pacific
llys-Overland, Gene Tunney, the Cities
pany, Sun Valley, Jack Benny, Puerto
Avenue busses and Pan American Air-

oud-shouting, belligerent, whip-smart
who has never been known to pull a
ouble cross. And if that isn't enough—
n judged most likely to marry Ann

o meet Hannagan often feel, in that
ent before he begins to talk, that he is
servative man. He is handsome in a
ost Irishmen are not, with groomed
and a healthful complexion, kept con-
and sun lamp. Only his wide grin, and
ch smile, too, when they aren't back-
nst a wall, indicate the infinite energy

alks, Hannagan talks all over. He uses
arms, his shoulders, his head, his feet
t floor pacing—and, where subtlety is
hich isn't often, his eyebrows. At no
stener in doubt as to what Hannagan
nd.
is the first to admit his sterling quali-
confessions to superiority are enthusi-
ed by the testimony of such witnesses
er Bernard F. Gimbel, air transporter
nbacker, babbletrap Walter Winchell,
r Gene Tunney, moviebody Lauren Ba-
r Sherman Billingsley and several hun-
ncluding Darryl F. Zanuck, Thomas E.
O. Howard, James A. Farley, W. Aver-
, and the hat-check girls and waiters of
urants and night clubs.
agan is not completely beyond human
failure. When a friend twitted him
g chain of acknowledged successes and
e hadn't been some minor failure some-
career, Hannagan answered with some
dya mean, failure? If one thing doesn't
something else."
the curious, however, he will affirm
efforts to promote a popular brand of
esulted in zero. He doesn't know why.
er seemed able to get going," he says.
obliging, Hannagan will describe as a
ublicizing of the sensationally unsuc-
evelt Raceways. This was an attempt
ng Island about ten years ago to intro-
an road racing to the United States.
lled the sports pages with advance news
even crowding a Columbia University
e in New York papers into a single
ummary. But for various reasons the
n egg.
missed a bet on electric razors. Some
hen they were new on the market, a
r asked him to undertake their pro-
ried one of them for a month," Hanna-
'and I couldn't make it work. I phoned
told him to keep his damn' razor—and
r"
annagan succeed with Montauk Manor,

Something New and Delicious in Candy...

Brach's Chocolate Party Mix

Enjoy Brach's thrilling new candy sensation everybody's talking about!

9
Delicious Centers
ROASTED ALMONDS
TURKISH FILBERTS
RICH, CREAMY CARAMELS
FLUFFY MALTED MILK BALLS
JUMBO VIRGINIA PEANUTS
PLUMP, SELECTED RAISINS
ORANGE MARMALADES
CRUNCHY NUT GOODIES
MICHIGAN MINT
CREMES

YOU'VE NEVER had candy quite like Brach's Chocolate Party Mix—of such *superior* quality, in a new bite size! No wonder it's the smart candy for all occasions.

● **All nine delectable centers** are coated with bittersweet or milk chocolate made from choice Ecuadoran and Venezuelan cocoa beans blended in Brach's own chocolate mills.

● **Buy Brach's Chocolate Party Mix**—the finest candy money and experience can produce. You get *185 pieces* in a one-pound box.

Brach's *Chocolate Party Mix*

THE PERFECT CANDY FOR SMART ENTERTAINING

the $12,000,000 Long Island play place which Carl Fisher tried to develop as a sort of summer Miami Beach.

But these are only minor blemishes on what is probably the most impressive record in the publicity business. Hannagan's high batting average is due in part to the care with which he chooses his clients. Although he has failed to land one or two clients he would have cherished, he has in recent prosperous years screened those he has accepted with the care of a jeweler selecting pearls for a royal necklace.

Not long ago a friend who had dropped into his office heard him shout over the telephone, "I won't take it. If I can't yell at the top of my voice that the whole proposition is clean, I don't want it." When he hung up he said, "I just turned down a $50,000 account."

He refused to take over the second year of the Dallas Fair and similarly turned down the New York World's Fair. When he was asked to give the Treasure Island Exposition a shot in the arm he backed away from that, too. He has also refused to publicize chain dance master Arthur Murray. James C. Petrillo, the musicians' Fuehrer, appealed to him by telephone for a little public popularity, and Hannagan told him to go climb a violin.

Assortment of Would-be Clients

When the United Nations was pushing pins into maps blindfolded in an effort to locate a permanent site, a group of Westchester residents, fearful of an invasion by world government, unsuccessfully solicited Hannagan to handle their cause. A host of screwballs including mesmerists, fan dancers and night-club comedians have appealed in vain for a touch of the Hannagan magic.

Handling publicity for individuals is inconsistent with longevity, and Hannagan's prosperity enables him to pass up such clients. One of his former clients, Jack Benny, netted him $50,000 of American Tobacco Company money last year. But Hannagan regarded Benny not as an individual, but as the "world's greatest sales organization." Only a small portion of the $60,000 fee paid him by the Electric Auto-Lite Company is for the personal promotion of Dick Haymes, their radio singer.

Hannagan was named Stephen Jerome shortly after his birth, April 4, 1899, in Lafayette, Indiana. His father, William J. Hannagan, is not living, but his mother, Johanna Gertrude, a magnificent and sturdy pioneer from whom many of the qualities that l... great, is now 88. Several ... came to New York to vi... son. Hannagan determin... the town and he and his se... ret Ray took her on in re... them both on the jump.

Arrangements were ma... picture taken for publicit... demonstrating kitchen u... glass, which Hannagan pr... the photographer arrived ... nagan demanded to kn... models were paid. Fift... hour, she was told. "We ... fifteen dollars," she said l...

Mrs. Hannagan was ... small but luxurious hotel ... ner from Hannagan's a... slept in the downy bed on... moved in with Steve and ... couch. "A lot of nons... tartly. "All that money a... just for me."

His other-side-of-the-t... ing is something Hannag... about. Friends say he g... sense from his mother, w... husband's $18-a-week pat... ary to feed and clothe ... and still put $2.50 a week ... and Loan. Hannagan ha... only one of whom, Fran...

Twice married and ... Hannagan lives in a th... Avenue apartment desig... ern manner and illustr... with pictures of Varga ... Ann Sheridan. In his ki... a huge low bed is backe... tufted headboard with ... end. In this, Hannagan ... along with other gadge... highly efficient battleship...

His bath has a glass-... over the tub. The baby ... is embellished merely wi... not, as some wags have ... a full facsimile of his sig... nature has been a sort o... mark and was on his lin... it was replaced with sim... shift is an indication of l... association with clients ... cess with conservatism.

Hannagan's frankness ... his own virtues. He s... art of beating around t... the last Presidential ele... candidate Dewey asked ... campaign publicity. A ... Hannagan pitched in, b...

ective. "Politics is a com-
ays regretfully, "and I'm
ise man."
s ago, his boss, the late
promoter, Carl Fisher,
ake several specific pub-
Hannagan replied that the
were lousy; he could
r pictures for the time and
of them would require.
withdrew his proposal.
Valley was about to be
Pacific officials were de-
me the glamorous resort
r the nearest railhead.
nted out that there were
names with less sex ap-
num but he couldn't think
d out for Sun Valley, one
tions evolved in his office.
e were adamant but Han-
manter. W. Averell Harri-
man of the board, finally
lock and chose Sun Val-
nagan and the Union Pa-
d this felicitous name as
rtant of his contributions
rosperity.

oves Resort Site

s Hannagan who put the
ne site for Sun Valley. In
e was in Hollywood when
elephone call from Harri-
d an Austrian ski expert
untry for a winter sports
natch anything in Europe.
s found such a place. It's
r a town called Ketchum.
what you think of it."
lane to Pocatello, Idaho,
sferred to a train which
Shoshone, where he met
effers, another Irishman,
nan of the board of Union
ext morning at five, Jef-
nnagan out in the bit-
agan was wearing a light
inevitable camel's-hair
aloshes borrowed from a
ers took him on a motor-
o Ketchum. There they
horse-drawn sleigh with
ve in the front of it, and
ast expanse of snow.
Hannagan was ready to
ad long since passed the
ace of the world. When
oped the sleigh at a ranch
nsisted that they go far-
nnagan was ready to give
ird when suddenly the sun
e edge of the mountain,
mendous amphitheater of
Iannagan basked in its
he loosened his coat; a
he had taken it off. An
as down to his shirt and
y, a fellow could take a
nude right out here in the
happily. He was sold.
re heavy for the opening
December 21, 1936. Only
wrong: For the first time
was no snow. Hannagan
spective guests that they
ransportation to the near-
iles away and could stay
odge free until there was
ont yard. On December
en's Day, Hannagan likes
now came along with the
of Hollywood celebrities
was in.
nost colorful successes are
Nowadays he is certainly
e, merely less dramatic.
trying to get people to
tles, for example.
ample of his public-rela-
his job on the late utility
Insull. Insull sold the wid-
s of the Middle West an
rashed with enormous
veral hundred thousand
for his hide, and with in-
ing at his heels, he fled to
Greece, where he lived until persuaded by the United States government—which threatened to send a piece of the Navy after him—to come home and stand trial.

Despite the extent of the disaster, Insull's son, young Sam, was convinced his father was innocent of any malice and begged Hannagan to help change public opinion about the old man. Hannagan had just joined the advertising agency of Lord & Thomas as vice-president, and was well on his way to fame, and also had just refused a money-no-object offer from a group of Middle Western utilities to undertake the job. But young Sam was so persuasive that Hannagan was finally convinced. However, he refused a fee and insisted that he remain entirely in the background. He would not even meet the old man.

The only press release Hannagan wrote was the statement read by Insull when he arrived in New York on his return from Europe. His son made it clear to Insull that Hannagan was in complete charge of all except the legal aspects of the case and had stipulated that his instructions must be followed to the letter.

When Insull arrived in Chicago he lived modestly in an inexpensive hotel, rode a bus to his trial, went to neighborhood movies and told reporters that he hadn't a dollar to his name; he was living, he said, on what his son had saved from a small salary. When reporters reminded him that he had chartered a steamer in Greece trying to escape extradition, ordinarily an expensive means of transportation, he said that friends had supplied the funds. He was genial with reporters, patient with photographers and benign with everyone.

Hannagan is aware that these tactics helped. But he agrees that what really acquitted Insull was the stupidity of the prosecution in demanding $100,000 bail, and when Insull failed to raise it, putting him in jail. Americans don't like to see repentant septuagenarians go to jail until they're convicted.

Insull expressed his appreciation tangibly two years after his acquittal. When Hannagan opened his own business, several corporation executives came to him and said, "I understand from Sam Insull you're a clear thinker. How would you like to handle our publicity?"

Holds Confidences Sacred

Hannagan meticulously refuses to reveal information about his clients which might be considered confidential. He will admit, however, that he never spends more money than they authorize and often spends less.

Probably his best financial record was made on his campaign for the Centennial of Baseball in 1939. The late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, then commissioner of baseball, called Hannagan, whom he'd never met, on the telephone from Chicago. "Some damn' fools in the baseball industry want to spend $100,000 on a 100-year celebration. They've given me the money. I understand you're honest and won't try to steal it or throw it away. You probably won't be able to do any good, but will you take this money off my hands and spend it?"

After the final event in the celebration, the game at Cooperstown, New York, Hannagan and Landis met on the train. The judge put his arms around Hannagan and congratulated him. He had been wrong, he acknowledged; the money had produced splendid results.

"I've got some money left over, Judge," Hannagan announced. "I'll send it back to you."

Landis looked startled, then smiled. "If it's as much as $500," he said, "that's good."

Hannagan paused a moment for dramatic effect. "I'm going to send you a check for $35,000."

It was a full minute before Landis recovered.

No detail involving the welfare of its

WHEN YOU GIVE A
Halliburton—
MIRACLES HAPPEN!

REINDEERS REMONSTRATE
LADIES' PULLMAN CASE — 62.50

MORE FUN THAN TOYS
LADIES' MAKE-UP CASE — 26.75
MEN'S ONE SUITER — 58.50

Tucked away in most everyone's heart is the wish for a gift of fine luggage. Halliburton Aluminum Travel Cases alone have all these matchless features: registered ownership...ample room so clothes unpack wrinkle-free... self-tightening latches...weather-tight protection against dampness and dust... plus Halliburton style and beauty so unique that a Halliburton can not be imitated, can never be mistaken for something less fine.

WILLS ARE REWRITTEN
MEN'S OVERNIGHT CASE — 37.50
MEN'S TWO SUITER — 64.50

LADIES'
OVERNIGHT CASE
37.50
9 OTHER MATCHED
MODELS FROM 26.75

ANGELS APPEAR
DIPLOMAT BRIEF CASE — 35.50
MEN'S PULLMAN CASE — 62.50

HALLIBURTON
ALUMINUM TRAVEL CASES
LOS ANGELES · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · BOSTON · TOKYO

Give a GAROD

This Christmas . . . whether to yourself or to one you love best, give GAROD . . . a Great Name in Radio for 26 Years!

ONLY GAROD BUILDS THE...

"Starlet"

3½ POUNDS OF GLAMOROUS PERSONAL RADIO

The "Starlet" is a haney of a handful, a tiny triumph af radio design. It's a jayaus gift . . . haurs, days and years af listening pleasure. This Garad "Starlet" performs anywhere, anytime. Lift the lid to play — clase, and it shuts off automatically. Available in attractive two-tone color cambinations. Listen — and yau're sure to buy it for anly *(less batteries)* . . . **$29.95**

ONLY GAROD BUILDS THE...

"Radalarm"

...A CLOCK-RADIO COMBINATION... THE RADIO THAT REMEMBERS...

Just set the hour as you would an alarm clack and the famous Telechron movement automatically takes over . . . *to awaken yau gently with music,* ar ta bring you every mament af a braadcast you don't want ta miss —morning, afternaan ar evening. In luxurious ivory plastic case with sparkling lucite grille, the "Radalarm" is a "timely" gift at **$39.95**

For immediate delivery, see your local dealer . . . or write direct to

GAROD ELECTRONICS CORPORATION • BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK

clients is too small for the Hannagan organization to oversee. The original script of The Lost Weekend, for example, called for Ray Milland to stumble over paper milk containers as he entered his apartment. Since paper containers are anathema to Hannagan's valued client, Owens-Illinois Glass Company, a man from Hannagan's Hollywood office, learning of the impending tragedy, rushed to the studio with a quantity of glass milk bottles and finally persuaded the property man that they should be substituted in the scene.

Hannagan occasionally renders unusual services. Before the war he promoted a series of minor epic motion pictures produced by wealthy sportsman John Hay (Jock) Whitney. When the war started, Whitney was commissioned a captain in the Air Forces and assigned to Public Relations, a subject on which he had extensive unfamiliarity. Whitney enlisted Hannagan's help after he was sent overseas. He received from Hannagan regular analyses of news published about the European air war, along with suggestions as to what type of stories would interest readers in the States. Whitney's rise from captain to colonel was smooth and rapid, but Hannagan doesn't think he had any part in Jock's progress. "He had a very good war record," Steve remarks.

During the war Hannagan was kept busy explaining why some of his clients didn't produce war materials as fast as the happiness boys in Washington announced they would. When Henry Ford's dream figure of 1,000 planes every 24 hours failed to materialize as many as ten bombers a day at Willow Run, a national scandal threatened. Edsel Ford sent for Hannagan and told him to take the curse off the plant.

True Reports on Progress

Hannagan's approach to this problem was typical of his method. Instead of attempting to explain away the failure to produce as many bombers as some guesstimator thought they should, he sent out news stories on what actually was being done. "We set up a simulated press association office in the plant," Hannagan says, "and covered Willow Run as if it was a newspaper beat. If something happened we got it out." Soon Willow Run began to register in the public conscience as a source of considerable material, though it never at any time reached the bomber production expected of it.

After Edsel Ford's death, however, his father refused to have a hired publicity man. That was the end of Hannagan's association with the Ford Company.

Although Hannagan operates informally—his associates are named Joe, Larry, Bill, Don, Leo and Art, and not William, Joseph, Lawrence, etc.—he is not casual. He arrives at his office by 9:30 in the morning. He works rapidly and with great concentration, telephoning to clients and staff in branch offices in New Haven, Hollywood, Sun Valley and Toledo, sometimes several times a day. His telephone bills run around $15,000 a year.

Hannagan is an omnivorous reader and everything published which might remotely concern his clients is clipped for his attention. Radio programs are transcribed or summarized. Hannagan whips through this material shouting questions as he does so to members of his staff, who trot into his office with the answers. Wasted time makes him unhappy and he refuses to arrive early for anything. This gives his secretary, Margaret Ray, some problems, since it is her responsibility to see also that he doesn't arrive late.

Once when traffic was especially heavy, he had to catch a train from a crosstown terminal. Miss Ray started him, over his protests, with a safe margin for delay. In one of those quirks of traffic, Hannagan wasn't held up a moment, and arrived at the terminal early. Rushing to the phone booth he t
"I've got ten minutes be
starts," he complained.
do you expect me to do n

There is no employee i
tion Hannagan doesn't
claims he is absolutely
Larry Smits and Joe Co
been with him more thar
Paul Snell, his Hollywood
his secretary Miss Ray,
with him nineteen years.
his business outright but
of these four, he says, a
Whatever the benevolen
tude, Hannagan remains

Staff members going o
job used to be given a s
fore leaving. When in do
call Hannagan, but if the
him and immediate actio
they were to retire at onc
of the men's room, whe
engage in thoughtful co
fifteen minutes. "Then c
the honest thing," Hanna
According to Hannagan

Conscientious as t

He often tells his emp
can please me, I don't g
the client thinks." And
erally. Several times h
from an account when h
was doing a good enou
ished clients have tried to
they are perfectly satisfi
you don't know how lous
nagan tells them.

The contract which H
with his clients is merely
letters covering fee, met
and a thirty- to sixty-c
clause by either party.
who thought the contra
long and legal affair was
his tracks. "Don't wor
Hannagan told him. "I'l
before you do of me."

Salaries in the Hanna
are good, but he is a c
His top men are said
$25,000 a year, plus a bo
employee draws in acc
accomplishments. Junio
about $150 a week. H
one principle on salari
help more than they ea
came to him.

He seldom gives free
his friends. Sherman B
of the fabulously profit
acknowledges Hannaga
been a tremendous fact
On Hannagan's advice
the club open during J
when practically all oth
Billingsley got their bus
told him to stay open S
the same reason. Agai
rewarded with steady cu
gan advised him to cat
Billingsley encouraged
with gifts of champag
vors. The result was a
ing male clientele.

In eighteen years Bill
paid Hannagan a fee, an
dines regularly at the St
York, pays his own
Billingsley has named o
kind of dish he serves f
only two other men ha
with even one dish na
Walter Winchell and
Runyon.

Hannagan does not,
believe, own part of the
sometimes assumes a
est in its affairs. Once
marily fired four or fi
cigarette girls. Severa
found them still worki
you?" he said to one o

"Yes," she answered
Hannagan hired us ba

Hannagan's climb t

t new DESOTO owners

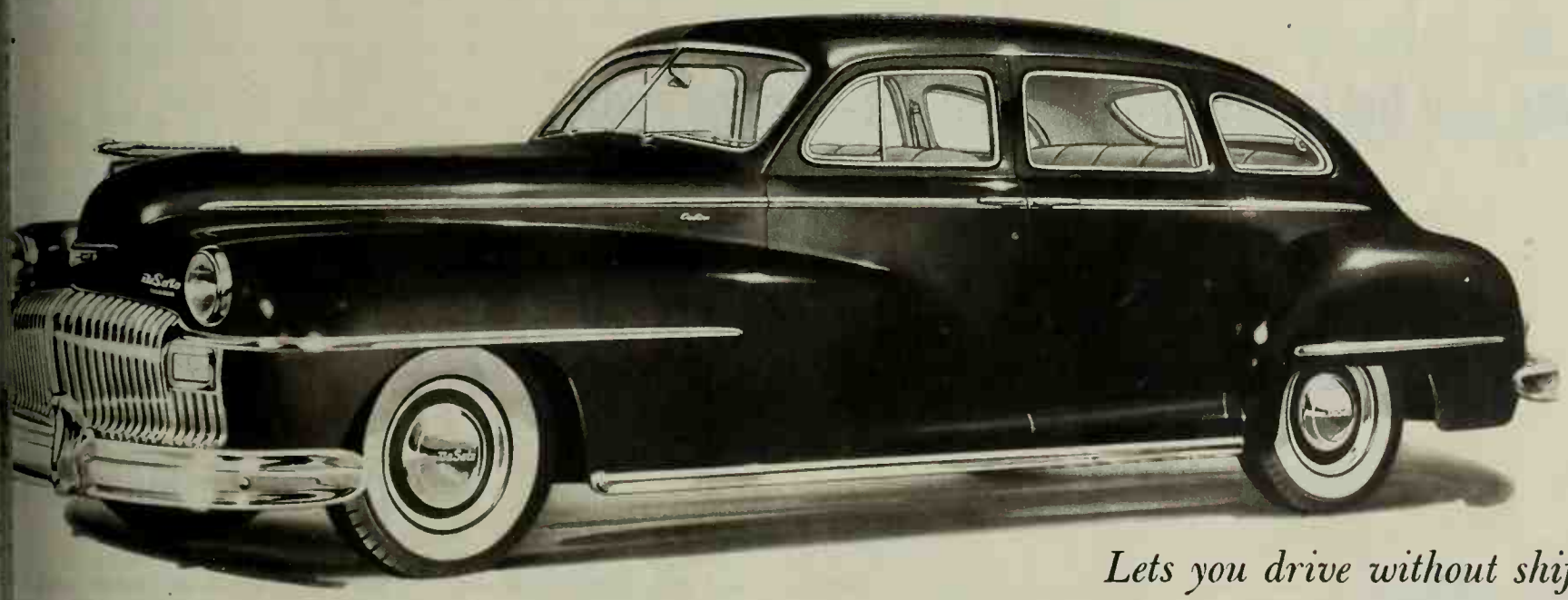
e owned many makes of cars. Their combined

rience covers millions of miles, millions of

rs. Yet the overwhelming majority (in a

nwide poll) say, "De Soto is the best car I

owned, regardless of price." *That's evidence!*



Lets you drive without shifting!

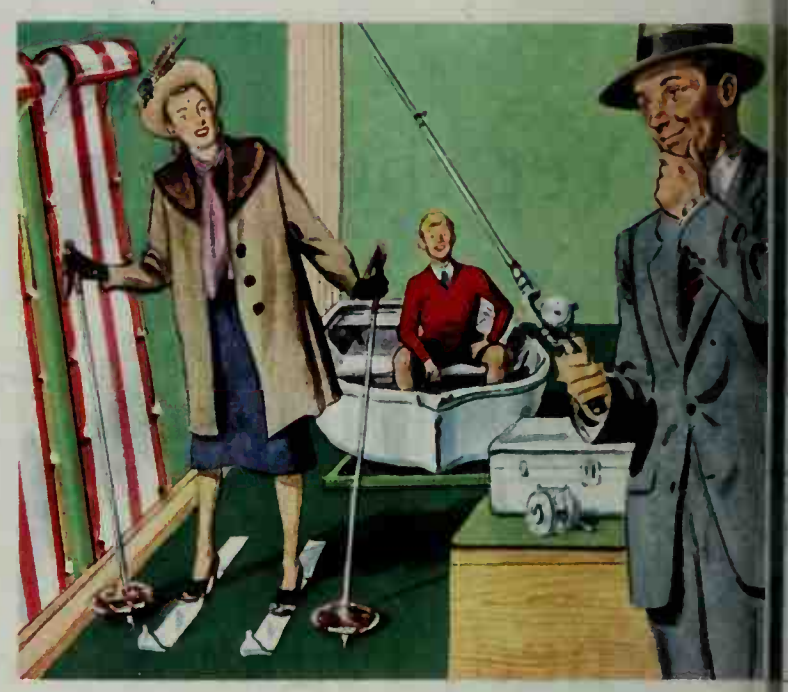
DON'T MISS "CHRISTOPHER WELLS," THE DRAMATIC NEW PROGRAM BROUGHT TO YOU BY YOUR DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALER
EVERY SUNDAY EVENING ON ALL COLUMBIA BROADCASTING STATIONS; 10 P.M. EST • 9 P.M. CST • 8 P.M. MST • 7 P.M. PST

0 DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALERS COAST-TO-COAST EQUIPPED TO GIVE YOU EXPERT SERVICE

DE SOTO DIVISION CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Imagine a store with gifts like these...

aluminum luggage that gives strength and beauty . . . aluminum appliances that can't rust or corrode . . . aluminum furniture that moves



aluminum toys that are light but rugged . . . aluminum sports equipment that lasts for years

More and better aluminum products—*today*...with

Kaiser Aluminum

a Permanente Metals p

ACTUALLY, a large department store could be opened today which features *nothing but* aluminum products.

For all the products pictured above — plus hundreds more — are being made right now, offering more *comfort,* more *convenience,* more *beauty.*

Recognizing this, millions of people are *demanding* aluminum-made products, whether it be for building materials, household appliances, house trailers, garden tools, or what have you.

You, too, can demand—and *get*—these products. They're now being made in ever greater quantity because Permanente Metals, led by Henry J. Kaiser, is rushing to manufacturers the light, bright, lasting metal that makes them possible.

In but a single year of operation, Permanente Metals' huge processing plants produced 175 million pounds of plate, sheet, and strip aluminum. Almost as much as the entire industry produced in the most productive year before the war!

That's why there are more and b
products . . . today . . . with Ka

Get the Manufacturers'

For the names of manufacturers nearest
the aluminum products pictured ab

Permanente Products Co

Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakla

ne part to pluck and luck. he applied for a job on newspaper, the Lafayette nal (now the Lafayette r). The managing editor wn cold.
the paper?" Steve asked.

the boss?"
Marshall," said the man- pointing to Marshall's

he telephone operator to to the publisher, and with ent she did, as "Mr. gan." This was also the 's uncle, who was a sa- h considerable local po- nd Marshall said to send When he recovered from was not impressed by the ungster. Steve called on en times before the pub- ed him at $1 a week. "It's said, "to keep you from

he was seventeen, Steve 's city editor, earning $25 raduating from Jefferson Hannagan enrolled as a at Purdue University and correspondent for the In-

. Soon he was making eek, considerably more , instructors. This seemed his logical mind so he left

this time he got his first ractical aspects of press- Bill Pickens' barnstorm- came to Lafayette, and to handle the local pub- ht salary plus a percent- Some time after the race d been short-counted at Later he found Pickens ith Barney Oldfield and in an Indianapolis hotel

pped," said Hannagan. nted on the gate of your d it take you to find that kens.

great success as a pro- ally they never find out." agan bumped into a pot rson of Carl Fisher, one st real-estate operators Fisher, after selling his mpany to Union Carbide $5,000,000, had sunk a fortune into developing Speedway.
been hired as a publicity Memorial Day race. At mphasis was on the me- of the racing cars. These

Press. In the fall of 1924, Fisher asked him to come south to help promote Miami Beach, which Fisher was then endeavoring to create by pumping sand out of Biscayne Bay onto a mangrove swamp. Hannagan accepted after convincing Fisher he was worth $300 a week, plus all expenses including board and lodging.

During Hannagan's twenty subsequent years in Florida, he made a pretty girl in a bathing suit stock newspaper art every winter in every city in the country —and every picture carried a plug for Miami Beach. He lost no opportunity to plug the name. His first dispatch to press associations after being hired was, "Flash, Julius Fleischmann dropped dead on the polo field here this afternoon. Don't forget Miami Beach date line." This classic example of press-agent enterprise hung framed for years in the U.P. office.

The backbone of Hannagan's campaign, however, was the simplest device of all, the home-town story. If Mr. and Mrs. Jones from Kalamazoo came to Miami Beach, a picture of them having fun got back to the Kalamazoo papers. The Kalamazoo papers ate it up; the neighbors were envious and determined next year to do likewise; the Joneses were flattered and felt compelled to brag about what a wonderful time they had.

News services frequently called on Hannagan to cover stories for them. In 1930, Time magazine wired him for a summary of how the season was going. Hannagan wired back a detailed account of how it had slumped 20 per cent and was generally lousy. Time publisher Henry R. Luce saw the wire and asked its source. Told that it came from the Miami Beach publicity man, he said, "Cancel that story. Let's do one about an honest press agent," and Hannagan got a flattering write-up.

Hannagan was unjustly accused of planting an attempted assassination of Jack Dempsey in order to promote the highly successful Sharkey-Stribling fight in Miami Beach. Dempsey, front man of the enterprise, was spending the night as a guest in a strange house and heard a commotion downstairs. Investigating, he surprised a burglar, who fired a shot at him as he came down the steps. A reporter heard of it hours later and the story got heavy play.

Such a planted story, though bold enough for Hannagan, lacks the Hannagan integrity. If he had been behind it, it wouldn't have been exclusive; he would have found some means of giving all the reporters an even break on the story.

The rivalry between Miami and Miami Beach for the tourist trade was very bitter. There is no published score of the result, but Hannagan treasures in his numerous scrapbooks a clipping from the editorial pages of a Miami paper which sadly complains that all the good news of the area somehow got out on a Miami Beach date line and all the bad news was date-lined Miami.

Breaks With Beach Crowd

His twenty-year honeymoon with Miami Beach broke up, Hannagan says, only when the boys on the Beach got to misbehaving in such un-Hannagan ways as gouging the customers and sending them back up North yelping bloody murder. As this violated Hannagan's Client Requirement Number One—honesty—Hannagan filed for divorce. Besides, he adds with disarming candor, there wasn't any profit in the account any more.

Like a well-kept balance sheet, the total of Hannagan's detractors almost precisely equals the total of his competitors. Many of them claim that he hurt Miami Beach as much as he helped it. They grow vehement about Hannagan's "unrestrained" publicity. Such vehemence is a compliment to Hannagan, in a mild way, for it has replaced the attitude of tolerant indulgence with which the brass hats of the trade greeted him when he opened his office in 1935.

Hannagan was then looked upon as a good publicity man who knew what to do with a girl in a bathing suit. But critics pointed to his unhappy relationship with Lord & Thomas, a big-time advertising agency. Steve was vice-president in charge of new business for this firm but parted company with them after less than two years. There were too many important executives in the outfit; Hannagan found himself without anyone to give orders to. His detractors insisted that he couldn't play in the major leagues and handle big corporation clients.

Today, however, Hannagan has fifteen big-league clients each of which pays him anywhere from $25,000 to $75,000 a year. Among them are Coco-Cola, Union Pacific Railroad, Olin Industries (Winchester Arms and Western Cartridge), and the Owens-Illinois Glass Company.

Because of the celebrated success of his enterprises, Hannagan is romanticized by fledgling press agents and graduate journalism students, who seem to believe he has mysterious or magical endowments.

Once a student, pressing him to describe his brand of alchemy, drew out the revelation of his real secret. "All you gotta have in this business is newspaper training and common sense," he said in some exasperation. "Now I ask you where the hell is there any magic in that?"

THE END

Men who play cards agree...

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Company . Ma
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BICYCLE is the Cardplayer's Card

THE PIGSKIN HEART

Continued from page 17

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"Garth."
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e said, "I want another

at was all you ever said
a game was in progress.
he coach's square mouth
e was angry.

"Sharp."

He was taking Bud Hinkel out. The captain had played only about a quarter of the game. Degraw was riding him, all right. Willy went in and White came off. Vale kicked a deep one.

Yancey caught it and went back to the twenty-five. He saw Willy and winked, and Willy did not have to tell him the play. Yancey was a sophomore, but he was one of the boys they had got for Degraw's coming to Kings.

It was a stripper, from the single wing. Everybody faked right, with Yancey cleverly concealing the ball. Then Willy had it; he checked. Then he was running left, without cover.

It was his speed which made it count. He got outside the end, who was looking the other way because of the fakery and then he was trying to outrun the safety man. His knee did not feel so good.

He waited, timing it, then used the cutback. The knee almost buckled, and he cursed George Bolton savagely under his breath. The safety man closed in. Willy put on speed, somehow forcing the bad knee to pump harder.

Two of them caught him on the goal line. They pinched him, but he managed to fall forward. He was over, all

right. He got up, stumbled a little and saw his relief coming onto the field. He managed to walk off.

Degraw did not look at him. Degraw was sending in a green tackle for Sharp, to give the boy experience, now that the game was sewed up. Willy wished he could go to the dressing room and have his knee baked, but he had to wait for the game to end. It did, very soon, with Vale filling the air with futile passes. Willy got up and dragged himself to the lecture.

Degraw believed in correcting mistakes while they were fresh in the mind. He stood there—tall, cold, accurate—telling them. He even ran a short clip of a movie of Eastern's great team, with Bolton crashing through inside tackle. Willy forgot his weariness, staring at the big figure flashing with the remembered high knee action, cutting back, gaining, always gaining.

Degraw ended, "They'll beat you to death if you don't improve."

"That's our thanks for beating Vale for the first time in years," muttered Bud Hinkle, as they went to the showers. "The bum."

"You've been talking to Sharp," said Willy. "Degraw's just a footballer."

"Yeah. Heart of pigskin. Win, win, win. You see any of the fellows celebrating a Vale victory? You know what that would've meant under Pop." The big captain's face was lined with anger and futility.

Willy said, "We've won every game. If we beat Eastern, we're going down in Kings history as one of the great teams. You're captain. It should mean a lot to you."

Hinkel stared at him. "You're a funny guy, Willy. You like everyone, you see good in everything. Maybe you're right—but Degraw's a bum."

The water cut off further conversation, roaring down, steaming away the aches and pains from hardened bodies. While they were dressing they began to remember they had at last beaten Vale and there was a lot of horseplay, but it was not like last year, when old Pop had been coach.

DEGRAW scrimmaged them Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. It was brutal work, with the scrubs impersonating Eastern players and the tackles getting hell. Bud Hinkel caught most of it. The big man never faltered, but Degraw drove him until Willy thought Hinkel would collapse.

Willy got off easy, because of the knee. Eph Gear, the old trainer, was a whizz at knees, and the baking machine was the newest and best. Degraw never even looked at Willy's knee.

Friday he showed them the pictures again. George Bolton ran the tackles until everyone knew him better than they knew their brothers. Degraw believed in the pictures. His sharp, cold voice went over it again and again, scoring the tackles. Eastern had a great team, they were undefeated, they would beat Kings if the tackles failed. Degraw never raised his voice, but the big men of the line began to cringe whenever he spoke.

It was over at last, the preparation, and Saturday came, bright as a new silver dollar. Willy walked among the ancient elms and Gothic towers and came to the club house. The team assembled there in the morning, on orders from Degraw. This was to keep them away from the old grads, drunk and full of bad advice. Degraw's face grew colder and narrower as game time approached. He lashed at them harshly, the intensity of his voice and his words betraying his nervousness. He was a cold man, all the way through, Willy conceded.

Bud Hinkel appeared to be paying no attention. Willy went close to the captain and saw that his face was flushed, his eyes were unnaturally bright. Willy put his hand on Hinkel's forehead. He said, "Hey! You better see Doc before you go out there."

Hinkel brushed him away. "G'wan. Shut up."

"Bud, my father's a doctor. I know a fever when I see it."

"Shut up, damn you!"

"But, Bud, you can get bad hurt out there!"

"I'm all right, I tell you. Shut up!"

Willy went away. Degraw had gone into his office, where he always schemed last-minute stratagems. Willy knocked on the door. There was no answer. Frowning, Willy slipped outdoors. The Eastern bus was unloading at the visitors' dressing-room door. He watched, motionless.

A long-legged, sport-coated figure squinted in the cold November sun. Willy made a motion to retreat, but it was too late. The Eastern player moved toward him and he had to stand his ground, his face flushed, head back.

George Bolton was a round-faced, tough-looking boy, with a reckless mouth and green eyes. His hands and feet were big, in proportion to his body, and he had an awkward, rolling way of walking. He said, "Hi, Willy. How about shakin' hands?"

"I wouldn't like it," said Willy.

The big man stopped short, his smile fading. "Still sore? Now, that ain't like you, Willy. I don't get that. I ain't sore at you."

"You haven't got—" Willy stopped. He had almost mentioned the knee. It would be murder if they knew about the

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weakly, "You can say it

The hard, round face
zled. "Everybody back
such a nice li'l guy. I'm
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my rule. You know what I think about consorting with enemy players."

Willy said, "Consorting? With Bolton? Why, Coach, I hate that guy."

Degraw's eyes narrowed. He surveyed Willy closely, one hand tapping out a rhythm on the desk. "You hate Bolton? I never thought you could hate anyone, Garth. I've noted in you a certain lack of— Why do you hate Bolton?"

"Why, Coach, he gave me this knee, back in high school."

Degraw's eyes burned a little, like during a game. He said, "So. A dirty player."

"Well, that was in high school. . . . Coach, I wanted to tell you about Hinkel. He's got a fever. You'd better get Doc to check Hinkel. Playing with a fever's dangerous."

Degraw said, "So you hate Bolton? Well, you may get your shot at him today. He's their big gun on the ground and their passing attack is not too good. It's all in the tackles. . . ."

"Hinkel's speech is thick, he isn't himself," said Willy desperately. "He'll insist on playing, but you know what a fever will do—"

"You've got this streak in you, Garth. Weakness. You're all right on the field, but you've got this weakness. Hinkel is all right, do you understand. I *made* Hinkel all right." The cold eyes had really begun to burn now. "Garth, let me give you one lesson: A small man cannot afford to be weak."

Willy said, "Hinkel is not all right. . . ."

"That's all," said Degraw. The corners of his mouth turned down, not petulantly, but with grave harshness. "You may go now."

It was like leaving the office of the principal, after a bawling out, back in high school. Willy felt that if he had owned a tail it would be between his legs. But he went out of the office. There was nothing else he could do. He looked for Doc, but could not find him. He stared at Hinkel, and the big man scowled back at him.

THE concrete horseshoe was lined with humans in fur coats, in cloth coats, in the colors of late autumn. Mostly it was green this year, Willy thought. Trees planted two centuries ago towered over the top of the stadium; a plane hummed against the blue sky. On the white-barred turf the two football teams gathered.

They came together, they came apart. They lunged, ran, threw the ball, kicked it as thousands cheered. The wires of the nation were busy telling the story. It became late in the second quarter of the game and the story was amazing, because there had been no score. Eastern had failed to spread the line. Bud Hinkel was playing like a wild thing.

Willy kept watching Hinkel. The cap-

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has so many exclusive features that it takes on a definite *perso*
just like a member of the family! This is easily u
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hold appliances for twenty years — inventing th
them, perfecting them, endowing them with
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ng over his head. Colley, ide, was playing well too, s way above anything he yed before. It wasn't right, l was spending the after- astern backfield, messing e they got started. Hinkel ood.

thundered, with Bolton, Kerr, their great backs, but od firm; there had been Yancey kicked a beauty s and on the exchange p with the ball on their

, "Garth." His gaze never ut inside the long overcoat a viol string, Willy knew. h." He paused, then his ing, almost spiteful, "And out there, Garth."

meant Willy was weak, n was in there, waiting to ant Willy was not to say ud, or about Bud. Willy e's face was bruised from and he looked happy to

at Bud Hinkel. The cap- ere half closed, his jaw le. He was a big, full- . There had been a man ome, one of his father's e had overdone it on the nd now he was partially brain lesion, they said. nd listened to Yancey give he 91 play.

a cheerful, competent , *"Hep!"* and they hepped, ame, with the faking and nd all the Kings players Willy counted, then spun the Eastern left end, cut- ing up speed.

een fooled, as everyone this simple but effective . Willy saw them, all ong way, completely re- for George Bolton.

her wing, George had not boozled. He had to cross l, but he was yelling and s legs were long. He could lly and he knew it, so he e angle. He was going cing a spot inside the goal could head off Willy and t of a touchdown. Kings able to do anything with e, and anything short of a uld satisfy George.

the safety man and ran m. He was running easy brace. He watched Bolton er of his eye and it built It built big and hot, the t other time, his knee, the ship in high school, De- demand for victory, the ootball meant to him, the Hinkel was playing his the things built up big in-

ings was loyally mopping . Yancey came and took g end. Hinkel stumbled -field. The stands were up, screams rending the air. was motionless as the re- ff the Kings bench leaping Willy ran.

d Bolton's speed. He fig- where Bolton would catch about the five-yard line. ing himself plenty of time, g angle. He was running igh school, and Willy was e of the knee. Willy tried the knee hurt.

closer together. Bolton's red, set with determina- looked fat under the hel- ted the strong legs, driving e long arms and big, cruel

on come very close. Then setting his teeth, he jerked into the cut-back Degraw had taught him. It meant crossing his legs and changing direction on a dime, but he tried it.

He saw Bolton's dismay and almost laughed. His timing had been right. He had Bolton faded.

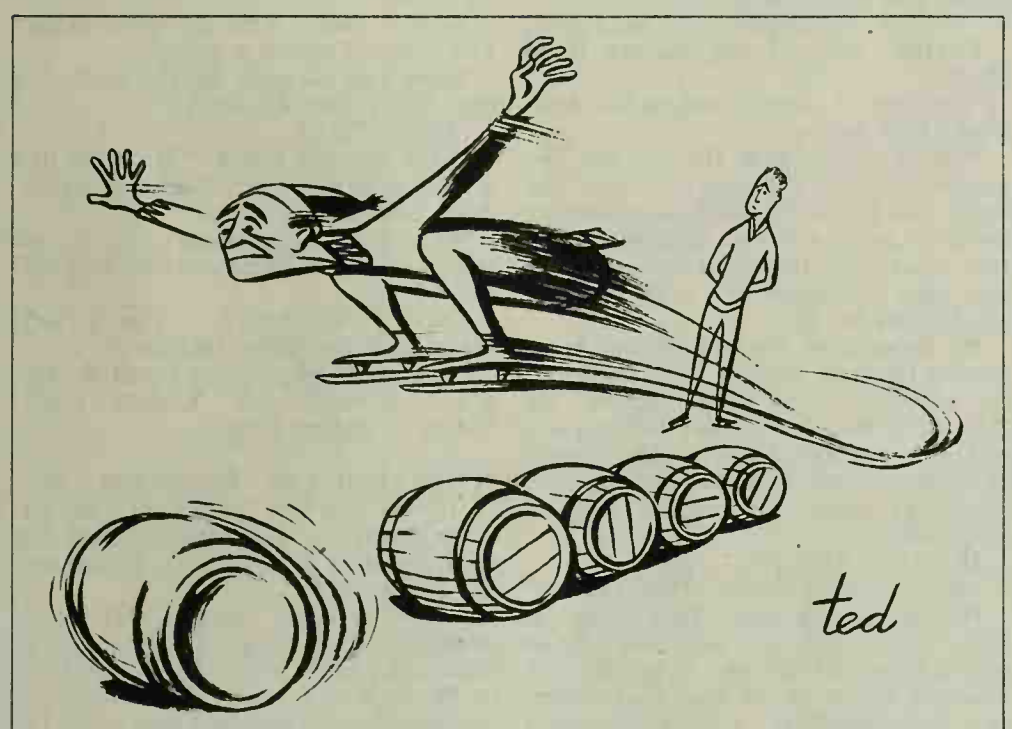
Then the knee buckled. He was right down there and he had Bolton fooled, but the knee buckled. Bolton reached out. Bolton's hand clamped onto his left knee. Pain shot into his groin.

He spun, his nice, humorous face contorted, his eyes full of stinging tears, teeth showing between lips parted in agony. He spun, using all his lean agility and strength. The knee was in Bolton's hands, but Willy spun and staggered and fell over the line, with Bolton hanging onto him.

He saw the referee, panting, kneeling, squinting, saw him leap into the air, arms outstretched. He sighed and mumbled "Okay, George. Okay. . . ."

It was a touchdown. He did not have to get up. Eph came to get him and there was a tremendous ovation as he limped off, hopping on his right leg.

But Degraw was not even looking at him. Degraw was looking upfield. Willy twisted his head and saw the trouble at once. Bud Hinkel was still lying on his face. He had not arisen after the tumble at mid-field. Degraw's face was like stone, staring.



Sitting with his leg in the baking machine, just before the second half began, Willy overheard the doctor. "Garth cannot run on that leg today. That is final."

Degraw's voice was thick with rage: "Garth is my climax back. Furthermore he is a football player, all the way through. I must have him!"

The doctor said, "You've sent one boy to the infirmary today. Hinkel is in serious shape, Degraw. He should not have played."

"I refuse to accept responsibility," Degraw said coldly. "There was nothing wrong with Hinkel. He was excited, that was all. He is a hysterical type."

"I blame myself," said the doctor. "Had I not been detained—"

"It is no one's fault," snapped Degraw. "I want Garth in there, Doctor, if the occasion arises. You will remember that I am athletic director as well as head coach here. If I need Garth—I want him."

The doctor said, "You shall have my resignation tomorrow. But if Garth puts the strain of a long run on that leg, I will not be responsible and my report will show it."

That was all Willy heard. He sat with the knee under the heat during the third quarter. He kept sending Eph Gear out to see what was going on, but he kept wondering about Bud and about his own knee and then he got thinking about Degraw. He kept wondering what kind of man Degraw was. He had never thought of him as a man, only as a coach.

He could not decide. Degraw was not a man, he was a machine, a football machine. Yet football was a game. Willy had always enjoyed football more than anything in the world. Winning or losing, he had enjoyed it, even in high school. Except for that time George had hurt him. He had not enjoyed that. . . .

NOW it was Degraw who was spoiling it. Dislike for the cold, overbearing coach grew within him. He moved restlessly and Eph Gear came back and said, "Quarter's over. Still seven-nothing. Sharp's playin' almost as good as Hinkel. But Sharp can't last."

Willy said, "I can get out now." He got down and tried the leg. It was not much good. He made the trainer replace the brace. He hobbled about until the joint oiled up and he could walk pretty well. But he limped badly going to the bench. The crowd saw him and howled bloody murder, but that did not make his knee any better.

Degraw's eyes slid around to him, but the coach made no other sign. Willy sat down. The men on the bench made a fuss over him, covering him with blankets against the wind which had risen.

Bolton was still in the game. The teams changed goals and Eastern had the wind with them. An exchange of kicks gave them the ball on their own thirty-five.

They started moving, then. They ran in a couple of fresh linemen and started at the tackles. They went over Sharp. They got five yards. They went at Colley, but he stood them off with two, so they went back at Sharp.

It was so like the pictures it was nightmarish. The big linemen would spread Sharp and Alger; Frey would be blocked and then Bolton would come through, knees high, gloriously charging. White would hit him, or Grayson, the center, or Young, the fullback, but Bolton would have his gain. Sometimes it was four, sometimes five, sometimes six. He just kept rolling along. He got over midfield in a hurry.

It took time. Once someone stole the ball and Yancey kicked into the wind, a poor kick. Degraw's jaw muscles twitched then. He had taken Sharp out for a rest on offense, and now he sent him in again. Sharp looked awful. He was reeling from weariness, but he went doggedly to the task. Eastern rolled again and Willy began watching the clock. There was plenty of time for a touchdown to tie it up. Maybe they could score twice. Kings was so beaten

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up that the whole defense might fall apart.

Bolton alternated with another big back, now. They came on and on. It was like a steam roller going down the road, slow but sure. Eastern was trying to smash them, to break the back of the defense and pull the game out of the fire by brute strength. It was not pretty, but it was very solid football.

Bolton crashed for fifteen, getting away from Young; Yancey tripped him just as Bolton was about to break into the open field. Yancey called time out. The ball was on Kings' fifteen-yard line.

It was only a question of time. Everyone knew it. The Kings men on the bench were silent, suffering. Degraw did not turn around. The stands were restless with the rustling of sullen Kings adherents, eager but restrained Eastern fans.

Degraw said, "Garth." Willy stood up and put on his helmet.

THE doctor was up like a whippet, moving to where the coach stood. Degraw said coldly, "Garth will not have to run far. Garth has a chance to stop Bolton."

"A man his weight, on defense?"

Degraw's voice was remote, Olympian: "Garth. You know Bolton. You know the play they are using. Could you get in there faster than White? Could you plug that hole?"

"No! This is murder," said the doctor.

Degraw said, "I am leaving it to Garth."

"Don't do it. Bolton weighs two hundred. He's fast—"

Willy was looking at Degraw, but Degraw was not looking at Willy. The coach was staring at the field, estimating the chances. It meant an undefeated season, it meant headlines, it meant money and fame to Degraw. To Willy it meant a bum knee for life—

He thought of George Bolton, hammering through, gaining All-America at the expense of the Kings tackles. He thought of Bud in the infirmary, captain of Kings, sick and delirious. He thought of his father, who had warned him about injury, cautioned him against heroism misplaced.

He said, "All right, Coach."

"No," cried the doctor. "You can't—"

He was on the field. They stared at him. White, his face pale and etched with fatigue, did not want to go off. The Easterns stared at the two backs without understanding. Yancey shrugged, his mouth twisting in a wry, understanding grin.

George Bolton stood apart, hands on hips. His round eyes followed Willy. He watched Willy limp—there was nothing Willy could do about the limp now. Then Bolton turned and stared long and hard at Degraw, standing on the side line like a lighthouse on a rocky shore, alone, stark, impersonal.

Time was called in. Bolton's face was perplexed, hard, eager, all at the same time. He was tough, Willy knew, from a long, tough line of longshoremen. He was ambitious and smart and tough.

The play formed. Willy, unaccustomed to playing the wing, had to think hard. It had been genius which sent him in here of course—Degraw's genius which recognized a football brain. What had made him come of his own accord was something he did not fathom as yet, but Degraw had been smart. Willy could diagnose a play, and he knew Bolton. He could close his eyes and see it all, remembering the pictures. He played back a little, as though expecting a pass, wanting them to think he had been sent in to stop a possible pass.

Then the play came. It was Bolton, running over poor Sharp. It was the play inside the tackle

But Willy had got his start on his good leg. When he picked up the speed, he forgot about the bad leg. He went in there, took off. He flew through the air.

Tucking in his head, he made no attempt to evade the head-on collision. He was in there for a purpose. He saw Bolton coming into the hole, then his flying, small form was in there.

The crash was earth-shaking. Willy went down and down, floating a little, it seemed. Yancey was helping him up, too soon. Yancey said, "No gain."

They tried the other side and he got a rest. Colley would not be moved and they got only two yards. They had to come back to Sharp, because Sharp was about done.

They came. They tried to get a man ahead to block Willy, but the blocker was not fast enough. Willy made a projectile of himself. He slammed into the hole and he slammed into Bolton.

They were down and Bolton's face was near his. When Willy could see again, there was a funny look on Bolton's face—as though he were asking a question. Not angry, not baffled, just asking. Willy shook it off and got up.

It was fourth down. The clock was running low. Eastern took time out to confer. Willy stood very still, so that he would not shake. He was bruised from head to foot and now his knee was a raging lake of fire somewhere below his waist. He was afraid to look down at it, for fear the pain would somehow be visible through the silken pants, through the brace.

Yancey said, "You all right, Willy? This is hell. Degraw is a dog."

Sharp said through broken teeth, "A dog. Willy, you shouldn't—"

"I'm all right."

Sharp spat out blood. "What the hell is this, a world war? Bud was damn' sick. Your knee—"

Willy said, "Kings hasn't had an unbeaten season in twenty years. Bud will like it."

"Nuts," said Sharp. "You're soft. We're all dopes, to let Degraw—"

"And we'll do nothing about it. Exactly nothing," said Yancey softly. "Okay. We're on again."

THE whistle blew. Eastern had a play. It was one they hadn't used before. Willy sensed it at once. He saw them line up in a slightly different way; Bolton was not in the slot.

But Willy knew football. He stood, resting his knee, thinking. The Easterns deployed, and the weary Kings men tried to figure it out. But Willy sensed it, thought he could see what they'd do. He knew it would be Bolton, who had brought them down there, he knew they would give Bolton another chance.

He shifted over at the last moment. They had Sharp spread wide. Willy took off and got to the hole. Bolton was already coming through, from close up, his long legs digging turf.

Willy hit him. He hit him head on, with everything he had. He felt his leg go, but he shoved on with his right leg, one arm grabbing, twisting, throwing Bolton. The big man came down atop him. Willy lay there and the tears would not refrain from pouring down his cheeks, and he held onto Bolton.

There was a gun somewhere. Bolton got up. He stood, his face screwed up, staring at Willy. He shoved Yancey aside. He bent and lifted Willy and got Willy's arm over his shoulder.

He kept talking all the way over: "You can be sore at me. But I'm not sore at you. I never saw anything so dead game. I never saw anything like it. A light kid like you—stoppin' us. They couldn't get a block on you! I was never hit harder—" His red face was earnest and his eyes were a very deep green and he was not smiling. His rough voice went on, "So we lost the game, so what? Our guys ain't killed, like that poor, babblin' captain of yours. What kinda guy is this Degraw, anyway?"

They were at the side line. Eph was

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chapped lips. Use 'CH
fore tender lips get b
and sore. Swiftly, las
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the lips of children a
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...doctor's face was pale
...Degraw never moved
...e stood; his face was tri-
...d eyes full of glory.
...ctor took hold of Willy.
...aid loudly, "Here's the
...game. Ain't you even
...in' to him?"
...psed. He sat down be-
...and Eph Gear. He sat,
...Degraw's face had not
...d merely, "They'll be
...Bolton. Don't be a sore-

...step. He said, "Sore-
...kid mighta killed him-
...game for you. Why,

...a couple of the play-
...way."
...get up. He clung to
...his feet. There was a
...motion in him. He ac-
...p, crying out, "Leave
...t touch him! He's all

...Bolton had taken an-
...aid, "They call us pros
...y call us other things.
...e to play under—"
..."Take him away, the

George Bolton took another step. The reckless mouth grinned a little. He feinted with his left fist. Then his right shot out. It was a thing of beauty, George's right hand. It was a hitter's long, straight right.

It landed on Degraw's nose. It sent Degraw back, knocking off his hat, dropping him to earth. He sat there, dazed, his nose awry, the blood streaming.

George said, "That was for you, Willy. See you back home." He waved nonchalantly in his tough way and trotted across the field to where a few of his teammates curiously awaited him.

NO ONE raised a hand to stop the going of George Bolton. Willy would always remember that. Staggering off, between Eph and the doctor, he was strangely happy. It would have been a bitter ending to his football career, without George, without the last, reckless deed. He twisted his head to see Degraw getting up, his sparse hair disarranged, the wild look of disbelief in his eye, his dignity shattered forever.

It would be good, going home this year, knowing George was there. It would be different, and it would be very good.

THE END

FIRST CHOICE

Continued from page 25

...posite him and poured
...doing here?" he asked
...n't ask for more ex-
...t. In his throat." She
...utter knife.
...e asked hopefully.
...v. Listen, George—
...out tonight."
...ed at her. "Am I?"
...ou were."
...lence. George put on
...-shell spectacles and
...the script. After a bit,
...tle lightly between his
...closed the script and
...down on the table.
...e said: "I'm going out
...friends of mine."
...take me along."

...eft alone with Papa,
...ght of all nights."
...s happening tonight—

...Peter's coming home."
...so that his freckles got
...e said stiffly. "Now
...e me alone."

...t him. Ever since Papa
...ght him home to din-
...een telling her he was
...hers, and that anyway
...ch a friend as Papa's
...so often that she felt
...g behind economics.
...Dida said, "I wonder
...you."
...ith me like the blood-
...ith Liza," he pointed
...ou go wait for Peter

...ang.
...answer it and Dida
...ollowed him into the
...that's your friends, re-
...inging me tonight."
...r. "You're spending a
...ith your family. I'm
...y." He picked up the
...econd, an odd expres-
...s face. He said, "Yes,
...imes and hung up.
...id, and turned on her.
..., wasn't it?" Dida said.
"It's lucky I told you about our date."

George gave her a slow terrible smile. "Date," he said. "He's decided I'll have to rewrite part of the script. He's going to tell me about it. Tonight. Saturday night."

"Just because you asked me to the ball game?"

He took her by the shoulders and turned her around to face the front door. Something in his manner told her the best thing to do was leave with quiet dignity.

Papa was very cheerful at dinner. He ate his vegetables without a fuss, and did not develop any new symptoms until he had finished two helpings of mocha cake and coffee ice cream. Then he sank down on the sofa with a stomach Thing. When Dida refused to take his pulse, he muttered pathetically. In his last illness, he was deserted, thrown to the mercies of the evening paper.

He raised it before him and kept it there, occasionally turning a page and emanating waves of martyrdom until the door chimes rang. He glanced at his watch.

"George is half an hour late," he announced. "Don't answer the door. He'll go away and we'll walk down to the picture."

Dida groped for a reply deadly enough. Finally she turned and went down the hall.

There was a coolness in George's greeting. She had put on her most childlike blue dirndl and now she tried an expression of innocence. "He's waiting for you in the living room," she said.

"You mean the serfs haven't cut him down yet?"

"Really, George—I'm terribly, terribly sorry," but he brushed past her.

"Hah!" he said to Papa. "The smiler with the knife."

Papa looked up at him; there was something about the set of George's wide mouth that made Papa cautious. He stared thoughtfully into the fireplace across the room for a moment and when he glanced back his black eyes were glistening with benevolence.

"Sit down, my boy."

George frowned.

Papa's face formed a smile. "Nice of you to join my lonely evening. Would you like a bit of Scotch?"

Slowly, George sank into a striped

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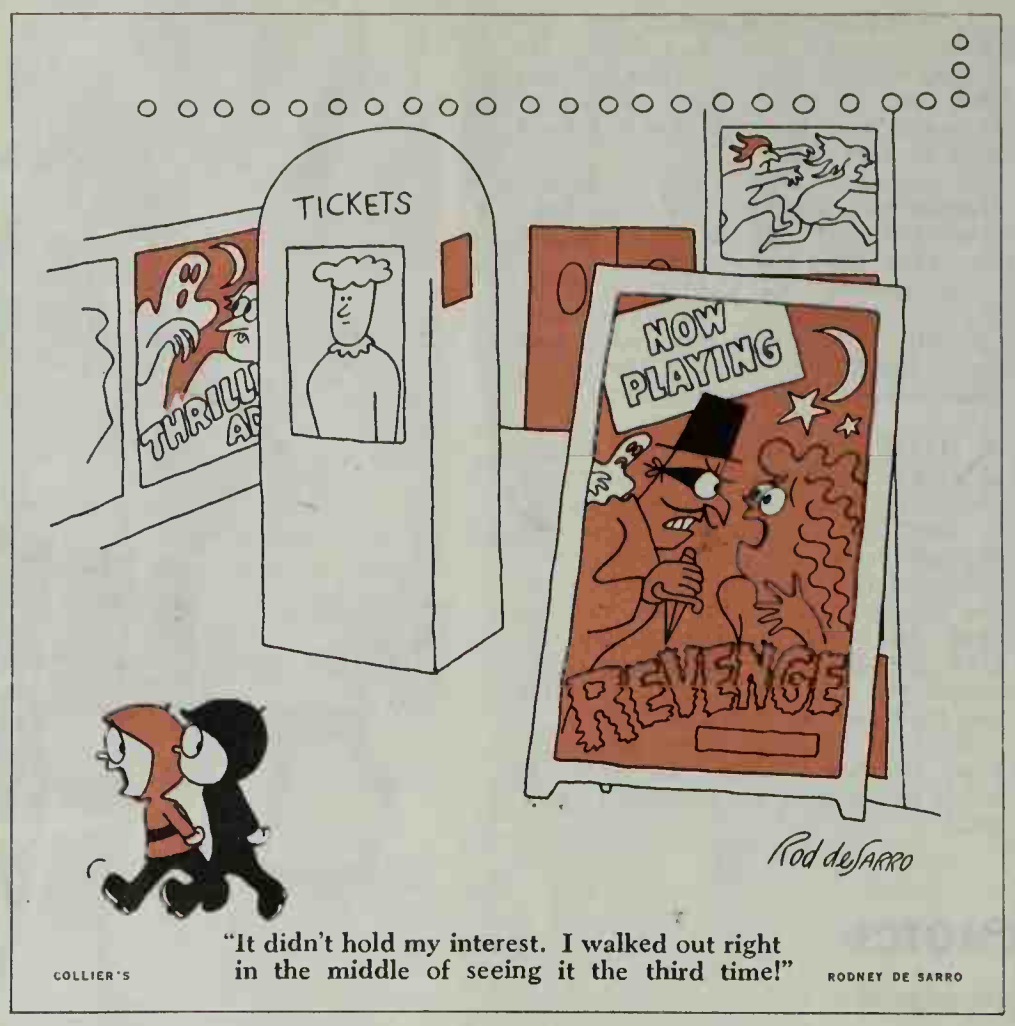

COLLIER'S

"It didn't hold my interest. I walked out right in the middle of seeing it the third time!" RODNEY DE SARRO

armchair. "No, thank you." His voice was still thorny.

"Bourbon, then? I got hold of some fairly decent stuff."

"I guess not, thanks. I had a couple of drinks before dinner."

But Dida could see it working. Papa's ghastly parody of a kindly old gentleman was taking hold; George was already beginning to smooth out. They would all go to the late show and Papa would sit between her and George—but that was better than nothing.

"About the script, sir," George said tentatively. "Just what was it you didn't like?"

Papa waved his cigar at him. "It's good, George."

"But this afternoon—"

Papa smiled with the gentle charity he showed toward errors he committed himself. "I was wrong," he said. "I had things on my mind. I wouldn't change a word. We'll shoot just what you wrote."

George made a noise halfway between a sigh and a snort of satisfaction. He slid down in the striped chair and began to play lazily with his gold key chain.

It was all over but the kill, Dida knew. She sat on the leather hassock beside George's chair and watched Papa assemble his syntax for the *coup de grâce*.

"George," he said slowly, "I've been meaning to ask you something."

George's square face moved a little, falling into lines of thoughtful judgment.

"I value your opinion. Dida values your opinion," Papa continued. "In some ways, I think she respects it more than she does mine."

GEORGE glanced down with a modest show of confusion and his eyes fell on Dida sitting at his feet. She wasn't too sure yet where Papa was carrying the ball but she had nothing against running a little interference. Returning George's look with rapt devotion, she moved a little nearer. He turned away quickly, and changed the position of his feet.

"Dida and I," Papa murmured, "have been discussing marriage. Early marriage."

There was a long careful silence.

"Well, sir—" George began, and Dida watched him delightedly. A flush was moving up from the neck of his sport shirt, flooding his face. Even his hair seemed to flame more brightly. He ran his fingers through it and left it standing in tufts. "It depends on what you mean by early. In some states—"

"I wasn't speaking of law, George," Papa said smoothly. "I wanted a personal opinion. Dida thinks she's old enough to marry now."

Dida had never seen a man look as beautiful and uncomfortable as George did right then. He examined the freckles on the back of his hands as if he had never run across them before. "Well—if the man was responsible, if he could take care of her—"

Papa said, "I'm perfectly able to take care of her myself."

Dida plunged enthusiastically into the discussion. "Look here," she said. "Go take care of Mother, if you're feeling protective."

Attacked by his own troops, Papa was thrown off his strategy. He made the error of picking that moment to drive home a little discipline. "Dida," he said quietly, "I'll thank you to show more respect for your elders."

"Elders!" Dida said quickly. "That's a fine way to talk about one of my dates." She had tried to make George act like a date, but he'd always read his lines like a staid elder brother or a bachelor uncle. But now he'd started blushing and things were looking up. She said, "You'll make George feel like a cradle snatcher."

"George?" Papa was a little stunned.

"Certainly. George. We're very well suited."

George made a low strangling noise of protest, but Papa was lost in a sense of outraged betrayal and did not hear. Dida knew what he was thinking. He'd been worrying about losing his treasure to Peter and all the time George had been undermining the vault—

Papa's eyes sparkled like ice. "George is almost my age. He's practically a Red. And he gambles."

Dida knew Papa had made a grave mistake. In the tense silence that followed this personality sketch, George rose slowly from the striped chair, put his hands in the pockets of his plaid trousers and stared down at Papa coldly.

"I'm fifteen years younger than you are. Seventeen, counting the two years you cheat," he said. "I'm a member of the Democratic party. And I'm a very conservative gambler."

Dida had played gin with George and she would have seized the last statement

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point, but Papa's logical
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e," Papa said.
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ct is up next Monday,"

firm. "So it is."
we'll take up the op-

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still time?"
"I'll get your coat."
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too."

ing at breakfast, after his
and his third waffle, Papa
d stared accusingly at his

ng," he said. "It's over-
heart."
ed herself in the mirror
t table and decided she
. Her light gray suit was
pleated blouse had the
femininity.
en't listening," Papa said

he maid's day off. Dida heard the sounds of Mama and Papa's sister washing dishes in the kitchen.

"Maybe they've finally poisoned you," she said.

Papa frowned. "I don't think that's very amusing." He thrust his arm at her. "Here. Take my pulse."

Dida got up slowly. She had planned this carefully and she had to do it right.

"Papa," she said. "I'll take your pulse if you'll drive me down to the station."

"The station? What do you mean, the station?"

"Peter," she reminded him. "I want to be there to meet him."

There was a brooding silence while she watched the barometer fall in Papa's eyes. "That's very undignified," he said stiffly. "Let him call you when he gets in."

"I'm going down to the train."

"I have a heart Thing," Papa said.

She sat and waited.

THERE was a long pause. "What about George?" Papa asked.

"George is a sweet old trout. I had to be nice to him for your sake. Because of the Mogul Studio business."

"*What* Mogul Studio business?" he demanded.

Dida looked surprised. "Oh, I thought you knew." She hesitated. "Take me to the station, baby dog."

"I want to know about George and Mogul," Papa shouted.

"We'll be late."

"Dida—"

She got up gracefully, skirted the table and went to the front door. Papa came scowling along the hallway, the car keys jingling in his pockets.

Papa swept to a stop before the Union Station. "For the very last time, Dida. What about the Mogul thing?"

She smiled blissfully and hugged his arm. "I'm so excited. Just think—in a month I might even be married."

Papa disengaged his arm and glared at her. "Will you stop this infantile babbling and answer my question?"

For the first time since they had left the house, Dida looked at him squarely. "I don't know why you're so interested in George," she said. "You bawled him out and fired him only last night."

There was a loud impatient honking behind them but Papa tried to ignore it. "I merely suggested that his option might not be renewed."

"It amounts to the same thing," Dida said. "And you were awfully rude."

"I spoke with honesty due a friend," Papa yelled. "There are three cars be-

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hind us. And I've had enough of your nonsense. I'm taking you home."

As he moved his hand to throw the car into gear, Dida opened the door and jumped out. "All right," she said. "Mogul's been after George for months. They'll sign him first thing in the morning. If I were you—"

"You're not me!" Papa shouted. "If you were, we'd all starve to death."

He drove off, clashing the gears to the accompaniment of a blast of horns, and Dida watched him go.

"If the truth were known," she thought happily, "I ought to be in pictures."

SHE remembered Peter, glanced at her watch, and hurried through the waiting room to the gate. It would hurt to look. She arrived just as the passengers were coming down the ramp.

She saw him at once—all six foot two of him. He was just the same as ever. His black hair was a little longer and fell over his forehead, but he still had a tan—he must have had a sun lamp in his hotel—and his dark eyes were very gay. A tall blonde had just rushed past the guard and, as Dida watched, she ran to Peter's side and kissed him.

He was just the same as ever, all right.

He *is* pretty, she admitted. Not beautiful like George when he blushes, but very pretty. Then she turned quickly and walked toward the telephone booths. You are twenty-two, she reminded herself, and in this climate a girl can't waste time on fripperies. She had fifteen cents.

George's phone rang seven times and when he answered he sounded sleepy.

"Hello, darling," she said. "I'm broke and stranded. Come and get me."

"Where are you?"

"Union Station."

There was a silence. "Give Peter my love," George said, and hung up.

He's angry, Dida thought happily. She went out and caught a cab and when she drove up in front of George's terrace, George was watering

Dida told the driver, go get the money."

She ran up the steps a between the shoulder bl lars," she said.

He turned around. "

She waved at the taxi. All you're doing is runn

He dug his hand into

When the taxi went slowly back up the terr Papa called yet?" she a

He frowned and bent hose. "How did you kn

She sat down in the "He'd never let you go gul," she said.

"Mogul?" He stared a anything about Mogul?"

"I did," she said. "I him for more money."

George glared at he you?"

Dida inspected a large "I was just thinking. If responsible person to tak She picked the nasturtiu

"Don't pick the flowe "What's the matter with

"Oh, Peter—" she sa let it drift away like a so

"Now, look here." shout. "I don't know in that criminal brain it concerns me you ca now."

Dida stopped listenin play lazily over her fa turned red as the nast she loved Papa very m brilliant man, a great him she'd have been so have found out that Ge too. Papa was a geniu married on the back law dow. He'd have a Thing miss a word of the ceren

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COLLIER'S

"That's utterly ridiculous! For all you know, there m be some aspect of work that you might actually l

IME AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

Continued from page 37

wo children was an allot- ionth from her husband, in Europe.

the story is that ration cards were offered for forged endorsements on neighborhood grocery r. The same ration books were used over and over. obliterated the previous such a crude dodge that rds were falling to pieces cks. Anyone with half ad could have seen that entification was a bare- evidently not one store- the trouble of glancing

, confronted by the ac- e in thefts, are concerned nen and juveniles rifling r thieves, like criminals , once conformed to a They were male, white, one, but now all sorts of ypes are having a go at

Used in Schemes

ecki and Pritchard al- ared in our rogues' gal- fallen sister was Mrs. enty-eight, who also left behind her when she enitentiary. Mrs. Petoff licated her sixteen-year- vo girls, both fifteen, in erating in the Bushwick klyn, the female Fagin n unwitting accomplice her to sign a check, as- s just a joke. The aunt the girls by threatening ver to the police unless o sign checks.

and LeRoy Davis are ns. Nabbed last May, at they had used "Baby ld girl, to endorse checks

ss of the situation was October, 1946, when six ere arrested after having cs in five months. That e of the most significant ses, for the Chinese tra- e most law-abiding group ates.

imply that the old pros, in the field, have been siness by amateurs. They at their nefarious trade. n Savage, described in among big-time mail country," currently is a government at McNeil ton, for twelve years and Los Angeles papers fur- im as one of the best- an overdressed city. ms in his wardrobe was Savage, who has a rec- o 1918, could well afford n two weeks he made a command interest even

re not noted for the high cerebration, even among usually are caught red- ugh evidence to prompt on. If they were bright, ly would permeate their one ever has tampered nd gotten away with it me people never learn,

ter Wheatly, thirty-one, erving a two-year stretch, parole August 13, 1945, land, trailing a record ex- 8. A few days later he on, posing as Major C. D. Tomlison. Wheatly led inspectors a dizzy chase from California to New York and from Texas to Utah. He finally was nabbed by sheer happenstance in the bar of a St. Louis hotel when an MP sergeant off duty thought the major's language was unbecoming an officer and gentleman. The suspicious MP called his superior and was given permission to take him into custody. He once again is enjoying government hospitality in the pen.

First of all, the post office advises, make sure you have a good lock on your mailbox and keep it closed. Get a box that is not so shallow and short that two or three letters will jam it, spilling the overflow on the floor.

These obvious measures are disregarded flagrantly as revealed by a recent statement of a thief who has operated in various parts of the country: "All the mail I have stolen from house letter boxes has been removed from receptacles which were left open, unlocked, or had openings large enough to permit me to use my hands in withdrawing the contents. At no time have I used an instrument of any kind."

You say it's impossible to buy new letter boxes or that your landlord, griping about rent ceilings, refuses to make improvements on his property? There's a lot in what you say. You still can cut thefts sharply by picking up your mail as soon as it is delivered. The postman's routine seldom varies; be there to meet him if you're expecting a check.

The most important co-operation you can give the postal people is to report immediately to the local postmaster the loss of any piece of mail you have expected—any mail at all, regardless of its apparent insignificance. The theft of an unsolicited advertisement is seldom related to a bogus check that pops up weeks later, but such skulduggery often is the answer to a forgery. Several types of mail diverted from you can give a clever thief all the information he needs to swindle you or an innocent bystander.

For example, an intercepted bank statement, accompanied by canceled checks, tells a thief your balance, gives him copies of your signature and leads him to firms with which you do business. That's too obvious. Take a bill which you have neglected to pay for several months. Don't be too happy if its delivery is delayed. In unscrupulous hands, it can be a jimmy to plain and fancy fraud.

Fraud in a Department Store

The thief takes the bill to a department store, let's say, and announces he wishes to pay the debt. He offers a forged check made out to the name of the customer, always for a larger amount. The credit department is very happy to settle the account. The thief pockets the difference between the bill and the check and then, if he is an audacious rascal, frequently proceeds to make purchases all over the store, using the receipted bill to charge the items against you. Another favorite dodge is to use stolen letters for identification and to turn names, gleaned from personal correspondence, into tiny little confidence rackets.

Merchants often are incredibly gullible and downright stupid about cashing checks for anyone who comes along waving a piece of paper.

"Inadequacy of identification always has been our big headache in trying to stop check thefts," James J. Doran, the post office's chief inspector, says. "We'd have little trouble if it were difficult to pass a stolen check. There'd be no sense for the criminal to stay in the racket if he couldn't cash in on his loot."

Doran, a wiry, fast-moving veteran

World's Most Wanted Car Heater

Heats Hot in 90 Seconds

For Quick Comfort

We hop in the car to go to the store, and before you know it our South Wind fills the car with hot heat!

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"By gosh, I'm just out of the driveway heading for work and my South Wind is really blowing out hot heat! That's real 'drive-away' comfort!"

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"My Mommy never bundles me all up when we go shopping or to the movies. Our South Wind makes the car so warm so *quick!*"

Over 2,000,000 users say—South Wind is the buy! Creates its own heat so fast, folks call it "drive-away" comfort. No wait for engine warm-up. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out exhaust. Easy to install. Fits any car. Get *your* South Wind, today. Sold with or without defroster at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages, service stations, coast to coast.

$29.75

plus small installation charge

South Wind

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

90-SECOND CAR HEATER

Only gasoline car heater proved by over two million users. Bears Underwriters' Laboratories safety seal.

South Wind Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation • Indianapolis 7, Indiana

Here it is! New South Wind "Custombuilt"

A luxury heating and ventilating system proved in aircraft, now ready for cars and motor transports. Automatically distributes heat evenly throughout car. Provides complete change of warmed fresh air every 60 seconds like the most modern home heating plant. $99.50 plus installation. Ask your service dealer.

STEWART WARNER

who has been in the department 39 years, has cracked some of the most sensational postal crimes of the last quarter century. He was the inspector who broke the daring $1,500,000 robbery of bonds and currency from a mail truck at gun point in broad daylight near New York's City Hall in 1921. After ten months of intensive investigation, Doran apprehended Charles Loeber and obtained the confession that led to the arrest of the notorious Gerald Chapman and George Anderson.

In addition to exercising care before cashing a check, you should also know what constitutes adequate identification. At this point we must tell you no absolutely foolproof system has yet been devised to spot a phony check.

It is admittedly impossible to set up rigid rules governing the acceptance of checks because commonly used credentials can be—and have been—forged. Bank-deposit books, auto registrations, birth certificates, draft cards, licenses, insurance policies, printed business cards and receipted bills can be faked or stolen. Social Security cards? Don't be silly. More than 50,000 worn-out or lost cards are replaced every month over the counter, just for the asking. Some scoundrels take extreme measures to set up a false front. Hansel Jack Seay of Cleveland gave a pint of blood to the Red Cross and used his blood donor's certificate to pull a series of fast ones.

Now the authorities have no desire to burden tradespeople with more work or to inconvenience travelers who may be stranded in a strange city with nothing but a personal check. One of the best procedures is to require strangers to endorse it in your presence. This is a good psychological block, for fear of consequences is the best possible preventive to crime.

Diligent Employee an Aid

Have all employees initial checks they cash. This fixes responsibility when a bogus check is palmed off and further helps to establish an identification, vague though it may be, in the employee's mind. It also is a good idea, if feasible, to have the employee jot down a brief description of the person to whom he gives the money. The flimsiest lead can be invaluable to inspectors.

Caution should be exercised before cashing a check for a relative or an immediate member of a family. You don't know what goes on in the home or who is having trouble with whom. Husbands, wives, fathers and mothers have been known to swipe checks in the heat of intramural battles.

It's a cinch such rules would be observed more zealously if there were greater familiarity with [illegible] folks think it's no loss to [illegible] in good faith, they cash a [illegible] ment check. They beli[illegible] somewhere along the line, [illegible] government or a bank, [illegible] money. A rude jolt is [illegible] starry-eyed dreamers. [illegible] accepts a bad check is [illegible] full amount. The rightf[illegible] the check will collect [illegible] time.

Post-office employees [illegible] fellows who can use a bi[illegible] government agency buy[illegible] and efficiency so cheaply. [illegible] like a baseball umpire, [illegible] found guilty of dishonest[illegible] stolen a check or acted in[illegible] thieves. His is a grindin[illegible] that pays a maximum of [illegible] the average is $2,900—a [illegible] more arduous all the tim[illegible]

Postman a Discre[illegible]

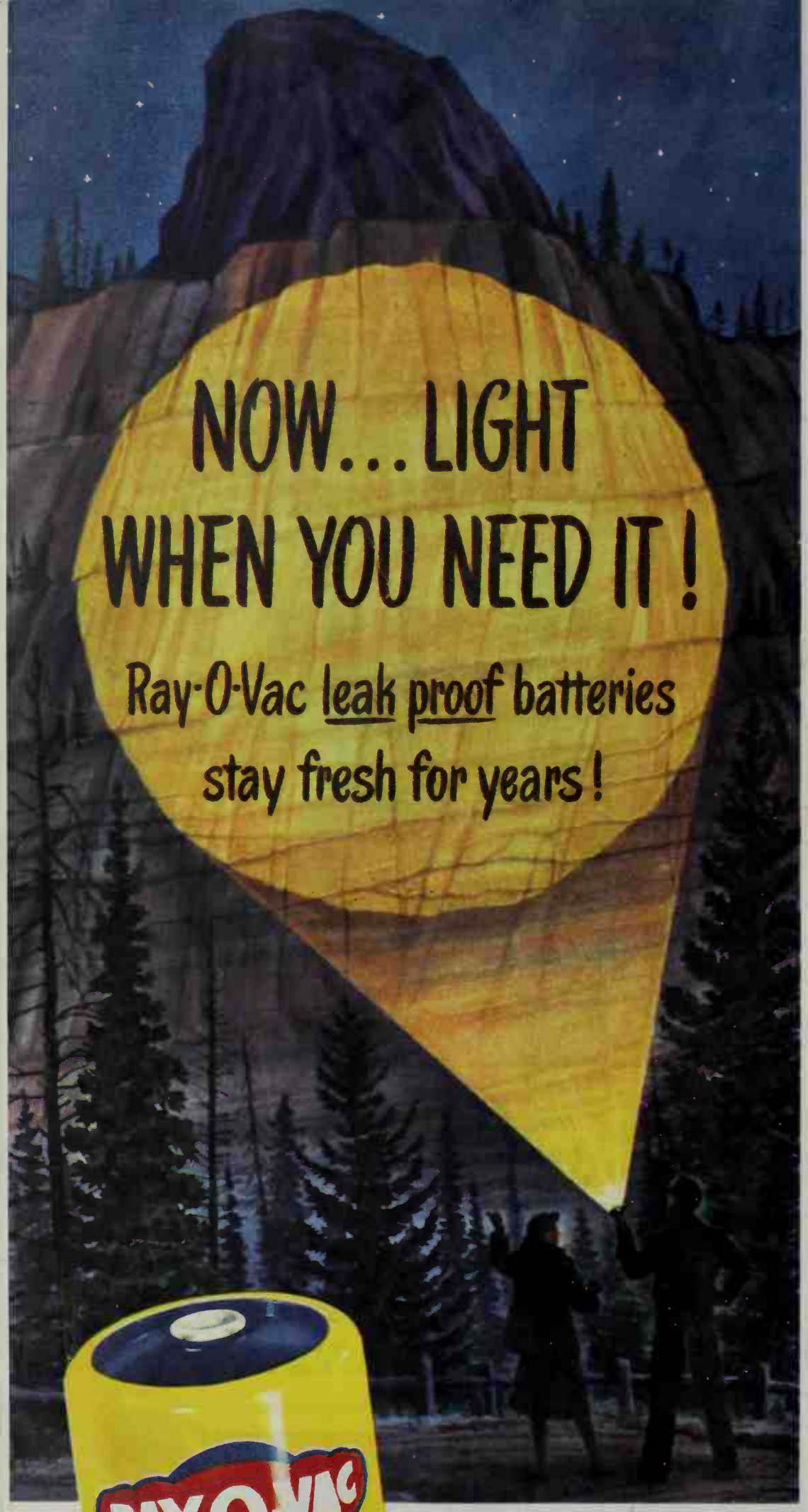
Ten billion more piece[illegible] added to his load between [illegible] but routes have not been [illegible] tionately. From the char[illegible] he delivers, he knows m[illegible] your business and your in[illegible] suspect, but his code of e[illegible] as a doctor's. Inquisitiv[illegible] as bill collectors, get sple[illegible] interviewing clams when [illegible] information from the po[illegible]

Delivering the mail is [illegible] duties. During the war [illegible] suspicious people on his [illegible] aliens to the F.B.I. and [illegible] registrants for Selective S[illegible] partment of Agriculture [illegible] on rural carriers for its li[illegible] and the country postma[illegible] report forest fires. The A[illegible] recently made a nation-[illegible] all personnel who served [illegible] a job entailing an enorn[illegible] tracking down lost ad[illegible] meant 15,000,000 added [illegible] signments for the departi[illegible]

There would be enough[illegible] the Inspection Service ho[illegible] tomers—which includes [illegible] United States—took the [illegible] tecting their mail. At pr[illegible] thieves are exposed by t[illegible] dence that befell Charle[illegible] April 17, 1945. Smith st[illegible] in Seattle made out to on[illegible] ley, promptly repaired t[illegible] borrowed a pen from the [illegible] dorse the check. Imagin[illegible] tion when the barmaid [illegible] cops.

Seems that the barmai[illegible] Bagley.

THE END

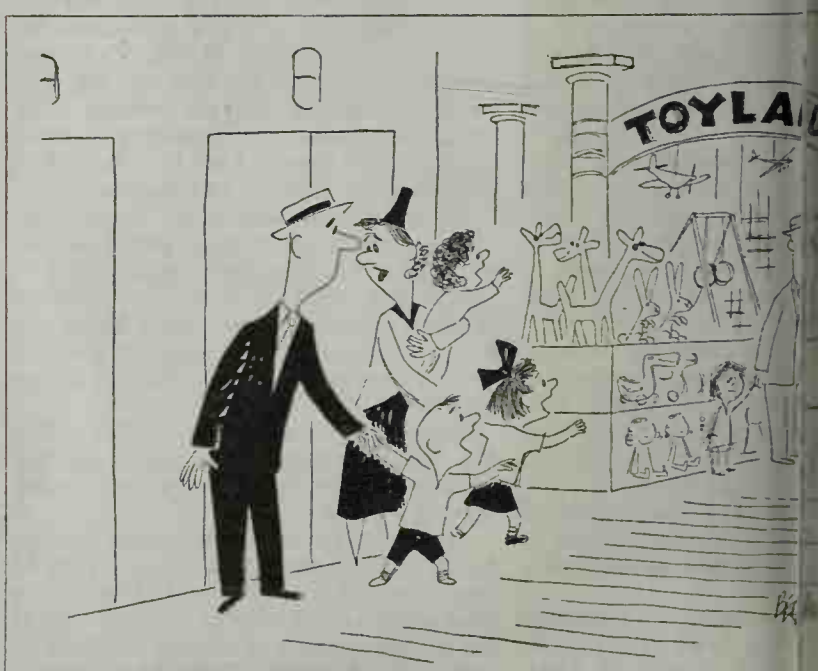


© 1947 RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WIS.

Don't take a chance with old-fashioned batteries that leak, corrode, stick . . . damage your flashlight. Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof Batteries end those troubles, because they're *sealed in steel.* You can keep them on hand indefinitely, knowing they'll be fresh . . . extra powerful . . . extra long lasting . . . when you're ready to use them.

GUARANTEED: *A new flashlight* FREE *if yours is ever harmed by a Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof Battery.*

Buy Spares ... *they stay fresh*



"Good heavens, we got off at the wrong floor!"

COLLIER'S

Never before an opportunity like this for a career in aviation

…orce is out in front today in *everything* …viation. Nowhere else are so many …velopments taking place. Nowhere …be found better training for a suc- … aviation.

…e is now opening the doors to high …s, offering them a truly great oppor- … to the exact phases of aviation that …-assuring them the world's finest …d pay while they learn.

…e Aviation Career Plan is new. It's *…nlike anything ever offered before!* It …ed anywhere else at any price. If you …l graduate between 17 and 34 years … possible—under the Aviation Career … qualify for, *and be assured of attend-* …ce Specialist School of your choice. …!

A man interested in any one of more than 40 specialties can thus equip himself thoroughly for the work he prefers, while earning high pay. Requirements: a real enthusiasm for aviation, and the ambition to get ahead in a growing field.

There is no finer way to insure a sound career than to join an organization which is interested enough in you to give you a choice of its opportunities—before you join. That is exactly what the Aviation Career Plan does. Full details on this great new program are available at U. S. Army and Air Force Recruiting Stations, Air Force bases, Civil Air Patrol units, or by writing to the Commanding General, Air Training Command, Barksdale Field, Louisiana.

. . .

Listen to *"Sound Off," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail,"* and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.

U. S. ARMY AND AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

HERE ARE SOME OF THE FIELDS YOU CAN SELECT

AIRPLANE MAINTENANCE
AVIATION SPECIALISTS
ARMAMENT RADIO RADAR
WIRE COMMUNICATIONS
WEATHER PHOTOGRAPHY
UTILITIES AND CONSTRUCTION
VEHICLE OPERATORS
AUTOMOTIVE MECHANICS
ADMINISTRATION MISCELLANEOUS
SUPPLY

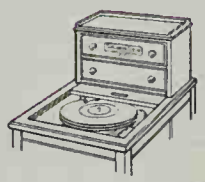
…MY AND AIR FORCE SERVE THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

THE BEST IN RADIO IS BETTER WITH

Brilliant Bendix Radio

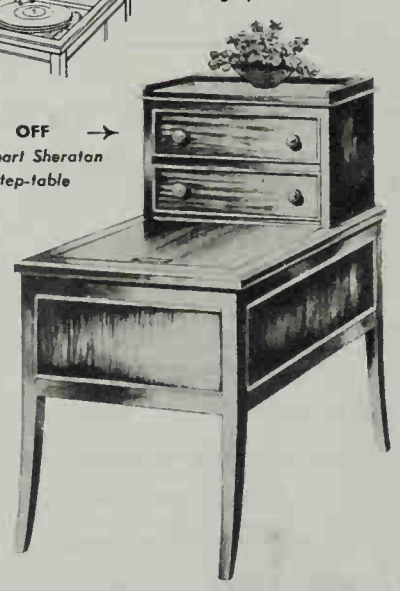
When Fred Allen, America's keenest wit, strolls down the famous Alley you seem to walk beside him with a Bendix, the real voice of radio.

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW IS HEARD AT 8:30 P.M. SUNDAYS, OVER NBC



← ON
A brilliant Radio-Phonograph

OFF →
A smart Sheraton step-table



THE EXCITING BENDIX INVISIBLE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

A miracle happens when you turn the drawer pull on this authentic period step-table. Like magic the Bendix Phantom Dial glows through the mahogany grained panel and the world of radio and records is yours at its brilliant best. It's new and only Bendix Radio dealers have it. Model 697A.

HERE'S SUPER VALUE ADDED TO SUPER TONE AND STYLING!

Beyond question this is the finest radio-phonograph value available todoy—practically prewar in price yet completely postwar in every other woy! The beautifully groined center ponel, replacing the usuol grill cloth, is the newest step in true cobinet styling—the exclusive Bendix Phantom Grill. The hondsome Chippendale door handles reveal at o touch o completely outomatic phonograph and the brilliantly lighted stondard broodcast and short wave rodio dial. Performance from either records or rodio is as distinguished as the full-sized period cobinet—gloriously rich, brilliantly olive! Compore this splendid instrument with rodio-phonographs for higher in price and discover for yourself thot for both quality ond volue Bendix Rodio builds best!

Model 1531 at better dealers everywhere for only ***$179.95****

**Prices slightly higher in Western States*

BENDIX RADIO

BENDIX RADIO DIVISION OF
Baltimore 4, Maryland

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BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

summer of 1946, eight of the most
young women in Florida flew to
a to measure their charms against
eliest gals on the Pacific Coast. Na-
magazines, syndicates, newsreels,
mentioned the titanic pulchritudi-
Most of them mentioned also that
"Doc" Webb was sponsoring the
oster Girls.
now Doc Webb are not the least bit
a druggist should be promulgating
thousands of miles away from his
e slim, dynamic, unorthodox Webb
s the world's largest drugstore down
rg, is the most unusual druggist to
ce Adam and Eve first sought a cure

ugstore Barnum who was never even
armacist. Many of his promotions
cked as undignified: his business
een assailed: and, by all normal con-
hould have been broke shortly after
t-rate drugstore, scarcely larger than
oth, in St. Petersburg in 1925.
n a drugstore as none was ever con-
and a phenomenal growth occurred.
on Webb's gross was $38,000. In
most $12,000,000. Since the average
ulation of the town is approximately
ould mean that every man, woman
stepped into St. Petersburg in a year
0 at Webb's. .
r a shrinking violet of a store, either.
y-eight stores of every description—
lf has come to be known as Webb
rug area still accounts for more than
he volume, with a score of well over
1946. Webb's fame has spread
state, and far beyond it, chiefly be-
blicity stunts.
ly employs a circus act during the
eason, paying as much as $1,500 a
es in the adjacent parking lot. He is
t, poses freely for pictures athwart
nskys, a famous equestrian act. He
e only drugstore proprietor selling
aid of rattlesnakes.
k to his old native Tennessee days
ed hesitant customers that Old In-
d come from a snake farm out West,
specialist to milk a rattlesnake for
of the St. Petersburg curious. The
or was bitten and lost a finger, but
ne in droves. Webb's liquor store
worth of the pleasant stuff in 1946.
adio shows from his cafeteria, using
p on the program. He claims that he
ful before a microphone. However,
d upon to appear on a We, the Peo-
with Madeleine Carroll and Ted

man. In his elaborate home he has
es—four of the ordinary type and
d with his store. Here is a snap-
king a phone call from his bathroom

PINK PILLS AND PIN-UPS

BY PAUL GARDNER AND ALLAN GOULD

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

How "Doc" Webb has managed to make the drugstore business as sensational as everything else in Florida. A success story with overtones of sweet publicity

Items like these have helped "Doc"—James Earl Webb—to make his drugstore in St. Petersburg the largest in the world. Last year he grossed almost twelve million dollars, and beautiful girls helped a lot. Doc is a brilliant showman—he knows how to get the crowds. On one occasion the jam at a cut-rate sale was so great an ambulance (below) was needed. Sometimes police riot squads are called out

Lewis last winter. Webb said later, "I thought I was best, even though there were professionals on the program. And there was I, just a pore country boy."

Among his other odd distinctions is the fact that Doc Webb is probably the only drugstore talent scout in history. He takes long buying trips in his car, meanwhile keeping his eyes open for talent. He snatches up help for his establishment the way Hollywood casts about for potential Ingrid Bergmans or Cary Grants.

While in New York recently, Doc hired an elevator operator from the Hotel Ambassador and a clerk from Macy's. Within the past few seasons he has brought in a crack ice-cream maker from Havana, Cuba, a chef from Birmingham, Alabama, a counterman from Detroit.

"I describe what a wonderful place it is," Webb explains in detailing his talent-scout conversations. "I tell them of the oranges, the sunshine, the healthy life. And, oh, yes, I offer them more money."

Webb's Florida Poster Girl promotion costs him $30,000 annually. The girls are selected from 300 to 500 candidates in the state. They are fitted out in style, given all-expense-paid trips to Hollywood or New York. Some of them are considered as movie material. As might be imagined, they all manage to allude to Webb's drugstore some time during an interview.

Unusual sales are a commonplace at Webb's, as he does anything and everything to get people into his store. Several years ago he brought in the world's largest cheese—2,480 pounds of Wisconsin cheddar, especially manufactured for Webb's—and sold all of it inside of eight hours. Before the war he disposed of 80,000 pounds of sugar in one day. The trick here was to sell five pounds of sugar for 25 cents with any sale of 75 cents or over. During a price war, Webb gave away packs of cigarettes free for two full days as people stood in line three blocks long. Needless to say, he won the battle.

Webb's price-cutting is well known but the government once stepped in when he tried high jinks with a post card. Doc, a small man who deals in superlatives, created the world's largest post card—ten by sixteen inches—with pictures on the card showing the interior of his store. All that the giant card required was a one-cent stamp. After 50,000 had been sold, the Post Office Department informed him that he would have to use a three-cent stamp on the card.

"First time they ever had to do anything like that up in Washington," chuckled Doc.

Nobody could have foreseen twenty-two years ago that the Webb store, with forty feet of floor space and two employees, would sprout in time to 200,000 square feet of floor space and 950 employees. And that as many as 30,000 customers daily would be accommodated in a store which, like Topsy, has just grown. Webb has no secretary and no real office save a little makeshift room right off the cafeteria in the basement.

A Surprise for the City Manager

The Doc is always shifting and rebuilding his place and he races around constantly with an architect at his side. A few years ago the city manager left unsuspectingly for a vacation. When he returned, Webb had suddenly built over two buildings to create an arcade. He had not even considered whether he was violating a city ordinance. One councilman quipped, "We'd better watch Doc or he'll be tunneling under the railroad and coming up in the center of the town." If Webb could do that with the proper attendant publicity, he would.

He once shifted the barbershop in his store to another location while guys were sitting happily in the chairs. All were politely asked to arise. Then the incumbents all trooped willingly to the new location, towels, lather and all.

Doc Webb apparently understands the psychology of his customers. He even permits them to post ads in his store—ads which in many cases compete with the sale of Webb's own products.

There is a bulletin board right in the center of the store. Here, for anyone to read, are such items as the following:

"Will swap prism binoculars for fishing tackle, lady's bicycle, or what have you."

"Electric heater for sale. Cheap."

"Will trade electric toaster or sell old pistol, 1854-model Colt."

Webb's chief concern is to bring them in—he knows that he can handle them after that.

Shortly after he went into business he put up a sign, two blocks from his store, that was almost twice as large as the store itself. The sign said boldly that the "World's Most Unusual Drugstore" was near by. New visitors to St. Petersburg would hunt for the store, expecting a combination of Macy's and Gimbel's. When they spotted the hole-in-the-wall they would demand indignantly where the store was that went with the sign.

"This is it," Webb would reply blithely. Before the fast-talking, serious-mienèd druggist was through, he would have them hooked for remedies, or anything else, at cut rates.

At no step in his career in St. Petersburg has Webb done anything the easy way. He opened his drugstore in between two railroad tracks in the worst part of town. Then he started battling everybody in sight, except potential customers. He fought established merchants, he fought chain stores, he practically fought himself if he had any dull moments. He fought fair trade practices, and price-fixing laws. Eventually, he hired lawyers wholesale rather than retail. He has had as many as six firms representing him, to enable him to escape the web of injunctions and counterinjunctions. He has business enemies by the dozens.

At first, rival merchants sent their wives down to Webb's in an effort to buy out the place when Doc advertised ridiculously low prices. They tried every trick in the book but Webb successfully parried. If Webb ever took a stroll on a beautiful day and noticed other merchants smiling at him he would dash back to the store to think of a new tactic. Friendly, eh? Maybe he was slipping.

Some years ago, executives of a drug chain came to town. They threatened to put Webb out of business for violating price-fixing codes and alleged they were ready to drop $1,000 a day in the process. Webb outwitted them at every turn, finally forcing them to give up the struggle. Webb still defiantly maintains, in loud print, that he sells for 10 per cent less than any other advertised prices. This he accomplishes by operating a retail store on a wholesale basis: turning over his stock fifty-two times a year; allowing no credit and converting merchandise into cash at a rapid rate.

Oddly enough, it was work at two Tennessee drugstores which prepared Doc Webb for his career. He was born in Nashville in 1899, had some high-school education. He was never a pharmacist but no man could brew better Old Indian and other concoctions of caramel-colored water, bitters and Epsom salts, which were sold to the true believers as panaceas. Doc learned here of human gullibility and of the need for the personal touch with customers.

At the age of twenty-six, after seven years in drugstores in Nashville and Knoxville, Webb decided it was time for him to go on his own. He selected St. Petersburg, which then had been more thoroughly cleaned out by the depression than by any hurricane. Webb started from scratch with $2,000 and a partner. After a year or so, he and his partner agreed that Webb's methods were unprecedented, indeed, and that it would be best for Doc to travel alone. He did.

He proved, as he worked his way up, that he could excel not only in spectacular one-day deals or promotions but that he had a knack for the long promotional pull, too. He put over the impossible, a basement cafeteria in Florida, and people still marvel at it, although they do not know the motive behind the three-cent breakfast.

That's right—Webb once offered a breakfast of egg, bacon, toast and coffee for three cents. He had to do something to correct what everybody thought was a fatal error on his part. Floridians want to eat in the sunshine—whoever heard of eating in a basement in that part of the country? And you had to walk all through the Webb store to reach the stair to the cafeteria. It was daft—like Webb, himself. Well, finally Webb offered the three-cent breakfast. It cost him $20,000 in six months, but the publicity from the venture finally worked. After a while, the cafeteria paid for itself. Then well-wishers suggested that Doc build an entrance direct from the street.

"I always agree," sa... never do. I am just a p... and I built that cafeteria ... because I wanted foll... through the store to get t... Naïve lad, Doc.

In 1933, Doc was i... sugar, when a wire infor... bank holiday had hit th... Now Webb is the kind... cashes checks free for... cashed $16,000,000 wort... loss of less than $300—a... fected him.

It seems that he had ca... 000 worth of checks, and... had shut down had only... that amount on hand. D... blow, Doc, upon his re... $500—all of the availabl... to several stranded N... who were standing forl... the bank. Furthermore, ... being used in place of n... Petersburg municipal e... gladly accepted it instea...

This strategy paid off ... needed $200,000 in cash ... brokers would not floa... than 15 per cent commis... said that both he and ... niques were unsound. ... page ads in the papers ... would sell the stock rig... store counter. Webb dis... bicarbonate and $200,00... not more than $5,000 o... any one customer, in le...

Seven Telephones i...

Webb transacts a goo... ness right from his elabo... he has four outside pho... rect to the store switch... that he accomplishes a... in the bathroom, while s... in the hectic store, wher... the afternoon and usu... few hours.

Webb has two chil... Jimmy, a major, cracke... just before being muste... ice. He was in the hos... period.

Doc observed wryly ... assured that the youth ... "I never went *that* far fo...

Even Webb's wooin... Aretta, a Tennessee gi... with his imaginative nat... invited her for a ride i... She knew that the arden... tennis and had fast auto... yachts were a new high... lady dressed in her sun... Doc rode up in his resp... bile. He was clothed ak... and adorned with yard ... Aretta felt that she had ... grade.

When she arrived at ... the sail she almost colla... yacht was the size of ... pretty dress was ruined ... but, fortunately, not the ...

Webb plans a new mill... ing to replace the hete... that now exists. How he ... der ideal conditions, wit... building and proper c... mains to be seen. Mean... ing no tricks. His newes... Petersburg citizenry has ... searf Lineoln wore whe... Ford's theater.

As to those who pra... derselling methods and ... vertising techniques, W... philosophy this way: "W... cessful in business, you'r... just about the size of it. ... pore country boy."

And you can, too. A ... the world's most unu... twelve million dollars' ...

THE EN...

"Well, that's a little closer"

...oks like Jack is losing Jill—
...car's froze solid — bitter pill!

The moral's plain — too sad to jest:
IN ANTI-FREEZE YOU NEED THE BEST!

Get a DU PONT ANTI-FREEZE today

...ES YOU safe anti-freeze protec-...e cost. It's made from the most ...known safe anti-freeze materials: o...f "Zerone"* will do the work of f...ost other types of anti-freeze. d...only an occasional check-up. ...ng—retards rust and corrosion ...n cooling system clean. Get ...dollar brand in most demand.

"ZEREX" GIVES YOU winter-long protection. It's non-evaporating—one filling lasts all winter in a properly operating cooling system. Like "Zerone," "Zerex"* contains a special *chemical* inhibitor with a high "alkaline reserve" that gives long-time protection against rust and corrosion. "Zerex" won't attack rubber, seep from tight cooling systems, or clog radiators. There's no better anti-freeze.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DON'T FORGET to have the cooling system of your car checked and serviced for winter driving before you put in anti-freeze. Ask your "Zerone"-"Zerex" dealer to make sure all hose connections are tight, to seal all leaks, check the thermostat, and clean out rust and scale with Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser. But don't wait until the last minute—give him time to do the job right.

For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "CAVALCADE OF AMERICA"—*on NBC stations every Monday evening.*

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

WATERHOLE

BY HAL G. EVARTS

The stage is a desert. The water, the gun and the liquor are the only props; an Indian and a white man the only actors. As the scene opens, the white man is watching the Indian die of thirst

THE Indian lay motionless on a blistering ledge that overlooked the *tinaja* seep hole known to his people as In-ho-h'ha, or Last Water, three hundred yards below. The water itself, what little remained in the scooped-out sandstone basin, was clogged and foul, black with bugs and rotting debris—but water. Joe Nehasu had not moistened his lips in the previous forty-two hours: because of that he was trapped. Trapped by his own thirst, caught between the August noonday sun and a .30-.30 rifle in the hands of a white man named Charlie Baxter.

He spat the pebble from his mouth because he no longer had saliva to wet his parched throat. His tongue felt furry and swollen. The sun was a web of pressure on the back of his neck. Down at the seep the white man sat in the scanty shade of a mesquite, the rifle balanced across his knees: he swung his gaze back and forth over the flat, barren expanse of sand that shimmered like a protective moat between him and the base of the nearest rocks. Behind Baxter a tethered burro was switching at flies. Joe Nehasu fixed his eyes on the canteen looped over the burro's pack saddle.

"Better give up, kid," Baxter shouted.

Joe pressed his belly against the rock. Baxter rose to his feet, peering up under the brim of his hat toward the heat-blurred ridge. His gaze shifted methodically, minutely along the sky line. Stepping into the mesquite clump, he lifted the canteen and tilted back his head. Joe watched him take a generous pull, sprinkle a few drops on his face with an elaborate flourish, and wipe the back of his hand across his mouth.

A dull nausea wrenched and shook Joe. He knew, unashamedly, that he would cry if there was left in him the moisture for tears. The heat haze hung thick and tawny, obscuring the mountain range to the north. From the reservation there he had marched deep into the badlands, almost to the border, traveling by night, resting by day, as the desert-wise coyote. So Joe Nehasu had come alone to Last Water at daybreak, proudly, to observe the ancient tribal custom. Without water, without weapons, without food—to fast and meditate in solitude and purify himself for manhood.

One scared Indian boy, not yet sixteen summers. . . .

The birds had been strangely silent in the thicket, a fact which Joe failed to notice because even then he was thirsty. He loped over the last rise and down the trail in the deceptive half-light of dawn, intent on the faint sweetish scent of growth that marked the water hole. He was in a hurry and careless, heeding nothing but his own need. So he missed the man and burro bedded behind a hummock. His eyes were only for the seep.

It was a shallow pocket, possibly six feet in circumference, fed by occasional rains and by some subterranean trickle. The ground around was littered with old cigarette packs, empty cans and animal droppings. In the rocks near by one might find bits of ollas and flint arrowheads. There had been a Last Water before the gold prospectors, before the Spanish Jesuits, before the first wandering Mojave hunters. Even in the driest summers it held at least a puddle.

Joe picked up the rusty lard pail that served as a dipper. Then footsteps crunched on the gravel behind him. "Get 'em up," the voice said. "Get 'em up and turn around—slow."

CHARLIE BAXTER was a tall, blunt-featured man in sweat-stained jeans. His beard stubble was yellow with dust, and his eyes were sun-glazed and bloodshot. Across the barrel of the rifle he looked angry and a little startled. "Why, it's only a kid. What you snoopin' around here for?"

Joe swallowed. Despite the changes he recognized Charlie Baxter. He would never forget the bitter, twisted expression of the man's face, the screamed abuse and threats—although Joe had been only ten at the time. In that split instant of identification he knew with sickening clarity the meaning of Baxter's presence, and a coil of terror constricted his throat.

"Come on," Baxter said. "Who sent you?"

"Nobody sent me." Joe met his level, searching look. Stammering over the English words, he said, "I came alone—to pray."

Baxter blinked. "Brave medicine, huh?" He knew Indians and their ways. "Pass anybody on the trail?"

Joe shook his head. Indians as well as whites avoided the badlands in August; only scorpions and sidewinders lived there, the legend went. Baxter knew that also. Guardedly Joe glanced at the camp. Baxter, he supposed, had arrived some time during early morning, planning to lay over until dark. A canteen and a pist[ol] reach of a spread-out [bed]. other gear had been c[on]square of dirty tarp. Th[e] the canvas Joe saw the [five] gallon fuel can, the s[ame] kind often used on r[anges]. were six or eight, he c[ould] which.

"How the holes betw[een] the mountains?"

"All dry." Joe's voic[e] per. The dry trail had [been] the self-imposed ordeal [of] durance, for he had [known] would be water at the e[nd]. thirst was real. "No wa[ter] eight miles."

Baxter grunted and

From his hiding place on the ridge Joe saw Baxter hold up both hands and then heard him yell, "You win, Joe. I can't hang around forever"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

e trigger guard. He
fi. And then, in his re-
e mistake. "Any water
re-?"
han's eyes narrowed.
me across the Line?
n you from?"

figured. What's your

aught. "Ko-la-ni-tok."
r that. Not your lodge
ney name. The one
rite in school."
o. Baxter jabbed the
"Don't fool with me,
u somewhere before.

Joe straightened nis shoulders. "My name," he whispered, "is—Joe. Joe Nehasu."

"Nehasu! That's it! You're old Chief Nehasu's boy." Baxter's face wrinkled in a grin. "Well, that makes things different."

The scene flashed through Joe's mind in vivid detail. His father grim and stern, standing guard in the moonlight with a shotgun. Charlie Baxter, blustering mad, surprised on reservation land with a burroload of smuggled mescal. And Joe, a solemn, wide-eyed boy, fearful of both the white man and of his father's stubborn anger. "When we drink whisky," Tom Nehasu had said that night, "we'll drink it as free and honest men. We'll not break the law by trade with trouble-makers like you. Until the law is changed we'll do without. Joe—go call the marshal."

It was quite a speech for his father.

Charlie Baxter had sworn and pleaded, offered money. In the end he promised to return and shoot the chief on sight. Tom Nehasu had listened impassively, the shotgun cradled in his arm. After the trial in federal court he never mentioned the incident again.

"Small world, ain't it, Joe?" Baxter said. He spread his feet comfortably. "Who'd ever thought we'd meet again like this, jest the two of us, you an' me, way out here miles from nowhere. Been a long time."

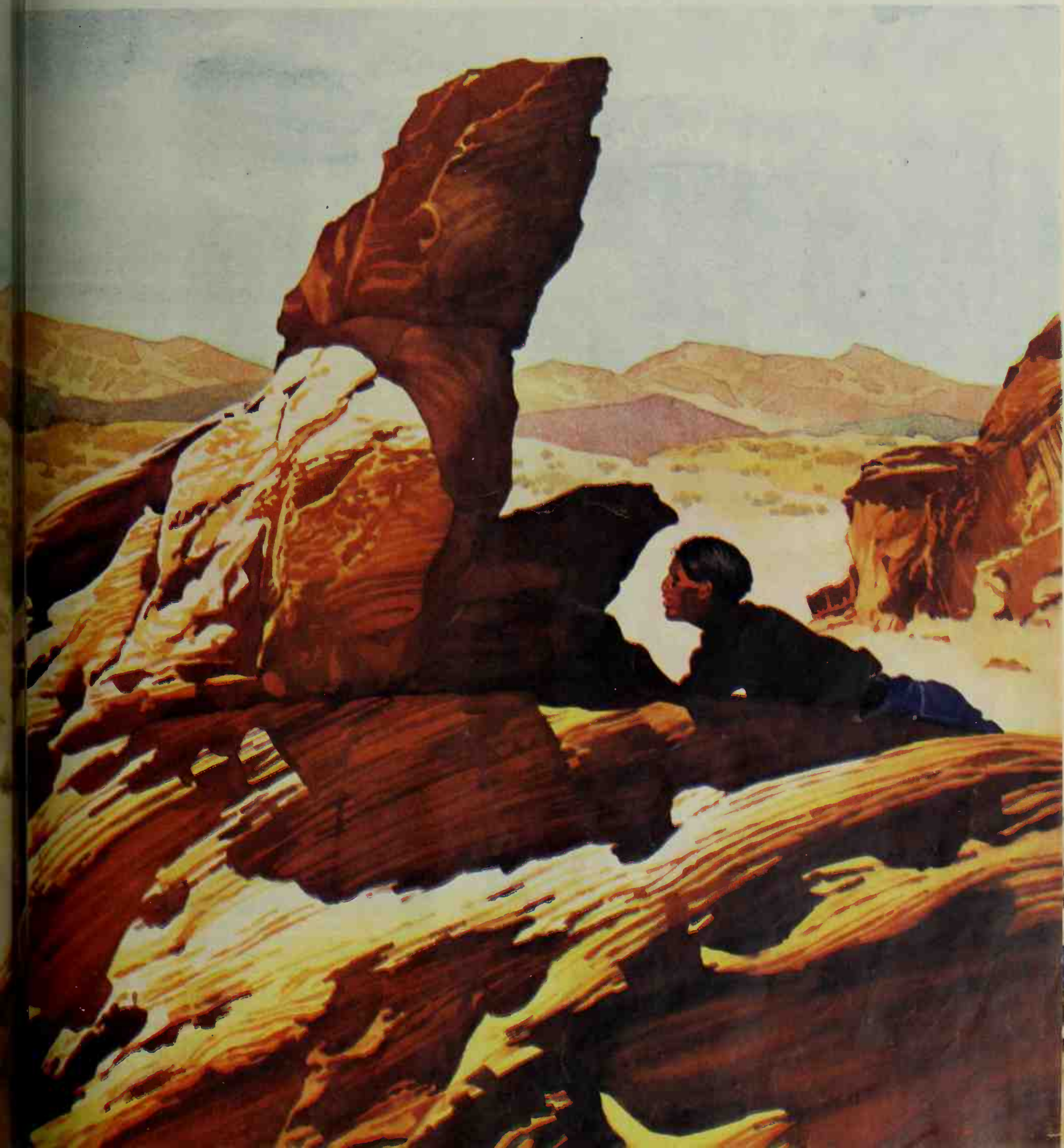
Joe studied the ground, the fear a crazy, jumping pulse inside of him.

"Not worried are you, Joe? You don't think I still hold a grudge. Not me, kid. I'm a forgivin' nature. I had two years to forgive. Two years and thirty days off for good behavior. An' here you are, so growed up I hardly know you. Your old man must be mighty proud of his boy." Baxter spat in the sand. "Why don't you say something, Joe?"

"What do you want?" Joe said thickly.

"What do I want? I want to be friends, what else?" Baxter glanced at the tarp and chuckled. "But you must be thirsty. No canteen and forty miles without water. You're a chip

(Continued on page 106)



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GARDEN OF ALLAH I LOVE

Continued from page 19

Benchley loathed The Game—a sort of charades thing which pleased the fancy of the Garden populace for a time. He and Butterworth introduced a competing pastime, a game called Subway. This consisted of Benchley pushing Butterworth around the pool in a wheelbarrow and vice versa.

As long as he stayed at the Garden, Benchley had a feud with one of the grackle birds which used to trample the brush outside his bedroom at an early hour each morning, jump up on the window sill and leer at him and go "yak, yak." Benchley stalked this bird through the bushes, scrambling after it on all fours, and one day he caught up with it. He socked it on the jaw. "Take that," he said, "and that." The bird didn't bother him for two days.

Once in the Garden bar he inadvertently addressed a young man wearing Navy captain's stripes as lieutenant. He should have known better, for at that moment his own son, Nathaniel, was a Navy lieutenant. "I happen to be Captain So-and-So of the U.S. Navy," said the young man haughtily, "and may I ask who you are?"

"Me?" said Benchley. "Oh, just call me a destroyer."

Mr. Benchley Loved Company

Benchley loved to have lots of people around and would often augment his gatherings with strangers off the street. Like the little man who stopped him as he was coming out of Schwab's drugstore one day. "Mr. Benchley," this man said, "I have written a song I think you'd like to hear. It's called Stars Fell on Ochi Chernye."

"Well, well," said Benchley, rubbing his hands together appreciatively. "Sounds all right. Stars fell on Ochi Chernye? Vay-ry funny. We'll have to hear more about this. Come with me . . ."

He took the man home, supplied him with all the comforts of the house while he telephoned around inviting everybody over to meet the new lyric writer he'd found—a great comic—a million laughs—Stars Fell on Ochi Chernye—come on over.

But at the party the visitor was moody. Although gaiety flowed all around him, he declined to perform. He would not sing, play or recite his Stars Fell on Ochi Chernye. Next day, he still sat in Benchley's living room, robed in Benchley's dressing gown, sipping Benchley's liquor, reading Benchley's paper, saying nothing. Next day, the same.

Very gently Benchley suggested that while it was a pleasure, he didn't want to keep his guest away from anything important he might have to do, and could Benchley's car take him somewhere? The little man got up, sighed, said, "Okay, I'll go. I guess I shot my bolt Thursday night."

Next to Benchley, the character that means Garden to past and present residents is Ben, the bellhop, now on leave of absence. For 15 years Ben was the recognized mastermind of the Garden of Allah, the fellow who ran all parties, who determined which visitors should be admitted and which shouldn't, who acted as go-between in all business transactions with cleaning establishments, liquor stores, delicatessens and the like. Ben maintained a delicate understanding with the guests, which guaranteed that every time he came to a villa on an errand, he received a drink as well as a tip. This understanding, as Ben conceived it, held good whether or not the guest was at home.

In return, Ben gave protection of a sort, such as putting the better liquor back out of sight when he was through, and freely dispensing n edge from his remarkab of information concer connections, income, marital status of ever wood.

Ben also walked do Scotties belonging to th He performed this chor noon, after a full day tippling. The dogs w when Ben came to g doggie, come, doggie, and the doggies woul bed. "They are just sh laughingly. "It's the them." The Scotties c as Ben's Seeing Eye d

It was customary, yo pulsory, to engage Ben tail parties. This usual wound up co-host, ur have another drink, it more cheese, it's bindi

Joe E. Lewis used to his place by throwing lines at him. "Ben, I' place," he told him, "i handy." And "I act Ben. What's your exc some people think you ish but I agree with Ben feel like a partner act.

One afternoon the p Ben wandering aroun self, "Ivory snow," he snow." What's happe they wondered. Johnn Johnny McClain had r Snow into the remain Scotch and had craftil back of a cupboard.

But few people made to buck Ben's tyranny dealing with rebels. E the courage of the n Ewens, when he gave sence.

The Garden has ha of dizzy ups and dow Pauline. In its early da center of things socia all major movie func Then as the movie colo where the Garden's pa antlered deer-skin rug ously out of the floor) modate the crowds, shifted to the larger ho

The Garden's wanin stored by a group of B it their West Coast he Walpole, Gertrude La Olivier and Vivien Lei patriots and friends—a rang to hearty cheerios

Undesirables

Then several thing of them the fault o guests. A stick-up mar clerk. A beautiful Ga arrested for peddlin said she carried the st dour. A jealous husb wife's villa and put all bathtub and set them certain undesirables st the Garden bar every five.

The harassed mana that it would, at least, desirables, made a rule could come into the b by a lady. A Pinker stationed at the door t and well remembered Benchley and Butte from a trip and all i form movement, wer way to a drink. The

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...about their constitu-
...and indeed their moral
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...hley, trying to call New
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...lked up to the lobby,

turned all the furniture upside down and left a note for the still sleeping operator. "Let this be a lesson to you," the note said. "I might be having a baby."

From time to time the inmates strive to inject more decorum into the Garden's ways. Producer Jim Andrews objected to the manner in which his manservant, Johnson, always said: "There's a guy outside lookin' fer ya." He wished the fellow to say, "A gentleman to see you, sir." One day Johnson said it right: "A gentleman to see you, sir." The gentleman entered with a gun, told Andrews to stick 'em up, and took his wallet.

Children put a crimp in the Garden's daytime peace. "Kids," says Joe E. Lewis morosely, "kids whose parents have no children. Kids tearing around the pool, knocking over bottles. . . ."

The two bright, healthy, normal little boys in Walter O'Keefe's family are fondly known to the residents as Loeb and Leopold. They keep a tree lizard named Charlotte, and mice, and toads, and they know about harmonicas and electricity. They rigged up a telegraphic apparatus so they could operate it from any room in their villa, and they did and do operate it all the time. Dit-dit-da-da-da. Their parents scarcely hear it any more. But poor Mr. Benchley, who dropped in for a cup of coffee, heard it right under his chair. "I must be feeling worse," he said. "I never heard things before."

Junior Residents Are Active

The adult O'Keefes, hoping to stay at the Garden until their house was finished, and painfully aware of living right next door to the hotel manager, encouraged their boys to find activities outside the Garden. When Mike came home from school wearing a big badge and announced that he had joined the Hollywood Junior Firemen, his father said, "That's fine, son. Good citizenship, a fine thing."

Next day Mike borrowed his dad's typewriter, wrote a letter and was about to mail it when some guardian angel warned Mr. O'Keefe he'd better ask to see the letter. Mike had written to the fire department reporting a Garden of Allah violation of the rule that incinerators must not be burned in the afternoon, an offense, the junior fireman pointed out, which was punishable with a $500 fine. As between good citizenship and a roof over his head, O'Keefe chose the roof. "Next time you have an idea like this," he advised Mike, "remember your father can get it for you wholesale."

The spirit of the Garden is a contagion which has spread to the help. There is the bellhop, successor to Ben, who regards the bed where Lauren Bacall slept as a sacred shrine. There is the telephone operator who claims to read character from voices, and refuses to put through calls from characters he dislikes. There is Harry, the houseman, who studies art and designs dresses, and who with the help of Milo Anderson has sold a couple of his designs. There's Bill, the dining-room bus boy, who is taking a correspondence course in radio writing. Bill

never says, "Would you like some more coffee?" He says, "May I replenish your beverage, madam?" By way of announcing that certain tenants have checked out, he says, "The residents of Villa 10 have receded, sir."

In spite of all, a Saturday afternoon around the pool can be a pleasant, peaceful time, provided the children are away on some excursion. Like a recent Saturday. Nobody was doing anything much except placing bets now and then on the outdoor telephone, and lazily continuing the perpetual speculation as to how the Garden's pool came to be built in such an odd shape. One theory is that the pool was copied from an inaccurate map of the Black Sea, another that it's the Sea of Azov beside which Madame Nazimova lived as a child, another that it is shaped to the aura of Madame as sketched by her astrologer to conform to her horoscope.

A maid, leaving for the day, stopped for a moment by the pool. "I wish you a sacred week end," she said. "I wish you a blessed week end." Then all was quiet, except for the scurrying of a couple of grackle birds who were hunting around in the grass for some brightly dyed Hollywood hair for their nests.

Jay Flippen finished the last sip in his glass and broke the silence. "And where was I?" he asked conversationally, "I was standing there on a street corner, trying to live a full life. And then . . ."

And then an alien presence appeared —two alien presences. A man and a woman, both shaped and sized and dressed like tourists, rounded the path from the street to the pool.

"There they are!" the man spoke harshly, and with a contemptuous sweep of his hand indicated the poolside population. "There are your movie stars! Take a good look!" The pool sitters squirmed, pulled in their stomachs. "Now you've seen 'em," the man snarled, "can we go home?"

In the moment of shock which followed the visitors' departure, one indignant Garden resident spoke for all: "What does the office mean, letting normal people in here?"

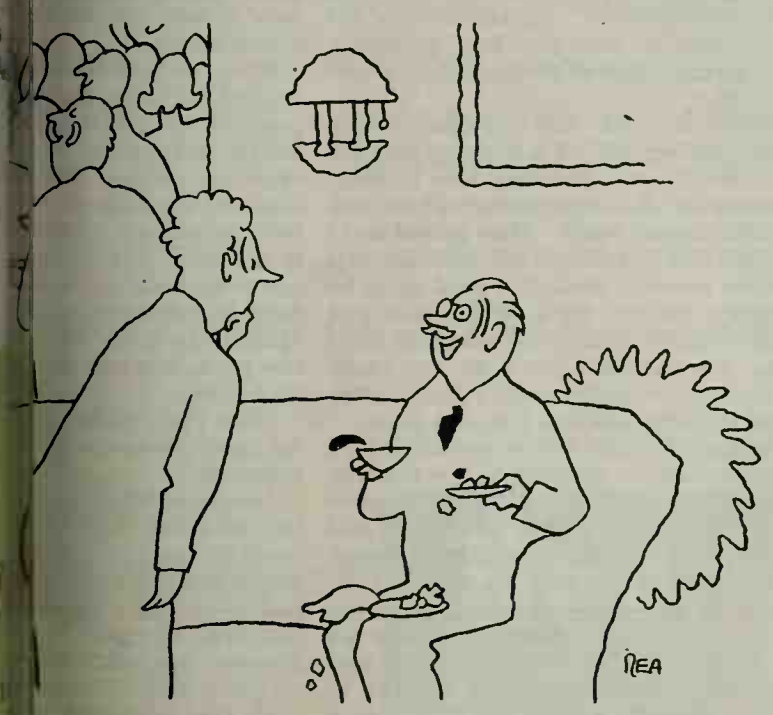
Just then Humphrey Bogart emerged from the shrubbery, skirted the Ping-pong table and moved toward the pool.

"Oh, Bogey, Bogey!" a girl cried. "Go chase them. Those people. They want to see a live movie star."

Bogart blinked and turned and went back whence he had come.

It was after the late W. C. Fields had visited the Garden that someone from the East asked him, "Don't you get d.t.s in Hollywood?" and Fields answered, "How would I know?"

THE END



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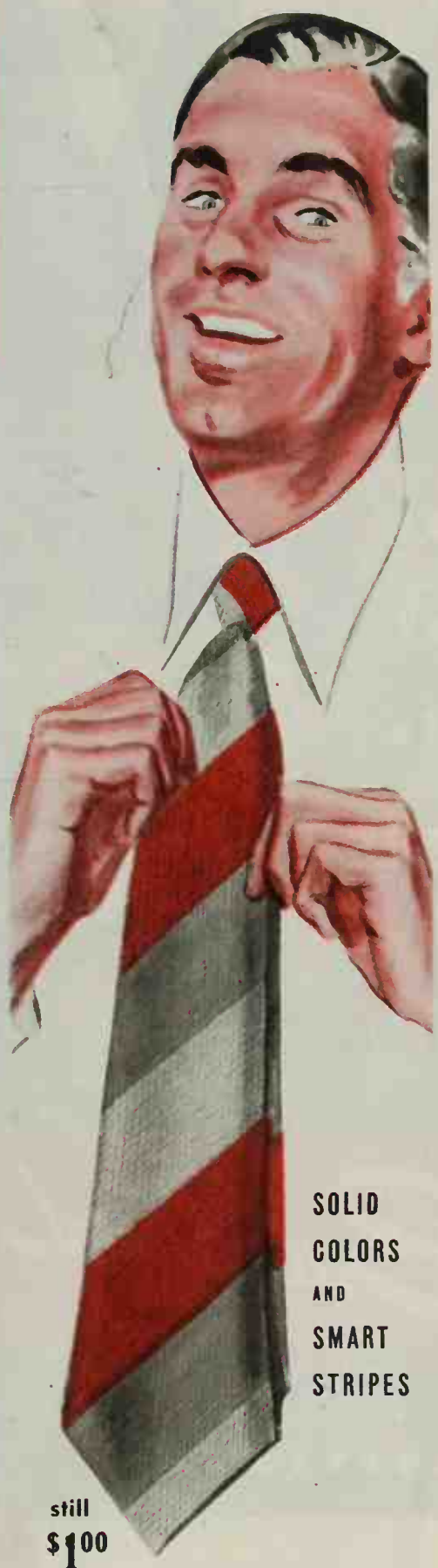

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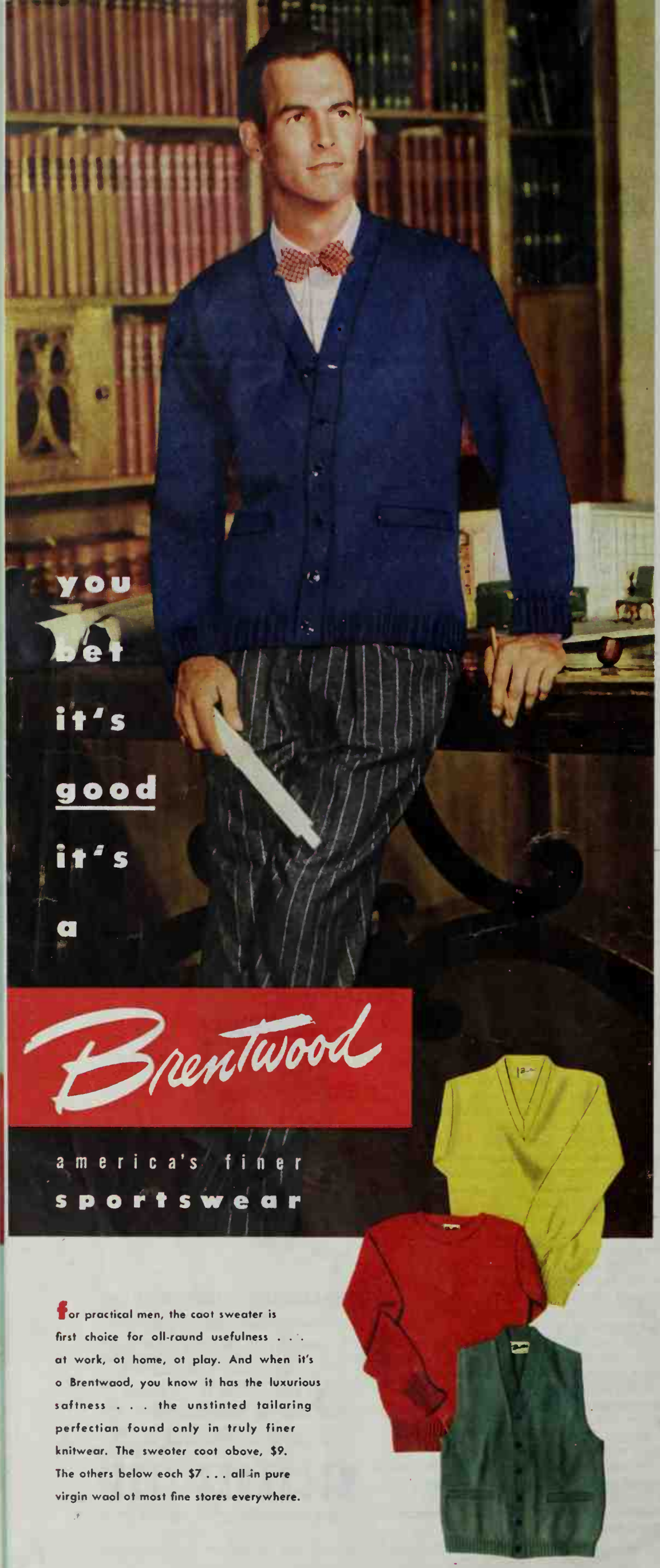

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WATER HOLE

Continued from page 101

off the old block, Joe. I'll pour you a drink."

A step at a time he backed away, his rifle trained on Joe. He fished a tin cup from his pack and stooped to fill it with a foamy colorless liquid from one of the cans. He set the cup on a rock. "There you are. Step up, boy. Better than that stinking water."

Joe walked forward slowly and lifted the cup in both hands. It sloshed over, and he winced at the whiff of raw, undiluted spirits. He looked across the rim at Baxter who was waiting with a tight queer smile. "Go on. Bottoms up." Baxter spat again. "Drink, damn you!"

Joe closed his eyes and gulped. The mescal poured between his teeth and down his throat, burning, stinging all the way. He gagged, choked down the rest and shuddered, swaying on his feet. His stomach muscles cramped as he fought to hold it. He opened his eyes and somehow forced a grin.

Baxter eyed him without expression. "You like that firewater?"

His voice was muffled and indistinct. Joe focused on the white man's face. The blood was humming in his ears and the sand seemed to buckle under him. "Okay, Joe," Baxter said. "When you get home you didn't see me, understand. You had your powwow with the spirits, that's all. You don't know anything about me. I'm gonna make sure you get that straight."

Joe said nothing.

"Now you're bein' smart. Keep your mouth shut." Baxter kicked the lard pail at him. "Drop that cup. Then ease over to the seep and dip yourself a chaser. While you do that I'll set up the next round."

The cup slipped from Joe's fingers. He sank to his knees and crawled to the edge of the tank. He shook his head, half-conscious of movement behind him, and scraped away a patch of scum from the water. Cooling freshness touched his face and his throat worked involuntarily. His impulse was to plunge in his head and drink, drink, fill his belly, but a sudden doubt restrained him. Water was too precious; the seep held only a bucketful or two.

A LEAF fluttered down, riffling the surface. Baxter's distorted image was mirrored there, towering above him, the rifle clubbed across one shoulder. For an incredulous moment Joe stared at the reflection, paralyzed, unable to move. Then he was twisting sideways, rolling over, dodging the downward smash. The stock grazed his elbow and he staggered to his feet and ran. He ran blindly, his head lowered and his legs pumping, through the fringe of mesquite and across the sand.

Baxter shouted. Joe was dimly aware of the rifle's crack, of a whining past his ear. Baxter was ordering him to stop. The slope of the ridge rushed at him, and the rifle crashed again. Dust puffed up to his right and he swerved left, instinctively, without reason. As Baxter fired again he tripped. He fell hard on his face and Baxter ceased firing and lumbered after him. Joe pushed himself up and raced on to the cover of the rocks before Baxter could shoulder his gun and aim again.

He stumbled into a draw and scrambled along its narrow, winding bed. A ricochet whined above his head. Then it grew quiet. He ran on a while and halted and peered back around a boulder. Baxter had stopped to reload. He stood at the mouth of the draw, scowling up at the ridge. From that distance Joe could see his flushed face and heaving chest and shoulders. The white man seemed to reach a decision. After one final glance he shrugged and tramped back to the water hole.

Suspecting some tric minute longer. He could in the jumble of rocks. He was younger than faster, wearing mocc boots. But run where? badlands, or across into never been beyond the fool ran from water; o of the desert. And B desert well.

He climbed around ridge and dropped into a on in a kind of hysteria was sultry and intens throbbed with every jolt breathing became an ag ground whirled and sw him. He threw himself bush and retched until h ness.

THE sun was beating turned face. He gro himself up on one elbow rasped and cottony. H and sucked out its ast neutralize the awful m clung to the roof of his m ing was still, breathless, hot. He stood up unste scurried away. He stur bank and fell into its b

Water. He could do sleep, but not without w tales of certain *Baja* tracted moisture from l desert lilies, drank the It sounded simple, but vation Indian who lived drove his father's truc water from a faucet.

He speculated about Baxter had slipped past at night. He would be his load, but he could n cause of Joe. Joe wo Therefore he would w thirsty enough. Nor co long, dry march back t His father did not expe days; his father expecte his purpose. No one els trail. There were only h lie Baxter.

Retracing his tracks, the ridge. He picked reverse side through a and crept to the crest. sere and bleached of co a blur of heat waves ac The lifeless air felt coars skin. He eased forwa head. Baxter was sitting ning himself with his ha across his lap.

Systematically Joe ins around the camp, seekin pression or possible a above, it appeared eve exposed. From time squinted up at the sky. until he noticed a black in the haze. He frown attention back to the w ently Baxter stretched a against the pack saddl few paces out into the his hands.

"Don't be a sucker, ki up there somewhere. buzzards."

Joe craned his neck. had been one, drawn b three turkey buzzards g above him in lazy swoo nearer and held up bo win, Joe," he yelled. "I forever. My rifle's bac on down and we'll mak

He stood listening, h one side. Then he clim rocks, moving carefu

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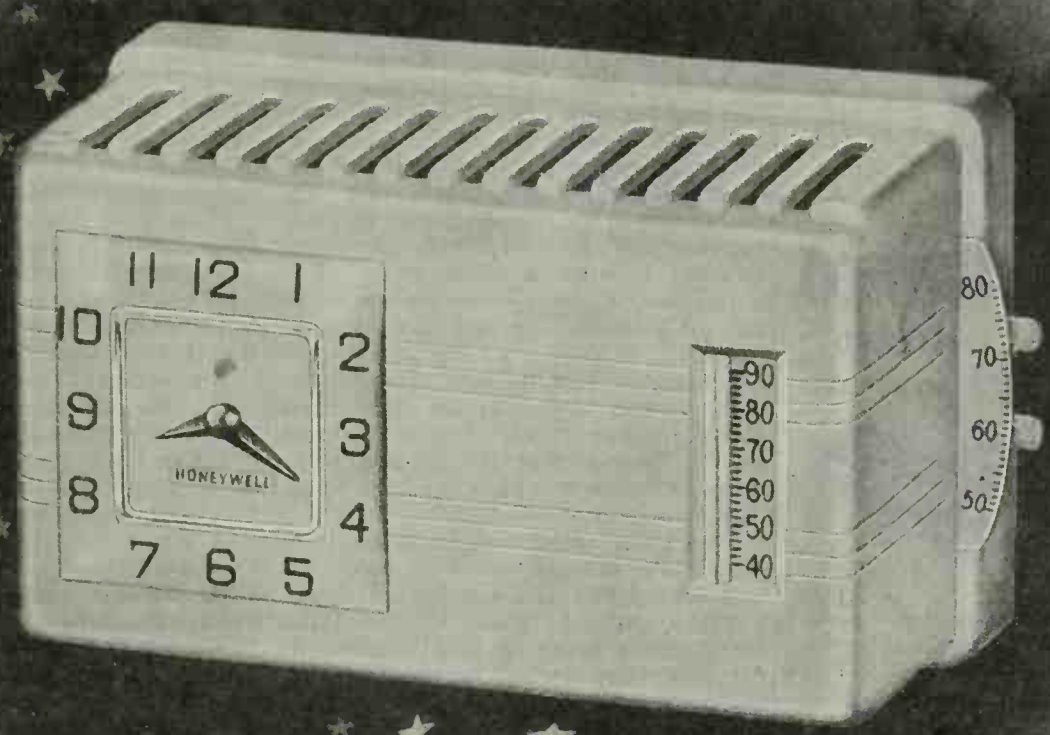

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every few feet to check the water hole with a backward glance. Joe watched his progress uneasily. "I got a proposition," Baxter called. "You keep your mouth shut and we'll split. Fifty dollars for you." He mopped his face with a bandanna. "How about it, Joe?"

Joe could hear his panting, see the darkening sweat stain across his shirt. He looked irritable and drawn. For the first time it occurred to Joe that he might outmatch the white man's patience. Baxter came on slowly in silence. Seventy-five yards, sixty—fifty. Joe calculated the distance between himself and the seep. He told himself it was too easy, too obvious, that Baxter must be baiting another trap.

But when Baxter halted again, he decided to risk his speed. He was on his feet and running. Baxter whirled, drew the pistol from his hip pocket and fired. Surprised completely, Joe flung himself down and squirmed behind a rock. He had forgotten the pistol. Baxter was still between him and water. Another bullet spanged harmlessly yards away. For a man accustomed to guns he seemed to Joe an astonishingly bad shot at close range.

Joe squatted on his heels, straining for some further sound as the dead hush closed in once more. Edging forward finally, he saw that Baxter had withdrawn. Baxter was plodding back to his camp.

The bitter realization grew on him. Baxter was playing with him, hide-and-seek among the rocks, wearing him down. Every exertion he made shortened the white man's wait. It was a game of prisoner's base in which he, the runner on the perimeter, was captive. As long as Baxter held the center of the circle, Joe could only lose.

Gradually the passage of time lost significance. The sun wheeled in a slow, murderous arc. He lay face down, ignoring Baxter and his movements. His breathing was labored, irregular, suffocating. A feverish pattern of pictures formed and dissolved in his mind—his father's cornfield in the mountains, manzanita trees and shady live oaks, a sweet, gushing spring. He ran his tongue back and forth over his cracked lips.

HOURS later a faraway drone roused him. The haze had lifted partially, and to the south silver wing tips flashed briefly in the afternoon sun. He wondered idly if it could be an Immigration Service patrol plane. It made no difference, but he saw Baxter following its flight. The thrum of the motor failed. The white man turned away and poured himself a cupful of mescal from one of the cans. He drank sparingly in sips and filled his canteen from the seep. Next he kindled a small fire, and the aroma of frying bacon drifted up the ridge. After he had eaten he stamped out the embers and watered the burro. He shook out his blanket and lay down with his head toward the ridge and the rifle and pistol beside him.

The twilight deepened into dark and a fat, full moon rose. A faint breeze sprang up, stirring the air, and the range to the north emerged in sharp relief. Somewhere a kit fox squalled and a night bird croaked in answer. Joe imagined that he could distinguish pricks of light on the distant mountainside that would be the reservation. He thought of his father. His son, Tom Nehasu had boasted once, was to be a man among men—a chief like his father.

Joe sat up stiffly. He felt spent and dizzy but the night freshness cleared his brain. Whatever he did, he must do tonight. Tomorrow would be too late; daylight gave every advantage to the white man. Now the camp was an island of shadow in the moonlight, without sound or telltale movement. He asked himself if Baxter could have fallen into exhausted sleep or a drunken stupor. Or was this merely another trick? Of one thing he could be certain: Baxter dared not leave.

He took a full hour to circle to the opposite side of the water hole, swinging in a wide loop. He studied the mesquite clump for some time, then stole out from the rocks and on his belly began to worm over the still-warm sand. Inches at a time he crept forward, lowering his head to rest and listen. The swelling rhythm of a snore reached him. He was so close he could smell water, but some doubt cautioned him. Baxter's breathing was too even, too controlled. The burro snorted in alarm and Baxter's shape heaved up from the ground. A spurt of red slashed the dark, and sand sprayed in Joe's face.

He ran in a reeling zigzag back to cover and knelt there, braced for the next shot.

THE silence lengthened. Then came the flat, unmistakable click of a rifle action as one cartridge was ejected and another pumped into the chamber.

"Can you hear me, Joe?" Baxter's voice carried to him, hoarse and strained. "You want a drink you come walkin' in with your hands up."

The echo rebounded and died. "Next time I won't miss. I'll wing you sure!"

Joe squeezed his hands against the rock. He understood. The white man would shoot him only if necessary. A bullet in his body would be proof, evidence that could be traced. A thirst-bloated body would tell nothing except that Joe Nehasu had been one foolish Cuyiape boy.

He stared vacantly at his soot-blackened palms. This crevice among the rocks had been an ancient camp site and fire pit. Other Indians, perhaps the prehistoric ancestors of his own people, had slept and cooked here within sight of the seep where they could draw water and better defend themselves against attack. Indians who fought among themselves centuries before the white man—Indians wiser and more experienced than himself. An undercurrent of excitement gripped him.

With a stick he pried at the hard-packed earth. He uncovered some blackened stones and charred bones, and a vague compulsion kept him digging. Striking softer dirt, he enlarged the hole, and excavated a fragment of pottery and a broken *metate* for grinding seeds. Then he found two crude chipped-out arrowheads. He ran his thumb over the jagged edges and struck them together. A tiny spark leaped between his fingers. Carefully, Joe slipped them in his pocket.

Once more he circled Baxter's camp, making for the arroyo behind. He selected a big creosote and dug it up by the roots. Scratched and bleeding, he dragged the bush up the back slope of the ridge to an elevation on the crest. He tore off a piece of his shirt, unraveled the threads and balled them into tinder. Using his belt buckle and one arrowhead, he struck off another spark.

It sputtered out. He tried again. He had seen the old men of his tribe light their pipes with flint and steel; it had looked so easy he never bothered to learn. Store matches had been good enough. Now he was clumsy, a helpless child with unfamiliar tools. Each time the spark eluded him. His fingers numbed and he blew on them. The cotton wadded between his cupped palms suddenly glowed and burst into flame. Soberly Joe thrust it under the creosote.

Grease hissed and popped and the flames crackled up in rings of black oily smoke. He peered off toward the distant swell of mountains. Someone might see his signal. Some ranger, prospector, even an Indian. Someone might wonder. If he fed the fire, kept it burning through the night, there was still a remote chance. If nothing else, it might scare off Baxter. For Baxter was not a man to take chances.

He started to collect some sagebrush when a shot boomed from the water hole.

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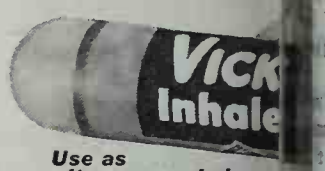

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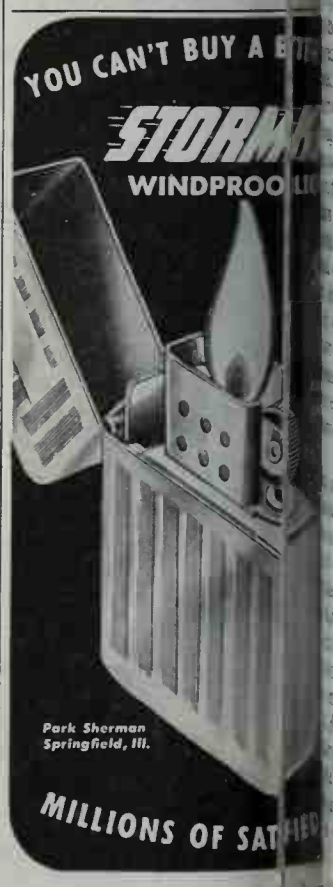

"The middle one's the hall light, Mrs. Ingels" VIRGIL PARTCH

m the mesquite and ran ward the silent water hole, three hundred
. Joe clenched his fists. yards away. Just as he reached the lower
top. He had always limit of the rocks, flames cracked above
But the sound of his him with an explosive pop. A shower of
hearer across the rocks. particles whirled high in the air, fanned
d wildly and fell behind by a fierce yellow blaze that was visible
tever happened to him, for miles across the desert.
run no more.

Joe ducked down. He saw Baxter
r Baxter burst into the stumble out of the mesquite. The white
t. He charged at the man hesitated, an unreal, grotesque form
anches, beating at them etched against the night, staring up un-
te fury, grinding out the certainly. He gave his belt a hitch and
feet. The last dying pounded on across the flat at a weary,
red with dirt. Muttering shambling run. He passed Joe, never
ped the sweat from his slowing or looking back, and climbed up
ed his shoulders and the ridge.
e rim of moon-washed Joe drew a long breath into his lungs
fety catch of his rifle and ran noiselessly over the sand.

, kid," he called. "If you
nd up."

DAWN spread like a pink stain over
ozen yards away, Joe the hills, melting away the deeper
Warily the white man purple shadows. Flattened among the
ll be waitin' when you rocks high above the opposite side of the
d." Then he was gone, seep, Joe observed Charlie Baxter's re-
y of the flat open sands turn. The white man walked jerkily,
peering from side to side with quick, puz-
ainst his rock, and the zled looks. He stopped once and stared
d through him in a dark back at the smoldering ashes of the fire.
He was beyond fear, Then, as though remembering some-
He supported his head in thing, he hurried on to the water hole.
ng the dry, acrid wood
dered how many hours Joe could see him moving among the
ined, how long a man mesquite, searching under each bush.
hout water. Even these Baxter straightened and scratched his
things he did not know, head and looked around. His glance fell
een too proud to learn. on the canvas. Savagely he ripped it aside
sure of Joe Nehasu, son and slammed down his rifle. He grabbed
dson of a chief, now up a can, shook it against his ear, and
white men's ways. . . . flung it down again. On his knees he
med and a pale flush tested one can after the other. He pushed
rn sky. Already the back his hat and rubbed his sleeve across
of another day was his face.
dawn the haze would
blotting out the moun- Then he picked up the pail and ad-
the seep a canyon wren vanced on the seep hole. He bent,
burro broke into a rest- scooped up a drink and lifted it to his lips.
He seemed to stiffen. The pail dropped
iling up the last of the from his fingers and rolled away. His
cumulated in an endless head was shaking as if in denial. Slowly
the arroyo. He tested the white man raised both hands to his
pe of creosote stalks he throat.
braided together into a
is had taken the better The sun's red tip bulged above the
Careful not to silhouette curve of the earth. Joe lowered his head.
skyline, he uncoiled his He moistened his mouth from Baxter's
one end of it under the canteen, soothing away the rawness in
eap. His hands trembled his throat, and a cool delicious sensation
tinder on the second try, spread through him. Baxter had the rifle.
to life. He lighted the Joe had the water, enough for his journey
fuse and for an instant home. If Baxter got thirsty he could
e and shrivel under the always drink mescal, forty gallons of it—
es. now slightly diluted in the seep. If not—
led down the slope to- Joe shrugged. It was going to be a very
hot day.

Perhaps Joe Nehasu might yet learn to
be a man.

THE END

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Most of us "squawked" plenty during the shortage of branded products we wanted to buy but couldn't get. Why?

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BLUNT SENATOR TAFT

SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT (Rep., Ohio) returned from his recent Far West tour with his political stature increased.

He achieved that result by a most unusual method, which consisted in speaking his mind on any and all subjects—food, labor-capital relations, foreign policy—with a don't-give-a-hoot bluntness which took some people's breath away.

The great majority of those who heard the Taft speeches seemed to be refreshed and exhilarated by the speaker's candor, whether they agreed with him or not. Could it be that they were fed up with long years of listening to politicians who promised them the moon with a rope around it and consistently failed to keep those promises.

This is not a political editoria dorsement of the possible Pres Senator Taft or anybody else.

We're merely expressing a liv whether the mass of American politics and politicians, are nov from straight-shooting dealers i and hard-jawed facts, and have boys, promisers of paradise-on- at the art of making words conce

If that is the case, then the b have indeed undergone a deep change in the last few months.

THE ROYAL WEDDING

THANKS, but we're not joining in the occasional British and American beefs over the lack of rigid austerity in connection with the marriage of Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth of England, and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N.

When a girl gets married, she's entitled to as big a splurge as her folks can give her. Her folks customarily do just that. We can see nothing wrong in the following of this well-nigh by King George VI and his estee

Also, when a girl gets marrie best wishes and heartfelt con the bystanders, no matter what of her relatives or what her ol living.

A long life and a happy one, w pair.

THOSE THREATS TO GO RI

IF WE were Secretary of State George Catlett Marshall, we think we'd draw up the following form letter, to be handed to every foreign politician who henceforth warns that his country may go Communist if the United States doesn't come across pronto with more and more money, food, fertilizers, machinery, etc., etc.:

Dear Sir: Your threat that your nation may go Communist noted. In reply would state:

Nobody is holding you or your people. If the majority of them feel like letting a Communist regime clamp itself on their necks, that is their affair.

Communism, of course, can offer them nothing of any value in the way of money, food or other tangible relief. All it can provide is a polic one who disagrees openly with the or enslaved; and a systematic looti the benefit of Russia, fountainhead

The United States is not frighte to go Red, coming from you or fro

This country is pursuing its pro aid and relief, especially in Europe people by and large are generous to it hopes to help get the world on international trade can prosper for

If you want to co-operate, fine. nist.

Cord
U. S. D

WRITE THAT LETTER

ONE of the most poignant articles Collier's has printed in a long time was W. B. Courtney's The Boys They Left Behind—about the several thousand young mascots picked up and made much of by our troops in Europe during the war, and now largely forgotten and turning into young hoodlums through no fault of their own.

You probably remember the way the piece wound up, with Courtney talking near Frankfurt, Germany, to an eleven-year-old ex-mascot who had dug out of his pocket a blotched old piece of paper carrying the name and address of a New York G.I. who had been the boy's best pal in those other days:

. . . Jake . . . had turned aside and put one arm across his face and slumped against the wall. The shoulders . . . were quivering . . .

"Aw, th' louse!" he sobbed, never oncet wrote to me!"

No need to ask Jake how the his G.I.'s name and address. Th blot there now. Nothing that stamp could not dry.

We hope that particular ex-sol and used a five-cent stamp as i deed, that something on a big sc salvage these tragic little fellows

And speaking of letters in ge that you ought to write, perhaps but have been putting off? It's worst. If you'll only get it done and you may brighten up the p part's whole day, week or even

Collier's

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—— TOURIST TRAP
by Henderson and Shaw

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by Frank Gervasi

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a Gay Love Story
by Samuel W. Taylor

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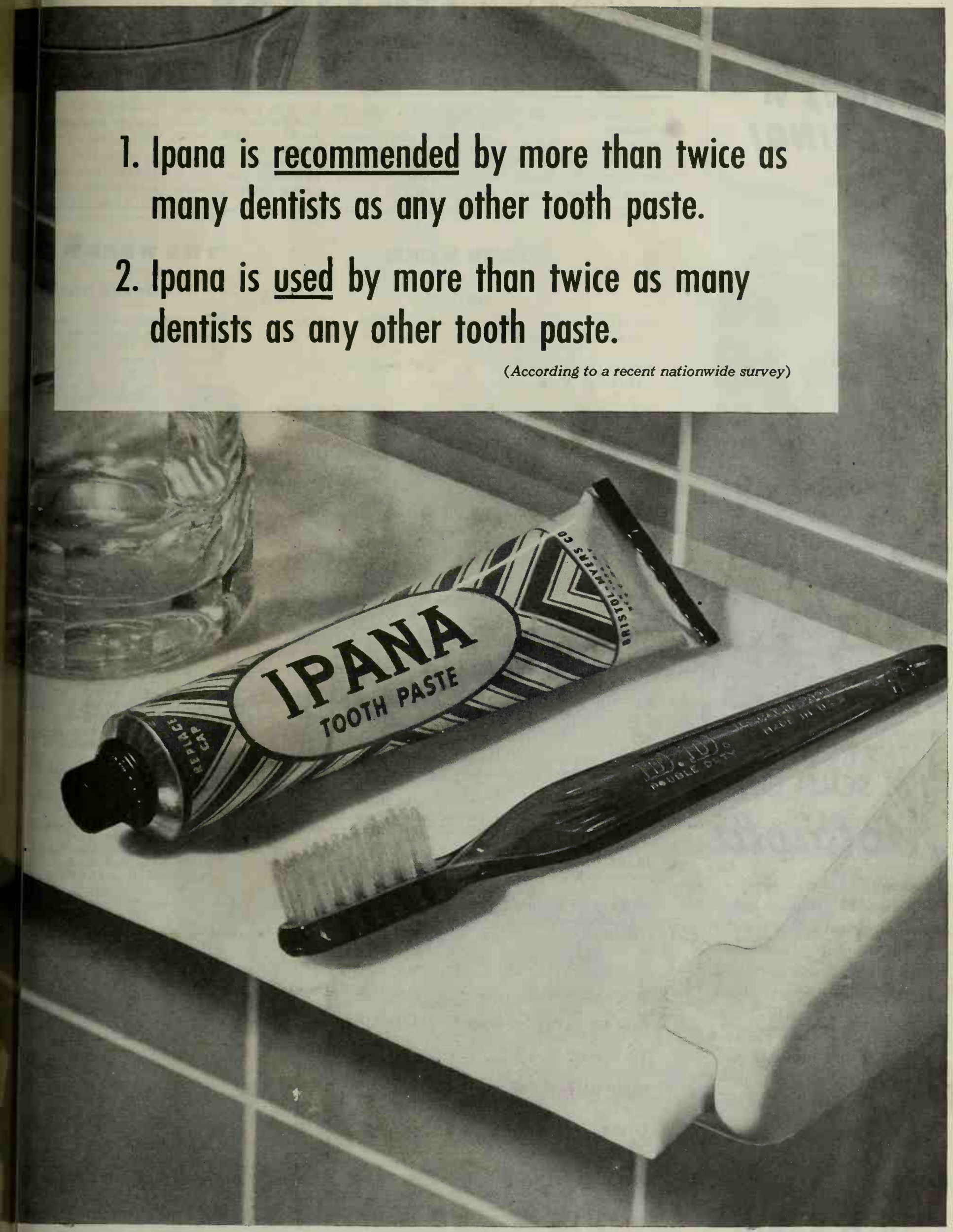

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•

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THE WEEK'S MA

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I challenge Marcia Kent Douglass (How to D Your Income, Oct. 18th) to produc menus and grocery lists with proof th can feed a family of four and entert $40 per month. I'm too polite to c a liar, but even with a back-yard gar don't believe it.

How come the U.S. Treasury D ment hasn't assigned her to reduci national debt? She's wasting her t budgeting for one family.

MRS. W. H. MCKEMIE, Dalla

. . . $1.03¼ for food per day, to four people! I could use some slips the remarkable garden that keeps food bills low; especially the milk an ter bush; also the ground-beef, sal and lamb-stew trees, and please don get some seeds for the sugar, egg and ening vines.

It's a beautiful theory; but I'm in to believe if the Douglasses follow food budget they'd end up in the ho to be treated for malnutrition.

CLEMENTINE JEFFRIES, Inyokern

. . . President Truman should put Marcia Kent Douglass in charge c food conservation program.

I, for one, would have to go ou scratch with the chickens to mee food budget.

MRS. HAZEL MACKINLAY, Buffal

. . . Upon examining the "Budget Wi Worry," my wife and I find that there mention of income tax, personal tax, erty tax or any other tax.

We would like to know just how people get around the matter of The income tax on $2,400 for a fam four is $33.80 per year.

JOHN W. DOWNEN, Evansville

. . . Frankly, she will have to show m she serves homemade ice cream at 35 This is what it costs here:

1½ qts. milk @ .21
2 T. gelatin
1 c. corn sirup
¾ c. sugar
2 c. cream
(if taken off 6 qts. milk)
Who is she trying to kid?

ELIZABETH SCHMITT, Louisville,

. . . Any way you slice it, it's still logna," and I detest bologna.

GEORGE BENSEL-WILD
Columbia,

(Continued on page 52)

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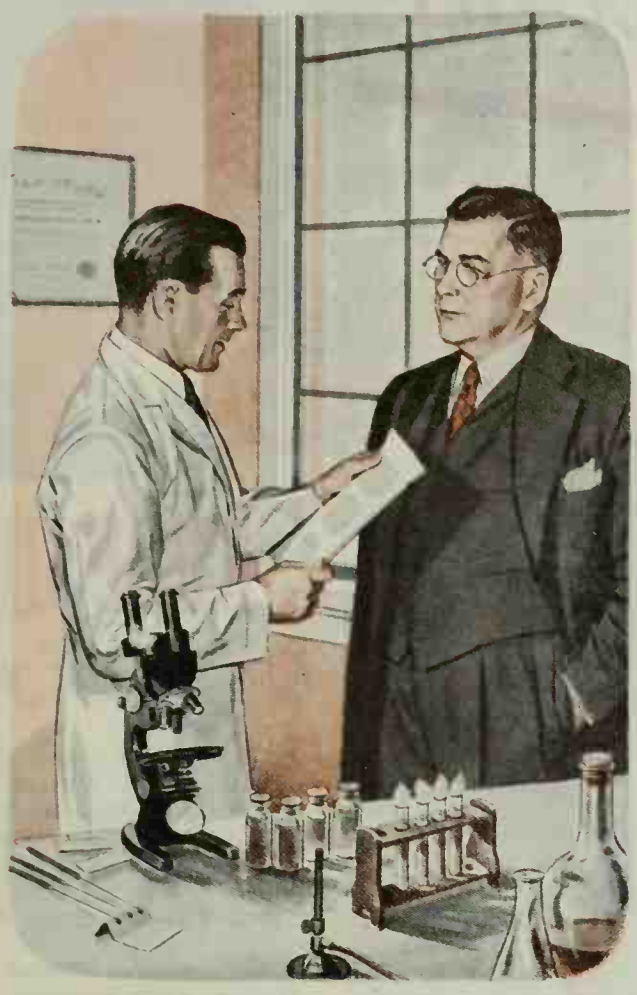
PNEUMONIA IS BEING CONQUERED

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING



…e 1930, pneumonia stood among the …t three causes of death. Once the …e struck, careful nursing and the use …re about the only ways of fighting it. …te was about 83 per 100,000.

2. From 1930 to 1938, *serum treatment* for the most common forms of pneumonia was started and developed. This involved, first, laboratory analysis to determine the particular type of the disease and, second, administering a serum known to combat the disease if it were one of certain types. Pneumonia's death rate dropped, and in 1938 was about 67 per 100,000.

3. From 1938 on, modern medical science has scored one of its most dramatic successes. First the sulfa drugs, then penicillin and streptomycin have proved effective in combatting many types of pneumonia. While the death rate from pneumonia had been reduced to less than 40 per 100,000 in 1946, this disease is still a frequent cause of death.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

…oid catching a cold. …eep your general level …gh, especially during …onia months" of Jan- …ary, and March, you …susceptible to colds or …

… to dress warmly when …nd try to avoid people …r sneeze carelessly.

…mated that 9 out of 10 …cases start with a cold.

2. If you get a cold—take care of it! You will protect yourself from possible pneumonia, and you'll protect others from your infection.

Stay home and rest if you can. If you must go out, keep warm and dry. Eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids.

When your children have colds, keep them home from school to protect their health and that of their classmates.

3. If your cold hangs on, or if your temperature goes up, or if any other unusual symptoms appear, go to bed and *call your doctor at once!*

It may be only a severe cold, but if it should be pneumonia, or influenza, or some other illness that starts like a cold, your best chance for rapid recovery comes from prompt diagnosis and immediate medical and nursing care.

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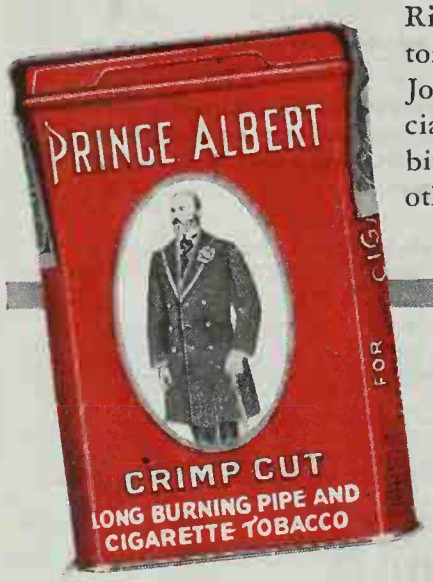

ROLL YOUR OWN? IT'S EASY WITH CRIMP CUT P.A. AND IT'S GREAT SMOKING!

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

No one yet knows exactly why the size of an object appears to vary with the angle of the eyes. For instance, the moon on the horizon shrinks to half its apparent size when viewed by a person with his head between his legs looking at it upside down.

For a number of weeks after Pearl Harbor, while awaiting the building of a special bulletproof automobile for President Franklin D. Roosevelt, his bodyguards had him ride in an armored car which they had borrowed from the Treasury Department and which had once been owned by Al Capone.

At the International Colonial Exposition held in Paris in 1931, a hairdressing contest, the largest on record, was won by Marcel, the inventor of the marcel wave. As he was 79 years old at the time and had competed with 317 other famous hairdressers, the old master received congratulatory messages from 21 countries.

Although there are only 12 television stations now operating in this country, 57 others have been granted construction permits. Of the 113 other applications that have been received by the Federal Communications Commission, 19 are pending, and nearly all of the remaining 94 were recalled before they could be considered.

Spain has recently revived a dangerous form of bullfighting in which the matador is unarmed and does not fight, but attempts to make the bull believe that he is a statue as he poses, dressed in white clothes, on a small white pedestal in the center of the ring. Of every ten bulls, about seven are fooled at first glance and walk away, while the others are not deceived until they push him off the pedestal and see his body motionless on the ground. Occasionally, a bull is not duped at all and the matador has to run for his life.

Throughout the world today, there are fewer than a hundred active civilian helicopter pilots.

One of the oldest and most [illegible] laws in this country has been [illegible] books of Massachusetts since [illegible] was passed after the Bay Col[illegible] banished Roger Williams for [illegible] ligious views and he and a fe[illegible] followers had founded the fir[illegible] ment in Rhode Island. Sti[illegible] pealed, the statute imposes th[illegible] penalty on any Rhode Islande[illegible] in Massachusetts.—*By Albert S[illegible] dar, New York City.*

A rare feature of the Britis[illegible] the Queen Elizabeth and the [illegible] Mary, is a synagogue, an auc[illegible] with stationary seats and altar [illegible] solely to Jewish worship. As [illegible] tomary on other ships, howev[illegible] estant and Catholic services [illegible] with portable altars, in the li[illegible] lounge or a drawing room.—*Clair Pugh, Smithfield, N. C.*

At a ceremony held in E[illegible] ridge, Colorado, on August [illegible] Governor E. C. Johnson pro[illegible] American sovereignty over a[illegible] of land in his state that, thr[illegible] error, had not been included [illegible] Louisiana Purchase. Thus, a[illegible] years, this territory of 1,300 [illegible] miles became an official par[illegible] United States.—*By F. W. Sha[illegible] Angeles, Calif.*

Still prevalent in many cou[illegible] the odd superstition that, if [illegible] are lost in the building of a[illegible] it will have an unlucky existen[illegible]

A large number of Hindus [illegible] so fear pollution by animal fl[illegible] they even take a purifying ba[illegible] receiving letters from individu[illegible] ing among meat-eating peopl[illegible]

During the inflationary c[illegible] 1928, a Fifth Avenue jeweler d[illegible] tised, in a general magazine, [illegible] necklace priced at $685,000.

Ten dollars will be paid for each [illegible] cepted for this column. Contributi[illegible] be accompanied by their source of [illegible] tion. Address Keep Up With th[illegible] Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Yo[illegible] N. Y. This column is copyrighted [illegible] items may be reproduced without p[illegible]

General Electric's finest table radio phonograph. *Natural color tone* from both radio and records. Famous G-E Electronic Reproducer. Sure action record changer. Ask to see Model 304.

Amazingly beautiful record reproduction plus standard and FM radio in *natural color tone*. Lovely period cabinet. Record changer. G-E Electronic Reproducer. See Model 354.

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says: HELEN FORREST,

exclusive MGM record star, featured on all radio networks.

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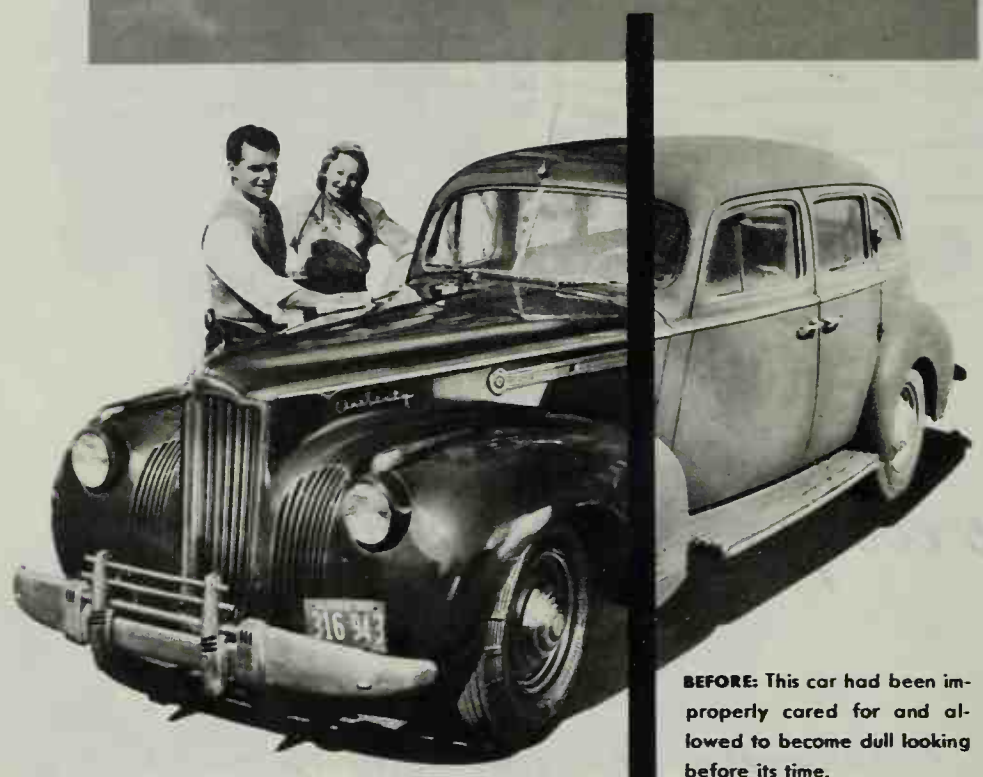
"Before and after" proof of why you should SIMONIZ your car!



BEFORE: This car had been improperly cared for and allowed to become dull looking before its time.

AFTER: Look how the amazing Simoniz Kleener and Simoniz makes the car look like new again.

Restore the luster with Simoniz Kleener ...then keep it beautiful with Simoniz

Have you stopped to think . . . "why millions of motorists use Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener year after year?" They'll tell you it's the easier . . . the professional way to keep your car beautiful all the time. Yes . . . with the least amount of effort and care. That's because Simoniz now gives more protection as well as more beauty. It's insurance your car needs to save the finish and keep colors from fading.

If your car is new or slightly dull, use *Liquid* Simoniz Kleener first to give the finish greater brilliance. But if your car has lost its luster, you can easily make it sparkle like new with *paste* Simoniz Kleener. Then apply Simoniz for lasting beauty and protection.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

KEEPS NEW CARS NEW LOOKING

Hank and Viv J... sport the festive l... tuck at natty ...

THE WEE... WOR...

KNOWN as Mr. Wearables to his office colleagues, Mr. Henry L. Jackson (Black Tie, p. 82) does not know how many light-years he has spent in soup-and-fish. However, he does remember his honeymoon when, to impress his lovely bride, he brought the first white dinner jacket to America. This was all of 15 years ago, and it came from his London tailors just as he was leaving for Palm Beach. Jackson barely had time to pack it.

The newlyweds housed up at a plushy seashore joint, and one night when invited to dinner by some veddy blue bloods, Jackson decided to launch the new jacket. "I followed my beautiful bride down the corridor and into the dining room. Everyone goggled at me. I knew at once here was a fashion that appealed to American men, although I hadn't anticipated so keen an interest. My wife and I got up to dance. Diners at every table riveted their eyes on me. Then I smelled, as they say, a rodent. Casually running my hand down my back I found the reason for the excitement.

"I got to the boys' room in a hurry. An enormous label was carefully sewn to the lower part of the jacket. In large scarlet letters it read: SPECIAL RUSH!"

THE warrior days of Samuel W. Taylor inspired On the Tip of My Tongue, p. 14. Mr. Taylor isn't sure whether there were more jerks in the Army than in civilian life, or that he had more chance to observe what he calls the "incidence of eccentricity." He can't recall any privacy to be had in Uncle Sam's fightin' forces.

In example, he cites the case of two narcissistic lads who spent hours admiring themselves in barracks mirrors. When they got to England, the two were reduced to puny pocket mirrors, there being no American luxuries in barracks for the well-groomed GI. A smart sergeant swiped a mirror advertising beer and sold it to them for a fabulous price. But the two bickered so loudly over whose turn it was to use it, one night it disappeared. "Very possibly the horror of war to these two men," says Mr. Taylor, "was the subsequent drive through ... Germany in five battles ... shaving mirror."

The absent-minded ... Taylor's engaging little y... posite of several jeep dr... whom forgot he was to ... to a general with whom ... catching a plane ride to ... kept the general's party ... hour.

Another lived in a p... emerging occasionally to ... whimsey to a fabulous bo... Asked one day by Tayl... busy, he replied, "I wi... o'clock."

"It's two-thirty now!"

"In that case, I'm busy ..."

JOHN K. LEINO (U.S. ... Jers' Inferno, p. 18) is ... of Finnish origin who w... viet Union in 1932 wit... working contract and st... years—two years as a fo... viet industry, the rest as ... of the American embass... 1947 because of a disab... been living in Rutland, V...

He says he was unab... copy of ... with the ... read it. C... who su... keeping ... appeare... Moscow. ... able to re... isfactio... Moscow ... his fate.

STUAR... is quit... as Collier... sultant t... and concentrate on his sc...

This week's cover: Com... ter! The party is over ... Glamor Gal, and there is ... hash ahead for husband J... side her little kitchenette. ... Martha Sawyers, "there's ... ing up around everythin... On the other side of it ... who haven't had a full st... before the war. Let's no... playing Uncle Sugar . . . ... have more than most to ... for, let's peek over the ... what's cooking. It's not t...

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Just nestle down once in any of the stunning new furniture cushioned with **Airfoam** and you'll say: "[illegible] for me!" Never have you found such dreamworld restfulness as this buoyant latex cushioning affords — it literally cr[illegible] on air. And you won't wear out this luxurious comfort because **Airfoam** is molded in one piece — it isn't stuffed or ti[illegible] so it doesn't break down, sag or squash. **Airfoam** long outlasts other cushionings; years of use on busiest de luxe [illegible] proved it. You'll find this wonder product of Goodyear research used in today's smartest furniture offerings — at su[illegible] attractive prices. Goodyear, Chemical Products Division, Airfoam Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

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Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

AIRFOAM MEANS LUXURIOUS CUSHIONING IN FURNITURE, MATTRESSES AND ALL S[illegible]

REENWICH
LLAGE:
OURIST TRAP

Mary Anthony demonstrates movements on a rooftop. She swept studios for Hanya Holm to pay for her own lessons when she first came from Kentucky

HARRY HENDERSON
AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

's Bohemia has become a well-heeled side
ring some genuine artists and a bunch of
two-drink geniuses and articulate crackpots

s fo November 29, 1947

I

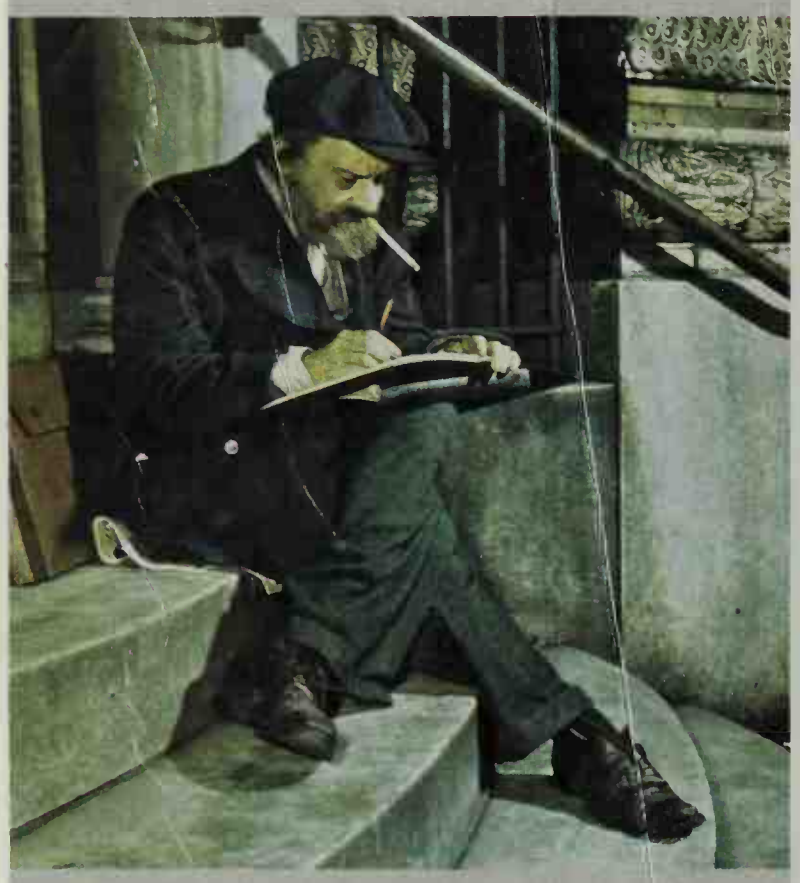
NEW YORK'S Greenwich Village, celebrated in song, story and Sunday supplement as the gay Bohemia of artists, radicals and writers, has quietly become a well-heeled show business. As an amusement center, it ranks second only to Broadway in the number of its night clubs and tourists.

Through its narrow streets roll fat sight-seeing busses loaded with the awe-stricken. They crane to see where Edgar Allan Poe lived, where John Masefield tended bar, where Henry James sat, where Edna St. Vincent Millay burned the candle at both ends. They gape at the studios, the odd-looking men, pretty girls in jeans, and Mrs. Roosevelt walking Fala in Washington Square.

The Village, hopelessly entangled with American literary history, the once inexpensive home of the literati, has taken on all the aspects of a metropolitan side show, featuring freaks and fakes. Some of the café managers are amazingly frank. One bearded and broken-nosed highwayman describes his café as a "clip joint for uptown suckers."

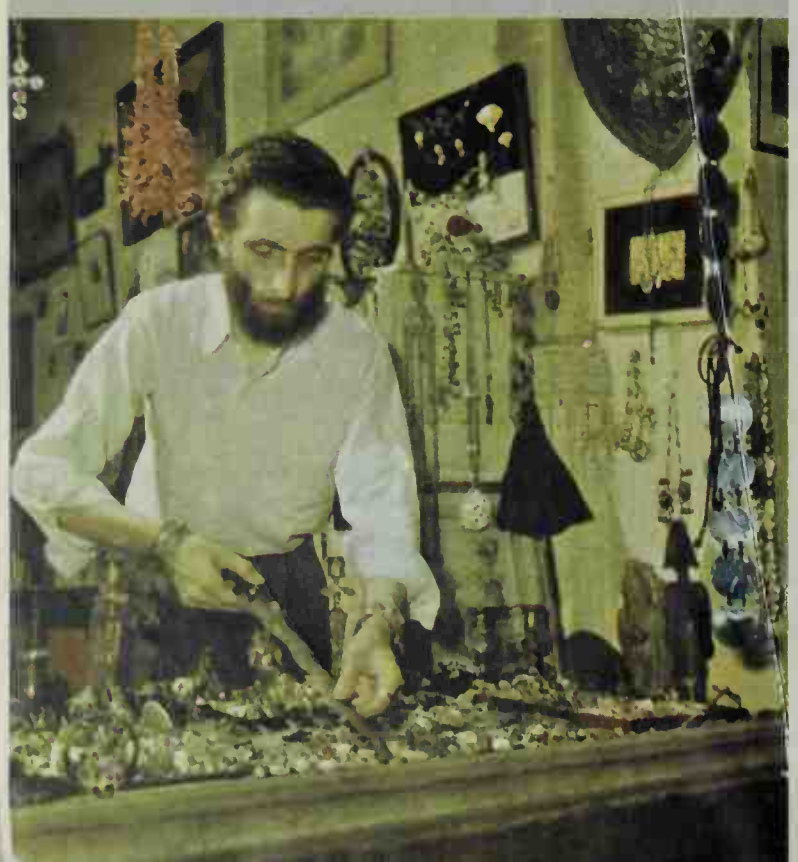
This Broadwayizing of the Village dates

Joachim Probst lives like a king as the "Prince of Poverty," charging tourists for his spiel and a peek in his studio



Joe Gould, one of the Village's best-known characters, is still working on his once famous Oral History of Our Time

"Rasputin" was once a clip joint's bus boy. One night a waiter asked his age so he could add it to a party's bill



back to its celebration in the doggerel and prose of Floyd Dell just before World War I. The Village Vanguard, where until eleven years ago Maxwell Bodenheim and other Village poets recited their poems at 25 cents apiece and you brought your own liquor, is now a smart night club where Bodenheim is no longer the fashion. Where ten years ago there were only a few handmade jewelry shops, today there are nearly a hundred, all catering to the tourist trade. More of the restaurants feature "real Village atmosphere" than food, though it still has some excellent eating places like the Lafayette, Barney Gallant's, the Grand Ticino, and Minette of Washington Square. Of the old Bohemian restaurants Romany Marie's is the only one left.

Despite this intense exploitation of atmosphere, many artists continue to live there. The Village still attracts a yearly crop of young writers, dancers, painters and actors from every city and state in the Union. Ambitious, eager to try out their talents, these youngsters pour into the Village every spring and fall. But instead of an artistic and intellectual haven, they find themselves in the vortex of a rat race for the tourist buck, surrounded by several thousand articulate crackpots, fakers, no-talent bums, two-drink geniuses, as well as some really talented, hard-working artists and writers.

On the tourist is heaped the blame for everything from high rent to the Plight of Art in America. Virtually every Villager is stopped occasionally by an eager visitor who wants to know where the "free-love parties" are.

"Y'know, that Bohemian life and the rest of it."

This is regarded by the Villagers, who are pretty tired of trying to live down somebody else's dream fantasy, as a direct invitation to "insult, embarrass or steer into a clip joint," to use the vernacular of the Village.

The clip joint is usually decorated by some very bad paintings, haunted by a few fake artists, visited occasionally by a swishy exhibitionist, and remembered best for its exorbitant prices.

Dave Seligman, whose commercial name is "Rasputin" at his antique bric-a-brac shop, says he used to be a bus boy in one of them. One night a waiter came over to him and asked his age.

"My age? What do you mean?" asked Seligman.

"How old are you?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"Oh," said the waiter, "I just wanted to add it to that party's bill."

Living next door to the clip joints, in some cases upstairs, are the artists. The older and well-established ones came to the Village in the twenties and thirties. By and large, they have stayed because, as Stuart Davis puts it, "It is the only place in the world outside of Paris where you are able to create the illusion of freedom."

These Are the "Quarter's" Real Artists

Probably the best known and most widely recognized painters in the Village today are Waldo Pierce, famous for his energetic Americana scenes; Milton Avery, one of America's leading artists, who can be found walking his dog, Picasso, in the Square nightly; Abe Rattner, the quiet, gentle man whose cubist work has won many prizes; Stuart Davis, who says his multicolored squares and triangles are an attempt to symbolize the well-ordered chaos of our world; Edward Hopper, whose clean-cut, precise paintings hang in many museums; Joe Gatto, the prize fighter turned primitive, and Philip Evergood, winner of the 1946 Pepsi-Cola award.

Among the sculptors the best known are probably Turku Trajan and José de Creeft. There are hundreds of other established painters. These, and numerous schools such as Hans Hoffmann's Expressionist establishment and the Clay Club on Eighth Street and classes at the New School for Social Research, make the Village the leading artists' center in America.

In the evening many well-known artists come to the Village to be social, to argue, to learn, and to inflict personal theories and criticisms on all who will listen.

Winter quarters of the artists and assorted Village characters is the Waldorf Cafeteria on Sixth Avenue. The cafeteria is commonly called "The Snake Pit" because of the shouting, screaming arguments that ensue there. Because they are cheap, cafeterias have always been Village hangouts. The earliest was Huberts, famous during the twenties, which was replaced during the thirties first by Stewarts and then by the now defunct New Life Cafet... Sheridan Square.

The depression was on in the days c... Life and it was common practice for a... was broke to move into the place. It w... night, you could shave in the men's roo... important, you could eat until some f... along who was liquid enough to bail you... ous groups and societies held almost ... sessions there.

Mixed in with the Village's recognized ... the fakers, the talented but unrecognize... young who are just beginning. The st... recognition is carried on under such po... conflicting social and economic demands ... acters" inevitably develop. For while it i... difficult to become recognized as an artis... easy to become a Village character.

These "personalities" fill the bars and r... They swarm in the Square noisily dem... their eccentricities by voice and garb. M... have little or no talent; others practice "... sion" harmlessly enough by painting th... fire-truck red. A third type is talented bu... diverted from his work by a desire for ...

The best known of all are two sem... Gould, who still has not published his O... of Our Time, and Bodenheim, poet an... After 25 years they are now more or less ... fixtures at the Minetta Bar.

Portrait of a Unique Historian

Gould is a tiny wisp of a man with ... eyes and a heavy beard that seems to ou... head. At Harvard he was a classmate ... Aiken, the poet and anthologist, and Ho... say, actor and co-author of Life With F... also a Villager.

Gould got the idea for his Oral Histo... and he has been working on it ever sinc... sists of hundreds of schoolboy notebooks ... conversations with unknown people, radio ... cials, street signs, arguments between husb... wives, dirty stories, things said behin... backs, and anything else Joe finds interest... Joe's contention that he has, by recordin... produced a better key for understanding ... lization, when it all becomes ancient his... anything done yet. During the thirties Joe ... was taken rather seriously by a good ma... besides Joe.

He lives by accepting free meals from ... Village friends like e. e. cummings (it's alw... ten lower case), the poet, and occasional ... A number of Village restaurants occasion... this gentle soul and he never makes hims... den to anyone.

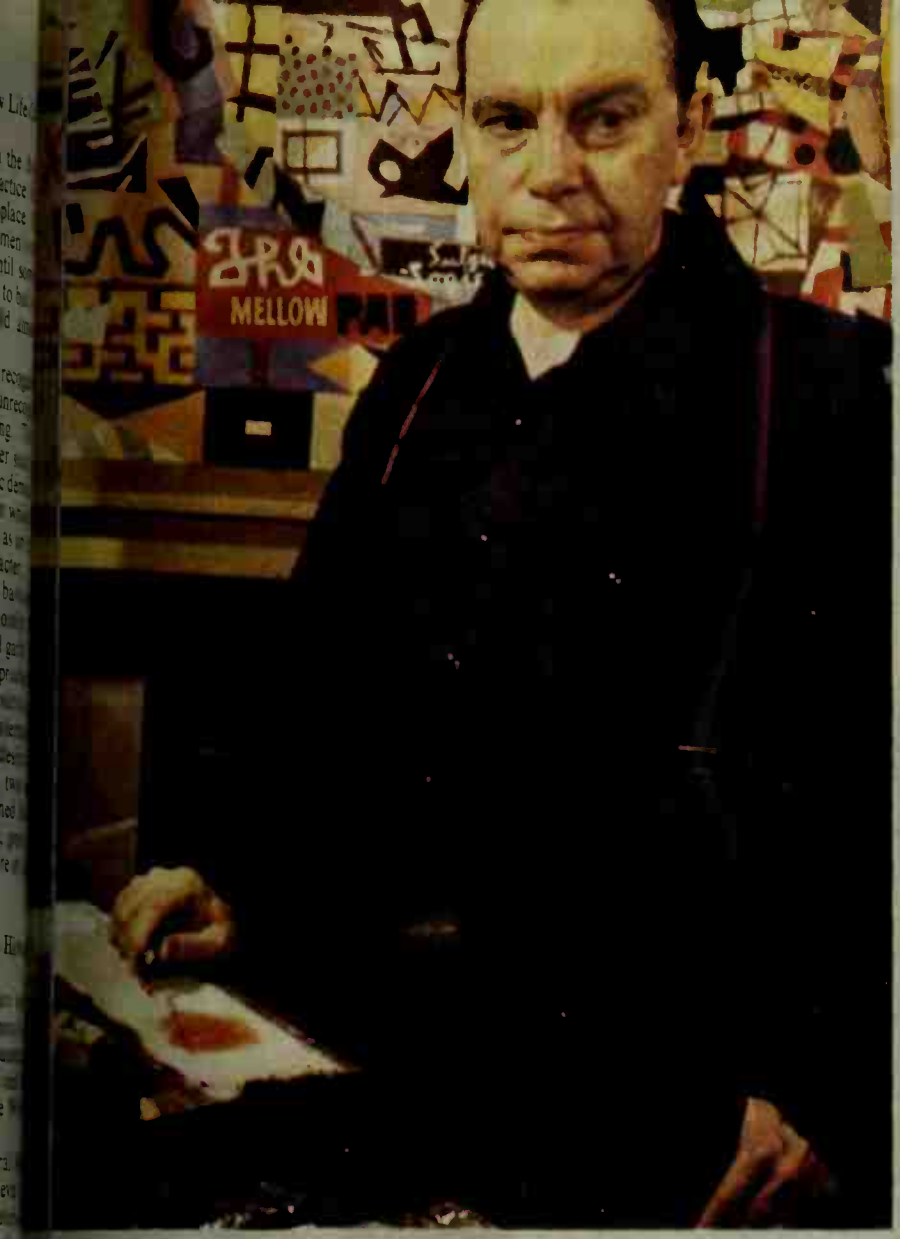
Last summer a rough gang of Sullivan S... hated and feared by most Village character... of their habit of giving them the old razz... caught Gould as he passed a gushing fire... Before anyone could stop them, they toss... man into the flood. Soaking wet, Joe pic... self up, recovered his sodden notebo... walked off with all the dignity in the world ... will say about the incident is, "Kids aren't ... ferent nowadays than they were years ago."

Bodenheim, the Village's other link wit... days, is often needled by Joe into argumen... sake of the crowd in the Minetta Bar. Mos... ever, they go separate roads. Joe makes for... lic library, his workshop, while Bodenheim ... and troubled figure, wanders about W... Square, shouting at startled passers-by, a... enemies, who ignore him. Sometimes he w... novel and another "slender vol." of poetry.

Originally from Hermanville, Mississipp... heim developed in Chicago where he and B... stormed the ramparts of respectability in t... ties with manifestoes. By the time he can... Village he was, among people who follow... already well known. However, it was as B... mian that his chief fame rested.

Sometimes now he tries to revive the spi... twenties. We were watching him one n... claiming his poetry aloud in the Square ... young actress took off her shoes and tried ... it. But more frequently you find him standi... Minetta Bar, cackling aloud to shock the ...

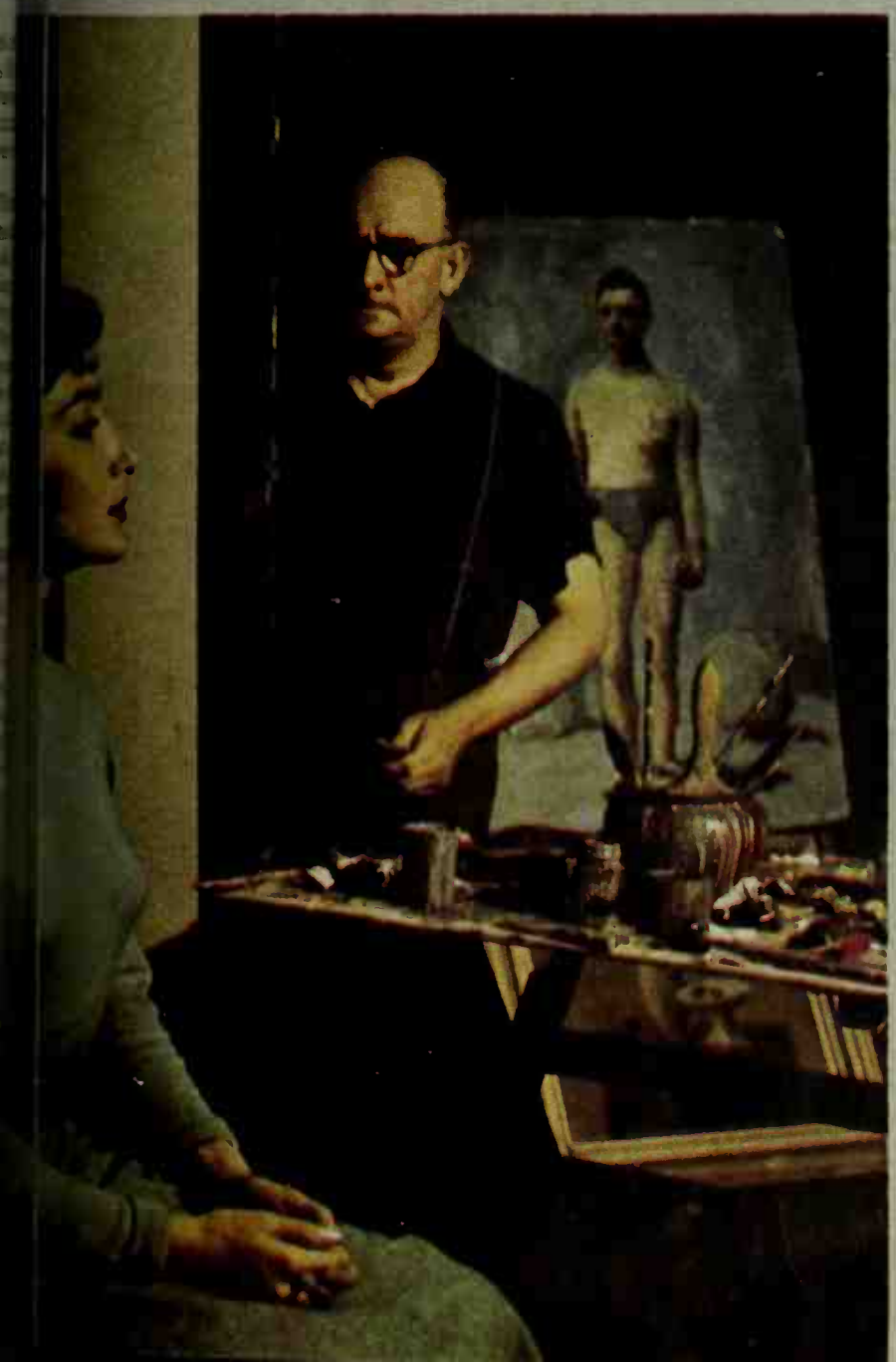
Like Gould and other characters, Boden... cepts the favors of old and new friends. Bu... a handsome Joachim Probst, who sports a f... beard and calls himself *(Continued on ...*



…vis, a Villager for 25 years, says that his paintings of multicolored …od triangles are representative of the "well-ordered chaos of our world"

"I'm very disillusioned with the Village," says Model Nina Mancuso. "It is filled with phonies!" She came to the Village to paint and stayed to model for artists

…am, who once made a fortune in commercial art, works on the portrait …/ Village model. He is noted for his draftsmanship and as a Village wit



The real native Villagers are the 12,000 Italians, like the big family of Anthony Montemurros. They ignore the artists. Their life centers around Greenwich House

ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Sandy Carr had an eye for beauty but a mind that was good for only one thing at a tim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

YOU know how it is when you run into somebody you knew in the war. You knew him so very well. You got to talking to him on the train from the induction station. You had adjoining beds at the reception center. You landed in the same company. You went overseas with him. You read his letters from home and came to know his people and the girls in his life and his hopes and ambitions, as you sweated out that day after everlasting day that makes a war. And then at the separation center you shook hands with him and said you'd have to get together again, soon. But you never do.

And then one night you just happen to drop into a little San Francisco café. It is a crummy little joint, the Beehive Café, Booths for Ladies. It is late, almost midnight, and the last thing on your mind is Sandy Carr, until you're looking him in the face. It does something to you.

"Sandy!" I yelled. "You old son of a gun!" Though I didn't use exactly those words. I was back in the Army vernacular. It was all right. Sandy was the only customer in the joint.

Instead of grabbing my outstretched hand, Sandy Carr picked up a chair. "Oh, hello, Red," he said, as if he'd seen me ten minutes ago. He pulled the back of the chair up in front of him and peered at me through the slats, "Red, what does this mean to you?"

"Now look, Mac," the fellow behind the counter said. "Not again, please."

Sandy, holding the chair in front of his face, was dancing a jig and singing, "Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May—"

"For two hours," the counterman said to me. "Do you know this guy?"

"I sure do, Mac."

"Then get him out of here, will you? For two hours he's been doing charades, with everybody who comes in here. It's bad for business."

"Here we go gathering nuts in May," Sandy sang as he danced. "—so early in the morning." He peered anxiously around the back of the chair. "Think, Red. Think. What does it mean to you?"

Poor Sandy. He hadn't changed. "What have you forgotten now?"

"It's an address. A very important address. Think, Red. What does it mean to you?"

"Why should it mean anything?" the counterman asked. "That's what I can't see."

"It's an association of ideas," I explained. "A great help in remembering things."

"But all I can remember," Sandy said, "is the association."

"Association?" the counterman said. "Well, go associate somewhere else. This place looks like an institution."

"Institution?" Sandy's eye flickered briefly. "Institution? Maybe—no, that's not it."

"What is this address?" I asked. "Is it a country, is it a state, is it a town, or what?"

"It's a street number, right here in San Francisco," Sandy said. "Red, I've got to remember it! I've *got* to. She's been waiting for me since eight o'clock."

"Oh, it's a girl."

"The most wonderful girl in the world, Red. I'll do it again. And *think!* What does this mean to you? And, picking up the chair, he began doing the little jig and singing, "Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May—"

It must not be supposed that I was deflated, annoyed, or even surprised at the manner in which I was greeted by Sandy Carr. I knew Sandy too well. When he got his mind off his present problem, Sandy would be very happy to see me. And that was Sandy Carr's trouble; he could think of just one thing at a time. It had got him into considerable hot water in the Army. In fact, he had been typed as an eight ball. Actually, Sandy Carr was a very smart fellow. He had a marvelous power of concentration. In fact, it was too good. When he got his mind on one thing, everything else was forgotten.

This trait caused Sandy Carr to become somewhat of a local legend in the Army. And G.I.s being what they were, in time it became difficult to separate the true from the false in the great body of Sandy Carr stories. The one, for example, about Sandy completely forgetting that he was in the Army while he spent a glorious month in Paris—that one just isn't true. And the one about the time he absent-mindedly walked into Hitler's headquarters is somewhat of an exaggeration. I knew the true facts back of that story.

Except for being absent-minded, Sandy might have advanced in the Army. Even the classification system couldn't have held down a man who could speak four languages with equal fluency, who was a Ph.D., and who had earned $9,000 a year in civilian life. But Sandy remained a buck private. Just about the time he was due for a Pfc. stripe he would stand inspection in house slippers, or forget to make his bed, or, preoccupied, fail to salute one officer too many.

ONE of the choice bits of Sandy Carr lore that we liked concerned the day Sandy was sitting in the interrogation tent with his feet on a field table when a bird colonel walked in. It was a custom in the Army, as many may remember, for soldiers to spring to attention at the arrival of strange and powerful brass. But Sandy was relaxed after interrogating prisoners all day, and brooding about something else—possibly over the fact that he was doing an officer's work as a buck private.

The bird colonel blinked at Sandy, peered closely at his insignia, then glared. Sandy yawned.

"Soldier!" the colonel snapped. "I am Colonel Blackwell!"

"Glad to know you," Sandy said, extending his hand. "I'm Private Carr."

And the bird colonel, utterly flabbergasted, shook

"What does this mean to you, Officer?" Sandy asked, continuing his dance. "Here we go gathering nuts in May—" "This nut got a screw loose?" the cop cried

Sandy and went out muttering. It was a
n hour later that the full implication of
ppened seeped into Sandy's consciousness
leaped to his feet with a cry of terror.
ever happened. We used to say there
ian angel for men like Sandy Carr.
time Sandy walked into a German
it by mistake. That's the incident that
ggerated into the story of Sandy wan-
Hitler's headquarters. Actually, he
sed into enemy territory unknowingly,
f others did. It was during the Battle
e, when the enemy had cut our com-
lines, and Sandy was pressed into cour-
o rush a message to a tank commander.
ind on the importance of delivering the
ndy forgot everything else. Things were
y fast at that time, and when Sandy got
where our tanks should have been, the
occupied by an enemy Panzer unit.
Sandy was halted by a German sentry. There were only two possible reasons why he wasn't shot. One was the boldness of his approach in a lone jeep. The other was that during this period Germans had infiltrated the area in American vehicles and wearing the U.S. uniform.

When halted, Sandy simply demanded to see the commander. True, the sentry was speaking German, but so was Sandy. Sandy spoke German all day long, interrogating prisoners. He was accustomed to the German uniform. He had arrived at a tank outfit. And Sandy had his mind entirely on the message.

Escorted to a junior officer, Sandy was very short with the fellow. He had orders to deliver his message personally to the commander, and he gave the junior officer short shrift. Sandy's manner couldn't have been more impressive. Too, the Germans were expecting reports from their spies who had infiltrated the American lines. And so Sandy quickly found himself closeted with the German commander.

"Message from General Murdock, sir," Sandy said, delivering his envelope.

The German commander beamed upon reading the message. He congratulated Sandy upon his initiative and daring in securing it. He asked, "But how did you obtain this official communiqué?"

"It was handed to me by General Murdock, sir."

Taking this as a joke, the German commander laughed heartily. And then he made a slighting remark about the Americans in general, and Sandy woke up. It suddenly dawned on him where he was and what he had done.

And it was then that Sandy proved what kind of a mind he had, when he put it to something. The German commander had accepted him as a spy; the message from General Murdock had established Sandy in that role completely. So Sandy, talking fast, simply talked the *(Continued on page 78)*

SAY THE WORD, IKE!

BY FRANK GERVA

Frank Gervasi followed Taft's Western trail. He listened. He asked questions. The most frequent answer was: We like Ike

DRAWINGS BY SAM BERMAN

PHILADELPHIA is a normally placid city but it promises to be the liveliest town in America next June when the Republicans meet there to nominate their candidates for President and Vice-President. There are enough announced and secretly hopeful aspirants for the jobs to ensure a convention as exciting as a three-ring circus.

A few party strategists foresee a short convention and the quick nomination of one of the favorites for the top job, New York's Governor Thomas Dewey or Ohio's Senator Robert Taft, with a hot, brief scramble for second place involving a small company of major and minor politicians.

Others predict a deadlock and the emergence of a dark horse, the way it happened back in 1940 when Wendell Willkie was swept into the nomination.

The man most frequently mentioned in the Republican party's political paddocks as the most likely to run away with the convention is Dwight David Eisenhower. His name has been touted so persistently that he may wind up a favorite by poll time. He is still a long shot in the winter books of the quadrennial national political sweepstakes, but his odds are improving daily.

Another potential last-minute starter is Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, probably the party's most respected statesman. Vandenberg, however, is not in the best of health and is getting on in years. He has frequently told intimate friends that he is beyond the age (sixty-three) when a man "may reasonably expect to survive the Presidency." He would like to end his long public career as Secretary of State, but few top-ranking members of the G.O.P. hierarchy doubt that he would refuse the nomination if he were drafted.

Talk of an Eisenhower candidacy is widespread enough to have driven the Democrats into a frenzy of political fence-mending everywhere, particularly in the left-wingish West where they are weakest, and to cause some healthy consternation among the top Republican contenders for the nomination. The cartoonist of a Middle Western newspaper recently pictured Dewey and Taft crouching like scared schoolboys under an enormous cannon labeled "Eisenhower," waiting with hands clapped over their ears for the big boom.

Tremors Start in Kansas

So far only one Republican politician of any consequence has come right out and said, "I'm for Eisenhower." He is Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, the genial general's home state. Kansas seems to be the epicenter of tremors of Eisenhower sentiment that are becoming more and more perceptible throughout the nation.

At least two other prominent Kansans have indicated their willingness to board an Eisenhower band wagon. One is Alf Landon, grayer but no less vigorous than in 1936 when he ran for President against the invincible F.D.R. Landon dabbles profitably in oil and real estate, but he would rather wave a placard at a political powwow than bring in a wildcat well. It is clear from remarks he has made both publicly and privately that he is itching to lead a parade of 19 Kansas delegates into Philly's convention hall shouting "Eisenhower."

Another is Roy A. Roberts, the portly president of the Kansas City Star, influential in Republican state and national politics. He too has indicated his willingness to support an Eisenhower candidacy. But neither he nor Landon has committed himself to the general, and they will not do so until Eisenhower, now Chief of Staff and soon to become president of Columbia University, frankly ... is a candidate or, at least ... strates that, like Barkis, he "i...

But will Eisenhower run ... doesn't there are going to b... surprised experts among Wa... political writers who believ... unanimously that General Ik... candidate as soon after he ha... uniform in January as is dec... sible.

It is true that Eisenhower ... "No" to questions concer... availability often enough t... him as a contender with Gro... the world championship. Bu... as is traditional in politics, ... disavowals seriously. The ... could have taken himself o... Presidential picture as irrev... did General Sherman when i... told Republican urgers that ... not accept if nominated ar... not serve if elected.

Significantly none of Gen ... disclaimers have been even ... as categoric. On the contra... admitted that he might ch... mind about entering politics ... leaves the Army. Not only ... cans but Democrats too, muc... might wish otherwise, are c... that the general will run.

"Why, he is running lik... rabbit already," one of the h... of the Democratic National ... tee said the other day. "H... Number One threat to the D... right now."

One Democrat of sub-Cabi... known as a heavy contribut... party's political war chest, se... hower as "the only man who ... us in 1948." But if President ... himself is perturbed over the ... ity of facing Ike at the polls ... no outward indication.

White House sources, wh... don't minimize the genera... ularity at the grass-roots l... appreciate what might happ... senhower is nominated, con... nomination as only a remote ... ity. Besides, professional par... cians say, the Democrats ... general in their pasture too, ... Marshall. It is not inconceiva... if Eisenhower is the G.O.P.'s ... Marshall would be named ... man's running mate or might ... the President as the party's c...

Meanwhile, a Washington ... man, Maurice Mumford, ha... ized a Draft-Eisenhower-for-... League with chapters, he cl... 18 key states and more to co... league intends to enter the ... name in the primaries in half ... states—New Hampshire, Pe... nia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebr...

here the consent of the
s not required.
eague's intention to "create
enhower sentiment in all
ll a Willkie at the conven-
this is being done without
's formal approval but not
cording to Mumford, the
owledge.
one important industrialist,
Watson, president of Inter-
Business Machines, is re-
epared to help finance an
r campaign. A full-fledged
r boom, in other words,
in the political works.
ver was often mentioned as
tial possibility long before
ot under way. There were
ons for this, among them
cal habit that Americans
ning to generals for politi-
hip after every war except
r I. Washington, Jackson,
Taylor, Grant and Teddy
were war-born Presidents
distinguished themselves as
well as politicians.
wer, in the eyes of Ameri-
how managed to do both in
ar II. They saw a superb
the man who victoriously
e vast, complex European
and a first-class politician
who bossed an Allied staff
different nationalities and
view. General Ike's com-
tained as temperamental a
rima donnas as Sam Hurok
ad to deal with, but it never
unction efficiently.
mportantly, from the stand-
ote appeal, Eisenhower fin-
war more of a civilian than a
He attracted none of the
t's traditional animosity to-
s. This cannot be said of
general talked of as a Re-
Presidential prospect, Doug-
Arthur—who is known to
blessing of Colonel Robert
ck, publisher of the Chi-
une and one of the godheads
ltraconservative, isolationist
e G.O.P.
isenhower boom seems to
inated in the more progres-
ugh not dominant element of
blican party. Those who
ee the general run are those
rd their party as a disunited,
me family of more or less
dividualists lacking both in a
suited to the nation's needs
ote appeal to win a major

we need," one Republican
plained, "is a man who will
party, help it to tailor its
o fit the changing times and
needs of the people and restore to it the vigor and drive it had under Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt. We've got to win, but I don't know whether we can win with what we've got.

"We need a man who appeals not only to the small businessman as Taft undoubtedly does, to the white-collar workers as Dewey certainly does, or to the farmers or any other single group. We need a candidate who has at least some appeal for labor too, and none of our hopefuls seems to, except maybe Stassen. We need a man who can fire the imaginations of all kinds of voters, as Willkie did."

According to the Gallup Poll

Such reasoning ignored Truman's continued popularity in the public opinion polls, which showed that the President was preferred over any of the regular Republican candidates. Dewey, in the latest sampling made by the tireless George Gallup, was Truman's closest contender, but the President nosed him out, 51 to 49. But Truman trailed Eisenhower by 55 to 45.

Reporters who accompanied Taft on his 17,000-mile safari through California, Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, Idaho and Nevada encountered so much firsthand evidence of Eisenhower's popularity at the grass-roots level that they often asked themselves and one another whether they were covering a Taft campaign tour or an Eisenhower boom. Local politicos of various dimensions, cool or warm toward this Republican candidate or that, invariably ignited when Eisenhower was mentioned.

The same held in Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota and, of course, in Kansas. In the Middle West and West, Eisenhower seemed to appeal most to those to whom the Deweys and the Tafts appeal least, the working men and women.

An automobile mechanic on a Minneapolis used-car lot said he could not see much difference between Truman and Taft or any of the other candidates the Republicans were talking about. He was not figuring on voting next November.

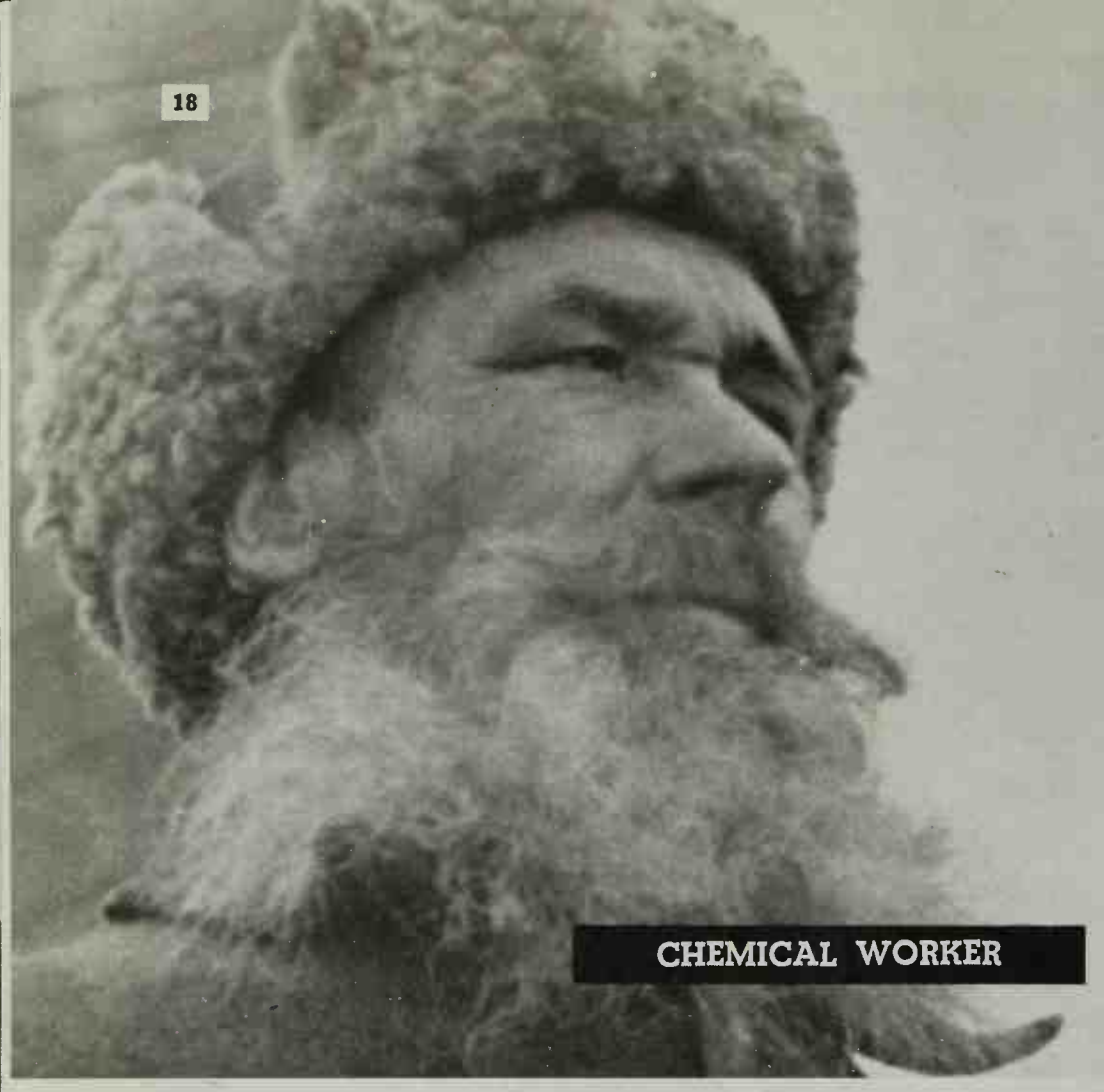
"But what if the Republicans run Eisenhower?" we asked him.

"Say," he said grinning, "that's my boy."

The mechanic's reaction was not unique. It was repeated too frequently to be ignored and often enough to convey the impression that if people, rather than professional politicians, had as much to say about who should be nominated as they do about who is

(Continued on page 91)

Along the top row, after the dancing bear, are Green, MacArthur, Baldwin, Bricker, Warren and Martin. The other four, in case you don't know, are Vandenberg, Stassen, Dewey and Taft. Ike is grinning from the other page



CHEMICAL WORKER

U.S.S.R.: WORKERS' INFERNO

BY JOHN K. LEINO

IN THE mind of the average American a state of confusion exists regarding the industrial output of the Soviet Union and its effect on world economy. However, one who can see through the red fog can also see innumerable reasons why the dictatorship industrial economy alone could never present a threat to the democratic nations. Let us therefore turn the spotlight on a few unpublicized events and let them reveal just why this is so.

In 1935 a delegation of Soviet engineers, several of them from the Gorki Auto Works, visited America for the purpose of studying our industrial development, particularly along automotive lines in Detroit. On their return to Russia, a meeting was called at the factory so that the engineers might report their observations to the workers. In an introductory speech, the director of the factory proclaimed that the engineers would now proceed to reveal the superiority of the Soviet system, which had so magnificently caught up with and surpassed capitalist America. Then the first delegate rose to speak.

"No, Comrades, we have not caught up with America, and we never will, for the simple reason that our workers lack the material conditions for such progress. Comrades, if you had seen what I saw, you would realize that by the time our industry has reached today's American production level, that country will be fifty years ahead of us.

Why: First of all, the American worker has a full breakfast within fifteen minutes of waking up, and what a *zavtrak* he eats! Orange juice and milk and porridge and bacon and eggs and toast and coffee. Then it takes him only a few minutes to drive *his own car* to the job and be ready when the whistle blows. He works four hours without interruption, the conveyer keeping him always supplied with materials. At noon he eats a nourishing meal, then works four hours more. His wife stays at home, preparing meals, and the store delivers the *produkti* right to his house. After work he is free to spend his evenings on pleasure trips or visiting friends. He has his private *kvartira,* often five or six rooms.

"But how is it with us? Our worker in Gorki must wait an hour in the morning before he can get a glass of hot tea with his bread. He spends an hour, maybe two hours, on his way to work. Often the tramcar breaks down, or does not show up at all, then he is late for work, and gets a reprimand. On the job he must wait for materials, or his machine breaks down, or he must see some official about his documents. How many workers in our factory work four hours without interruption?

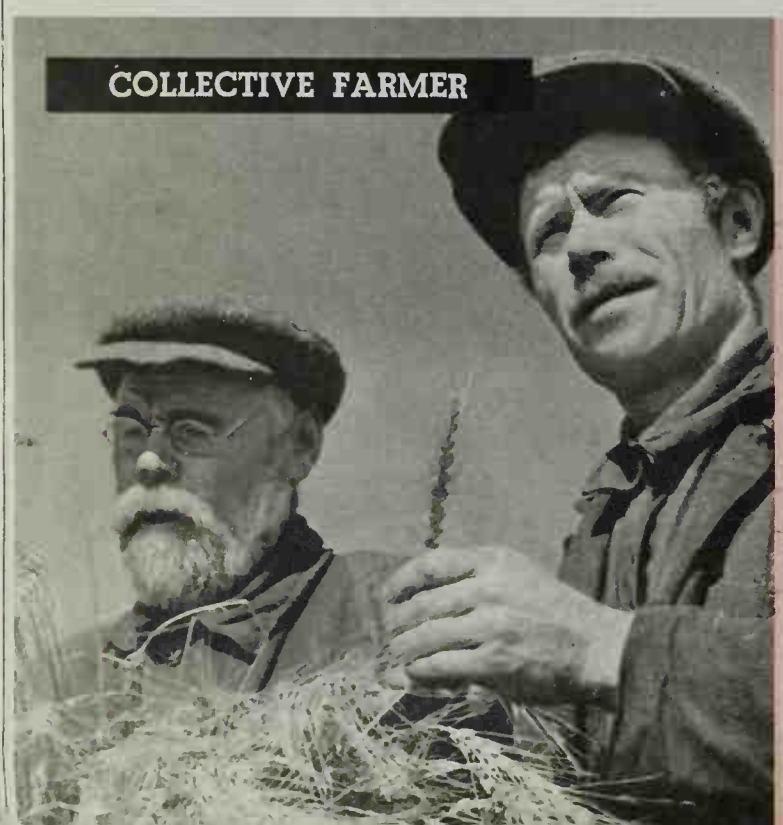
"Then, after work, he must run to the bread store and wait in a long line for his bread. Then he must wait for supper because his wife is also working. Comrades, there are such great difference[s] the material conditions, that our country [will] catch up with capitalist America."

Thus spoke the engineer who had been [to] America and seen. That night he was arreste[d] disappeared, but the facts he related are [re]cording as a background for the many rea[sons] America has nothing to fear from Sovi[et] along the industrial front. Here are som[e] reasons:

Management is incompetent and igno[rant] is afraid of being shown up in its ignoranc[e] a foreigner has been confronted by th[e con]diction in the dictatorship policy. The ma[n] hires a foreign specialist, then is afraid to [use] skill. I met such a situation when I work[ed] Poultry Combinat in Zagorsk. The tec[h]rector saw me using a steel square in layin[g] stringers and rafter cuts, became suspic[ious] forbade the use of the spirit level and [the] square.

It was only after 5,000 rubles' worth [of] pipes had burst, several thousand rubles' [worth] baby chicks had frozen to death, and the [chief] boss had threatened to report to the highe[r] ties, that my plumb line and level line, ra[ther] the party line, were permitted to be follow[ed in] laying of hundred-foot lengths of pipe.

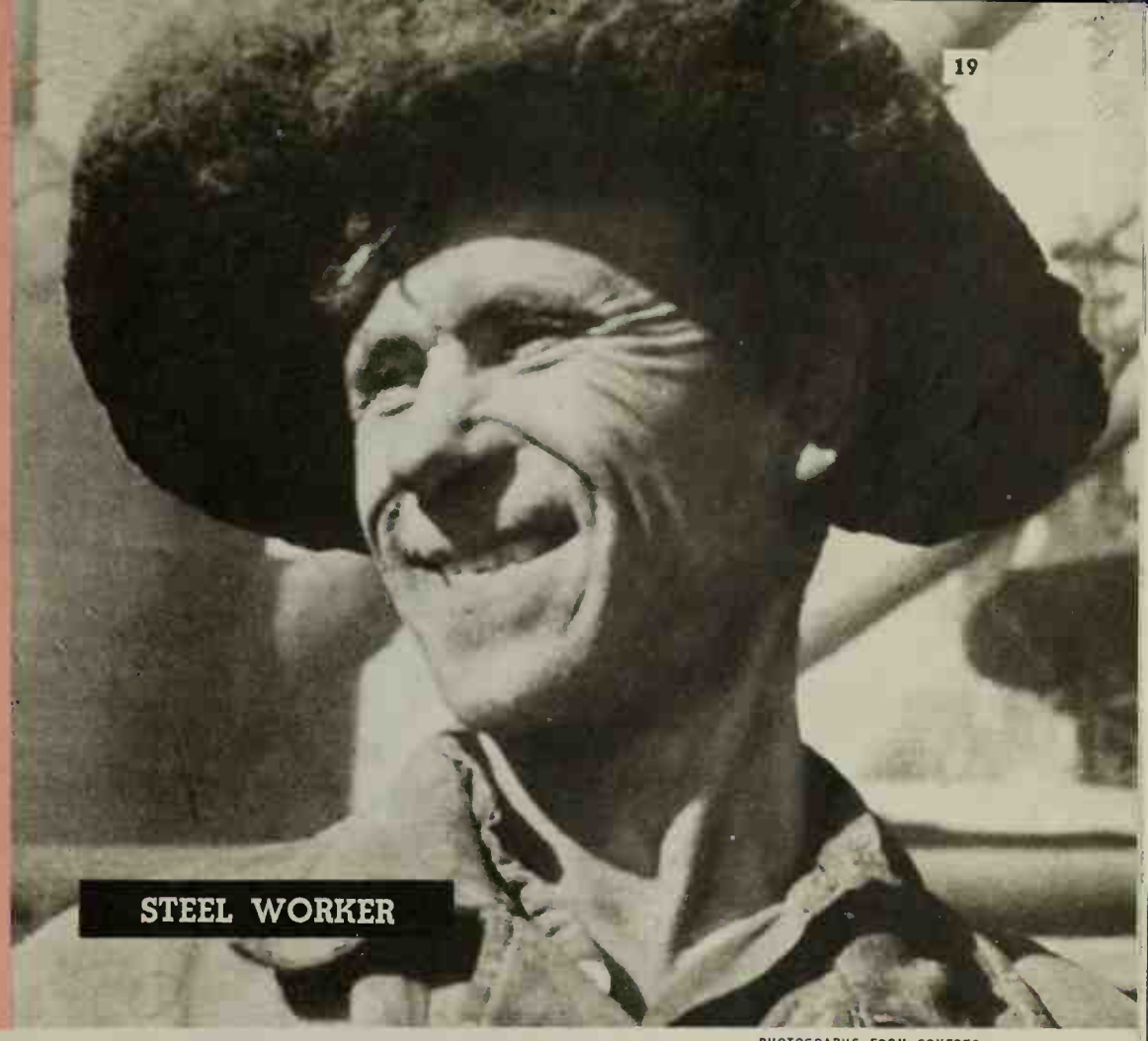
The distrust of workers, particularly [for]



COLLECTIVE FARMER

COAL MINE[R]

Mr. Leino is an American carpenter who has been in or close to the organized working people's movement since boyhood. After spending fourteen years working in the Soviet Union, he contrasts the conditions there with those here in America



STEEL WORKER

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

cuts deeply into the efficiency of Soviet Two German specialists, a Diesel engineer tomotive mechanic, came to the highest workers' complaints at Zagorsk looking They had been employed at a tractor ce station and had been laid off for the

erican poultry specialist Y, who was a mine, tried to obtain their services for the ombinat, which had a Diesel lighting wmill, three trucks and three tractors, all useless because no one knew how to . But Y's proposal met several counter- so that the mechanics were left without the Poultry Combinat without much- echanics. The silliest reason given for own the men was that they were foreigners, fore not to be trusted, because they might to be "wreckers."

time a technical director—who corre- oughly to a plant superintendent in the nes in contact with a foreign specialist, he ted by two thoughts: How can I prevent s skill from exposing my ignorance? and I confiscate his technique? The for- echnical skill is acceptable to the director can steal it, then turn around and present wn.

nstructive suggestion openly made immediately meets with a counterproposal; any charge against mismanagement, however well founded, evokes a countercharge against the worker, backed by the party-and-the-government. Thus, constructive criticism stifled, the workers have lost all interest in what they are doing.

Here's an example: There was a group at the Combinat called a Workers' Invention Unit (BRIZ) which was supposed, under the plan, to produce at least one invention a month. The head of it, Grigoriev, hadn't met this quota and he asked me to help him out with some of my ideas.

I told Grigoriev that I had a stepladder with a safety locking device that was superior even to those being used in America, and I'd give it to the BRIZ for two hundred and fifty rubles.

Grigoriev took this up with the director, who immediately shouted that it would be crazy to pay money for a thing they could easily get out of me free. So, with a rambling string of excuses, Grigoriev explained that the invention could not be bought.

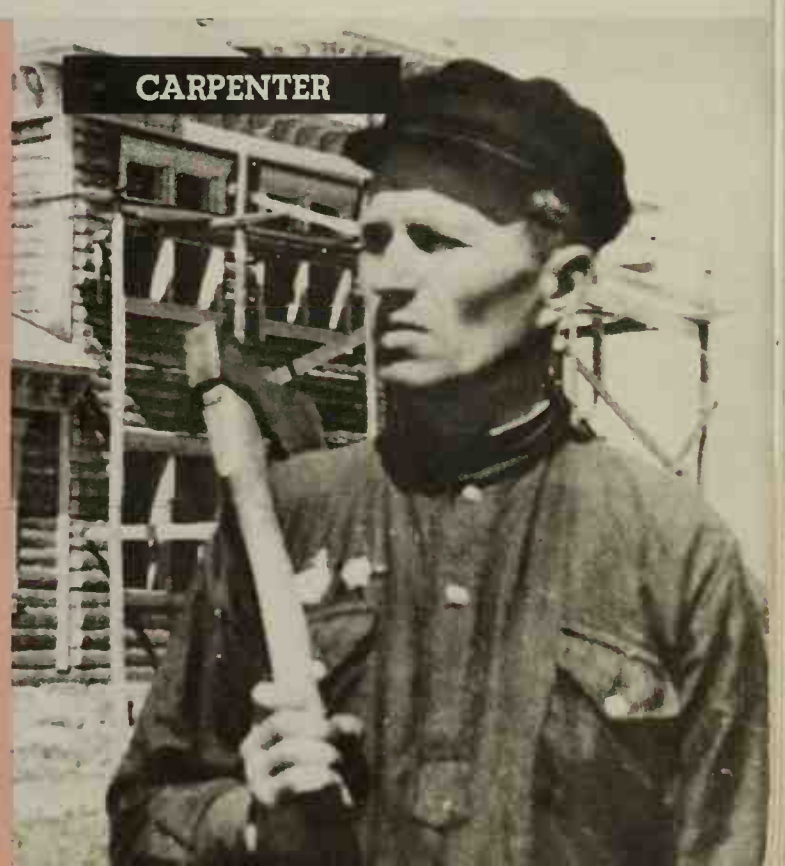
The following week I was ordered to make a dozen stepladders, ranging from four to eight feet high. I figured that, although the Russians had never seen a stepladder, it was common enough in America so that I could make them the real article, omitting only my safety device. But that was not what was wanted, and the director had the nerve to insist that I provide the ladders with my safety feature.

I told him what I had read in Pravda: " 'In the Soviet Union the workers are amply compensated for their inventions,' " and added that the safety feature would remain mine until it was legally redeemed at the price I asked for it.

A chief reason for the inefficiency of Soviet operations lies in the conditions under which the people work. While it has been said that man is constantly being spurred on by two innate urges, the urge to create and the urge to possess, the Soviet government has sought systematically to destroy the instinct of possession by dispossessing the whole nation. And the destruction of that desire has automatically destroyed the desire to create. The evil effects of this show heavily in the Soviet industry's lack of progress.

All day long, from the moment he opens his tired eyes to the time his worry-filled head falls on his board bunk at night, official obstacles are thrown in the worker's way. Among the worst obstacles is the government-owned, undependable system of transportation. In the morning, starting off to his job in the tramcar, the worker must allow from thirty minutes to an hour more than the scheduled time, because nine trips out of ten are irregular, the car either breaking down on the road or being otherwise delayed. But the *(Continued on page 67)*

UTO WORKERS



CARPENTER

"I hate the stuff," Dorcas said, emptying the glass. "It would have finished me completely . . ."

TRY TO FORGET

BY ALLENE CORLISS

CONTINUING A COMPELLING STORY OF ESCAPE FROM THE PAST

...velist DAVE HOLBROOK is ... DORCAS BRANCH. Dorcas, ...dependent as she is charm... ...en emotionally depressed ...ith of her fiancé overseas ... before. Dave's gaiety and ...ever, restore her interest in ...is deeply grateful to him— ...at, when he asks her to go ...im over a week end, she

...y in love with the girl, Dave ...marry him; but Dorcas re... ...she doesn't love him enough ...they would both be miser... ...ttempts to drown his bitter ...nt in drink. Driving drunk... ...brother's farm in Vermont, ...rve and is killed.

...OLBROOK, Dave's older ... Dorcas in New York; he ...eels that she is responsible ...eath. Then, angry and re... ...aves. A few weeks later, ...ont, Ridge receives a long... ...from Dorcas. She apolo... ...thering him, but says it is ...at he come to her in Boston ...Ridge, brushing off a tenta... ...h wealthy LIDA WHIPPLE, ...n trying to maneuver him ...g for years, flies to Boston ...

...ls him she is to have Dave's ...asmuch as she has no par... ...to turn for help, she needs ...ome money. Although he ... for the girl, Ridge wants ... child to have a name; ...gues Dorcas into marrying ...er a hasty ceremony, they ... Vermont.

II

...IRTY-ONE, Dr. Alec Lit... ...ohn looked quite a bit like ... late Leslie Howard. ...nother way of saying that ...ght young man of average ... a high, rather noble fore... ...brushed fair hair and a ...sensitively intelligent face. ...ways wanted to practice ... New England. Recently ...from the Army, he had ac... ...alacrity a chance to come ... as assistant to Dr. Charles ...ief of Staff of the Reads... ...rial Hospital.

...oment Dr. Littlejohn was ...y puzzled young man. He ...lled to this house to attend ...rt Chapman Whipple, who ...ed to be having an acute ...uritis; she had neuritis, all ...hat about that angry-look... ...n her right shoulder? Fur... ...ou had only to look at the ...know that she was suffer... ...ome sort of serious and ...ng nervous disorder. That ...in; the thin lusterless hair; ... burning intensity of her ...ir dark sockets; the abso... ...f any personal vanity or interest in herself as a woman. She was no more than forty-seven or -eight but she looked a good ten years older. What were they thinking of down at the office sending him up here without first putting him wise to the fact that this patient was, at least mentally, a very sick woman?

He leaned forward, touched her bruised shoulder gently. "That's a pretty nasty bruise, Mrs. Whipple. Mind telling me what happened?"

She smiled at him. A childlike mocking, secret sort of smile. "Not at all. I slipped getting out of the bathtub and hit my shoulder." Her voice had a slightly flat, unaccented, singsong quality to it.

"I see."

She was lying, of course. But she was Mrs. Herbert Chapman Whipple, wife of the president of the First National Bank, a most respected and substantial member of the community —those marks couldn't be fingerprints.

He drew her nightgown back over her shoulder again, spoke in a professionally cheerful tone of voice. "Well," he said, "we'll give you some B_1 shots, Mrs. Whipple, and you'd better start using dry heat. And I wouldn't go out for a few days; try to keep fairly quiet."

She continued to smile at him. That funny, bemused, fey little smile. "You're new here in town, aren't you, Doctor? You've only been here a little while?"

"Less than ten days," he admitted pleasantly.

"Yes. Well, Charlie Norton would do well to tell you a little more about his patients before he sends you out to prescribe for them. It might interest you to know that I have not left this house in six years and that I very seldom leave this room."

"As a matter of fact, it does interest me very much. What is wrong with you, Mrs. Whipple?"

"Wrong with me?"

"Yes. Why don't you go out? Why are you confined so much to this room? Are you suffering from an ailment? Are you in pain?"

"In pain? Oh, no. That is, my headaches, of course—"

She spoke as if everyone must know about her headaches.

"These headaches," he said, "are they very bad?"

"Sometimes they are," she said. "Sometimes they are almost unbearable. They come on quite suddenly and last for days."

"Is that why you never leave the house? Why you stay so much here in your room? Are the headaches worse when you try to live a—well, a normal life?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "much worse. But it isn't only the headaches. It's—"

"Yes?" he said encouragingly.

But suddenly she seemed to have lost interest in the whole conversation. "I am very tired," she said. "It tires me to talk to people, especially strangers. You've been very nice, though."

"I'd like to talk to you some more, sometime, about this—"

"Yes, of course. But if you don't mind I think I'll rest now. My daughter Lida will show you out—"

She was dismissing him and there was nothing to do but go. He went out of the room and down the stairs and just before he reached the bottom a girl came out of the room on the right of the oak-paneled entrance hall and stood looking up at him. She was holding a half-empty highball glass in one hand and a freshly lighted cigarette in the other. After considering him thoughtfully for a moment, she put the cigarette back between her lips, inhaled lightly, and then quite deliberately she smiled at him. In repose, her face, with its high cheekbones and slightly slanted sea-green eyes, was, he decided, too narrow to be exactly beautiful; but when she smiled like that, her entire expression changed and she became, suddenly, completely lovely.

"Hello," she said softly, and waited for him to come down the remaining five or six stairs.

"Hello," he said.

"Drink?" She waved her highball glass at him companionably.

He shook his head. "No, thank you."

"Oh, come on," she said. "It's after five. You can't be going to call on any more patients. I've been drinking alone and that's bad for me."

SHE reached out and slid her arm through his and drew him with her into a room on the right of the hall.

It was a long room with a good many French windows, and oyster-white sofas on either side of an elaborate marble fireplace. It was, he saw at once, a room on which a great deal of money had been spent, not indiscriminately, not without taste certainly, but also without any particular imagination, affection, or personal enthusiasm.

Nevertheless it made a reasonably suitable background, he decided, for this girl in her narrow black gabardine trousers and that spectacular chalk-white blouse with its long, full sleeves.

She was standing at a portable bar, mixing two Scotch-and-soda highballs.

Returning with the drinks, she sat down on one of the sofas, the one at the right of the fireplace, and he sat down beside her.

"You're Lida, I suppose?" he said, grinning at her over his glass.

"That's right," she said, "and you're Alec Littlejohn. Welcome to Readsville, Dr. Littlejohn."

She lifted her glass making a little ceremony of it, and he thought once more that when she smiled like that, she was completely fascinating and also that she reminded him of someone he had known sometime, somewhere.

"Thank you," he said. "I've been here less than ten days but I'm sure I am going to be very happy here."

"Happy? Is anyone ever completely happy anywhere, I wonder?"

"Not completely, no. That is, for any length of time. But relatively, yes. In fact, I think most people are relatively happy most of the time."

"Really?" she said. "Even the ones who are—in love with the wrong people?"

"I'm afraid you have me there," he admitted honestly. "But their unhappiness is invariably temporary. I mean they suffer wretchedly for a while and then recover and go on to someone else, someone who isn't the wrong person."

"How nicely you settle everything," she said, her voice and eyes only faintly mocking.

SO THAT'S it, he thought. He wondered who the man was and what had gone wrong. She didn't look like a girl a man would toss aside casually. For all that disturbing, rather uneasy charm of hers, there was something hard about her, something cold and unbending and ruthless. He remembered those ugly marks on her mother's shoulder—those dark, angry bruises that looked as if they might have been made by someone's fingers biting cruelly into that soft, flaccid flesh, and for a moment he wondered; then he dismissed the thought as preposterous. These were civilized people, educated, well-bred, emotionally disciplined. . . .

"I suppose you're right," she said carelessly, as if it no longer interested her one way or the other. She seemed to have that same habit her mother had of abruptly losing interest in a subject.

Since his encounter with Lida a few moments ago in the hall, he had forgotten the woman upstairs, but now he decided to ask a few questions about her.

"If you'll forgive me for changing the conversation rather abruptly," he said, "I'd like to ask about these headaches of your mother's. How long, exactly, has she suffered from them?"

"About nineteen or twenty years, I should say. She has had them more or less constantly."

"I see," he said. Then, "By the way, did you know she fell getting out of the bathtub and bruised her shoulder quite badly?"

"Why, no," she said, "I didn't."

He said then that pleasant as it was, sitting here with her, he really had to be on his way. "I have to have an early dinner and be at the office by seven-thirty."

She walked with him out into the hall. "You don't have office hours every evening, do you, Dr. Littlejohn?"

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The dome building. The hemispherical dome, with its split shutters, is revolved on a circular track

THE BIG EYE

BY JIM MARSHALL

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

After years of heartbreak and trouble, Palomar's giant mirror is nearly ready to search the unknown reaches of our universe

ON OCTOBE
dozen scient
fornia Instit
ogy sat back and brea
sigh of relief. It was
ing been held in chec
years—ever since a d
the Corning Glass W
pour twenty tons of
a circular mold at
York.

Heartbreaking fail
parently insurmount
new optical problem
intervened before th
Dr. Max Mason, Dr.
son, Dr. Ira S. Bowe
perts of the Obser
stood around the gia
ror in a spotless Pasa
and watched tests t
gentle parabola of the
curate to within two
inch.

All that remained r
the mirror onto a tra
slowly and carefully,
up to the waiting ol
Palomar Mountain, 1
south. Only that—plu
of coating the glass
polishing it again, mo
lower end of its teles
testing and adjusting.

"If all goes well," s
"we may be seeing thin
at night next May or J

Then men will sta
times farther out int
than ever before. If
universe as an Americ
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ing on a block away.
ing to find out what
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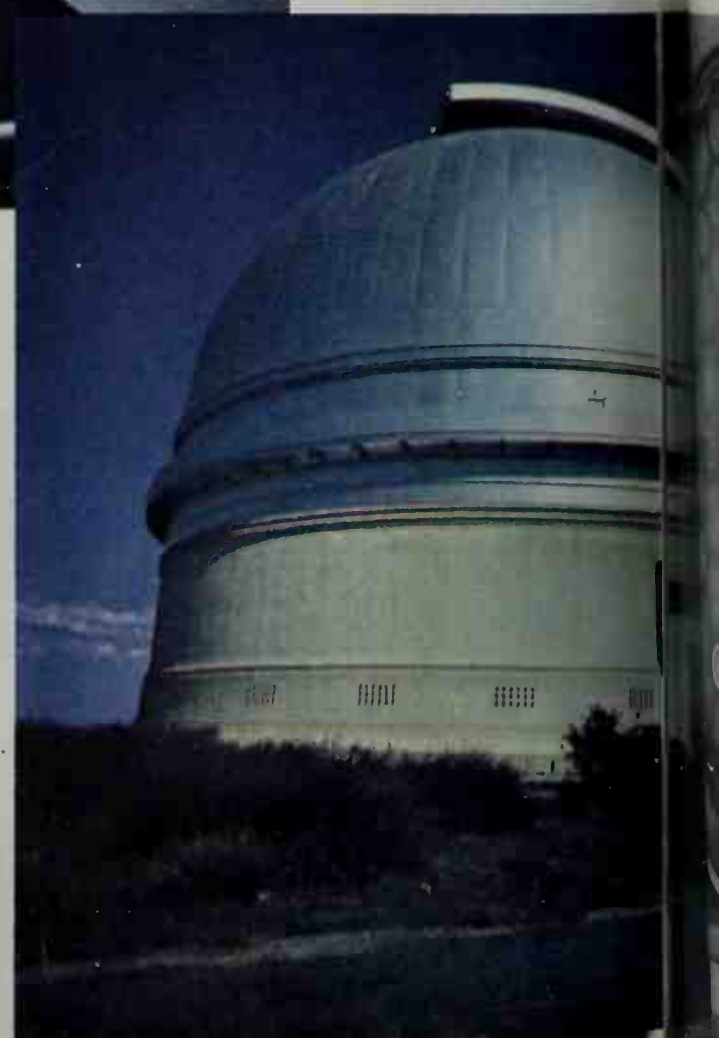
For humanity this w
ning of its greatest adv
and time. For a little
voiced, steady-eyed
Palomar Mountain in
fornia, it will be also
triumph at the end of
of hard work. It will
when the great two
wide mirror, set up on
peak 5,565 feet abov

The telescope tube and
carriage (at left). The
set at the bottom rin



bry of new stars, planets, and galaxies so far away
nces have no meaning for
man.
rror moves, the astrono-
first what happened on
second and a half ago,
ght minutes ago and on
g along at one hundred
a minute four thousand
away—about six hours
at the mirror sees first
news.
out toward the edge of
em, but the system itself
mportance ranks with a
the Sahara.
d, the great eye will look
to Betelgeuse, to the
The watchers will see
ed out there in the great
when the Liberty Bell
hen the Pilgrims landed
gh time to watch a star
n Jesus was born, per-
t last some cosmic catas-
reeked a monster star, or
verse, when mammoths
earth and half-human be-
t yet learned to record

giant eye is a reflecting
gathers light rays that
d maybe a billion miles
hem into a camera a few
Essentially it is just an
ving mirror.
mirror is the child of the
eorge Ellery Hale. He
on it back in 1927. It was
ed looking out into space
the war stopped work.
born in Chicago in 1868,
um was discovered in the
y's father was an elevator
r; his products raised
stories above the earth.
oduct was, in future years,
billions upon billions of
into the unknown. When
thirteen his father gave
to buy materials with
ild a small telescope. He
ner and better instruments
p and attended the Mas-
Institute of Technology.
While there he got a job looking after some of the instruments at the Harvard Observatory, and when the astronomers weren't using them the boy was. The biggest lens was fifteen inches across.

During succeeding years Hale made a specialty of sun studies, inventing various instruments and techniques for finding out facts about solar energy. After graduating in 1890, he went back to Chicago where his father put up the money for an observatory and laboratory on the family property in suburban Kenwood. Its center was a twelve-inch refractor—*not* a mirror. A year or two later he was considered an authority on the sun, and his fame had become international.

Lenses and mirrors grew steadily in size. Hale finally succeeded in getting Charles T. Yerkes, a Chicago traction millionaire, to put up the money for a forty-inch lens, which started working at the Williams Bay Observatory in Wisconsin, in 1897, with Hale as director.

When the Carnegie Institution was established in 1902, with a lot of give-away money for scientific purposes, Hale proposed to build a new and much bigger telescope and set it atop Mount Wilson, outside Los Angeles. To demonstrate the possibilities, he tackled the mountain almost single-handed, finally got a star camera up there in 1904, and installed a telescope. All the parts and materials were toted up narrow trails on burros and mules. Finally the instrument went to work.

Its findings were so interesting that Hale laid plans to put the world's biggest reflecting telescope on the mountain. A sixty-inch mirror went into service in 1908. Then John D. Hooker put up the money for a one-hundred-inch telescope that bears his name. Andrew Carnegie, after a visit to Mount Wilson, put up the cash for the rest of the observatory.

The one-hundred-incher started reflecting the universe in 1917. Eleven years later Hale proposed a mirror two hundred inches across, a plan he had been mulling over for five years. The money for this (about $6,000,000) finally was contributed by the Rockefeller General Education Board. The project was planned and carried out through Caltech—the California Institute of Technology.

Caltech had been organized in 1920, and when it found itself with $6,000,000 to spend on the world's greatest telescope, it didn't even have a department of astronomy. It had started out as a little school in Pasadena, titled the Throop Polytechnic Institute.

The Institute That Grew Up

It was close to the Mount Wilson Laboratory, Hale was interested in it—and so it suddenly bloomed into a great scientific institution with a new name, new departments, world authorities as department heads and the world's best scientists as visiting lecturers.

Hale, who had been ill for a long time, now slowly gave over the reins to Dr. John A. Anderson, who had served with the 100-incher on Mount Wilson for fifteen years. But Hale was active until his death in 1938.

The progress from Hale's little two-inch lens to his 200-inch mirror was a battle all the way—a fight for money, a fight for material with which to make the larger and larger glasses, a battle to devise new instruments, new controls, new techniques demanded by the giant before it could operate with efficiency. There were a dozen times when the battle seemed lost.

It wasn't hard to imagine a 200-inch mirror. But it was harder to design it and, as it proved, almost impossible for a long time to cast it. In the first place, it was calculated that the new glass would have to be two feet six inches thick and would weigh around forty tons. Since the glass would have to be slung in the air at one end of the telescope, and since it had to be held in positions exact to the thousandth of an inch—well forty tons was just too much.

Another thing: A telescope mirror, especially a big one, will work only at a certain even temperature. If the big mirror heated up ten degrees in the daytime it would be useless because the night would not be long enough to cool it off. If it were cooled too rapidly it might crack—if it were made of ordinary glass.

After some months of argument, the Observatory Council decided to try fused quartz. This was suggested by Dr. Elihu Thompson, an electrical wizard, who convinced Hale he could produce the great mirror of this material, although it hadn't been used for anything except some comparatively small lenses.

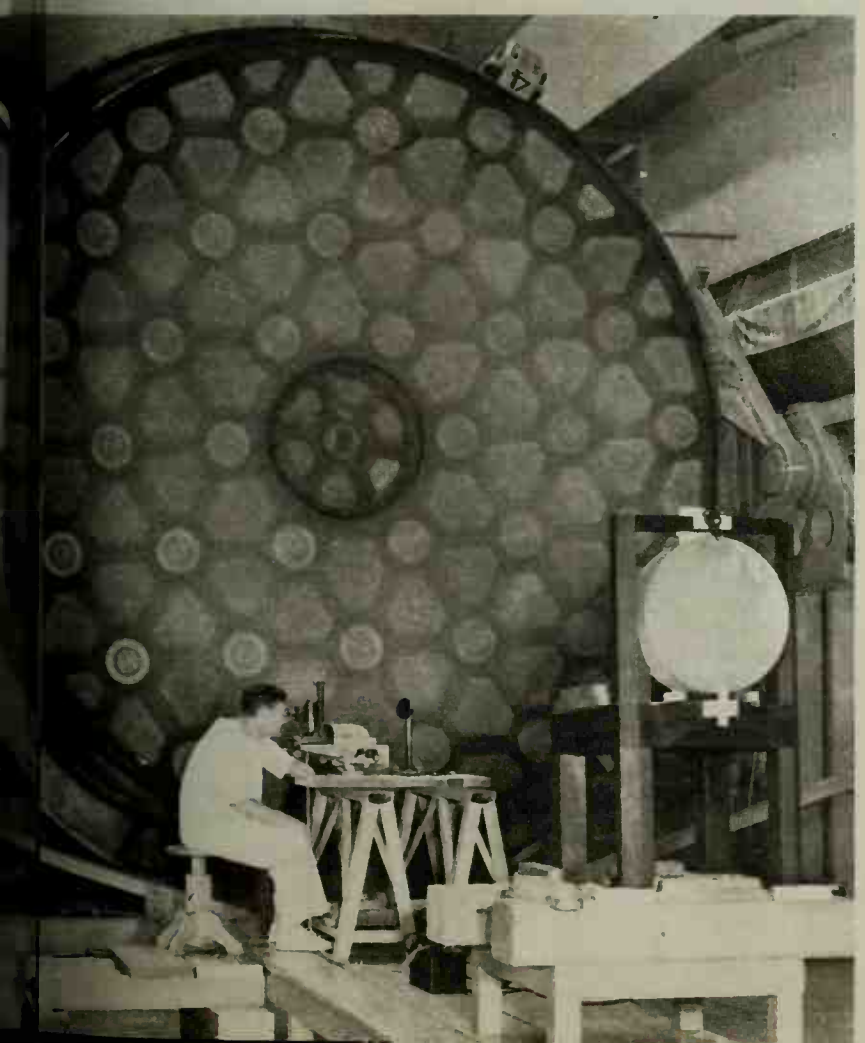
FQ differs from ordinary glass in that it is practically pure and melted down at a temperature of 3,000 degrees. But it had one disadvantage: The glass was full of air bubbles and there was no way to get them out. Thompson, after some experimenting, said he could make a bubbleless mirror by using quartz crystals. General Electric then offered its facilities at Lynn, Massachusetts, together with Dr. Thompson's services, to experiment with the new mirror.

Weeks stretched into months, months into years. Costs ran up to $1,000 a day—and still there was no seventeen-foot disk. There were small mirrors, there was a five-foot mirror. Trial after trial had come to nothing; mirrors had cracked; they had failed in various ways; six hundred thousand dollars—10 per cent of the money available—had been spent. In the fall of 1931, Hale and his fellow scientists called a halt. They were little further ahead than when they started.

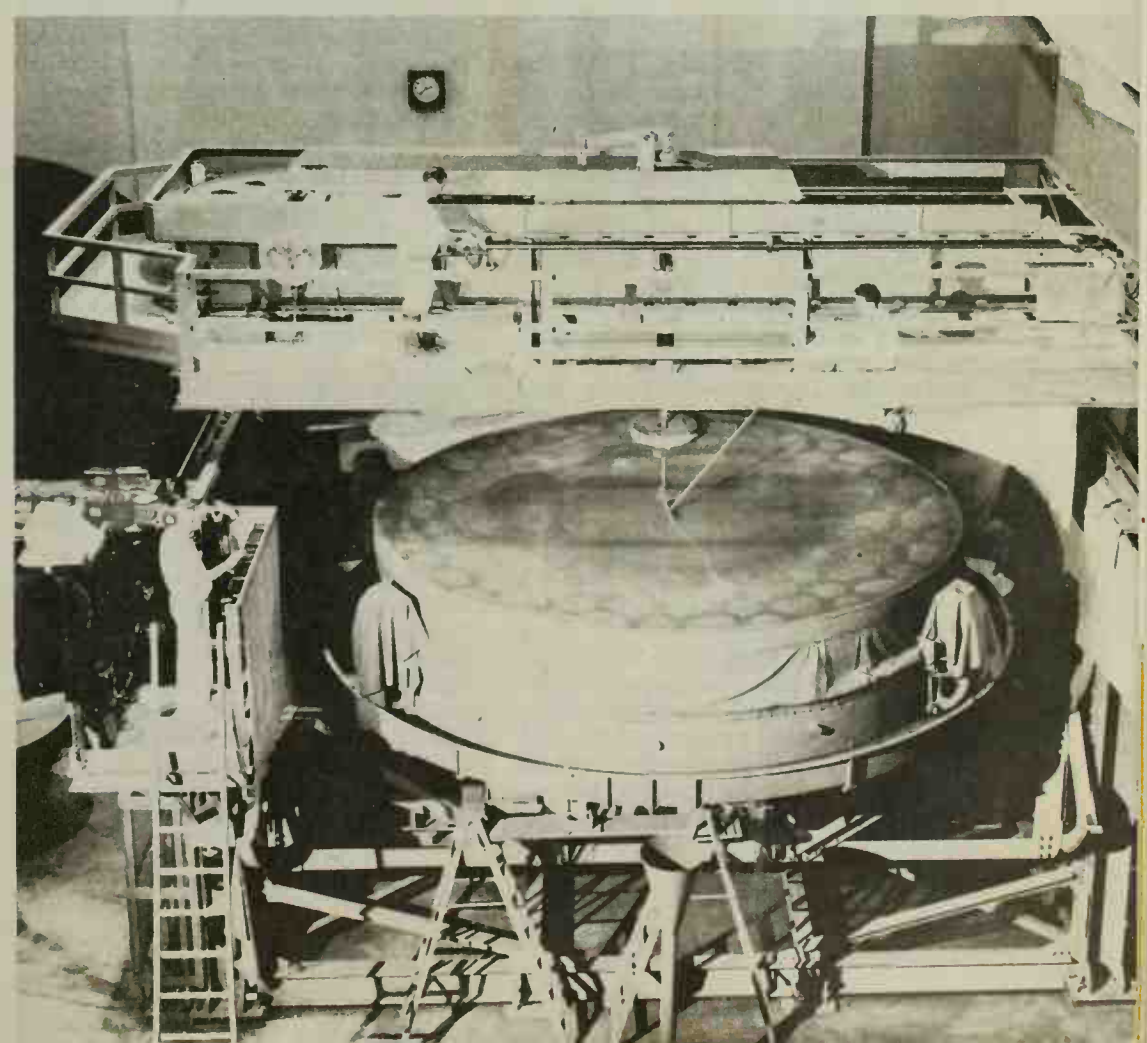
Early in 1932, the astronomers decided to try another kind of glass: Pyrex. This glass, from which the final mirror was cast, didn't expand or contract much as temperatures changed; the only question was whether a forty-ton slab of it could be made. To cut down weight, it was finally decided to cast the mirror with a ribbed back, eliminating tons of glass but not sacrificing rigidity. The Corning Glass plant at Corning, New York, undertook the job.

(Continued on page 65)

is tipped on edge as Marcus H. Brown conducts a series of tests
Brown has been in charge of the optical shop from the beginning
ected the delicate work of grinding and polishing the huge mirror



The mirror, nearing completion, is polished with a small tool. It's a painstaking task using fine tools. The job of the man with the swab is to keep the polishing rouge well distributed about the area being worked upon



A TASTE OF OLD GABRIEL

BY MARK HAGER

The great turkey had a lot to be thankful for—he was the only wild thing ever to get the best of Benny

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN

THE autumn day was breaking, and the smell of smoldering forest fires and ripe leaves was in the air when Mother called.

"I heard Old Gabriel gobble from the knob," she said. "You can look out for that trifling Benny Ames to be coming for you."

I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. I looked toward Benny Ames' cabin. He lived across the creek from our house, and he was coming already. He'd heard the old gobbler. Benny was running across the creek bottom from his cabin toward the foot log. He had his rifle in one hand and was buttoning his blue shirt with the other as he ran.

I started jerking on my shirt and shoes, and while I did, I heard Old Gabriel gobble—a deep, rich, roaring, strutting voice that seemed to roll across the earth. From the crest of Buckhorn Mountain the old gobbler strutted and roared forth his challenge; it was tempting enough to make a hunter turn over in his grave.

Even before I got my shoes laced, Benny Ames whistled for me. He was scaling the fences and taking all the near cuts up through our fields.

Mother didn't argue this time. I think that was because she wanted the calves salted. She pitched me a bag of salt. "You going with him?" she said. "Take this salt to the calves. . . ."

She always had something in our mountain fields to be looked after and it was half a mile up to our mountain barn; anybody going that way, she always sent something to the animals.

I took out after Benny. He didn't stop and wait. I had to outrun him, and catch up, and he waved me with his hand to stay behind.

Benny Ames was a hard man to keep up with when he had the sound of a wild turkey in his ears and the smell of fall in his nose. Benny Ames was slim and tall and always punched new holes in his belt that seemed to go around him one time and a half, and he could scale rocks and logs and dart and duck through laurel thickets with no more noise than a panther.

But, except for the work she got out of him, my mother didn't care for Benny Ames. She didn't like his way of living and hunting. Benny hunted in season and out, never paying any attention about such things as licenses and laws, nor they him. He seemed a part of the woods he had roamed. Benny was in his thirties now, and folks said he practically lived on wild game, but to me he was a kind of hero. I liked to watch how he could get through the woods, and I liked to watch him shoot. He'd send me to set up a piece of plank.

"No need to make a spot," he'd say. "I'll make my spot."

Then he'd stand sixty yards back, offhand, and shoot a hole through the board. He had blue-ringed eyes that were as keen as any hawk's, and he could see that first bullet hole, and he'd shoot again, maybe just widening the hole in the board a little, and after a dozen shots, you could stick only one finger through the board. But keen as were his eyes, and cunning as his ways, Benny Ames had been outwitted by Old Gabriel for ten years.

It wasn't that Benny Ames was not a great turkey hunter. He was. That's one reason my mother didn't like him. She said she'd flushed that gang of wild turkeys when she'd go to Buckhorn Mountain to pick up chestnuts before I was born, and she said there must have been no less than fifty in the gang. Benny Ames had killed them down to this one lone survivor, who still roared forth his challenge to Benny from the crest of smoky old Buckhorn Mountain.

In fact, people in our neighborhood who had seen Old Gabriel, and who knew Benny Ames as a hunter, said the gobbler must have a charmed life.

Benny Ames admitted he had shot at Old Gabriel no less than five times, but always at a great distance, and so far as he could tell, he'd never drawn a feather.

Benny argued the old gobbler could see in the dark. He based that on the time he watched the gobbler fly up in a spruce pine to roost at dusk one evening. Benny said he was several hundred yards away, but saw him fly into the pine and conceal himself in the darkness of the pine needles, and Benny slipped away, and slipped back an hour before daylight in the hopes of shooting him from the pine, but when daylight came, Old Gabriel wasn't in the pine. The wary old bird had either seen or heard Benny and he had changed roosting places.

But I'd never laid eyes on Old Gabriel yet. Mother declared she'd seen him. She claimed she sa time with her tame t around our old barn up of Buckhorn Mountain. that was because Benny h of the old gobbler's flock, lonely, and maybe he got l said she remembered th mast that year, and wild quented the outfields o ridges.

AS ME and Benny ducke laurel bushes and a steeps of Buckhorn und that morning, I was havin Old Gabriel. I wondered like a tame turkey he w Benny had said he was g tame gobblers, but I c imagine how a turkey like look, and Benny had said key's eyes were almost in their heads so they could all directions at the same

Just before we reached the mountain, Old Gabri It seemed to shake the crimson leaves that still c blackjack bushes and t oaks near the top of the Benny went down on hi motioned me to come do always said he could hear his ear to the ground. For utes we just lay on our b the laurels and listened.

Benny whispered that t bler was away down on th of the mountain, and he st ing. He crawled after we

up alongside of Benny, and he whispered, "Bub, you want to see the prettiest sight you'll ever see on this earth?" I looked over the log and saw Old Gabriel

. Benny could crawl with fort or noise than a snake. led up behind a big old log ong the crest of the moun- ust lay still a while. I was l Benny's feet.

d hear the old gobbler strut. ulled off his cap. His hair bout the color of the bark- g, and slowly, inch at a fted his head; and then his ed, and for the first time I 's shirt sleeve quiver a little, ntioned with his finger to me

d up alongside of him. he whispered, "you want to ttiest sight you'll ever see on "

his hand on my neck to rom raising too high, and uld see over the log, there he w Old Gabriel—his bronze polished by the morning gleamed from a ridge be- ve on the other side of the but he was fully two hun- s away. Me and Benny just while. The great gobbler's ch seemed over a yard tall, ish-white. Benny said he his black beard. He said it enty inches long. When he ld Gabriel got round. He ke a great round ball of thers a yard through, and hear his wings tip the earth. whispered. "Keep your eyes hen I call."

allowed if he could toll him o us he could hit him, and he took out his cedar box caller, and he gave a yelp.

Old Gabriel heard. He was in a strut with his head back in his feathers when Benny yelped, but he streamlined his body, and his great head shot up in the air, and he listened. I could see him dart his head this way and that, listening.

I whispered, "He heard you all right, Benny. Yelp again—"

But Benny didn't yelp right then. Benny said the least yelping was the best with a wild turkey.

After a minute, Benny gave one more low yelp, and this time, the old gobbler started toward us.

Benny poked his rifle over the log. The old gobbler came tearing. We could hear the sticks and leaves and twigs under his feet.

But he ran out of sight of us in the cove between us and the ridge. Benny put his cheek to the gun.

WHEN the old gobbler came in sight again, he'd be bound to be no less than fifty yards from us, which Benny said would be a deadly distance.

But something struck the shrewd old gobbler's mind. The sound of his feet seemed to stop in the low section of the cove. He got still. We couldn't hear him and we couldn't see him. He must have just stopped and considered a while, and then he made up his mind, and when we saw him, he was tearing back toward the crest of the ridge from which he'd gobbled. He got back on the ridge right at the same place and strutted and gobbled again. Benny gave another yelp. The old gobbler tramped round and round a while and clucked. You could see he was restless. He was going to move. Benny knew that too well, and he fired, but Old Gabriel spread his wings, ran to the sharp offset of the ridge and then floated away.

Benny Ames made noise now. He was defeated. He half drug his feet through the dry leaves. He knew it was over for a while. We went to where the old gobbler had stood when Benny fired, but we couldn't find a feather.

"It was too far," Benny said, "must be two hundred and fifty yards—"

He sat down on a gray rock and wiped his brow with his blue shirt sleeve. I sat close to him. Benny had got a little hot in the mountain climb and the excitement, and he smelled of pine needles and campfire smoke, and he hardly ever shaved more than once a month.

He got up and started away, but looked round about. "No mast much this year," said Benny. "That turkey will be abound to get hungry later on. Then we'll get him."

He sat down on top of the mountain and considered a long time.

"Want to rest here a while, bub?" he said. "I'm going to run down to your barn and get some corn."

I waited. Benny came back with a couple of ears of corn. He walked down the mountaintop a ways and started back, dropping grains of corn about a yard apart, and the same the other direction; then he shelled a whole ear in a little open place.

In the edge of a laurel thicket in view of the open place, Benny built a blind. He built it in the forks of an old log on the ground. I started to cut sticks with my knife to help, but Benny stopped me.

"Never make a mark with ax or knife," he said. "A wild turkey would see that a mile away." He built the pen of dead sticks and chunks that was the color of the log and all other surroundings, and after he got it done, he got in it, and poked his rifle toward the corn. Before we left it, he got a straight stick and stuck it out through the blind, which he said was to make it look the same after he got in it and poked out his gun, and keep down suspicion.

FOR two whole weeks, Benny let Old Gabriel come and eat the corn before he dared venture into the blind.

Mother kidded Benny about feeding Old Gabriel like that.

"It's nice of you to feed him," she'd say. "If I didn't know he was too smart for you, I wouldn't like it."

That always cut Benny to the blood. She'd bring up the subject like that when Benny would be at the table when he'd work for us, and it choked him.

And the morning we climbed the mountain to hide in the blind Benny said:

"Your ma won't talk like that when you all set down to your Thanksgiving turkey dinner. I intend you all to have fully half of Old Gabriel."

(Continued on page 60)

THE GIRL HE BROUGHT HOME

BY HORTENSE I

Anton was afraid that the gi
marry his son—and that the
look at his father and would

ANTON hated the girl without ev
her. She would be, he knew
typical American girls with f
clear complexion and a swinging wal
like Michael until she met Anton, h
then her manner would grow careful a
had happened before and, if it hap
Michael would probably hate his fath
from him and then life would hold
for Anton Kapek.

Michael, clean-cut and strong-feat
the disastrous letter and with guarde
explained the contents:

"Papa. You know the girl I told yo
one from Boston. She's stopping off
way to New York. I'll bring her hom
I want you to meet her."

"Sure, bring her here. That's fine," a
His heart was sinking, for he knew
would look to this Boston girl. A sho
low with a workman's hands and a
accent, he was not at all the kind of fatl
expect Michael to have. Anton rem
startled expression in that other gir
cold-faced Celia, whom Michael had b
more than a year ago. She had come
after a brief stay she had dropped M
hot potato. When Anton innocently i
had become of her, Michael had tried
hurt with pretended indifference:

"Oh, that girl. I didn't like her, that a

Michael's tongue was glib, but his e
the story. He had worn the same w
when the country club wrote that its
list was full. When he was in his teens
girls had always invited Michael to thei
was so nice, so good-looking—but as t
they included him less and less.

"There's not a girl in this town I'd l
Michael had said arrogantly, but Ant
ter. It was an act Michael was puttin
father; his hard-working, well-mea
peasant father.

Now Anton rose from the breakfa
said hurriedly, "Tell Hilda to fix a nic
don't count on me. I can't get home to
that big order we have to get started,

Michael really didn't know, beca
changed his mind about coming to
Michael was educated. He had just
lege—he wanted to be a lawyer.

"But, Papa—this is a special girl. I
meet her." Michael's voice was s
thought: She must mean a great deal t

"If I knew ahead," Anton said. H
Michael beseechingly. His eyes said p
her. Take this girl you love, but don
home to me or you'll surely lose her.
already told him something *(Continued*

She wanted to see everything in the
asked endless questions. She could
Anton had done all this. Over and ov
she could not believe it, till he was al

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE

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w styling. For details see your
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International Madel KB-6. The basic gross weight rating of the KB-6—total of the truck and its load—is 14,500 pounds. On this tough job the basic gross weight rating should not be exceeded. On other earth-moving jobs, however, analysis according to the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM may show that the gross weight rating may be increased to 16,000 pounds.

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Illustrations on this page explain the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK INT RATING SYSTEM. Note that the illustrations tell about a *system;* not a hit-or-miss method of guessing truck load capacities.

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For details, see your International Dealer or Branch.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • *Chicago, Illinois*

nat nal KB-6 is equipped with a bottler's body. tha is is the same as that in the illustration above. gro weight rating also is the same, 14,500 pounds. b t KB-6 does is not nearly so tough as the one ve nd the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING l ow that the gross weight rating may be in- as ch as 17,500 pounds.

This International KB-6 with a sprinkler body operates under completely favorable conditions. Its basic chassis and gross weight rating are the same as the other two shown. But, the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM analysis of the job will show that because of the conditions under which this KB-6 operates the gross weight rating may be increased to 18,800 pounds.

This is an International KB-7 Truck-Tractor with a semi-trailer. The basic gross combination weight rating—total of truck-tractor, semi-trailer and load—is 29,000 pounds. The rating is based on the most severe operating conditions truck and trailer are likely to encounter. When operating conditions are more favorable, the INTERNATIONAL TRUCK POINT RATING SYSTEM will show how much extra payload may be carried.

"Here you are, Tom. The pink ones are best." Tom munched happily. He felt quite at home because all these strange people were so kind and frien

THE TEA PARTY

BY JOHN MOORE

A lesson for the cynical, the worldly ones: The simple in mind have a hidden strength in simple faith

POOR Tom Hay was a little queer in the head. He lived with his old mother in a cottage by the waterside, and his days passed happily, untroubled by change. In all his forty years he had never traveled farther than the outskirts of the town in which he had been born; for he had enough to content him at home. At morning and evening he listened to the soft murmur of the river, which told him an endless tale; the small birds sang for him, the stars blossomed in the heavens and the flowers shone in the fields. And he had three friends—a gray cat, a mongrel dog, and a swan. He fed them each day with scraps from his mother's table.

Twice a week, and occasionally three times, the abbey bells chimed out for his delight in the evening. He thought this sound was the most beautiful in the world, and when it came floating over the twilit river he sat on his doorstep entranced, thinking that it was music made by the first stars. He called it Tabby Bells, and it made him laugh and cry with a wild happiness.

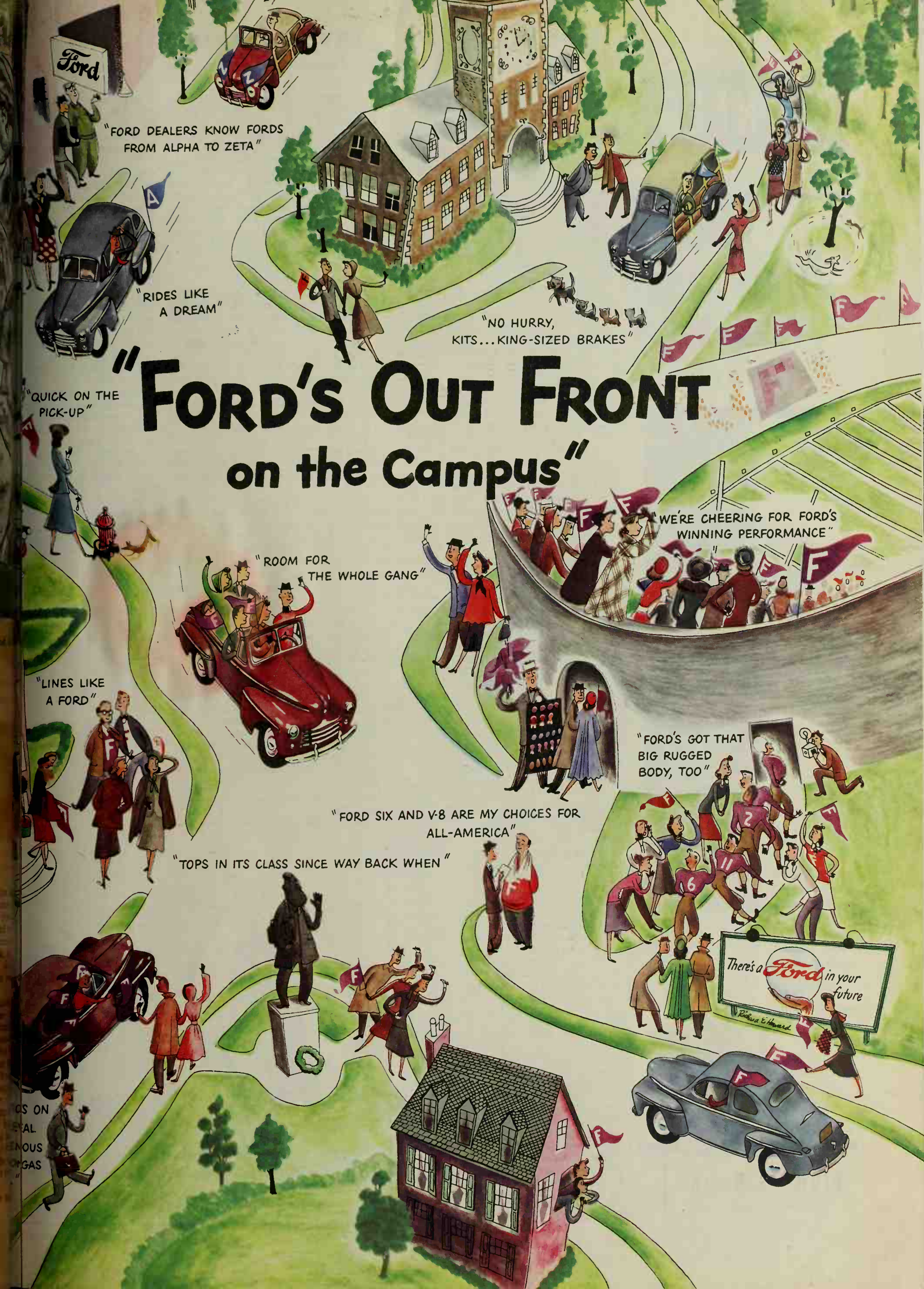
Because of his queerness, nobody took much notice of him. A long time ago he had been invited to the parish tea once a year, and those occasions were the great events of his life; but the old vicar, a kindly man, was dead and his successor had a fierce wife who thought that Tom's wits were insufficient to appreciate a parish tea. Tom was invited no longer, and this was his great and only sorrow, a shadow cutting across his bright hours. He had never forgotten those splendid occasions, the gleam on the big tea urns, the chatter of many people, the shiny hot faces of the helpers who poured out, the conjuror, the homemade cakes. . . . No, he would never forget them; and because they filled his thoughts he talked about them whenever he had the chance, so that people laughed at him and teased him, and when they met him in the street called out, "Going to a tea party, Tom?"—for his curious obsession had become a legend in the town. Then Tom would shake his head sadly and tell them politely that they were mistaken, he wasn't going to a tea party today. . . .

Now one evening Tom was setting out for a walk in the hope that the young curate and his lads would ring Tabby Bells and he might listen to them at the stile in the Long Meadow, from which place they sounded soft and dreamy and beautifully sad. When he came to the end of the town (where the abbey on the one side of the street and the Gray Goose Inn on the other stood like full stops, marking the ultimate goals respectively of the faith and the profane) the clock in the huge dark to solemnly struck ten. At this signal the front d of the Gray Goose opened and belched its l stayers out into the roadway. There were abo dozen of them, noisy and a trifle drunk; for t had been celebrating the achievement of a boisterous fellow, Dick Dunnock, in reach safely the age of twenty-one years.

This Dick Dunnock was wont to proclaim— never so wont as when he was full of beer—th was fond of a little bit of sport. Barmaids, dogs, cats and any sort of defenseless creature ally provided him with this amusement; but to he perceived poor Tom and hailed him me Tom approached him obediently but with a po ing heart: for he was afraid of the noisy cro that came out of the Gray Goose Inn. In reply question from Dick Dunnock, Tom said that he off to Long Meadow, to hark to Tabby Bells: this answer seemed to amuse Dick and his c panions, for they laughed so loudly that the l lord of the inn poked his head out of the wind and told them to still their tongues, lest they g his house a bad name.

Then Dick Dunnock *(Continued on page*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN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"QUICK ON THE PICK-UP"
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TRY TO FORGET

Continued from page 21

He said no, only every other evening.

"Then you will be free tomorrow?"

He said he would be.

"In that case," she said, "I would very much like to have you come to dinner. An old friend of mine, Ridge Holbrook, was married two days ago in Boston. I want to invite him and his bride to dinner and I need an extra man. If you'll come, you'll do beautifully. . . ."

So that was it—a man named Ridge Holbrook, an old friend of hers.

"Well," she said, laughing a little self-consciously, and he realized that he had been standing there, staring at her, "will you come or won't you?"

"Yes," he said, "of course I'll come. I'd like to very much."

"Then I'll expect you about seven," she said, and this time when he held out his hand, she took it and pressed it warmly, and her face was deliberately gay and provocative.

FOR a few seconds after the door had opened and then closed upon him, Lida's face continued to look that way. Then it changed completely. It became tense, withdrawn, darkly brooding. So there was an ugly bruise on her mother's shoulder, was there? Well, it served her right. She'd had no right to stand there, laughing like that, softly and maliciously. She'd had no right to say those things—to taunt her with her defeat to the point of frenzy. For a crazy, incensed moment she had wanted to put her hands around that sallow, wrinkled throat and squeeze not only the breath but the very life out of it. But she had simply grabbed her by the shoulder, shoved her back into her room and slammed the door on that foolish, inane laughter and run down the stairs and out of the house. . . .

Returning to that room with the elaborate fireplace and the matching sofas, she walked over to the fireplace and regarded herself intently in the enormous oblong of mirror that was set into the wall over the mantelpiece. She decided that, except to a perfect dumbbell, it was perfectly obvious that she had been drinking. But her father, at least where she was concerned, was a perfect dumbbell. Well, if he started asking questions she could simply say that she had had a friendly highball with Dr. Littlejohn. He wouldn't object to that. It was only her drinking alone that he would object to.

Anyway, she had no intention—just because Ridge Holbrook had married some girl no one had ever heard of four days ago in Boston—of drinking herself to death. If, on the other hand, she took a few drinks by herself during the day, that was no one's affair but her own. A good stiff drink before lunch and another two or three during the afternoon helped her to face this thing that had happened to her and try to figure out what she was going to do about it.

Because she was going to do something. She was not going to sit back and accept the situation docilely. There was something screwy about this whole thing, and one way or another she was going to get to the bottom of it. She was almost certain that when Ridge had left for Boston he had had no intention of marrying anyone. She had had the distinct impression that his telephone conversation had been unpleasant and that he was upset and annoyed at having to go to Boston. Yet the following day he had returned to Readsville with a wife.

They had gone from the airport directly to the farm and no one had seen the girl. Ridge had been in town several times and everyone had seen him. She, Lida, had seen him. That morning.

He had come out of the bank just as she had parked her car in front of it. Watching him walk toward her, her heart had pounded so hard that, as he came closer to her, it seemed as if he surely must hear it. She had waited until he came quite up to her and then she had said, "Well, Ridge, I hear you had a very successful trip. I hear you got married."

"Yes," he'd said, "I got married."

"Who's the girl, Ridge? No one here in town seems to have ever heard of her?"

Saying this her heart had stopped that awful pounding and even her hands, lighting a cigarette, had been marvelously steady.

"Her name is—*was* Dorcas Branch. I met her in London during the war."

"Oh—she's an English girl?"

"No. She's an American—but her father was over there in the branch office of a New York bank. The family got bombed out early in the war and later on her parents were killed in an air raid—"

"How perfectly horrible—"

"Yes, it was. When I met her she was living with some friends. Last week they finally managed to get her passage back to this country. She didn't have any place to go, really, and there didn't seem to be much point in waiting."

"No," she'd said, "no point at all—"

She'd said then, "It's strange you never mentioned her, Ridge. I had no idea you were seriously interested in—well, anyone."

"I had no idea I was myself," he had told her quickly. "We saw a lot of each other for a few weeks there in London, and then I came home. Neither of us is a particularly good letter writer. When she called me from Boston, I'd almost forgotten what she looked like."

"But once you saw her it all came back—"

"Exactly."

He'd looked straight at her and suddenly she'd had the feeling that everything he'd told her had been the purest fabrication, that there had not been a word of truth in any of it, that actually he didn't expect her to believe it. But before she could say to him, "All right, Ridge, that's a very pretty little fairy story—but now tell me the truth . . ." he had reached out and covered her hands lightly with his own. "Look," he'd said abruptly, an entirely different note in his voice, "I'm sorry things worked out this way, Lida. You and I, I mean. I've always been—hell, why about it? I've always th day when I could afford

"I've always thought but it seems we were wr

She'd smiled at him t that all her life she had u to get things she wan at him and said, her voi pling as satin, "Well, I h Ridge—and I don't int Come to dinner tomor bring—what's her nar Dorcas. I'll keep it a s and Johnny Fenton, perh the Dick Shieldses. But it her to meet some of your

For a moment he'd hes said, "I know I'm suppo but no one does, any mo understand? Or should best bib and tucker and-

"No," he'd said grinn course not. We'll be t thanks a lot . . ." Not onl invitation, his eyes had sa so understanding, such a

Walking away, Lida meant to have Ridge Ho or another. He might crazy marriage of his hac thing between them, bu least not so far as *she* She'd been a fool to let this time. But it had ne her that there was any picture; well, now the t was past. Now she'd ha thing. He didn't know it, but actually instead of b had just begun to fight.

ELLA WELLS, her th hair pulled into its u mising knot, her squar face tight-lipped and around to Dorcas' side filled her goblet carefully ing the silver water pitch her skirts cracking with approval, into the kitche

Dorcas looked at Rid

"She resents my being

"Yes, I expect she does come used yet to the idea having acquired a wife."

"No." Well, I haven't

BUTCH by LARRY

"Well, gee whiz! Isn't there one draw'r we can ransack that hasn't got unmentionables in it?"

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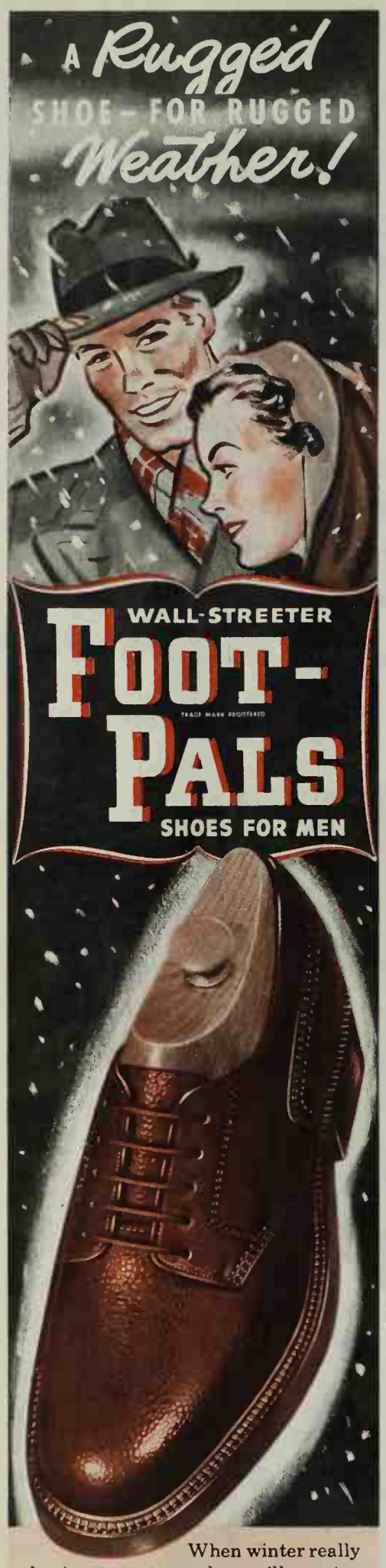

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the idea of *being* a suddenly acquired wife—and I don't like being here any better than she likes having me. I didn't want to come in the first place. But I'm going to have a baby. . . .

Now that the initial shock was over, it was hard to realize she *was* going to have a baby. It had seemed real enough at first—that day she had gone to see the doctor; it had seemed real that day and it had certainly seemed real, terrifyingly real, walking into her Aunt Hildegarde's library that day in Boston, and God knows it had seemed real talking to Ridge that afternoon in the hotel. But in the four days she had been here in this house it had not seemed real at all.

In the kitchen Ella dropped something with a loud bang.

Dorcas jumped nervously and frowned at Ridge. "Where," she asked irrelevantly, "did you used to eat—before I came, I mean?"

"In the kitchen. Not much sense in eating in here all by myself."

"No. Well, we don't have to eat in here, either. It only makes Ella a lot of extra work—"

"Nevertheless," said Ridge, "we're going to eat in here. We've got a dining room, a very handsome dining room as it so happens, and there's no reason why we shouldn't eat in it. Furthermore, Ella would never stand for us eating in the kitchen; it would outrage her middle-class sense of propriety."

"And of course," said Dorcas her voice sweetly bitter, color blazing suddenly in her cheeks, "whatever happens we mustn't do that. Not even if it means sharing the same room."

ACROSS the table their gaze met and held. "So that's it," the amused, mocking look in his eyes seemed to say. "You're still burned up over *that*—" and "Yes," her glance flamed back at him, "I am—*darned* burned up about it."

That had been quite a scene.

He'd telephoned Ella Wells from the airport so she'd had time to pull herself together, but even so her face, acknowledging Ridge's brief introduction, had been strained and white, a face stricken with stunned incredulity. She'd served them a hastily prepared dinner and then she'd said to Ridge, "I didn't have much time, but I fixed up your mother's room as best I could."

And he'd said, "Mother's room? Oh, yes, of course."

But even then Dorcas hadn't realized . . .

He'd taken her upstairs and it had been a charming room—chaste white fireplace, low-posted cherry beds with creamy candlewick bedspreads, a gray carpet, English wallpaper.

"It's lovely," she'd said, and he'd said, "Yes, it is nice, isn't it?" And then he'd gone away and she'd undressed and taken a long, relaxing bath in the adjoining bathroom and climbed into one of the twin beds—then just as she'd reached out to snap off the light, someone had knocked on the door. She'd said, "Come in," thinking it was probably Ella—but it had been Ridge. In preposterous striped pajamas and an old bathrobe. When she'd realized he meant to stay, to sleep in that other bed, she'd sat up, clutching the sheet about her breast, and protested, quickly and vehemently.

A lot of good it had done her.

"We're married, aren't we?" he'd demanded. "You *are* my wife? Well then stop acting like a silly farm girl who expects to be seduced by the hired man. Turn over and go to sleep."

When she'd still protested, he'd said, "For Pete's sake, Dorcas, be *reasonable*. Ella's upset and suspicious enough as it is without discovering tomorrow morning that we haven't even slept in the same room. That's all she'd need right now to throw her into a complete tailspin."

That had done it. Without another word, too furious to trust herself to speak, she had put her head back down on the pillow, turned her back and literally pulled the covers up over her ears.

He said now, "If you've finished, shall we have coffee in front of the fire?"

She stood up at once, as anxious as he was to be done with a conversation neither amusing nor profitable, and led the way across the hall into the living room.

He didn't know it, of course, but everything in this room—the hand-hooked rugs, the polished mahogany furniture, the small tables cluttered pleasantly with books and magazines and china cigarette boxes—reminded her of the living room in the house at Weston.

Ella came in with coffee on a silver tray and when she had gone out again, Ridge said, "By the way, I accepted a dinner invitation for us tomorrow night."

"A dinner invitation!" She had picked up the graceful fluted coffeepot but now she set it back down with a little thump.

"What's so startling about that?" demanded Ridge.

She was sitting on the sofa and he was standing in front of the mantelpiece. He poured himself a cup of coffee and returned to his original position.

"Lida Whipple asked us. You know—the girl I told you about in the cab on the way to the airport—"

Dorcas picked up the coffeepot once more and filled her own cup. "Oh," she said, "that one."

"Yes," said Ridge, grinning, "that one."

He'd stood there with the sun in his eyes and Lida could have made it damned difficult for him, damned embarrassing. But she hadn't. She'd been nice, surprisingly decent and understanding—which was better treatment than he'd expected from her, better, for that matter, than he deserved. God knows he'd given her plenty of reason to suppose—those nights driving back from the Red Barn, his arms around her, his mouth on hers . . .

"Do we have to go, Ridge?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm afraid we do."

Funny how he couldn't get used to her using his first name so easily, so naturally, as if they'd always known each other. Right from the first it had disturbed him. It still did. Funny, too, how there hadn't been any one isolated m— had known that he had marry him and that she h— knowledge had come to— while they had sat there— in the end all he had ha— it into words, not as a sug— tive possibility, but as a— fact— *Yes, there is son— do, you can marry me; n— brook, too, you know . .*

In the firelight her face— more finely etched than it— Boston, but her hair was— cent shade of brown an— lashes, her eyes were that— sullied gray. He wonder— about Dave's death—whe— for him, wept bitterly, pe— was alone—or whether sh— care, swept up, engulfed— ness of having a child.

"People must think it's— Dorcas was saying. "A— off one day and come ba— next. They wonder wher— each other, where we me—

"Fell in love?"

"Well, yes."

"Well, I'll tell you whe— met in London."

"In London?"

SUDDENLY he was te— meeting Lida Whipple— tell some plausible story.

She listened to him sil— went back and reconstru— versation with Lida for h— then she said, "Ridge—y— told her all this nonsense—

"Nonsense, my eye! It— credible story. Not," he— ning a little wryly, "that s—

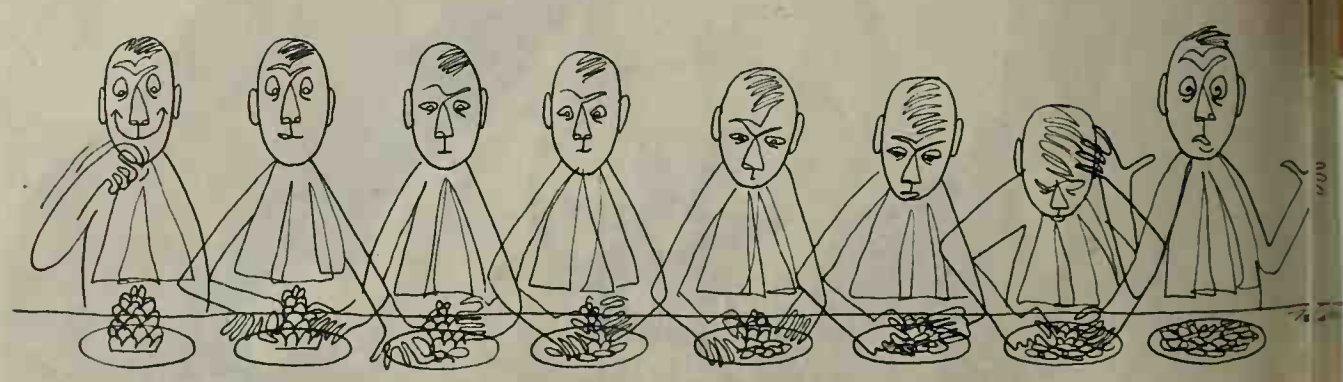
"But I've never been in— ple are bound to ask me al— tions I can't possibly answ—

"Look," said Ridge, "— were killed in an air raid— was bombed. It was a h— ence for you, horrible. — can't bear to talk about it— of it in any way—"

She stared at him and— hated him. Hated him bitte— for being able to stand t— pletely in control of the— yet so detached from it em— even more than this she l— being so sure she would d— said, agree docilely to— posterous past he might— her. He was treating her— child who had behaved fo— into trouble, and was, there— to be trusted to think or act—

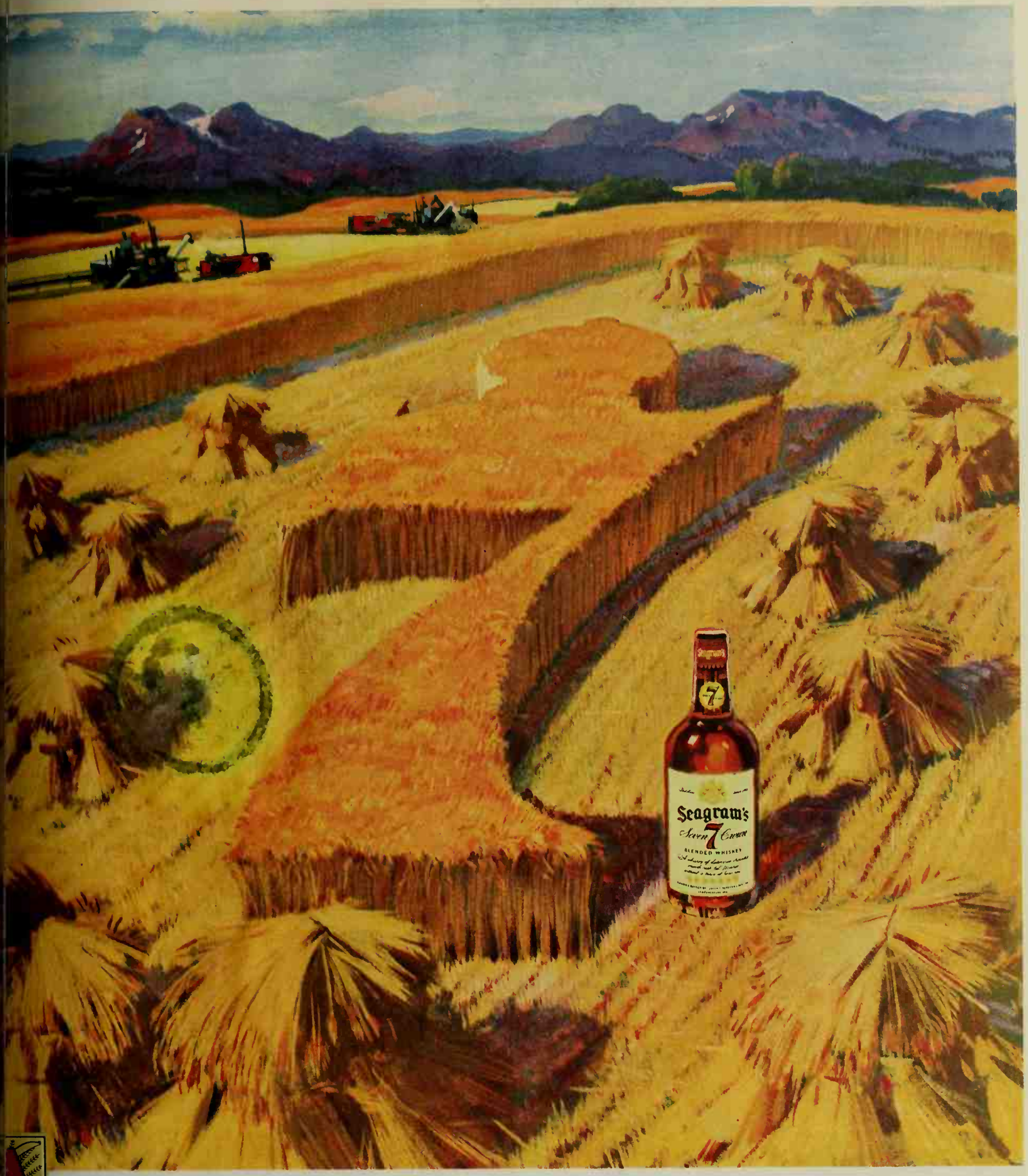
Glancing at his wrist— ently utterly unconscious— different to, the anger he h— her, he said, "If you'll exc— to go to a Farm Bureau me— I'll be late getting home— come in quietly and not d—

He set his empty coffee— the mantelpiece and walke— her. Watching him leave h— her anger at him dissolve s—



COLLIER'S

ARTICHOKE



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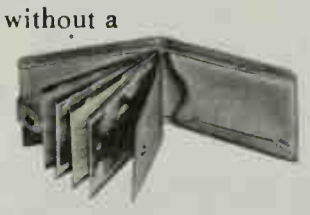

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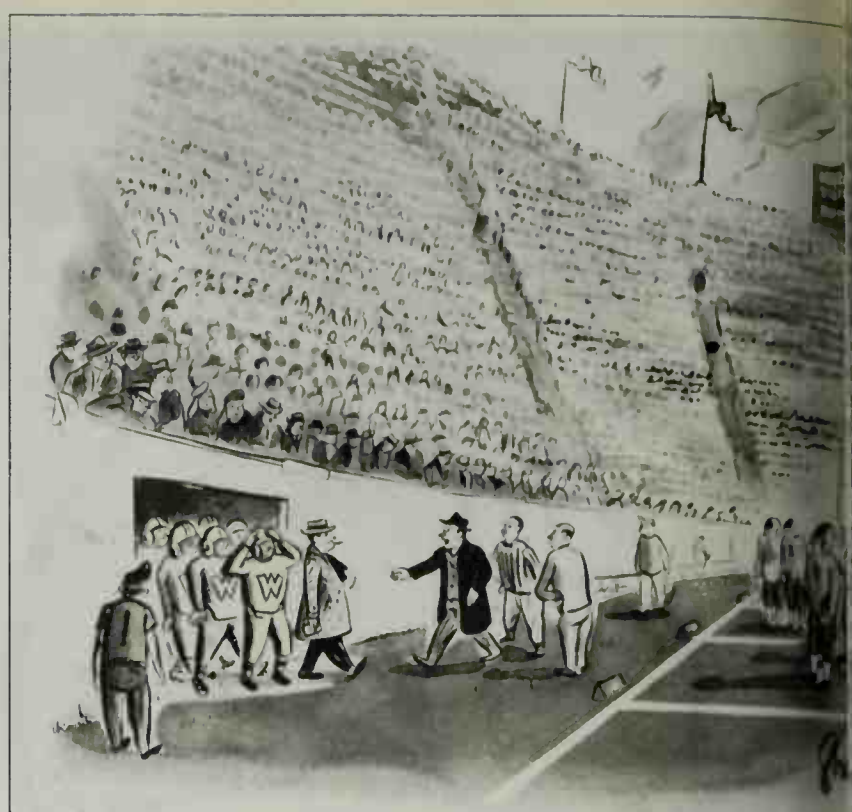

"We've been waiting for you. Have trouble finding the place?"

COLLIER'S

went downstairs to find Ella Wells a completely changed woman. Her good morning was not only civil, it was positively friendly and when she suggested that perhaps Dorcas would find it pleasanter, more cheerful, to eat her breakfast in the kitchen, Dorcas knew that Ridge had passed on to Ella that fantastic story about London and the air raids.

A few moments later, Ella confirmed this. Ridge had warned her not to talk about it, not to even *mention* it to Dorcas, but she had to speak of it just this once. Tell her how sorry she was about all the dreadful things that had happened to her—her home being bombed, both her parents being killed in those awful air raids.

"I guess," she concluded awkwardly, "that I haven't been any too nice to you. It was a shock, Ridge's bringing you home like that—but I want you to know that as far as I am concerned, you're welcome here . . ."

Awful to sit here feeling such a hypocrite, awful when the one thing you had ever wanted was always to be perfectly honest—with yourself, with the people who loved you, with your friends, and, if you happened to have any, your enemies. And now suddenly it was the one thing you couldn't be.

"As I say," repeated Ella, "it was quite a shock. Now if it had been Dave—but you never knew Dave, did you? No, of course not. Well, Dave was Ridge's younger brother. Girls was always crazy about him. All except this one girl. He'd been alive today if it wasn't for her—"

Dorcas set her coffee cup down unsteadily. She had to say something. She couldn't just change the subject, start talking desperately about something else.

"He was—there was an accident, wasn't there?"

"I'll say there was. Right through the guard rail he went and down the bank into the river. It'd been rainin' hard and he'd been drinkin', because of this girl. It's wicked to lead a man on like that and then laugh in his face . . ."

But I never led him on . . . I met him that day in the office. Ben Graves said, "Dorcas, I want you to meet a good friend of mine, Dave Holbrook," and Dave said, "Hello, Dorcas." And then he went on into Ben's office and pretty soon he came back out and it was five o'clock and I was getting ready to leave—the subway uptown and another unexciting meal in the club cafeteria. "How about going somewhere for a drink and then having a spot of dinner with me?" That was the day it began and that was the way it went on—a drink, d Plaza, two tickets to the th tickets to a concert—that wa he kissed me going home in th kissed me and it was the nices had happened in months. But him on and I never laughed at never, never . . .

I haven't shed many tea Dave. At first I was too shocked, and then this other I'm sorry that you had to even though I don't, even tho feel that I was to blame.

She finished her coffee a abruptly. Suddenly she'd had the past and wanted even less the future. Pulling on her t she murmured something to taking a walk and stepped ou front porch.

FOR a moment she stood cided which way to go, the she made up her mind to go d stables. If she were going t farm, she might as well try to intelligent interest in what we Besides, she'd like to see some wonderful prize Jerseys that told her Ridge was so proud

The first barn she came to h in it but a lot of hay and ma went on to a long, low bu dozens of small-paned wind west. The heavy wooden d open and she stepped inside of silage and disinfectant an warm aroma of animals. enormous creamy beige cre great melancholy brown e stolidly, their heads pushed their steel stanchions, mun their jaws swinging rhythmi right to left. She forced hers in front of that long row of the length of the stable . . . it lous to be afraid of them wasn't, not really: she just w them and she had had no idea be so *big*.

She reached the end of the turned right and stopped didn't know, she couldn't ima was happening. Ridge, strip waist, was bent over a prost giving quick, businesslike Clarence Jones. Clarence heavily, sweat dripping fro was standing with legs well feet braced, pulling on a rope seemed to be fastened to— *couldn't be—but it was.* Tha mal was trying to have a calf.

Cla[illegible]e's brute strength, was
[illegible]elp[illegible]r. But how could he do
as d[illegible]g? It was too horrible.
[illegible]e w[illegible]'t actually being brutal,
ng [illegible]d, he was being merciful,
she [illegible]new he was doing the
; an[illegible]oing it quickly and skill-
we[illegible]those swift, harsh orders
owi[illegible]at Clarence, he was talk-
Je[illegible]y. "Take it easy, now.
sy, [illegible]d girl—"

e g[illegible] a great, grunting heave
alf [illegible]as born, a long-legged,
ick[illegible]oking thing that Ridge
s t[illegible]erly as if it had been a
od [illegible]rk," he breathed wearily
ent[illegible]on a pile of clean straw.
rn[illegible]and saw Dorcas.

[illegible] said, staring at her an-
[illegible] have *you* been here?"
[illegible]o answer him, but sud-
[illegible]gave way and everything
[illegible] black . . . Damn, she
[illegible]to yell right back at him
[illegible]o faint instead.

[illegible] faint. He picked her up
[illegible]marched outside with her
[illegible]she dragged a little fresh
[illegible]gs she was all right.

[illegible] she said, touching his
[illegible]st impulsively with one
[illegible]uldn't be out here like
[illegible]tch cold."

[illegible] me," he said. "I can't
[illegible]g all over the place."
[illegible]down and stared at her

[illegible]ght now?" It had been a
[illegible]round and find her stand-
[illegible]ite-faced and trembling.
[illegible]ght," she said shortly.
[illegible]et back up to the house
[illegible]—and after this, don't
[illegible]our nose around where
[illegible]ng."

[illegible]with me, she thought, and
[illegible] to do was show a little
[illegible]amned old farm. It was
[illegible]tter how hard they tried,
[illegible] they just *couldn't,* help
[illegible]ch other.

[illegible]nd walked blindly toward
[illegible] stinging her eyelids.
[illegible]at the door and pulled her
[illegible]n. "What's wrong?" she
[illegible]r brusque but not unkind

[illegible]e's damn' cows had a calf
[illegible]appen and almost passed
[illegible] furious."

[illegible] be Wilma, the Pride of
[illegible]aid Ella soberly. "He's
[illegible]bout her; three times this
[illegible] up in the middle of the
[illegible]own there and see if she
[illegible] You don't understand,
[illegible]t farmers, *real* farmers, like
[illegible] animals ain't just animals
[illegible]'re—well, you just don't
[illegible] guess you'd better keep
[illegible]m [illegible]e barns."

[illegible]idge came in to lunch he
[illegible]ed. [illegible]m sorry," he said. "I didn't
[illegible] ju[illegible]p on you the way I did. It
[illegible]sh[illegible] me and I apologize."

"That's all right," she said, color rushing into her cheeks. "You'd been through enough with Wilma without having me pass out on you—"

"Wilma?"

"Wilma, the Pride of Ridgeways—Ella told me." She laughed quickly, a little unsteadily. "I never knew cows had names before."

Funny how she couldn't stay angry with him, how quick she was to accept his apology. God knows he'd owed it to her, yet here she was acting as pleased as if he'd given her an unexpected and exciting present. Was she going to turn into one of those weak-kneed, spineless creatures who actually enjoyed having some man slap them down?

No, she told herself, she most definitely wasn't. It was just that if they were going to make this ridiculous marriage work, the least they could do was try to establish some sort of a decent, civilized relationship. In other words, if they couldn't be friends, at least they didn't have to be out-and-out enemies. . . .

"THEN I'll expect you at seven," Lida Whipple had said. But at six-thirty Charlie Norton had to perform an emergency appendectomy, and Alec Littlejohn had to assist him. So it was closer to eight o'clock when he walked into that room with the French windows, the impressive fireplace and the matching oyster-white sofas.

His first impression was that it was filled with people and then he saw that actually there were only seven others in the room—three men, three girls and Lida, herself. By the time he had finished his first Martini and started in on his second, he had them fairly well sorted out. The tall girl with the magnificent eyes and the homely mouth was Peg Fenton; the redheaded chap in the dark brown suit, the soft shirt and the foulard tie was her husband, Johnny. He was production manager for a local factory that manufactured precision tools.

The short, compactly built guy with the aggressive nose and the horn-rimmed glasses was Dick Shields, editor and part owner of the local newspaper; the pretty girl in green with the attractive speaking voice was his wife, Ginny.

The dark, thin-faced young man with the inscrutable eyes and the deliberately smiling mouth was Ridge Holbrook—and the girl in the mist-blue dinner dress with the gold belt was his wife, and incidentally the guest of honor. Her name was Dorcas: a straightforward, unequivocal sort of name that seemed to suit her perfectly; that blue dress suited her too.

"That's a nice dress you're wearing," he told her, finding himself beside her a few minutes later. "I like it."

"Yes. Well, I should have had to appear in a tweed suit if Aunt Hildegarde weren't the sort who always insists upon dressing for dinner—" She broke off abruptly, her eyes confused, remembering belatedly that in this new role Ridge had created for her, there was no Aunt Hildegarde, no New York interlude, no suitcase packed hurriedly for that return trip to Boston.

"Aunt Hildegarde?"

"I'm sorry. That speech didn't make much sense, I'm afraid. Forget it, will you?"

"Of course—" Alec Littlejohn was grinning at her reassuringly, but his eyes were puzzled. According to the story he'd heard only that morning, she had met young Holbrook in London during the war and married him practically the moment she'd stepped off the boat a few days ago in Boston. Just where did Aunt Hildegarde enter the picture and why was Dorcas so upset at having mentioned her?

"By the way," he said, "I'm new here in town, too, so I know a little about how you are feeling—set down, as it were, in the midst of strangers."

"Do I look as desperate as all that?"

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Ejector model in lustrous aluminum with 10 filters $2. At all dealers.

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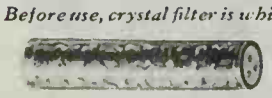
Before use, crystal filter is white



After use, filter turns dark as it absorbs nicotine and tars

dunhill

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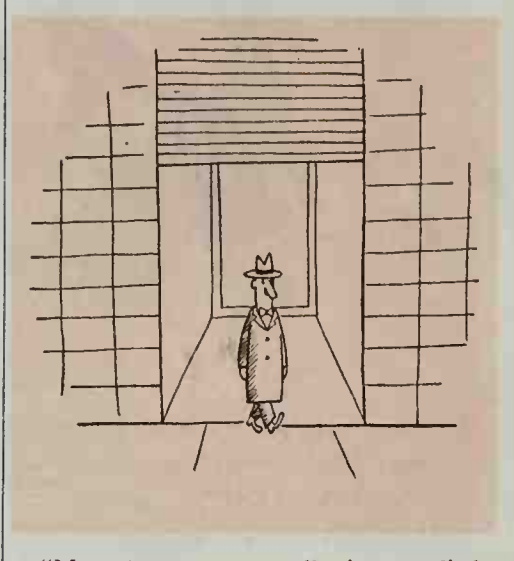
Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder

Write for booklet "C"
Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Ave., New York 19



"Not desperate at all—just a little, shall we say, unnerved, perhaps?"

"Well, to tell you the truth I have been dreading this evening. But they all seem very nice."

"Had you met any of them before?"

"No. Not even my hostess."

Her voice, pitched neither too high nor too low, went well with those clear gray eyes, that innocent brown hair. Nice smile, too. But he was right about her being nervous.

"Really? That does make it difficult. I've at least met her. I made a professional call here yesterday and we had a drink together—" We had a drink together and I discovered several things about her: that she dislikes her mother intensely, for instance—and is very much in love with your husband.

A COLORED man in a starched white coat appeared in the doorway, caught Lida's eye and announced dinner.

White candles in tall, silver candlesticks, a centerpiece of roses and carnations. Black bean soup and roast duckling and salad.

Lida had swept her silky, sable-brown hair up from her temples and twisted it into a dramatic halo high at the back of her head; her dress was stark white, sleeveless, with a chaste high neckline. She'd had too much to drink and she knew it and she was moving carefully like a cat making its way along a slippery ridgepole—it was just a question of maintaining a perfect balance, of not looking down; if you looked down you would slip, lose your balance, and go spinning headfirst into space—a foolish, pathetic, laughable figure, wrapped like a mummy in a long white dress.

On her right, Ridge Holbrook leaned toward her, his eyes no longer blank and inscrutable. Three Martinis had done their work well, and Lida had always been a girl to stir his pulses.

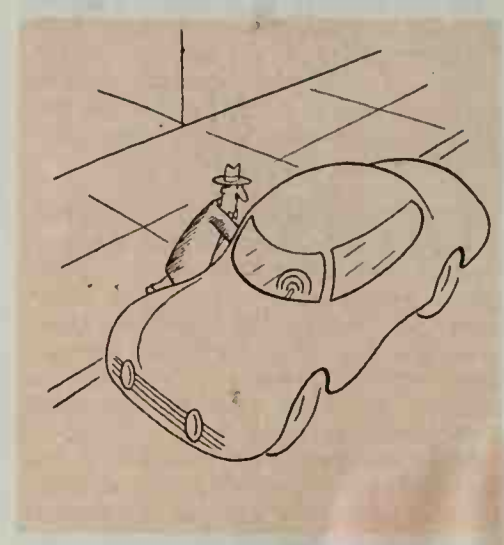
Across the table, Ginny Shields, discussing with Johnny Fenton the possibility of getting a new car by the first of the year, was thinking that you certainly had to hand it to Lida. Not many girls could have carried the situation off so coolly as she was managing to do. It had been smart of her to crash right into it, have them all to dinner like this. If Ridge's marriage had been a blow to her she certainly wasn't letting anyone suspect it or feel sorry for her. . . .

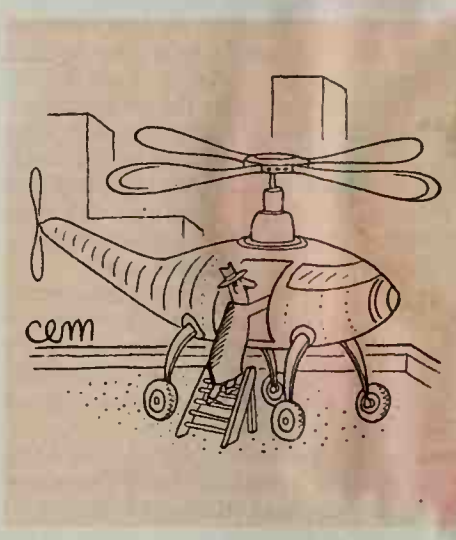
Peg Fenton leaned forward and spoke to Dorcas across Dick Shields' shirt front.

She said, "Do you play bridge? We have a club that meets every Wednesday. One of the members is moving out of town and Ginny and I thought you might like to take her place."

"We play a pretty casual game," Ginny assured Dorcas quickly, "but we do have fun. You don't have to decide right now, but you might think about it."

Dorcas said, "Thank you so much—I will," and Ridge said, "*Do* you play bridge, darling? It's one of the many things I find I don't know about you."





"As a matter of fact," she said, meeting his smile unflinchingly above the roses and the carnations, "I do." Then, swinging her eyes until they rested on Lida, "Ridge tells me that you loathe bridge, Lida—that you prefer poker."

"He told you right. Poker is the only card game that doesn't bore me to tears."

Lida sent a hard, bright, deliberately dazzling smile winging down the length of the table. *What else did he tell you about me, Dorcas?* Did he tell you that I have been madly, achingly in love with him for years? Did he happen to mention that fact, by any chance? Did he tell you that if he failed to return my love, he at least never had any trouble returning my kisses? And now you come along and spoil everything, louse everything up, and there's nothing spectacular about you, nothing *special.* Your hair is the wrong length and your lipstick didn't last through the soup. Alec Littlejohn likes you, they all like you. Well, that's all right with me. None of them matter a little damn to me or ever did. They're just a bunch of stooges, people I have to feed and be nice to so I can have an excuse for having Ridge here in this house. Just as from now on I shall have to feed and be nice to you—at least until I can get this thing figured out, until I can find out where I stand . . .

Johnny Fenton had finally stopped talking long enough to finish his strawberry mousse. Lida stood up, led the way back into the living room. Frank had built up the fire, removed the cocktail glasses. He came in now tray of coffee and three liqueurs; he set the tray do table in front of Lida.

She slid graciously back of hostess.

"Brandy for you and Jo You, too, Alec? Good. going to stick to your usu menthe, I suppose? Cointr Ridge. Dorcas, how about

"Cointreau for her, too, quickly. "I may not kno bridge but I assure you I'm on her drinking habits. Isn darling?"

"Yes," she said, "yes, I ge Only it just so happens that treau and always have; it ju that it is the *one* liqueur makes me violently ill—and ing too well, anyway. All t on top of those Martinis an bean soup—this will really

RIDGE brought her the f glass, put it carefully i fingers. Lifting his own gl hers lightly, he said, "To u you and me—" To you Dave, but *particularly* to D to Dave who was young lovable, to Dave who lies de six, because you loved him enough to marry him. And why I hate you, Dorcas. P why I married you, just to k me where I could reach o you down.

"Yes," said Ginny Shield her light, enchanting voice. to the bride and groom."

"To the bride and groo husband, "may they live h pily."

"Never mind the groom. "let's drink to the bride." and smiled directly at Dorcas intense smile that made her ruptly, indisputably lovely horse if I ever saw one!"

There was a moment of s ward, embarrassing; then laughed quickly, too quick Fenton said, "Well, you know." and Johnny Fento say you were. Ridge certai up his sleeve." And Do oblivious suddenly to ever

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...not only in black-and-white but, wonder of wonders, in full color, too

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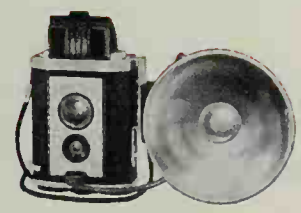

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One man tells another

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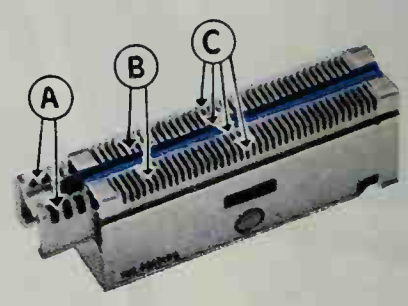

The Remingt... ed) . . . $21.50 Foursome . . . $ ington Triple. NEW! JUS bination 6V- Remington fo tomobile and

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A product of Remington Rand

Lida: Bridge isn't the only
she loathes—she hates me, too.
m not be in love with her, but
rtainly in love with him; and now
mealong and spoiled things for
l e hates me for it and I don't
he She thought then: It's un-
ot in this room; if I'm not
going to black out the way I
d in Boston.

L lejohn, watching her closely,
he's not feeling right—I'd
get er outside for a moment.

sk me," he said, "what the
needs is some fresh air. Let's
, shall we, Mrs. Holbrook,
uick turn on the terrace?"

rs closed firmly about her
shed open the French doors
ind them, and the next mo-
were outside, with a brisk
wind whipping cleanly across

ood for a moment without
, his fingers still encircling
r shoulder against his. Then
el better now?"

etter."

The dizziness had gone away,
ad stopped rocking and was
e itself again. She looked
liqueur glass in her hand,
ently, and emptied its con-
into the shrubbery. "I hate
he explained, laughing un-
It would have finished me
—"

usband had said—well, never
file that away with Aunt
for future reference.

e black bean soup that got
fessed lightly, "or maybe it
tinis, and it was hot in there."

as. Thanks for rescuing me."

rescuing me, not from that
om Ridge. He hates me so;
up most of the time, but it's
eyes, his voice. This thing
ork—I hoped it would but it

ot to. *They'll take the baby*
ne if it doesn't work.

ed suddenly, and Alec Little-
You'll be catching cold—"

e said, "it is cold out here;
had better go back in."

saying this gave him the dis-
sion that cold or no cold, she
itely prefer to stay out here
n return to the party—which
onsidering the fact that she
of less than a week. Well,
nself, perhaps she and Hol-
had a quarrel. He shrugged
, the French doors and they
k inside.

Johnny Fenton had wandered over to the piano and was doing a very creditable rendition of Blue Skies, and Ginny Shields was talking earnestly with Peg Fenton about a woman on Stowell Street who would come in and cook and serve a dinner for eight people for five dollars. Lida and Ridge and Dick Shields were standing in front of the fireplace talking to a man in a dark blue double-breasted suit, a white shirt and a handsome hand-painted tie.

The man was Herbert Chapman Whipple, Lida's father.

Lida liked to have him crash her parties; in fact, she expected him to. Her mother might be a hopeless hypochondriac, of no use to herself or anyone else, but there was nothing, thank God, wrong with her father. At sixty, he was, to use a term that had been popular in his youth, a fine figure of a man: tall, well-built, with a shining crest of silver-gray hair and handsome, regular features. A few years ago he'd had to have all his teeth extracted, but he'd told Earle Preston, his dentist, that he wanted the best set of dentures that money could buy, and Earle had seen he got them. They looked better than his own teeth had ever looked and fitted perfectly. He could eat anything with them, even corn on the cob—which was wonderful because there was nothing he liked better than corn on the cob. Corn on the cob, baseball, Jack Benny, cold showers, bonded Scotch, a good off-color story he could tell Sunday morning in the locker room, Ethel Merman, Nero Wolfe, an inside straight, his daughter Lida—these were the things that made life interesting and exciting to Herbert Chapman Whipple, these were the things that stirred his imagination, and of them all Lida stirred it the most.

He had married, twenty-seven years before, not for love but for money. Effie Cartwright had been the richest girl in town and in many ways the dullest, and when Lida had been born he had been disappointed that she turned out to be a girl. But by the time she was three she was twisting him around her little finger, and by the time she was six he was determined to move heaven and hell to get her anything she wanted.

It was a little ironical, therefore, that he had been unable to get her the one thing she had wanted most.

Not that she had ever come straight out and said she wanted Ridge Holbrook. But he would have had to be a hell of a lot dumber than he was not to have known it without being told. But things hadn't worked out.

Last week Henry Allen had walked into Ed Flynn's barbershop, where he,

"Oh . . . a knife, marbles, keys . . . stuff like that" HANK KETCHAM

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Results apparent after only two brushings with Calox

Brighter, cleaner teeth . . . more charm for your smile . . . almost *immediately* after you start using Calox Tooth Powder. That's because multiple cleansing and polishing ingredients in Calox remove dull film . . . bring out the natural lustre of your teeth. Yes, Calox cleans them *really clean.*

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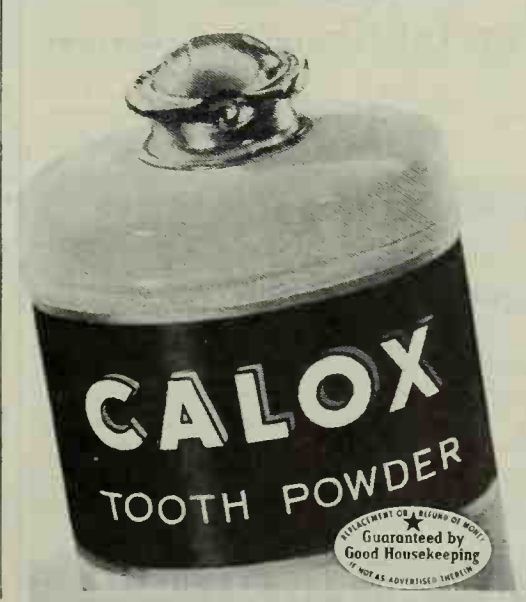

Start using this grand dentifrice today . . . see for yourself the magic new brightness it gives to your teeth. You'll love the bracing, fresh-as-a-breeze taste of Calox, too. And remember, Calox is economical to use.

***Impartial Proof of Amazing Results**

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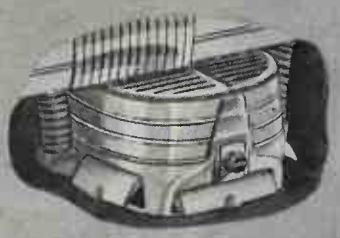

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Big Flo Special
Extra heat and air circulating capacity. Fitting kits specially designed for fast warm-up of Ford, Mercury, Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Chrysler, Chevrolet cars and trucks are available at slightly higher cost.

MORE ARVINS HAVE BEEN SOLD THAN ANY OTHER CAR HEATER

Herbert, was getting a haircut, and had announced in his slow, nasal drawl that Ridge Holbrook had been married the day before in Boston.

Herbert Whipple had come straight home, but Lida hadn't been here. He'd waited and she'd come in just before dinner, looking pretty white-faced and demoralized, and she hadn't wanted to talk about it. "I don't want to talk about it," she'd said, and neither of them had mentioned it again until this morning. Right out of a clear sky, she'd said, "I'm having Ridge Holbrook and his wife for dinner tonight. I've also asked Alec Littlejohn, the new doctor, and Dick and Ginny and the Johnny Fentons. It ought to be a pretty good party. Don't forget to crash it, will you?"

She said now, "Father, this is Dorcas, Ridge's new wife—and this is Alec Littlejohn."

So this girl in the blue dress, her hair wind-blown, her small, oval face pale, badly in need of make-up, was the girl Ridge Holbrook had married six days ago in Boston. But why, for God's sake, *why?* One quick look was all you needed to tell you that she couldn't hold a candle to Lida. He had thought that when he saw her, he might know, might be able to figure it out, but he had seen her, spoken to her—and he was more bewildered, more confused than before.

So was Lida.

An hour later, dancing with Ridge out in the hall (they'd decided against poker, rolled back the rugs and turned on the radio) she said, "Your wife is very attractive, Ridge—but I don't believe you met her in London during the war."

"No?"

"No."

"Just where do you think I met her?"

He'd been a fool to think she was going to let him off so easily; all that talk yesterday morning about not being a poor loser had been just an act. Underneath that cool, serene manner of hers, she'd been burning up.

"I don't know. But I don't believe that."

"I can't make you, of course."

Don't go on with it, thought Ridge. For God's sake, darling, *leave it alone.*

But she had to go on with it, she couldn't leave it alone. "I don't believe you met her in London," she said, "and I don't think you are the least bit in love with her." The words, exploding between them, canceled out all her former cool acceptance of the situation. "*Are* you in love with her, Ridge?"

"Of course I'm in love with her."

"All right," said Lida, "so you're in love with her. I was a fool to start this, Ridge. I'd be a bigger fool to go on with it."

YES, darling, thought Ridge, you would be. You certainly would be. Because no matter what you say or what I say, this thing is out of our hands. Dave didn't like you while he was alive and now that he is dead, he has seen to it that you and I shall never get together for anything more important than a dance.

"Look," he said, his fingers closing tightly, almost beseechingly around hers, "you don't like a poor loser, Lida, you said so yourself, remember? Well, I don't like one either. Let's not talk about this any more. Let's just dance."

Back in the living room, Herbert Whipple was saying to Alec Littlejohn, "So you're Charlie Norton's new assistant? Lida was telling me about you—said you called on her mother, yesterday."

"That's right, sir," said Alec, "I did." He said then, "How is she today? Mrs. Whipple, I mean."

Herbert Whipple had not seen his wife for three days, but it hardly seemed the thing to admit to this nice young man, so he said instead, "Yes, I believe she is considerably more comfortable." He said then, "Well, I'm off to bed."

"If it's all right with you, sir, to look in on your wife again soon," said Alec. "I'm interested headaches of hers. I'd like to something about them."

"Headaches? Oh, yes, of Well, I hope you can, Littlejohn tainly hope you can. Norton's you know. Decided it's just a case of neurasthenia, whatever Well, good night, my boy, glad met you."

Herbert Whipple shook h walked away—a fine figure o dressed fastidiously in a hund fifty-dollar suit, a man who fo time in his life felt old and a feated. It didn't help any th through the hall he had a brief g his daughter dancing with Ri brook, her face lost and whit his shoulder, her eyes closed.

That's exactly the way she'll l she's dead, he thought, a cold l dancing across his heart. . . .

THE morning after Lida party, Dorcas awoke with feeling of depression. She had the evening, thanks, in part a Alec Littlejohn, but it was neit ant nor reassuring to know th Whipple she had a definite ene disliked her and didn't care wh Oh, because of Ridge she through certain motions, keep front of civility, even gracious underneath would be hostility, like.

Dressing swiftly in a pale and matching cashmere swe went downstairs to find Ella W knees in the living room, poli legs of a drop-leaf cherry table.

The older woman got slow feet, straightened a row of b then her blunt, capable finger out awkwardly but lovingly an the silver-framed photograph o and pretty dark-haired woman

"Ridge's mother?" Dorca gently.

Ella nodded. Her hand fell a the photograph abruptly.

"This room," she said, "t house, for that matter, is exactl it was when she was alive. changed a thing."

"It's a lovely room," said Do a lovely house."

It was. She'd expected th would be far shabbier, certain the floors were waxed, the fin hogany beautifully polished, and silver burnished and shinin doubt due to the faithful hands

"If there's anything I can d you," Dorcas said now, wa pulsively, "I wish you'd tell m to do my share. I don't want extra trouble to you—"

"Then my advice," said amused, feminine voice, "is to out of Ella's way and not ev help. She's worked too long harness to start working doub right about that, Ella, or am I

Dorcas spun around, her n with apprehension. She had h voice first only a few short h there had been no friendliness there was no friendliness in it n at all. And there was some concerting about the way Lida had appeared suddenly like th nowhere—something disconce most menacing.

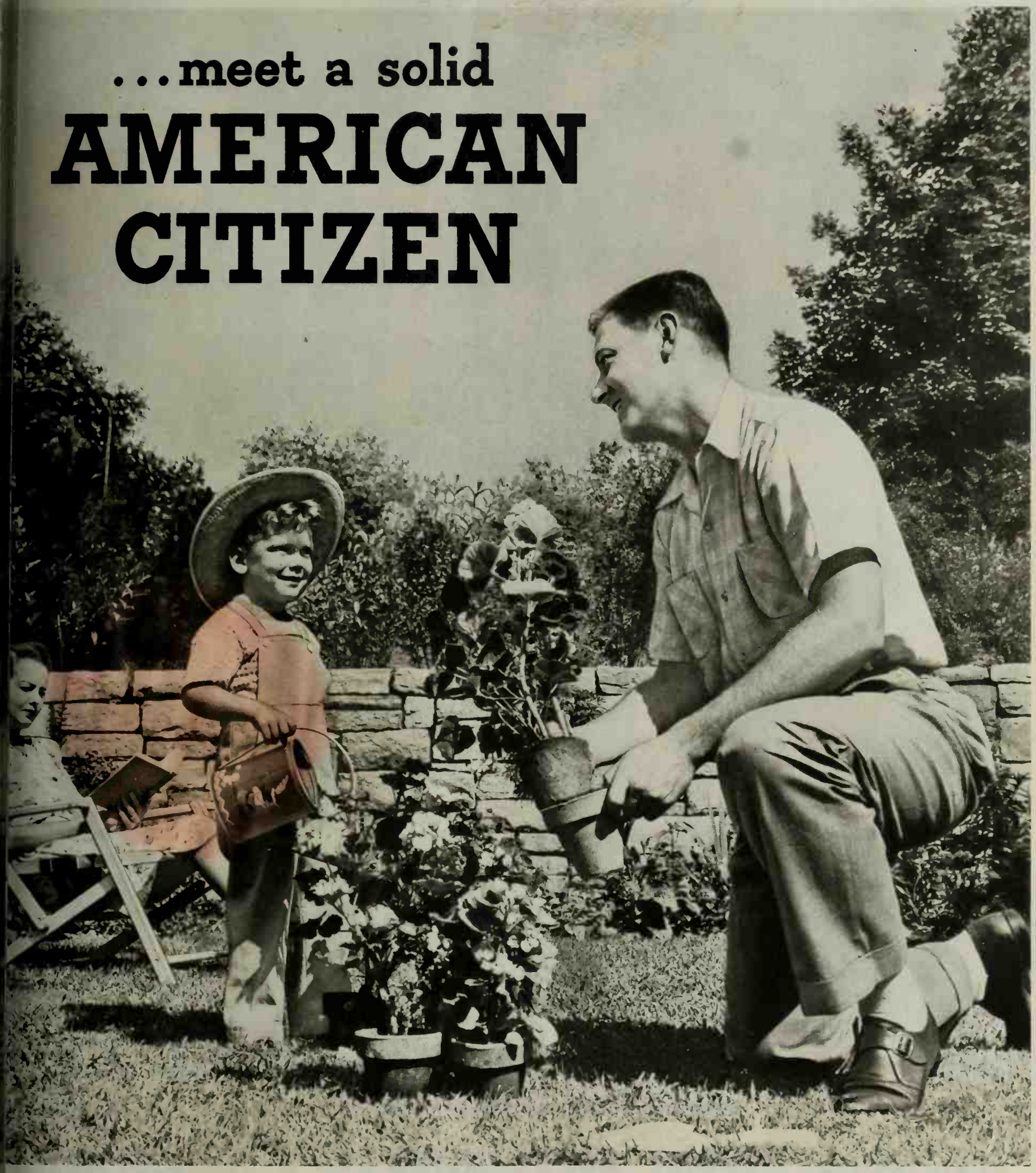
"Lida!" Ella Wells laughe "You certainly gave me a turn in like that."

"Sorry," said the girl in the But Dorcas knew she wasn't so she had come in like that de that she had planned it that wa

She meant me to turn aroun find her there, Dorcas thought.

"I'll finish in here later," Wells, and gathering up h

...meet a solid AMERICAN CITIZEN



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d puts in regular hours on a job requiring great
xperience.

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STUDEBAKER CRAFTSMAN L.O.McGOWAN

AND HIS SEVEN SONS CELEBRATE A BIRTHDAY

THESE eight McGowan men spend their working hours building Studebaker automobiles.

They're shown here relaxing at lunch time on the occasion of Bob McGowan's 28th birthday.

Genial "head man" of this father-and-son group is L. O. ("Pappy") McGowan, 54.

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cloth, she brushed past
out of the room.
ia, "has a happy faculty
n she isn't wanted."
"I hope you don't mind
like this right in the
orning? I seem to be
wrong end to. I mean
led first and *then* asked
t—"
tter at all. Won't you

wly into the room, walk-
curious catlike grace,
er hips and yet making
utely aware not only of
her small, high breasts,
and her long, slim legs.
in a wing chair at the
eplace, she waited for
wn opposite her on the
smiled and said, "Well,
een you, not only in my
ere in this house, I sup-
believe that you really

said Dorcas, "that there
uestion in your mind?"
id Lida, continuing to
deliberately, "that the
completely fantastic.
ne day and comes back
l to a girl no one has ever

," said Dorcas, and now
oo, quite as deliberately,
ntastic."
he cold, hard facts. I
l, probably, as anyone in
n most people. Don't
odd that he never once
name to me?"
this was just the begin-
all sorts of things she
o take—but at least
o take it lying down, she
k.
id, "not particularly. I
ever occurred to Ridge
ith anyone." Not even,
d with barbed sweetness,
nd like you. This girl
ere to draw blood; two
t game.
great success last night,"
vantly. "Everyone liked
Especially Alec Little-
e said abruptly, casually,
of him? Littlejohn, I
hink he's good-looking?"
ught much about it but I
at any rate, he's nice-

," said Lida thought-
guess that is the way to
Personally, I don't like
They've always left me
ave Holbrook, for in-
brother—" Lida's eyes
out the room, but failed
hey were searching for.
be a picture of him here
lla seems to have moved
s tall and very blond and
ndsome. But I suppose
you all about him?"
, I knew he had a younger
n he wrote me at the time
."
never really—well, close,
k the whole thing very
da.
sn't talk about it . . ."
l Ridge met in London,"
st how did you happen to
nyway? Ridge told me but
forgotten what he said."
otten what he said. Well,
too—if he ever bothered
ich I don't think he did.
heaven she really has for-
t this isn't just a trap of

cious time, Dorcas lighted
eaning forward, she tossed
ch into the fireplace and when she looked up again, Ridge was leaning against the doorjamb, exactly where, a few minutes ago, Lida had stood.

"Hello, there," she said, relief flowing through her. "Lida was just asking me about London. How I happened to be over there—"

"But," said Ridge coolly, "I told Lida how you happened to be over there. I told her your father was in charge of the branch office of a New York bank—"

"Oh, of course!" said Lida. "How stupid of me to have forgotten."

"Oh, I don't know." Ridge had stopped looking at Dorcas and now he was looking at Lida and grinning casually. "No reason, particularly, why you should have remembered." He said then, "Nice party, last night, Lida. I like that guy Littlejohn very much."

"That's good," said Lida, "because he likes you, too. In fact, he likes you so much that he suggested the four of us have dinner together some night this week at the Red Barn. Is Thursday night all right with you two?"

She smiled first at Dorcas and then at Ridge, and Ridge said, "It's all right with me. How about you, darling?"

He turned and looked directly at Dorcas, and she blushed deeply. That darling had taken her completely by surprise, as he had known it would, as he had meant it to. Funny, what an oblique sort of pleasure he seemed to get out of disconcerting her. It was almost as if her hard-fought-for young composure was an insult to Dave's memory, a constant challenge which he, Ridge, had to disrupt.

"Why, yes," she said, "I think Thursday night would be fine." And now, she thought, get out of here, please, *both of you*. I've had just about all I can take for one morning.

But it was going to be all right. Lida was on her feet. And Ridge must have noticed how odd Dorcas was looking, how green and pinched around the mouth. At any rate he had his hand on Lida's arm and was walking her quickly out of the room.

DORCAS waited until the front door opened and closed on them and then she fled, white-faced and shaking up the stairs.

"Look," said Ridge, following Lida down the steps and across the lawn to her car, "I thought you'd agreed to leave it alone."

"Leave *what* alone, darling?"

Lida slid behind the wheel, tipped her head back and looked up at him with wide-eyed innocence.

"You know damn' well what. Stop trying to cross-examine her, Lida."

"But I don't know what you mean. All I did was ask a few simple questions."

"After this, ask me. She doesn't like to talk about London. It upsets her. She went through hell over there. I want her to forget all that."

"Okay, no more questions. But you will come tomorrow night?"

"Of course. But tell me one thing—whose idea was it, yours or Littlejohn's?"

"Mine, darling. As a matter of fact, he doesn't know anything about it."

"I thought not."

"But don't worry, he won't mind. *He* likes your wife, Ridge, even if I don't."

She grinned at him, leaned forward and turned on the ignition and a moment later her car was a flash of gray and chromium at the end of the drive.

Ridge waited until it disappeared entirely between the low stone gateposts, then he turned back into the house.

He climbed the stairs, walked down the hall, and stopped in the doorway to his mother's room. Dorcas, having been briefly but wretchedly ill, was lying, stretched out, white and limp, on one of the low-posted cherry beds, her eyes closed.

So he'd been right about her looking

In the time it takes to slap cream on your face...

(In an instant, right in the cup . . .)

You can make a cup of rich, full-bodied coffee...

(You never tasted finer, richer coffee)

that can't keep you awake!

(It can't, even though you're affected by caffein! It's 97% caffein-free!)

new

INSTANT SANKA COFFEE { All coffee / Real coffee / Finest coffee

The only instant coffee that's caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

A Product of General Foods

THERE'S A *New Idea* BEHIND THIS NEW BEAUTY

It's an entirely new idea in banking service. A printed, registered receipt is issued for each deposit, and the customer is on his way far more quickly than has ever been possible with pen-and-ink passbook methods. The exciting and colorful new machine that provides this receipt is called the Commercial Teller's Machine.

Like all other Burroughs machines developed for bank use, this new Commercial Teller's Machine is the result of fine teamwork between banks and Burroughs technicians . . . the same fine teamwork that has enabled banks to improve their service and accounting procedures in *many*.

In its modern styling and amazing efficiency, this product brings further evidence to business men in all fields that great things are going on at Burroughs.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICH.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

…s. Poor kid, she'd been …ight he wondered how long …een …ing on.
…ned …er eyes and looked at …t u…angrily.
…ay!" he said. "Go away and …lon…"
…intention of forcing myself on …rely …ought that perhaps there …ome…ing I could do—"
…heresn't."
…ent…not."
…ow …e hated having him see …is. …w she resented the pity, … he was feeling for her. …ir… me, her pregnancy and …su…mean to her, to both of …he …nths directly ahead, be…m—her figure changing, … and distorted, the child …n of her more and more … month.
…d went quickly down the …as buried her face sud…ds and wept. . . .
…erable and ill, there on … cherry bed, she wept, … first time since she had …dge Holbrook had looked …mpathy and compassion …t because, knowing how …er, sympathy and com…fi…to …ly …g, …ble …an …nd …ad …on…in …ng …ed …as …ny …ast …as'

In the first place Lida had …ordering a flock of Man…s and then she'd insisted …ve lobster. Sea food, ap…one of the things Dorcas … to be able to eat—but a …han two weeks was sup…e to eat, to drink, anything … drunk the cocktails and …ter and now, at a quarter … e had plenty of reason to …t.
…ancing with Lida and she …ith Alec Littlejohn.
… said abruptly, "do you … go outside for a few min… wretched headache."
… Of course." They left the …ollected Dorcas' coat and …ugh a pine-paneled cock…o a deserted veranda.
…d to rain while they were …w the wind had come up … there for a moment, rain …st their faces. Alec said, "I …st bet is to go and sit in … we won't get wet—" She …and to him and he took it … quickly across the grav…space and climbed into Li…convertible.
… quiet and the cool, fresh, …re almost too good to be … put her head back against … leather cushions, closed her …ed deeply.
…owy half-light, her face was … blur and that sigh was a …y. She was either desper… desperately unhappy.
…," he said, "I can get Ridge … we can push along home. …len."
…said Dorcas, her eyes flying …, apologetically. "I wouldn't …k up the party like that. A … out here and I'll be okay, I'll be fine." She smiled at him briefly. "You're always coming to my rescue, aren't you?" she said. "The other night at Lida's you really saved my life."

"I saved my own that night," he assured her. "That room was stifling."

She felt much better. How long, she asked herself, could they stay out here? Ten minutes? Fifteen? Surely Lida and Ridge wouldn't miss them right away, and if they did they wouldn't think anything about it.

But she was wrong about this. Lida and Ridge had already missed them and Ridge, at least, was thinking plenty about it. He was thinking that this was the second time Dorcas had ever seen Alec Littlejohn and that both times she had seen fit to go off alone with him.

They had been gone nearly ten minutes. If they didn't come back in within another five, he'd go out there and drag them back in. It had been perfectly apparent all through dinner that Alec Littlejohn was entranced with Dorcas; he was supposed to be Lida's date but he'd gone out of his way to be nice to Dorcas. He'd probably taken her outside with some idea of making love to her and if he tried she'd probably let him. How in God's name, knowing how devious she was, had he ever been betrayed into feeling sorry for her? Well, just wait until he got her alone tonight; he'd make it clear to her that from now on this sort of thing was out. *Damn them! Why didn't they come back in?*

The music stopped abruptly and Ridge led Lida back to their table and she said, as if she had just that moment noticed it, "Alec and Dorcas seem to have disappeared. It's getting to be a sort of habit with them, isn't it?" She waited for Ridge to say something; when he didn't she said, "Well, while we're waiting for them to join us you can buy me another drink."

"You've already had too much to drink."

She smiled at him. "Nevertheless, I want another drink. You can buy it for me or I'll buy it myself."

Ridge shrugged, signaled to a waiter and ordered two more rye highballs. He glanced at his watch again. Eleven twenty-five. They had been gone nearly twenty minutes—and it was raining hard. You could hear the rain above the orchestra.

AND then suddenly Alec and Dorcas were back, and Dorcas was saying something about having a wretched headache and Lida was saying, "But it's raining buckets. I don't see why you aren't drenched—" and Alec was saying coolly, and quite matter-of-factly, "We sat in your car—"

Then he was asking Lida to dance, and suddenly Ridge and Dorcas were alone and there was no reason why he shouldn't have it out with her here and now except that you couldn't hear yourself think above the combined noise of the rain and the blare of the band. It would have to wait until they got home. . . .

"All right," said Dorcas, walking into the room ahead of him, going straight to the dressing table and flinging down her purse and gloves, "so three nights ago at Lida's I went out on the terrace with him and tonight I went out and sat in the car. If you must know, both times I felt ill. All that rich food and those cocktails—and then that night at Lida's you had to push that Cointreau at me. I never could drink Cointreau and I certainly can't drink it now."

"I suppose Littlejohn being a doctor

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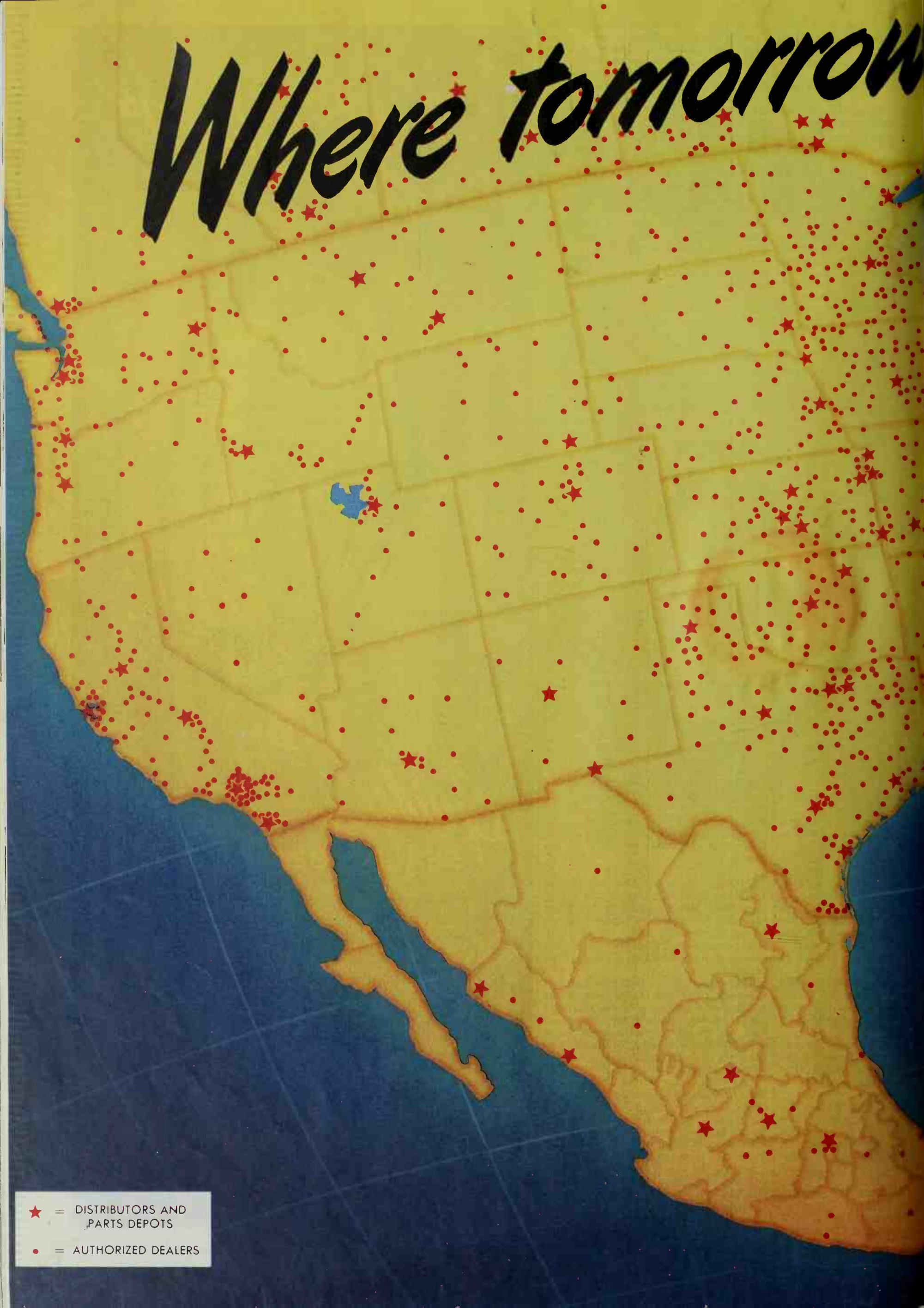
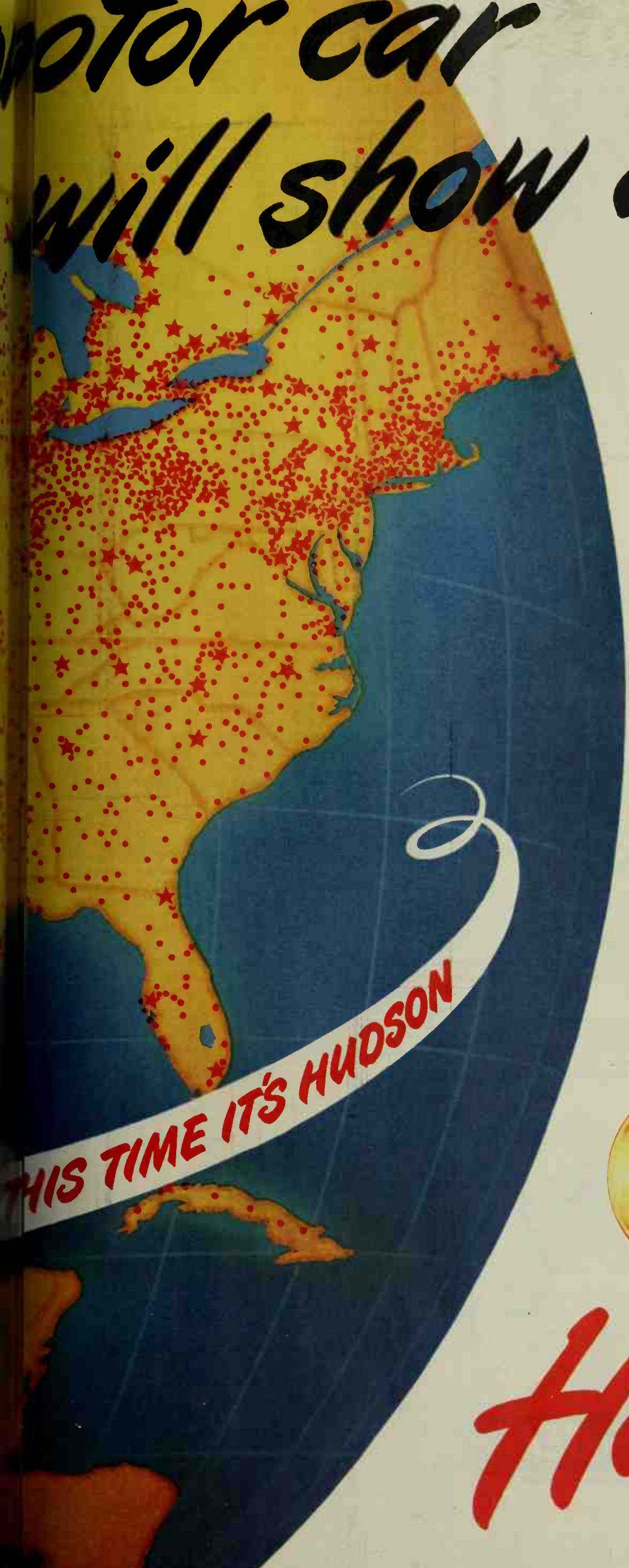
Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corporation.

Where tomorrow



...motor car will show up soon



A Hudson dealer to serve you wherever you go . . . and over 3,000 shown on this map getting ready to display a great new car!

The motor car you've been told was years away is coming soon! Hudson is building it now!

Just imagine the lowest car on the highway, with *more* inside headroom than any other automobile built today . . . a car you step *down* into when entering, not *up* on . . . a car that maintains road clearance.

Imagine a motor car built so snugly low that a ride gives you a feeling of safe, serene, smooth going more pleasant than anything you've ever experienced before . . . a car with the roomiest seats ever built into any American automobile!

All of this only hints at the exciting new advantages offered you by the motor car of tomorrow. Its arrival will mark a great day for you, and for the more than 3,000 Hudson dealers whose showrooms will set the stage for a first view of the *newest* new car in the world!

Each dealer organization has been qualified under the most exacting standards in Hudson's 38-year history!

Your Hudson dealer is a well established, independent business man. His place of business is easy to find and thoroughly equipped to serve you. He maintains a balanced stock of genuine Hudson parts and he is further supported by one of 166 Hudson Distributor Parts Depots *strategically located* throughout the North American Continent.

He is a member of an enthusiastic world-wide quality group now preparing to show you the motor car of tomorrow!

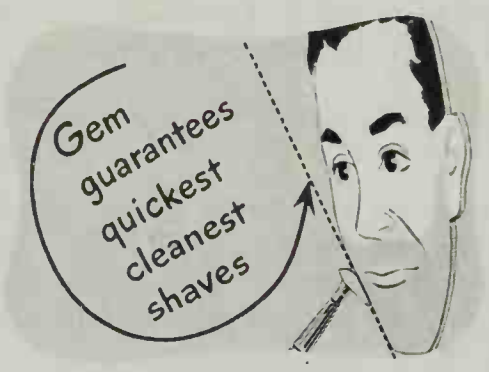
Keep a sharp eye on your Hudson dealer's showroom!

Hudson

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

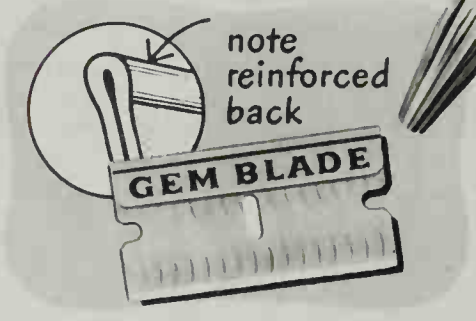
DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

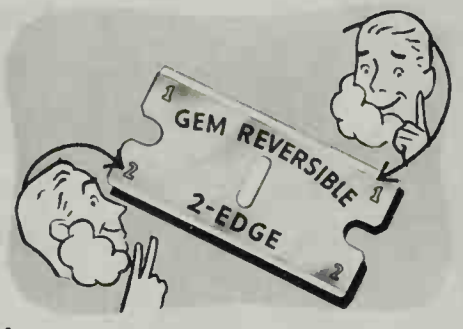
even when you're all on edge...



1. Nervous? Fidgety? The cool, calm, competent touch of a Gem Razor works wonders! Finds your one best shaving angle *instantly* . . . automatically!

2. Simply shave with Gem's 'Guiding Eye' flat against your face. Blade *automatically* 'sets' for quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves.





3. Blade changing's a cinch, too! *Twist,* Gem opens! *Twist,* it closes! Use Gem Singledge Blades, or . . .

4. *Gem 2-Edge Reversibles* with 2—yes, *two*—keen, clean numbered edges! Either style 5 for 25¢.

REMEMBER: Gem must give you the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves you ever had—or MONEY BACK!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM

Gem Div., American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y. (Price adjusted in Canada)

took one look at you and knew that—"

"I suppose being a doctor he took one look at me and knew I needed some fresh air. Tonight, I asked him to take me out, I told him I had a headache. I've got one now."

"I don't suppose it occurred to you that it might look damned funny—you two out there on the terrace, you two out there in a car. And if it had occurred to you, I don't suppose you would care."

They were quarreling at last. He'd been building up to this since Lida's dinner party, no doubt. Waiting for a chance to jump her about Alec and those few minutes on the terrace. Now she'd played right into his hand, given him just the opening he'd been hoping for.

"I don't think it did look funny to anyone but you; you're determined to think the worst of me, you have been from the first! You made up your mind about me before you ever saw me and you'd die rather than change it! Look," she said, tears stinging her eyelids, "I told you this marriage would never work—"

"And I tell you," said Ridge, "it *will* work—it's damned well got to."

"No," said Dorcas, "it hasn't got to—just because a man said a few words of mumbo jumbo over us doesn't—"

"If what you wanted was a conventional marriage service with organ music and orange blossoms and fifteen yards of wedding veil you should have—"

"Shut up!"

SHE was standing in the middle of the bedroom, and suddenly she stamped her foot. She stamped it hard and tears trembled for a moment in her eyes and then spilled down her cheeks.

A little to his surprise, Ridge shut up.

"Once," she said, brushing angrily at her tears with the back of one slim hand, "that was exactly what I wanted—what I meant to have—a decent, solemn marriage service with music and orange blossoms and a wedding veil. But there was a war and a boy got killed, so I settled for something else. Something less. All right, so I made a mistake—so I made a mistake *and I'm paying for it.* I'll admit you're paying, too, and that doesn't seem quite fair. But that doesn't give you any right to ride me like this, to needle me like this. Your attitude about Alec Littlejohn is positively insulting. Anyone would think . . ." her voice trailed off.

"Anyone would think what?"

"That I was the kind of girl who couldn't be trusted to spend ten minutes alone with a man—"

"Well," said Ridge, "can you be?" And was sorry the minute he had said it.

"I'm sorry," he said qui
mean that, Dorcas." He
one of the twin beds, bu
wearily in his hands. "I do
the hell's the matter with
seem to be making much s

"Neither one of us is," s
both ready to jump at each
at the drop of a hat."

"We can't go on this w

"No."

"Will you believe me if
I'd like to start over aga
try this time to work this

"Yes," she said, "I'll be

"You'll have to try too

"I know."

"It won't be easy."

"I don't expect it will be

I don't *want* it to be eas
I want it to be hard. That
that I am making son
Atonement—a funny wo
and then you repented
asked to be allowed to a
wrongdoing. But at the tim
it hadn't seemed wrong, it
right, so honest; and Da
good to her, done so muc

"You don't sound as
wanted it to be—easy."

Ridge was staring at
This was a strange girl he h
remote, puzzling, unfat
You looked at her one m
in her one thing and th
again and saw something
perhaps, as she had said.
her only what he wanted

He honestly didn't kno
too tired, suddenly, too c
to figure it out.

"I don't want it to be," s
is, for me. I wish there
of making it easier for yo

"Don't worry about me,
be all right." He got slo
and walked toward the d
reached it, he turned arou
at her. "Good night," he s
in my own room from nov

"But what about Ella?"

"We'll tell her I snore."

"But you don't snore—

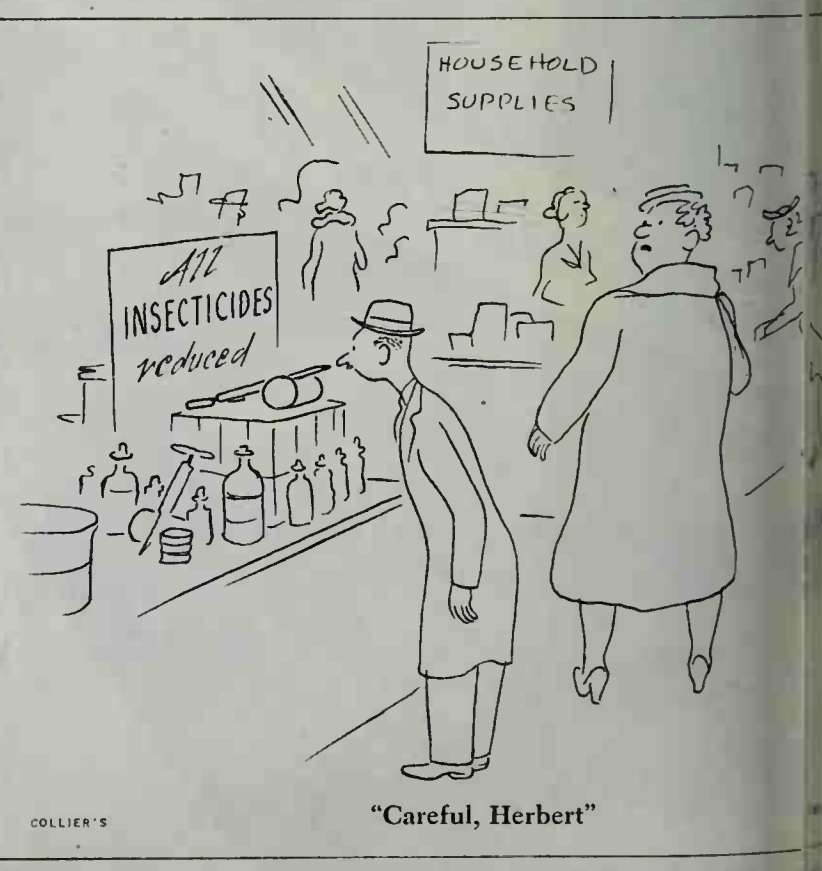
"Look," said Ridge,
you'll have me believing t
want me to sleep in my ow

"But I do want you to!
blushing violently. "It's on

"Don't worry about E
"I'll take care of Ella."

And from now on, he t
ing the door and closing i
hind him, I'll try to take
you, Dorcas. . . .

(To be continued ne



"Careful, Herbert"

"I've always been a part of your telephone service"

"You'll find my name on your Bell telephone—you see it on reels of cable being fed into manholes or strung on poles—you'd find it, too, on the complex equipment in your telephone exchange.

"As the supply member of the Bell Telephone team, I manufacture equipment, purchase supplies, distribute both to the telephone companies, and install central office equipment.

"Year in, year out, I help my Bell Telephone teammates to give you the world's *best* telephone service at the *lowest possible cost*.

"Remember my name—it's Western Electric."

UFACTURER... varieties of e apporatus.

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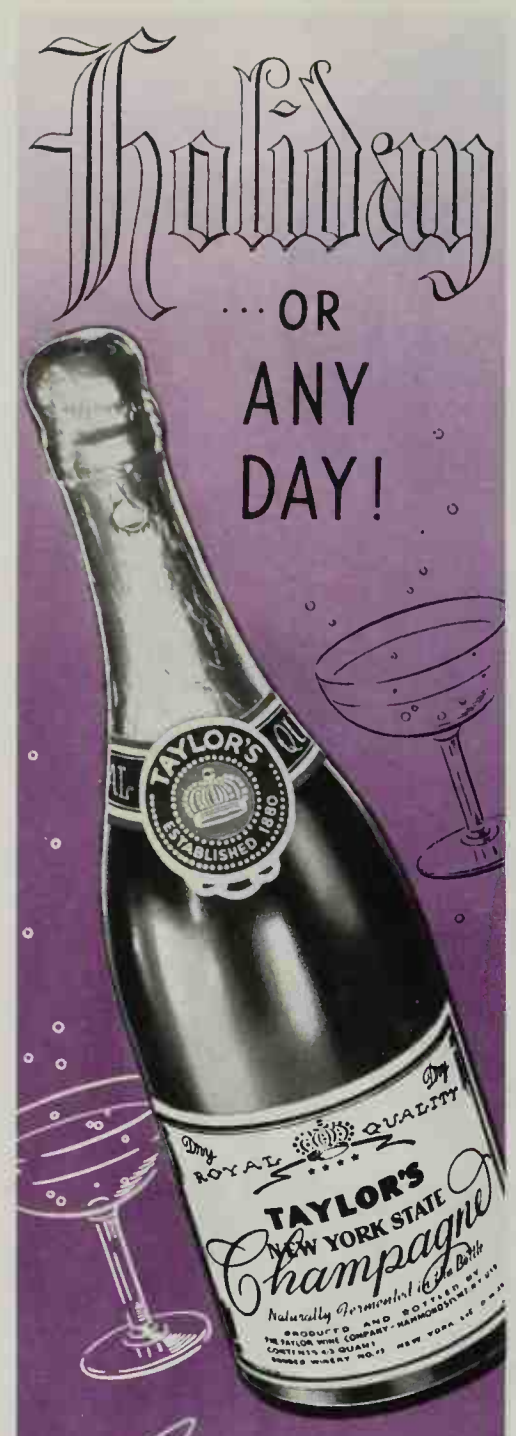
INSTALLER... of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



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NEW YORK STATE
Champagne

Any day is an "occasion" when TAYLOR'S Champagne sparkles in friendly glasses. The finest winegrapes... sun-ripened from New York State vineyards... are carefully chosen for this fine champagne. Naturally and slowly fermented in the bottle... TAYLOR'S seals in that distinctive captured flavor, the difference you can taste. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES
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FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ANTIANTI-SEMITIC

DEAR SIR: May I give you my heartfelt praise for publishing The Outcasts (Oct. 18th)? I am not of Jewish origin, but I am fed to the teeth with people who talk against the so-called "race" of Jews. I feel it my duty every time anyone says anything against the "Jewish race" to give some other "race" the back of my hand. I even include my own "race" (Episcopal) for there are plenty of pushers in that group as well as in the Methodist "race" or the Roman Catholic "race" or any of the "races" that are at least supposed to have Christian ideals.

MISS MARY V. DAVIS, Columbus, Ohio

A GRAVE MATTER

DEAR SIRS: Your farfetched but funny Partch reminded me of the story of the man who, at the hotel, was dressing for a

dinner, and struggled with his tie with no progress. He went next door for help.

A man answered the bell, said he'd gladly do it. After fumbling the job, he said, "If you go in the bedroom and lie on the bed I can tie it."

This seemed strange but the tie-ee lay down on his back and the man tied the tie quickly. "Why did you want me to lie down?" the tie-ee asked.

"I am an undertaker," was the reply.

JAMES CALVERT SMITH,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

I AM NOT A FASCIST!

DEAR EDITOR: Re It's Just Not Smart, Boys (Oct. 18th). I am a labor leader. Representing management is a wealthy man, who openly advocates sterilization of Negroes and deportation of Jews.

Now, when our contract comes up, I, in line with Republican smear, must certify my patriotism, while this bloated Fascist lords it over us in the security of a caste system.

My question is: Why not make both sides sign an oath? Why not an "I Am Not a Fascist" oath for employers?

NAME WITHHELD, Seattle, Wash.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

DEAR SIR: Mr. Peskin makes no mistake when he describes the cover of October 18th as his finest colored action shot. But I am sure that if Mr. Peskin had looked a little closer, he would have discovered that the Notre Dame ball carrier is Jim Mello, number 65, and not John Panelli, who is number 67. Mello is now playing professional ball for the Boston Yanks of the National Football League. John Panelli in his own right is one of the greatest fullbacks ever to wear the green and gold of Notre Dame.

JOHN P. FITZPATRICK, Notre Dame, Ind.

DIAMOND DUST

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Strange that Harvey H. Keeler in Buried Treasures (Oct. 11th) should have overlooked the only commercially mined diamond deposits in the U.S.: the diamond mine in Pike County, Arkansas. This mine was discovered more than a quarter century ago when Farmer Huddleston's mule kicked up a rock that attracted Huddleston's attention. He took it to Jeweler Stift in Little Rock, who identified it. Since then many thousands of diamonds have been taken from this mine. It is not being worked at present, but is one of the numerous attractions of Arkansas.

A. G. WHIDDEN, Warrington, Fla.

Author Keeler, aware of diamonds in American soil, did not accent their presence, lest he start a fruitless Klondike rush.

DON'T WRECK THAT FREEDOM TRAIN, BRO!

DEAR SIR: In your editorial Don't Miss the Freedom Train (Oct. 18th) you state Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, declared all slaves in the United States free as of that date. Isn't this a mistake. Did not the Proclamation apply to the territory of the Confederacy only and except other parts of the United States?

W. R. TURNER, Richmond, Va.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation declared free forever the slaves in Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (certain parishes excepted), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia (West Virginia and other portions excepted).

DUGAN VS. GENEALOGY

DEAR SIRS: I enjoyed the Oct. 18th issue very much. One thing annoyed me: the letter from a Spokane reader (The Week's Mail).

I am just as proud of m
anyone, but I do think some
to extremes. I read Mr.
and enjoyed it. I thought
ing not our ancestors but
who are forever bragging
mous ancestors. . . .

MRS. DAVID JOHNSO

. . . Re Mrs. Austin's let
mother can trace her an
the Mayflower. Remembe
any immigration laws in t

MIMI STEVENS TONKINS,

. . . My family qualifies
and F.F.V., but I can't he
folks start chanting, "I'm
ancestors"—I wonder if y
will be able to say the sam

DORIS T. PAITER

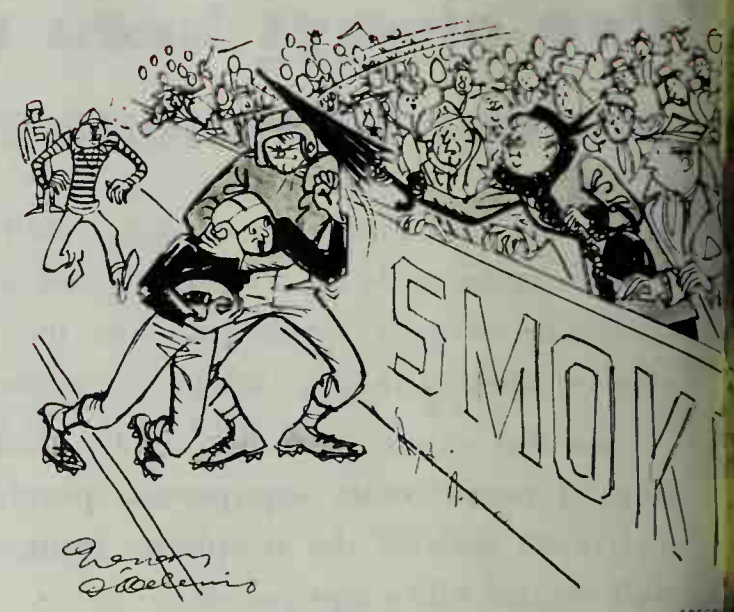
*We'll sit this one out. W
ancestry back only as far*

CLOCK WATC

DEAR SIRS: Regarding your
editorial Clock Hounds a
11th) about people watchin
you ever see a bunch of o
people who didn't watch th
the clock and intend to co
in spite of Collier's—I don
either. How many of you
linger after five? Tell the
"Old Disgusted Herself."

WANDA DODSON, Alb

*The entire staff is released
blinders at exactly 5:01
invariably hangs around*



SPORTING ODDS

**In the early 1930s Ken Strong was with the Staten Isl
pletons of the professional National Football League. The
tons played their home games in the tiny Staten Island
where the stands almost overflowed onto the field.**

**In one game with the New York Giants, Strong was att
to step out of bounds with the ball when he was nailed
Flaherty, a Giant end, who unaccountably began to throl**

"Leggo!" gargled Strong.

**"Then stop slugging me with your free hand," retor
herty, grimly tightening his grip on Strong's jugular.**

**Nonplused, purple and popeyed, Strong looked up
cover that a kindly-looking but determined old lady f
stands was cracking Flaherty over the head with her u**

—Frank Deblois, New Yo

**COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution
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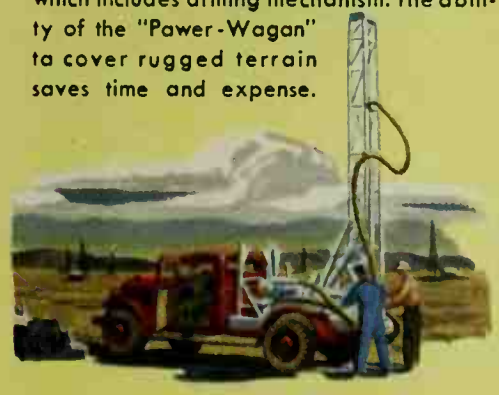
DODGE Power-Wagon

A SELF-PROPELLED POWER PLANT

...erating air compressors, ... other portable units, is ... pulley on prapeller shaft.

POWER supplied thraugh the pawer take-off operates this ail well exploratian unit which includes drilling mechanism. The abilty of the "Pawer-Wagan" ta cover rugged terrain saves time and expense.



...d to a rear pulley drive ...rinders, sila fillers, partable ...e cutters, buzz saws, etc.

POWER supplied ta a frant-maunted winch makes the "Pawer-Wagan" a valuable unit far haisting all kinds of heavy materials.

...eatures of the Dodge "Power-Wagon"

- ... H.P. "*Job-Rated*" Engine.
- ...e (with Full-Flaating Frant ...*
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- Seat Width—50⅝ inches.
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- Available as Extra Equipment: 2-Way Pawer Take-aff, Power Winch, Pulley Drive, Tail Shaft, Draw Bar, Front Tow Haaks and Pintle Haak.

*...heel drive can be disengaged for highway operatian.

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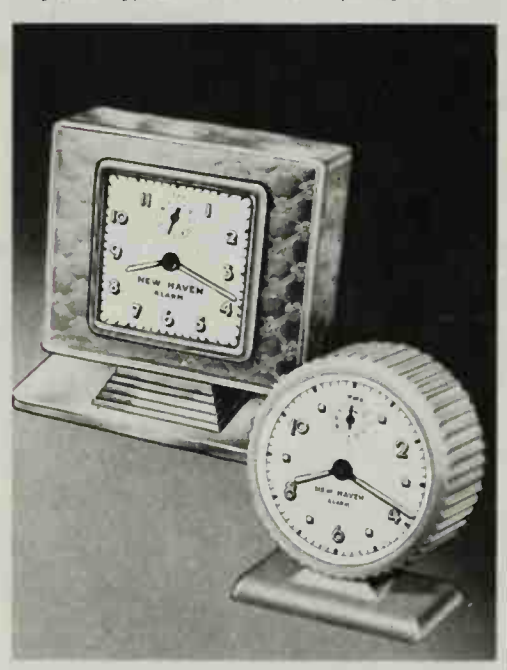

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THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK AND WATCH COMPANY
THE RIGHT TIME SINCE 1817
NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

THE TEA PARTY

Continued from page 28

took Tom by the shoulders and said to him very seriously, "There's a tea party in Birmingham tomorrow, Tom."

Tom stared but said nothing. Perhaps Dick Dunnock was a kind, friendly man after all, for he spoke now in a quiet voice, which put Tom at his ease. He repeated softly:

"Yes, Tom. A tea party in Birmingham. Wouldn't you like to go?"

Tom gasped with excitement at the very thought; but remembering the parish tea and his bitter sorrow, he said reasonably, "You have to be asked 'fore you can go to tea parties."

"Not this sort," Dick Dunnock assured him. "Anybody who wants to can go to this sort of tea party. Would you really like to go, Tom?"

Tom's eyes grew wide, but the only answer he could make was, "Oo!"

Dick felt the money in his pocket (his father had given him a pound for his birthday) and remembered that he could buy a return ticket to Birmingham for five-and-three. Five-and-three was cheap enough for a little bit of sport; barmaids often cost a lot more.

"Very well, Tom, go you shall. Listen—all you have to do is go to the station in the morning and ask for a ticket to Birmingham. The ticket will be waiting for you, because I shall pay for it. Then you jump into the train, and when you get to Birmingham you go to the tea party. D'you understand that? Just repeat it to make sure."

Feeling as if he were in a dream, Tom repeated the instructions word for word. Then Dick Dunnock slapped him on the back and shouted, "Good luck go with you, Tom!" and the men all ran away laughing. Tom was left standing in the deserted street, with the dark silent tower on his one hand and on the other the hanging sign of the Gray Goose Inn, creaking in the slight wind.

He was so happy and excited that he did not even miss Tabby Bells, which were still tonight because the hour was late and the young curate abed.

EARLY the next morning Tom put on his best clothes and left his cottage without telling his mother where he was going. He had the absolute faith of the simple, such childlike, touching faith as the first Christians had, so that he was not in the least surprised when the clerk handed him his ticket and told him that Mr. Dunnock had paid for it.

He whiled away the time until the train came in by putting his last fourpence into an automatic machine, but the machine was empty, so he received nothing in return. At last the long monster snorted up to the platform and Tom got in; and it whirled him along, through a fairyland of green fields and woods and rivers, until it reached a place of sudden darkness, where tall chimneys loomed and factories belched forth smoke and fire like dragons. Then the train stopped; and Tom heard a porter shouting, "New Street, Birmingham," so he opened the carriage door and confidently got out.

It was a monstrous and terrifying station: and there were so many people on the platform that Tom thought it must be a tremendous tea party to which he was bound; for surely they were going there, too. He used what few wits he had and made for the place where a notice pointed the WAY OUT. Here he handed his ticket to a ferocious, mustached collector, and as he did so he asked timidly:

"Please, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

But what the ticket collector replied—if, indeed, he replied anything at all—was lost to Tom, for a crowd was pushing behind him, and at that moment a man swung a heavy suitcase against his back and shouted, "Move along!" so frighteningly that Tom nearly toppled over, and ran out into the street.

The street bewildered him. Taxis hooted and screeched, cars flashed past, and everywhere people hurried and pushed and told him to get out of the way. Birmingham seemed to be a most unlikely place for a tea party; the tea party might be anywhere or nowhere, in this immensity of houses and streets. But Tom was undaunted. Had not the clerk given him his ticket without demur, had not the train brought him safely to Birmingham, where he had only to ask for the tea party and be shown the way? So he went up to a taxi driver who lounged beside his cab, and took off his hat respectfully.

"Please, sir, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

The taxi driver scratched his head.

"Eh?" he said.

"Please, sir, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

"Coo, lumme," said the taxi driver. "You're a funny one, en't you?"

There seemed to be no answer to this, so Tom remained silent. The driver shouted to one of his mates, who slumbered on the running board of the next cab:

"Little bloke wants to know the wy to the tea party. Wotcher think 'e means?"

The man awakened, left his cab and came across to Tom.

"Wot's this 'ere tea party?" he asked tolerantly. "Sort of aeowting, is it? Come with an aeowting, 'ave you, an' gort lost?"

Tom shook his head.

"Please," he said, "I came by myself. To the tea party."

"Gorblimey," said the second taxi driver, confessing himself beaten. He whispered to his mate something about he'd heard there was an aeowting from an 'ome. Then he patted Tom kindly on the shoulder and told him to go and ask a policeman.

Tom went on up the street. He did not ask a policeman, because he had heard that policemen Took You Up, and it would be terrible to be Taken Up in a strange city such as this. Instead he mingled with the crowd and whenever he saw anybody who seemed less hurried than the rest he stopped him and begged: "Please, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?" He asked a news vendor, and a bus conductor, and a short fat man, and a tall thin man, and a woman with a baby, and a girl with a painted face. It was very frightening; for these people spoke in a strange tongue, so that often Tom could not understand their replies. It seem[ed] place he had come to wa[s] called, not Birmingham, but [B]. And nobody knew anything [a] party at all.

And yet, so bright, so splen[did] quality of Tom's faith tha[t] failure neither daunted nor [c]him. The flame burned steadil[y] wind could put it out. Somew[here] mingham there was a tea pa[rty] been told so, and it must be t[rue] bewildering, unaccountable, t[hat] had heard about it, that no[body] where it was; but that did n[ot] indisputable fact that somew[here] where, there was a tea party ing urns with shiny-faced he[lp] out, homemade cakes, and e[ver]ter, and a conjuror with a wh[ite] a hat. . . .

TOM'S beautiful faith kep[t] ing the streets all morn[ing] afternoon, till his feet ache[d] pulses throbbed in his he[ad] emptiness came in the pit of [his] Thirty times, forty times, [fifty] times, he repeated his respect[ful]

"Please, can you please [tell me] way to the tea party?"

Nobody knew; nobody

COLLIER'S

"He's five thousand years ahead of his time!"

him. Little boys laughed [at] mistook his pleading for a b[id] and pushed him out of the [way] two girls came up to him [and] called him dearie and sug[ge]sted should go home with them.

"Is there, please, a tea [party]" said Tom.

"Not arf there isn't! Go [along] dearie?"

"No. But, please, I'm [looking] tea party."

Then the girls put out th[eir] him, and laughed and wen[t] on.

Still the bright flame o[f] faith burned defiantly. S[t.] mingham had possessed a [soul] would have moved it! S[t.] saint had such a brave [trust] heaven as Tom had of his t[rust] even in the late afternoon [he] come nearly to the end of [his] it was not his spirit which [failed] his legs. He had walked [on] hard pavements, and he h[ad] ing since early mornin[g] thought, if he failed to fin[d] at one more attempt, his [legs] give way beneath him, d[own] crash upon the path, an[d] hurrying throng would s[ee] drowning him like the sea [of]

He noticed a tall man s[tand]ing edge of the pavement, wait[ing]

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road; and since it was easier, somehow, to accost a person who was motionless than to stop one of the swift passers-by, Tom decided that he would tackle this man as a last faint hope before he collapsed. Moreover, the man had a kind, handsome face, and he looked, Tom thought, very wise; true wisdom would surely include a knowledge of tea parties! Tom approached him timidly, took off his hat, and asked once more:

"Please, sir, can you please tell me the way to the tea party?"

The man had been staring across the street, looking for a chance to dodge the busses; hearing Tom's voice, he turned round in surprise and said very courteously:

"I beg your pardon."

TOM repeated his question. He saw now that the gentleman was well past middle age; he had pleasant gray eyes, and a chin that was bluish although it was close-shaven. He wore a black felt hat, and a cravat instead of a necktie. He was so distinguished-looking that a little hope stirred in Tom's heart. Such a man as this would be sure to know the way to the tea party.

"Tell me," said this great gentleman (and he had the nicest voice Tom had ever heard), "tell me, what particular tea party do you mean?"

"They told me there was a tea party in Birmingham," said Tom stoutly. "Please, I don't know any more."

"Who told you?"

"Dick Dunnock."

"I see," said the kind gentleman. "Well, I expect he was right. I expect there are a lot of tea parties in Birmingham."

"Are there really?" asked Tom, wide-eyed. What a city, with a lot of tea parties all in one day!

The gentleman was saying:

"How long have you been looking for this tea party?"

"Since this morning, please, sir."

"And haven't you had anything to eat?"

Tom shook his head. The gentleman smiled.

"Well, I think I can take you to a tea party. Just come with me, and we'll be there in five minutes!"

"Thank you, sir," said Tom. Such faith as his allows of no surprise. Hadn't he known all the time that there was a tea party, and that he'd find it in the end? . . .

When the distinguished-looking gentleman (who was an actor, and as distinguished as he looked) approached his big house, which stood in a quiet ... eral young people peered out ... dow and asked one another bew... "What in the world has Arthu... of now?" But they were not so... as they would have been had ... been other than Arthur Montr... tea parties were famous and u... affairs, where you might mee... minister one day and a bro... comedian the next, a dowager ... disreputable tramp. Arthur wa... they said. But because he w... whose Hamlet, whose Lea... Jacques were remembered and ... still, they forgave him everyt... loved him for his eccentricity.

He left Tom in the cloakroo... him that he would fetch him ... ment. Then, for all his seventy ... ran upstairs three steps at a tim... met at the top by his clamorc...

"Arthur, what the devil ... brought? And where did you...

He silenced them with a ges...

"Hush, my dears, hush! I k... ing about him except that ... walking the streets all day loo... tea party. He asked me whe... party was; so I brought him ... you've got to feed him and l... him, or you'll never be asked to ... again!"

Then he went downstairs a... Tom.

"Now, let's all go inside an... said. He led the way into a bi... room. "Angela, pour out, qu... latest guest's hungry and thi... so am I."

Meanwhile, a lovely girl w... hair was saying to Tom:

"Do tell me your name."

"Tom."

A young man standing besi... smiled at this and whispered to ...

"Bless thy five wits, Tom's ... do de do de do de— Bless ... whirlwinds, star-blasting, and t... poor Tom some charity whom ...

"Shut up, Bill," said the gi... be an ass."

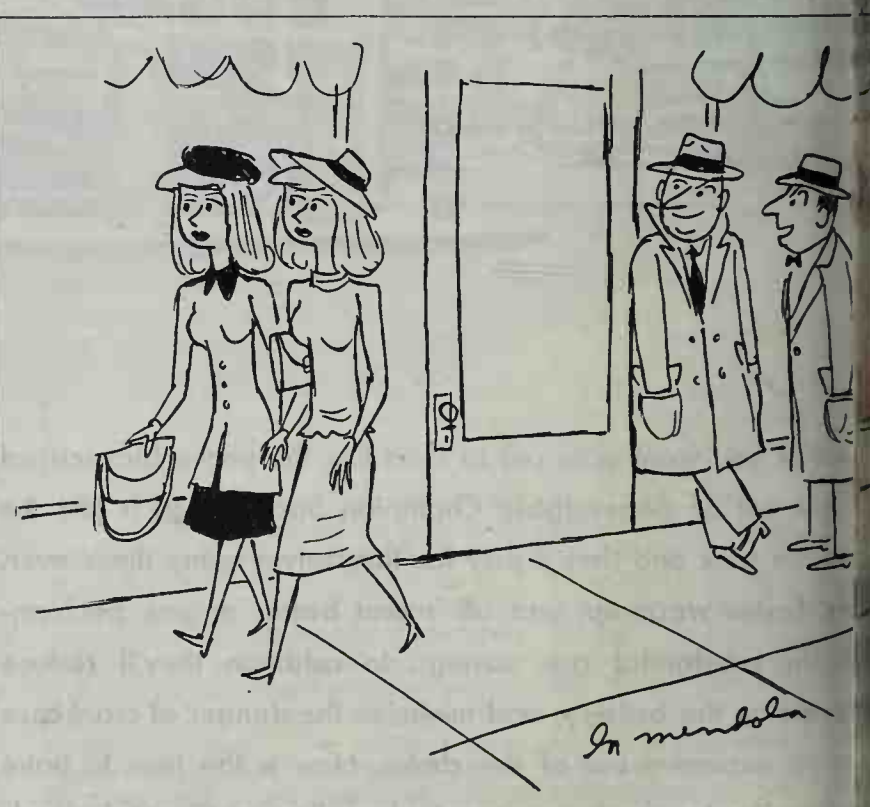
"Ow! You're kicking me."

"Yes. I'm tired of your vo... turned to Tom.

"Tom, I expect you're hungr... ing to get you something to ea... start with cakes or bread ar... There's no need to be polite he... can start with cakes if you want...

"At the parish tea they make ... with bread and butter," said ... it's fun to start with cakes."

"Yes, isn't it? Particularl...



"Ever get the feeling you were going to follow someone?"

COLLIER'S

QUIZ YOU IS? OR QUIZ YOU AIN'T?

Play this year-end insurance game

by don herold

...u, or aren't you up to the minute on modern insurance cov... re you protected all 'round, safely and sensibly with today's ...w policies?

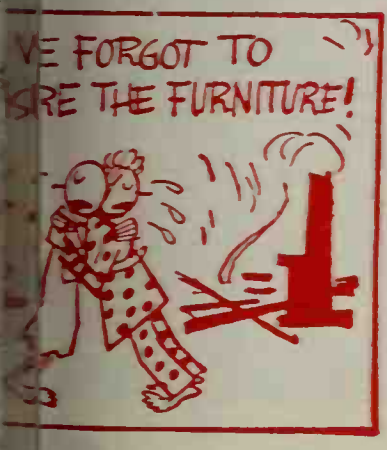
...ome fun and serve yourself by asking yourself, face-to-face, ...stions on insurance and on your coverage. Look squarely at ...ries in a spirit of play, and then face the music seriously. It's ... of year to take a grinventory of what you own, what you ...e—and of how well you are padded against mishaps.

...IUCH WOULD ...T YOU TO ...LD YOUR HOUSE?

..._____

...much fire insurance do ...? $.....

...rage home is only 40% in... ...nst fire nowadays. Many ...e forgotten that their ...ve increased greatly in ... they have not increased ...rance accordingly.



...UCH WOULD ...URNITURE, ETC. ...T $_____

...much fire insurance do ...y on it? $.....

...e you had to re-buy all the beds, bedclothes, chairs, silverware, clothes, books, etc., in your home.

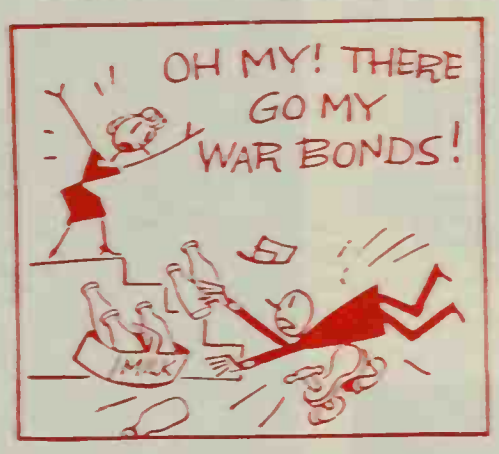
Chances are you carry only a fraction of enough insurance on your household possessions at today's valuation. They come into your life item by item—but may burn all at once, some sad day.

Make a year-end inventory now and see how short you fall on protection!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN "EXTENDED COVERAGE ENDORSEMENT" IS— and how little it costs?

☐ YES ☐ GOSH, NO!

"Extended coverage endorsement" is an inexpensive rider you can tack onto your fire insurance policy to protect you against loss due to windstorm, explosion (with some exceptions,) aircraft and vehicle damage, smoke damage due to faulty operation of heating or cooking units if attached to chimneys, riot and hail.



HOW MUCH "FAMILY LEGAL LIABILITY" PROTECTION WILL $10 BUY? $_____

A good sample of today's insurance values is the protection $10 will buy your family against lawsuits. If your boy hurts a playmate—if your dog bites somebody—if a visitor, tradesman or employee gets hurt on your premises—if you hit somebody with a golf ball—what's the verdict? $_____.

One of these accidents might ruin you financially—yet $10 a year will give you (in most cases) up to $10,000 protection, and will allow up to $250 for medical payments (except to your family) even if there is no legal liability.

IF YOU HIT SOMEBODY WITH YOUR CAR— would the law...

☐ seize your home? ☐ seize your things? ☐ seize your income? What's your protection? $_____.

What's your protection if your car should be stolen? $_____. Or burn? $_____.

Protection is too inexpensive to neglect a minute or a mile.

OTHER BRASH QUESTIONS...

Have you ample insurance against burglary and other possible losses at home—on household goods, jewelry, furs, silverware, clothing, etc.?

☐ YES ☐ ER, AH, WELL—?

How about losses away from home—luggage, golf clubs, cameras, jewelry, furs and such?

☐ FULLY COVERED ☐ HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT

How much would you need per week if an accident kept you from working for 200 weeks? $_____.

How much of a lump sum if you were totally and permanently disabled? $_____.

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Get an America Fore agent or broker to help you cover yourself like a tent . . . against trouble. Many coverages can now be included in one policy by an America Fore man. Today's America Fore insurance policies are so modern and are so adaptable to individual needs, that you can always profit by the advice of a local agent or broker.

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★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

"But whose job is it to discipline the child?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"WHY IN THUNDERATION should anyone discipline a child who isn't old enough to hold his own bottle?" gasped Elmer, the bull.

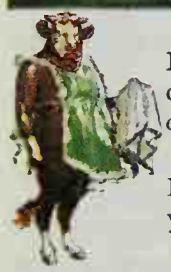
"Dear," said Elsie, "it's just that I'm thinking ahead. The baby already looks and acts so much like *you,* I'm sure it won't be long until *somebody* will have to do something about keeping him in line."

"It's up to the *mother* to keep the kids in line," snapped Elmer.

"But, Elmer," persisted Elsie, "if I were to do all the disciplining of our son here, mightn't he grow up thinking his daddy was a bit—*soft?*"

"If he does, I'll knock his little horns back!" bellowed Elmer. "I'll show him who's boss."

"But you can't be boss once in a while and make it stick," said Elsie. "Discipline is a day-by-day, mother-and-father job. It really takes co operation to develop anything worth while. Take *Borden's Hemo—"*



"Go ahead and take it, Daddy!" urged Beulah. "It's really a *super* chocolaty drink. Simply heavenly smooth—hot or cold."

"Is it good discipline, Elsie," frowned Elmer, "to let your daughter interrupt you?"

"Now, sweet," smiled Elsie, "Beulah was only being *enthusiastic.* Everyone is—about Hemo. It now comes in *two* delicious forms, you know—powder and liquid. And just two glasses of luscious Hemo made with milk supply a full day's needs of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), D, Niacin, and those vital minerals—Iron, Calcium, Phosphorous. Hemo's—"

"Aw, forget Hemo," pleaded Elmer. "Forget the whole subject of discipline, too. Anyhow, let's put it off till after the holidays."

"There's one thing *no one* should put off, not even a day," chirped Elsie, "and that's trying new *Lady Borden Ice Cream.* You never tasted ice cream to *touch* it! Such smoothness! Such creaminess! Such richness! Such captivating flavors!"

"Such a waste of words!" snorted Elmer. "Why don't you just tell folks it's *fit for a golden sp*
let it go at that?"

"I'll do just that," agreed Elsie, "after I p
to *you* that Lady Borden Ice Cream is a fine
of what America's most accomplished ice cre

ers can produce . . . sheer, heavenly, goodness! Now, if our son is to turn out *really* good—"

"Good?" exploded Elmer. "With *our* discipline and *his* magnificent background, how can he miss?"

"You're so right, dear," laughed Elsie. "He'll follow in the Borden tradition—an
know, *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good."*

©The Borden

"And merely by turning the dial, I can make it sound louder than the biggest log in the jungle"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

are, Tom. The pink ones

ed happily and looked
e felt quite at home, be-
people were so kind and
hey had such nice voices.
his tea party was nothing
ties he had known before.
ns, only a silver teapot,
k girl pouring out. They
ela, and she looked like an
ained-glass window. No
indeed, the old gentleman
chin were some strange
And no plain cakes, but
ary ones, and you didn't
ith bread and butter.
ry different from the par-
om thought it was much
There were no women
es, no old people (except
ed gentleman), and all the
l-looking, and all the girls
beyond dreams. It was
e!

next to Angela, watched
ching the cakes. He
:

and such small deer
Tom's food for many a

?" whispered Angela be-
t.
om. It's too good to be
ore the irrepressible Bill
ar's whine:
t on Pillicock's hill, Haloo,
."
Angela, "be quiet. You're
badly. You've got no
. For a punishment, and
oliteness to a fellow guest,
d sit by Tom and amuse
inutes."
it, Angela—I mean, hon-
fun sitting by you," Bill

t to take me out on Satur-

I'm going to."
hat I tell you, and be nice

"Let not the creaking of
rustling of silks, betray thy
woman!"
gela's side and carried his
Tom.
, is this the sort of tea party

wed the last piece of a pink

very nice. But it's not like
tea parties."

"Isn't it? Afraid I don't know much about tea parties. What are the others like?"

"Well, the vicar makes a speech."

"Oh, does he? But, you see, we haven't got a vicar."

"Then the vicar's daughter sings."

Bill smiled.

"We can do that, Tom. You see that lady sitting behind the teapot?"

"Yes. She's beautiful."

"She happens to be the most beautiful lady in the world. And she can sing much better than the vicar's daughter. She'll sing for us when she's finished her tea."

"Will she? Yes, I think she's more beautiful than anybody I've ever seen before."

"Of course, she is!" said Bill. "Haven't I told you?"

Tom looked eagerly at the cakes.

"Please, are the green ones nice?"

"I think I should stick to the pink ones, Tom. It's like mixing your drinks: Green after pink might make you sick."

"All right. Please, may I have the pink one?"

Tom demolished his seventh. Then he looked up suddenly and said:

"Generally there's a conjurer."

Bill shook his head.

"I'm awfully sorry. We haven't got a conjurer. But look here, I can stand on my head!"

"Honest?"

"Honest. For quite a long time."

"I'd like to see," said Tom.

And to this day it is stored safely away in a dozen memories—but most vividly, most unforgettably in Tom's—how a young dramatic critic stood on his head for four minutes in a Birmingham drawing room, and how the girl whom London's West End now knows and loves as "Angela" sang Ariel's song, Where the Bee Sucks, more beautifully than she had ever sung it before. . . .

WHEN the party was over and the guests were all gone, the old gentleman said:

"Now, Tom, you must tell me where you come from, and we must see about getting you home."

But this was a very difficult question, because Tom had never been away from his little town before, and now he could not for the life of him remember the name of it; nor did he think of looking at the return half of his railway ticket, which was safely tucked away in his breast pocket.

"Well, perhaps you can tell me how you got here?" said the old gentleman.

"Please, sir, I came by train."

The old gentleman sat down and lighted his pipe.

"Good," he said. "Now we're getting down to it. Did you come far by train?"

"A terrible long way, sir. I'd never been so far before."

"I see. Now think hard, Tom, and try to help me. Tell me something about the place you live in—something that will show me where it is."

Tom thought very hard. At last he said: "There's a swan there. I feed him."

"A swan? That's splendid. Then there must be a river?"

"Yes, sir. Please, there's two rivers. They meet."

"Good, good!" Arthur Montrose began to feel like Sherlock Holmes. He jumped up and fetched a map from the bookcase at the end of the room. He spread out the map and pored over it. Tom sat still, respectfully silent.

"Somewhere at the junction of two rivers—" murmured Mr. Montrose. "Longish train journey, but probably only two or three hours. Say forty or fifty miles. . . ."

While Mr. Montrose talked to himself, and did mysterious things with a ruler, there came to Tom through the open window a familiar and beloved sound: the chime of church bells. His eyes grew bright, and he sat very straight in his chair. He whispered delightedly:

"Tabby Bells!"

Mr. Montrose looked up. "What's that, Tom?"

"Tabby Bells."

Mr. Montrose wrinkled his forehead. "Tabby Bells? Tabby Bells—?" Then suddenly he clapped his hands and jumped to his feet. "Got it! Got it!" he exclaimed. "An abbey town where two rivers meet! What about that, my dear Watson, what about that for a bit of deduction!" Then he smiled at Tom.

"Come along, Tom, and we'll lend you a warm coat. I'm going to put you in my car and take you home!"

NEXT day Tom met Dick Dunnock in the street, and Dick Dunnock grinned at him and said, "Well, Tom, how did you enjoy the tea party?"

"Please," said Tom, "I enjoyed it so much."

Dick Dunnock's grin faded.

"Eh?"

"I enjoyed it very much."

"Tell me about it," said Dick, with a queer look on his face.

Tom stammered.

"It was so wonderful, it's difficult to tell. . . ."

How, indeed, could Tom explain about the old gentleman with the beautiful voice and the pink cakes, seven of them, and the green ones which he could have eaten but didn't, and the Loveliest Lady in the World who sang that song of which Tom remembered every word:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie . . .

And the clever man who stood on his head, and the kind, golden-haired girl, and then the wonderful journey home, through the meadowsweet-scented evening, that was so swift and strange that it was like a journey on a Magic Carpet—how could Tom tell the story of all these things to Dick Dunnock? Instead he said politely, "Please, it was very kind of you to tell me about the tea party. Thank you very much."

Dick Dunnock shrugged his shoulders hopelessly and went on. He felt curiously ashamed. How fantastic were the dreams of the simple; and how strong was the faith that could create a tea party in Tom's mind, simply because he was told to go to one!

As for Tom, he went his separate way, listening happily to Tabby Bells, and hugging to himself his memories which were brighter far than dreams.

THE END

THIS WINTER BE WARMER

IN THE *Lightest Weight*

ULSTER YOU EVER WORE

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Spun Sun*

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With all types of outdoor clothing to choose from, Comdr. Finn Ronne chose Albert Richard coats and jackets lined with Spun Sun* for himself and his men! He reports from his Antarctic base, "On this expedition these garments have solved our cold weather problems beyond all expectations."

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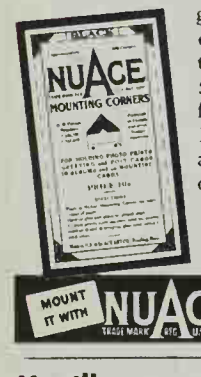

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A TASTE OF OLD GABRIEL

Continued from page 25

We crawled in the blind before daylight. I recollect Benny wiggled around like a dog finding a good place to lie, and the dry twigs broke under him, and when day began to break, he poked his gun out, removing the stick, and told me if I moved he'd knock me out.

Old Gabriel didn't gobble that morning. Benny posted me to watch east, and he'd watch west along the mountaintop. Suddenly I saw Old Gabriel light on the mountaintop. He flew from one of the tall pines down the mountainside a ways, and flew on a level and landed on top. He circled round and round a while. Benny turned and watched him, too, and then the old gobbler began to walk toward us. He was four hundred yards east of us. He came slow. He walked with a stately stride. Now and then he'd jump up on a log or rock and thrust his blue-white head into the air and turn it every direction and look and listen, and then he'd jump off and come on, and really, I thought my mother was wrong. Something told me Benny was going to get Old Gabriel this time. The ground was froze hard, and there was no mast, and only the white skeletons of the chestnut trees remained of the days when my mother said she'd seen Old Gabriel with his flock of fifty wild turkeys in that same cove.

The old gobbler came to a little rise. He was just about the same distance he was the day Benny shot at him, and Benny whispered again that if he came halfway from there, we'd have him for Thanksgiving.

But Old Gabriel didn't. The Lord only knows why, but he began to circle and thrust his head high, and get restless and uneasy, and Benny whispered: "Good Lord! He's fixing to fly—"

Benny barely had to move the breech of the rifle to have it to his cheek, and he took another long chance.

At the crack of the gun, I saw Old Gabriel bounce ten feet in the air. It was too far to tell if feathers came. The old gobbler came back down, but he was on his feet. He seemed bewildered. With a wide sweep of his arms, Benny Ames scattered the blind, and broke to run, but we'd no more than got started before Old Gabriel was in the air. He ran to the crest again, and rose and then floated. We watched him circle over the valley. He sailed clear down over our house, and then circled and came back to the top of Buckhorn a mile down the ridge.

I RAN after Benny. We saw feathers this time. Benny was nervous for the first time. He was down, raking and scattering leaves, and looking at feathers, and then he had in his hand a little clump of feathers, and a wad of white meat, nearly as big as a hen egg.

"I got part of him," Benny said, and we looked at the meat. Benny figured the bullet touched just under the fleshy part of the breastbone, and it seemed like the lump of meat had just peeled or rolled off; it hadn't hardly bled.

Benny held it in his hand and turned it and looked at it, and smelled it.

Then he laid it on a clean, rain-washed rock, and he began to gather twigs for a fire. He struck a match.

He stuck his knife blade in the little bite of meat and held it over the blaze and broiled it.

"Want to taste of Old Gabriel?" he said, and I did. Benny let me taste it first, and then he put the rest in his mouth. I watched how he rolled it on his tongue, tasting it, and then reluctantly swallowed it.

He gathered up every feather he could find and stuck them in his blue shirt pocket to show to Mother. I saw a little misery come up in her face when Benny explained that he had swallowed a bite of the flesh of Old Gabriel, and after Benny left, Mother talked about what a pity. She figured Old Gabriel would die, and nobody would have a Thanksgiving dinner out of him, and besides, she said it would be lonelier around our place with not a single turkey left to wake us of mornings roaring forth from the top of Buckhorn Mountain. She even said America would be short of something with the last wild turkey gone. She talked of it as a bigger loss than the death of the chestnut trees.

She took the feathers Benny brought and rubbed her cheek with them, and then put them away in an old cup on top of the pantry.

Benny Ames also came to worry about it. Old Gabriel hadn't gobbled from the mountain since that morning Benny shot him, and besides, Benny said, no man would ever get another shot at Old Gabriel, even if he was living.

THANKSGIVING came and passed and nobody heard from the old gobbler until one day when Mother came in from the mountain field.

Winter had set in a month before with a deep snow on the ground, and always when deep snows came, my mother had a habit of wandering in the high fields wherever she had calves or sheep, and she'd always carry her apron full of corn and wheat and the like to feed the stock or even the birds.

She didn't act a bit excited. She stamped around on the porch a while, and then got the broom and started sweeping the snow from her shoes.

"Go down to the creek and holler for Benny Ames," she said.

"What do you want with him?" I said.

"Old Gabriel's in the barn on the mountain," she said. "I figure that'll excite Benny."

I jumped up and down. "Mother! What? Him in the barn?"

"Uh-huh," she said. "He ain't dead—'bout to tear the barn down, though. I saw where Benny shot him—naked place on his breast."

I ran for Benny. He jumped the yard fence. He didn't take time to get his red sweater on.

Benny stood with his mouth half open when Mother told him, and after she finished, Benny said:

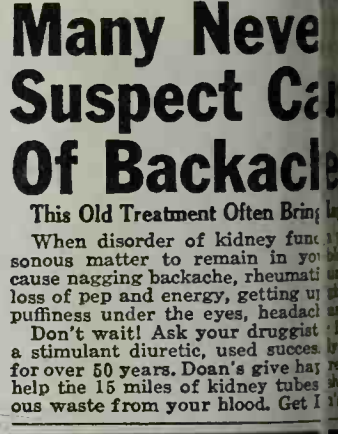
"Mis' Baxter, they ain't only one thing I ask. Let me go in and catch him. Let me get him alive in my hands—"

Mother smiled. "I knew you'd want to do that, Benny," she said. "Naturally, a hunter like you wouldn't want to shoot a wild turkey pinned up in a barn, but you can go in on him—"

Mother wouldn't even let us take the gun. She came with us to the barn on the mountain. We could hear the imprisoned old patriarch of the free mountains lunging against the sides of the barn. Benny peeped in and watched him a long time. Benny figured it all out after he got to the barn. Benny explained the gobbler had flown in at the window on the upper side where we threw in the hay and oats, and then had jumped down through the opening in the barn floor, and couldn't fly back up through the opening on account of his wing spread.

Benny made us latch the door behind him, and explained we could see him clinch the old gobbler better from the upper window.

Me and Mother went around and climbed the ladder where we could see down through the opening. It reminded me of ring history, and of bullfights. It was plain that two old masters had come together, but I could see Mother didn't like it. In her heart, she wanted to open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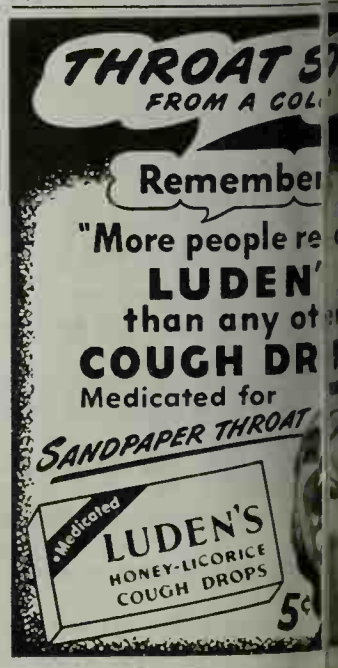

give the old gobbler the
ing chance that the Lord
o have.
Old Gabriel sparred for
The old gobbler circled
he barn wall, keeping his
the little light cracks be-
, and Benny stalked him.
lf crouched, his fingers
and ready for the grab.
spread both arms, and
at gobbler into a corner.
key danced and tramped,
fire in his keen red eyes,
out of the corner. He
seemed like the butt of
ht Benny on the right
n Benny grabbed, and a
warm blood started down

bler circled, but Benny
bbed his cheek, and then
and.
said. "Who'd ever think
would fight you?"
d his blood," I hollered at
ding way.
't like any of it.
air fight," she said. "The
ake wild turkeys to be
n to fight a man."
glanced up, I thought he
look in his eyes. He
little puzzled and not ex-
his doings.
ched again. The old gob-
his corner where the most
ny half slid on the straw.
Gabriel by one leg that
the best I could tell, what
of wings, arms, hands and
was holding one leg; but
as punching his face off
r leg, and Benny turned
and Mother hollered:
's flogging him to death!"
climb down. I don't know
to open the door, or to
Benny, but I held her, and
tant, the old gobbler had
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ht to Benny. Benny put
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ore, when the old gobbler
he opening in the floor
d at it. The gobbler almost
if he had, he would have
nd Mother out of the win-

dow, but he only got one foot up, and Benny grabbed the other leg, and then he kicked Benny in the face with the other foot, and they both went back down in the straw on the floor, the turkey kicking, pecking and punching Benny all over the head with his feet, wings and beak. Benny held both hands over his eyes, and he hollered.

"My eyeball's busted," Benny hollered, crawling toward the door. Mother almost fell off the ladder getting down. She seemed to lose all interest in whether we ever got the turkey. She unlatched the door while Benny was pounding at it, and I tried to shut the door as Benny staggered out in time to keep the gobbler in the barn, but I was too late. The old gobbler nearly knocked Benny down again as he dashed out.

Benny was reeling. He was groggy, and Mother grabbed up her apron and started wiping Benny's bloody face, but I watched Old Gabriel.

He made a few leaps to where a bank made off steep in the deep snow, and there he got the winter wind under his wings, and as he came up, he gave a defiant squall, and he was sailing again. He circled over the valley and then turned toward the tall pines on Buckhorn Mountain.

WE HAD to get Benny to the doctor. Mother thought his eyeballs were cut.

"Good Lord!" the doctor hollered when he saw Benny's bleeding face, "What kind of a fight you been into?"

The doctor couldn't believe that a wild turkey could cut and bruise up a man's face and eyes like that. He was uneasy about Benny's eyes, and Benny had to wear patches over both eyes for a long time. And even though Benny didn't lose either eye, the hawklike keenness was gone.

That spring when the buds started swelling, Old Gabriel blew his trumpet again from the crest of Buckhorn Mountain. He strutted and roared forth his challenge, and it echoed in the valley. But Benny Ames didn't jump the fences any more. He'd only sit and listen.

"I don't reckon I can ever see to shoot much no more," he'd say, and it was plain that his spirit was low.

In the cunning of woods ways, Old Gabriel had whipped Benny Ames. In fist-and-skull combat, the old gobbler had won, and Benny knew it. He knew he'd been whipped in a fair fight, toe to toe.

THE END

"Well, you grasp it like this and say something like 'Happy days,' or 'Here's mud in your eye'" GARRETT PRICE

There's Bacon in this Waffle!
says Ann Pillsbury

THE FLAVOR WILL OUT!

Just you taste this waffle, crisp and hot, 'neath sunny, scrambled eggs with chives snipped into 'em! It's a new Ann Pillsbury idea, and like all her hunches, it's easy as anything to fix with Pillsbury Pancake Mix. And if you think *this* is different, try this handy-andy blend in making desserts and main dishes sometime soon. Wonderful, simply wonderful! And we're not just saying that. Try Pillsbury Pancake Mix. You'll see!

Ann Pillsbury's BACON WAFFLE WITH CHIVED EGGS

Makes six 4-section waffles.

Blend together . . . 2 cups **Pillsbury Pancake Mix**
1⅔ cups **milk**
¼ cup **bacon drippings** or **melted shortening**
2 **eggs**, well beaten
½ cup crisp **bacon**, crushed

Beat . . . . . with rotary beater until smooth.

Bake . . . . . on hot waffle iron until steaming ceases.

Serve . . . . . with Scrambled Eggs and Chives.

Scrambled Eggs and Chives

Cambine . . . 8 **eggs**, beaten
1 cup **milk**
½ teaspoon **salt**
⅛ teaspoon **pepper**
¼ cup chopped **chives**

Caak . . . . . in skillet or double boiler until set, stirring constantly.

Serve . . . . . on top of crisp waffles with bacon curls.

Ready-prepared . . . Plain or with Buckwheat

Pillsbury Pancake Mix
The Blend with no end of uses

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The First Complete

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How Preston Tucker developed these new features years of rigid tests is a story of rare vision and courag these years he was a partner of the late Harry Mille ing the famous Miller Special cars which won 11 out nual Speedway Classics at Indianapolis.

In these years Preston Tucker created designs so that even now no conventional automotive plant c duce them in volume without scrapping tools worth

Later, when war came, Preston Tucker went to W and developed engineering features for motorized ve aircraft. These and all other war materials were need quantities that the Government spared no expense new plants and new mass production techniques.

This is why Preston Tucker today can start from the largest and most modern plant in the world . . . w build a car at a medium price with engineering featu up to now have only been built expensively by hand

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More than a million and a half motorists have alread to the sight of this exciting new car. In special sh New York, Chicago, Toronto, St. Louis, Milwaukee Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Washington it has b attendance records.

When you see it, you will realize how fortunate y you're in the market for a new car. For before man you can own the first completely new car in half a ce a car in the medium- not the high-priced field, yet ye in performance, comfort, and in safety, too.

The Facts About Tucker Financing and the Tucker Plant

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This plant—now the *Tucker Plant*—is the largest, most modern automotive plant in the world. It is ideally suited for making a completely new car. It was laid out by automotive men for the most economical volume production, built by the Government and equipped with the newest, finest, automatic machines for volume production.

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Fred Rockelman, Executive Vice President, Director of Sales. Formerly President Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corp. and General Sales Manager Ford Motor Co.

These men are the builders of the Tucker '48

Preston Tucker heads a group of executives who are honored names in the automotive industry. Each has left his imprint on the methods of manufacture and distribution of motor cars in use today.

Now these men are making automotive history all over again, building a car that will be the inspiration of engineers for years to come.

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TESTING PRODUCED
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v Safety Features. Conventional in- l replaced by attractive sponge rubber wl, under which is spacious safety cham- y steel bulkheads. Front seat occupants this space in a split second in case of llision... The center "Cyclops Eye," lo- special focussed-beam headlights, turns s to light way around curves and corners ie design has lower center of gravity than ss production car, making it virtually overturn.

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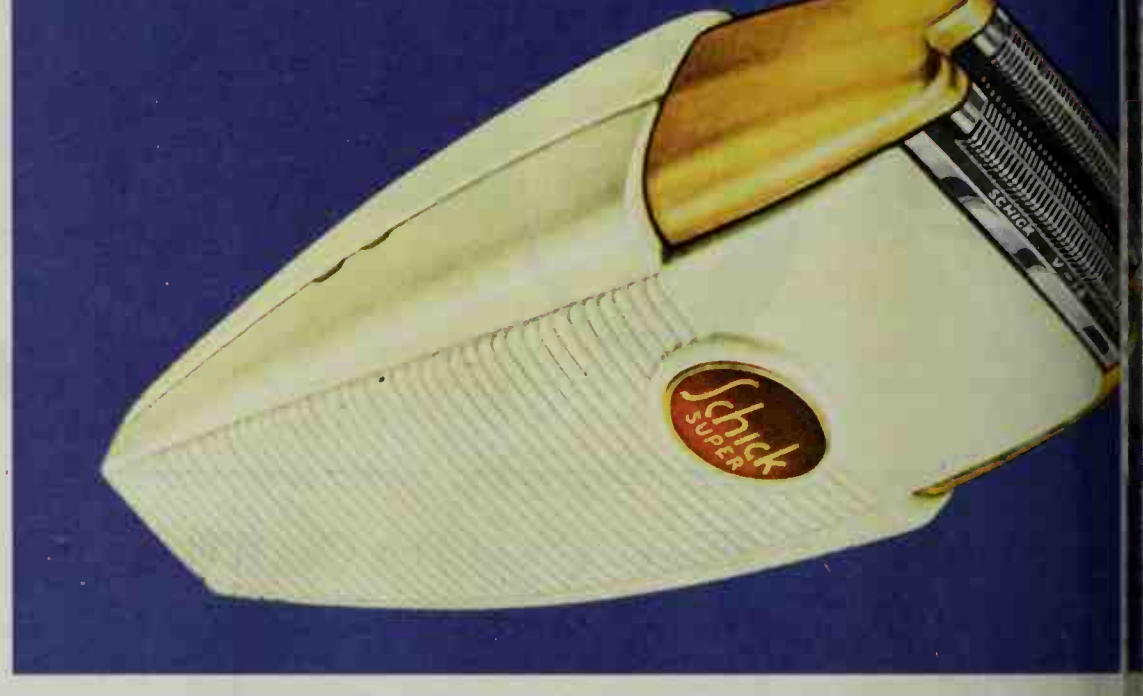

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For seventeen years we've been working to make shaving simpler—easier—better.

To our way of thinking—and by every test we can make—this new Schick Super is tops when it comes to doing that.

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Fair enough? Then how about going down and getting a Schick Super right now?

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SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER
and SHAVEREST

THE BIG EYE

Continued from page 23

orning ran up against was Bureau of Standards for- ng glass. If glass in any st it cracks. According to t formulas, the big mirror cool for nine *years!*

V. McCauley, who super- ing of the glass, refigured d decided that the 200-inch ooled in a year. He set to smaller disks, to find out 1 before pouring the big rted a series of disappoint-

inch disk boiled away the which it was poured. There t for new brick, lasting y it was found, and the hen McCauley tried a 30-

ur was a failure. The sec- ed, but the disk cracked in ird pour shrank too much, as salvaged.

the Disks Increases

nch disk was started. The d, the second succeeded. t on to cast a 120-incher, biggest on earth. By now rs had learned a lot: the success. Plans were made 00-inch. The mold was uary, 1934, and the first ed March 25th. It was a and the works got ready t was not until December ear, that another pour was e was okay and was stored a cell surrounded by elec- t reduced the temperature degree a day.

months, the great ribbed led down enough to be was not until late in March on a special well car, it

rted at all was another it lay ready for loading lant, the Chemung River slowly, inexorably, creep- boxed disk—thirty-seven sweat, brains and tears—. Men fought for a week od—and failed. Then, in ne, the casting was moved, to higher ground. A few ; river flowed muddily over l occupied.

ng, slow journey over the ntral and the Santa Fe the d in Pasadena in April, packed on Easter Sunday n its long grind April 22d. out twenty tons. About five r tons had to be ground lly until what remained ect parabola nearly seven- iameter.

took years, and more than ns of abrasives, including f tons of rouge for the final k.

ng was done under the di- rcus H. Rrown. At the end ly survivor of the crew that ng job back in 1936. Brown nterested in telescopes years ng trucks with telescope -by Mount Wilson, and he elf-taught. Other workers nto the nerve-racking busi- erything from truck driving sing. Finally twenty-one of work, clad in spotless white laboratory.

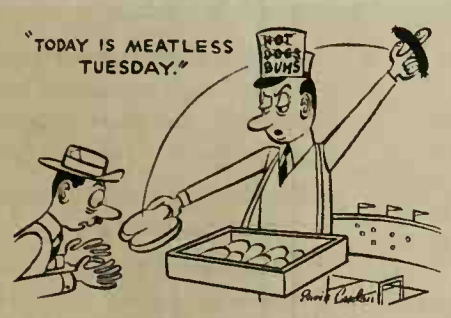
breathed a sigh of relief nderson and his fellow ex- "Good enough!"

he mirror is about two feet edge, only about three and inches thinner at the bot- tom of the curve in its center. It is the greatest mirror ever made.

One of the last bitter problems came when it was discovered that the mirror is much more elastic than was figured. The glass sagged here and there under its own weight, distorting the image. A complicated system of braces had to be invented, adjusted and tested before the sagging was compensated for. As the mirror is moved around in the observatory, subjected to varying strains, the pull of gravity will be compensated by automatically functioning machinery that will hold the parabola to its exact curve.

The final coating and polishing are to be done this winter atop Palomar. But even then, there may be new delays if it is found that any of the complicated apparatus needs improvement. The best the astronomers expect is that the first photos *may* be made early in the summer of 1948.

The telescope was built where it is because Palomar Mountain is one of the few solid places in southern California. It is a block of virgin granite about ten miles by thirty in area and its base is anchored twenty miles down. The top of



SAVE FOOD !

Palomar used to be level with the coast plane; it now is five thousand feet above it, the lifting being accomplished by terrific pressures from beneath the east and west sides. The mountain lies between two earthquake faults, both of which are active, and like everything else in the territory, is shaken by temblors. But the granite minimizes shocks, and nothing serious is expected to occur.

In a country where bad quakes are as certain as death and taxes, Palomar is an island of comparative safety for $6,000,000 worth of space-probing apparatus.

Although the great glass will be primarily a fact finder, it is expected to ask more questions than it answers. This has been a habit of telescopes ever since Galileo peered through his little one; it has held true up to and including the 100-inch mirror on Mount Wilson.

What the Mirror Can Reveal

If telescopes pose more problems than they solve, it might be asked how they ever can solve the one great problem of the construction and operation of the universe. The answer is that somewhere along the line a mirror—maybe the new one, maybe not—will gather enough data to answer all or most of the questions telescopes have been asking for centuries.

The astronomer is like the prospector: He never knows whether he's a million miles from a fact or a mile from a million facts. In the sky, just a billion light-years more may solve everything; just as in prospecting, an inch or two more into the hole may strike the vein.

The Big Eye will not be overworked. Predictions are it will be used around fifty nights a year—four hundred hours of "seeing" may be the limit. The rest of the year the atmosphere will be too cloudy, too misty—or too bright. These "crisp, sparkling nights" when the stars twinkle brilliantly are of no use to astronomers. By the time that fascinating twinkle is magnified by the big mirror there's no chance to study the star.

The farther a telescope looks out into space, the larger area it covers, as anyone knows who has looked through a pair of binoculars. But the Palomar instrument will see, at one time, less than one twenty-five thousandth of the sky. It has been calculated that more than 27,000 photographs would have to be taken to complete the picture seen by the 200-incher. This would take so long—years, in fact—that the positions of millions of stars would have changed between the taking of the first and last photographs.

So the Big Boy will have two assistants —one already at work. These are the Schmidt cameras, eighteen-inch and forty-eight-inch affairs with wide-angle lenses. The Schmidts can photograph large areas of the sky very rapidly and can cover the entire universe in about a year. By studying the pictures from the Schmidts, the operators of the new mirror will be able to choose just where they wish to aim their new machine.

With photoelectric amplifiers, the present 100-incher on Mount Wilson can detect the light from one candle three thousand miles away. The new glass will be able to discover the same amount of light still more miles away . . . and incidentally the scientists have made heat detectors that will record the warmth of a man so far away he's invisible to the human eye! With these the temperatures of stars hitherto undiscovered will be measured.

For Long-Range Universe Study

Using the Palomar mirror to reach the moon or even one of our system planets would be like using a DC-6 to travel a city block. The big glass is not meant for city, or even interurban travel, but for long-distance work—the Trans-Universe Express. No one will "look through" it; the astronomer inside the cage, his back to the sky, will photograph what the camera sees in the mirror.

The photographic plate or film is better than any human eye because it can accumulate and store light. The eye can report only what it sees in a fraction of a second; the film can keep on accumulating light for days or weeks, if necessary—and then make a report not only vastly more accurate than that of the eye, but one capable of being filed away for reference.

It is possible, of course, that when light rays started out from suns a billion light-years away, there was no Earth. Our solar system may have been built only a few billion calendar years ago, long after many similar systems far out in the universe.

Billions of years ago, a star far away shot out a light ray into space. There was probably no earth, maybe no solar system. The ray sped onward at 186,000 miles every second, unfaltering, never slowing down. An explosion somewhere in the Milky Way created the sun and its attendant planets. Slowly they cooled. Life appeared. Painfully through millions of years, civilization developed. A thing called a telescope was invented. The ray still sped on.

Telescopes grew bigger and more perfect. Then, in the nick of time to catch the light ray that started billions of years ago, trillions of miles away, the biggest mirror on earth will be ready on Palomar Mountain. The light ray will hit it, bounce back a few feet through a lens and record its tremendous, incredible journey on a photographic plate.

THE END

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U. S. S. R.—WORKERS' INFERNO

Continued from page 19

ransportation is not an ac- for a worker's tardiness a document to prove it— ld the worker obtain such So he gets either a repri-

g, the local commuting orsk to Moscow was over The passengers, aware of d be up against, demanded m the stationmaster to the train was two hours off n if the stationmaster had co-operate, it would have al impossibility to write d such "documents." But not willing, he wrote ned, looked over some eared, and in due time re- unce that the train would minutes. Thus over a muters were left without their delay was not caused nt to sabotage Soviet in-

ys and stoppages are the orker all through the day lay: defective materials, als, lack of materials, machines—an incredible verse conditions. the incredible Soviet bu- often snarls up a project f red tape that the indi- 's satisfaction in seeing a is almost never realized. s should suffice to illus- e concerned my friend, Y; self.

Poultry Combinat in Za- n organized, seed stock of Red and White Leghorn been imported from Mas- d that stock had carried ntee of 215 eggs per year. ears the stock had so de- teriorated that the egg yield per hen was now 85 per year. It was the job of the American poultry specialist Y to improve the stock and to raise egg production through selective breeding.

But as soon as he began to show practical results, his genetic breeding section was made a target for systematic sabotage. The methods used in increasing the egg yield too plainly pointed to the reasons why it had decreased, and the party-and-the-government is ever determined to wipe out any evidence against itself. So, poultry breeder Y's henhouses were broken into at night, the birds were mixed and shifted from one pen to another; their leg bands were removed; a rooster disappeared; strange roosters were brought into the pens; calcium chloride appeared in the feed hoppers, etc. This went on for so long that Y finally left the country in disgust after seeing his two years of work almost completely nullified.

My own experience with the inefficiency created by Soviet bureaucracy came on my first job in Russia—at Kondopogo, in Karelia. We were assigned to build log "apartment houses," actually barracks, near the Kondopogo Paper Mill. The work was, as all productive work in the Soviet Union is, piecework. The technical director explained that there was a plan: The building had to start on a certain date and be completed by a certain date. Yet the morning we went to work, there were just nine logs on the building site, and no definite knowledge when or from where additional material would be forthcoming.

Of that first workday in Karelia I remember the following facts: (1) The workday was from seven thirty in the morning to four in the afternoon with half an hour for lunch. (2) No plans or specifications were given our brigade, the excuse offered being that all plans are the secret of the party-and-the-government, and are not divulged to the masses. (3) When we suggested that each apartment have at least one clothes closet, the technical director demanded to know why. Since the apartment would be occupied by workers, who wore the same clothes day and night, free day and workday, a closet would be a useless luxury and a waste of space. Without the closet, one more person could be crowded into each room. (4) The *Politruk*—the political commissar who made sure that the party line was followed in all respects—came to tell us that it was our duty to subscribe to the State Loan, one hundred rubles being the smallest permissible amount. It was useless to argue that we wanted to earn that money before giving it away. He was there to give orders, and we were on the receiving end, so each of us signed for a hundred-ruble obligation.

After Two Days in Hospital

The foot of one of our crew members slipped while he was joining the house corner, and his hatchet made a nonserious flesh wound just above his right knee. Instead of being bandaged and sent home for a few days, he was rushed to the hospital. Two days later he was released in high fever, with the leg wound showing angry signs of blood poisoning. I helped him recover from the septicemia and a week later the man was back at work.

A chief technical director sent word that we were to remain on the job after 4 P.M. as he would arrive to give us a talk. We waited, but instead of the stipulated hour, he arrived at six thirty. That two-and-a-half-hour wait proved to be only a foretaste of how workers are treated in the Soviet Union, but already we had had enough. I told the director, through our interpreter, that since no boss in capitalist America would dare keep his workers on the job without pay for two and a half hours after quitting time, we certainly didn't propose to stand for such humiliating treatment in the Soviet Union. From that day on, I was a marked man.

The party-and-the-government had a mania for "plans." The curse of these plans was that many of them were based on nonexisting materials and conditions. If the plan could not be fulfilled in reality, it was faked, but to fulfill and overfulfill was a must. I mention here the first instance that came to my notice, although it was a minor one. An older American brigade was just about finishing a large two-story barracks when they ran out of nails. The technical director ordered the men to use only two nails to each door casing and window casing, and to put the window sash in place without nails, by just wedging them on tight.

Then men protested that since there was such an acute shortage of window glass it would be much safer to leave the sash off until nails could be procured. It would be easy enough to install the sash any evening or free day.

To that the technical director said, "That won't do. If you put all the windows and doors on by tomorrow night, we can report to the party-and-the-government that the plan has been overfulfilled by so many per cent, and you will get your full pay, plus a bonus for having completed the job ahead of plan. Otherwise you must wait for your money until the building is considered finished."

The men did as they were told, received their pay, and news of another Stalinist victory appeared in the Soviet papers. The brigade naturally was sent on to another job, while the warmth of

"I can't decide whether to have a drink or look chic!" JARO FABRY

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t days began to dry and window frames and sash mpleted building. Then understorm, which blew h and shattered every

a plan had again paid

as many other types of ght about an appalling he face of scarcity.

particularly noticeable state-owned farms, both farms) and *kolkhozes* s). Although there are en these types of farms, alike here, because the ns and operates both, *hoz* director and the *kol-* both hold their jobs by rty-and-the-government, xploit and enslave the alike indifferences and, hunger is equally devas- type of farm.

t who had worked sev- *Sovkhoz Gigant* (some- mmuna Gigant) told me two, the *sovkhoz* is the ay of farming, and the ost wasteful of all *sov-* e too large to be worked if completely mecha- rming in our country is , the economic waste be- rtful.

best and most favorable cent of the crops remain in some years the loss is r cent.

ly Mistakes Occur

the agricultural front so rector who, having re- from the party as a re- loyalty, knows nothing Then he hires his techni- among his relatives and en are as ignorant as the . Then they go by the State Planning Commis- f by the advice of old sants. Thus costly mis- tilling, sowing, and har-

kolkhoz is named after ry. In such a case, the must exercise "patron- *khoz*" by giving it an un- of free days' work. In , the *kolkhoz* is named eader, and then it is the yho have patronage over lfare of that leader. The v, and Kaganovich *kol-* nown to be perpetually enefit of their lords in the best horses and best steers hem as gifts. I've heard *oz* worker sadly predict ese lords would take full possession of their *kolkhozes* as their private property.

Many *kolkhozes* ordering a tractor were forced to receive and pay for two tractors, one that was guaranteed to run, and one that was *brak* (spoilage). You see, in the ever-present desperate struggle to fulfill the plan, only 50 per cent of the tractors produced would actually run, but the factory had to get rid of the fake tractors at the full price, too.

"*Oih*, how we have struggled and how we have suffered," mourned a woman from the Pustoshinskii *sovkhoz*, out in the Udmurskaya Republic. "We all felt *khozyaina hozyaina nyet* (there is no boss) when the director gave such outright crazy orders and we had to obey them. That is why we had no hay when the winter came.

"Our *sovkhoz* had three big swineries with straw roofs, so the director ordered the straw removed, to feed the horses. The winter was very cold, and when the roofs were stripped of their straw, the snow came right down into the swineries. The sows had just been farrowing, so we had to keep the stoves red-hot day and night in order to keep the litters from freezing. The little pigs drew themselves close to the heat, and the nearest ones got squeezed tight against the stove and were burned alive. We lost over sixty pigs that way. Then, because of that, two workers were arrested for wrecking and sabotage. It is all so very hard."

Another curse imposed by the government on the *kolkhozes* is the MTS (Machine-Tracto Station). This outfit does the mechanized work on all *kolkhozes* in the district, plowing, cultivating, harvesting, etc. But since it is performed as piecework, so much per hectare, they cheat the *kolkhozes* outrageously. Thus, when supposed to plow, they run the furrows a meter apart, getting paid as though they had actually plowed the entire field. Then the poor *kolkhozniks* must turn the soil between the furrows with their spades and hoes, and for this work they receive no pay. Harrowing before the spring sowing is often done so late as to be out of season. The same is true of harvesting, and that is one reason for the frequent crop failures and harvest losses.

The last time I discussed this subject with a Russian was on my way to Kuibyshev, in August, 1943. My companion was an intelligent man who was familiar with the terrain from the prerevolutionary period to the present day, and as the train passed through the vast, unharvested hectares of overripe wheat, rye, and buckwheat, he shook his head sadly, and remarked, "The loss is going to be over 80 per cent again this year. What a pity! And just when the people need bread so badly. If only the government would let the peasants have one half the crop for their labor, hungry as they are, they would work day and night until the harvest was gathered in. But government wants *all* the grain; so it gets only 15 per cent, and the peasants themselves get nothing."

The government's disregard of the workers' comfort—and their rights—extended to others besides peasants. I have an interesting souvenir of this indifference: my trade-union membership book. On every page of that book is printed "Trade-Unions—a School of Communism." The slogan, coined by Lenin, is somewhat incomplete in its meaning. Factually, Soviet trade-unions are a whip in the hand of the government against the workers.

While with the Poultry Combinat, I made samples of feeding troughs which the technical director turned over to the carpenter shop for production in quantities. He set the price scale at 2.5 rubles a piece. The men would turn out from six to eight of those troughs a day, thus earning from 15 to 20 rubles.

Carpenters Protest Cut in Pay

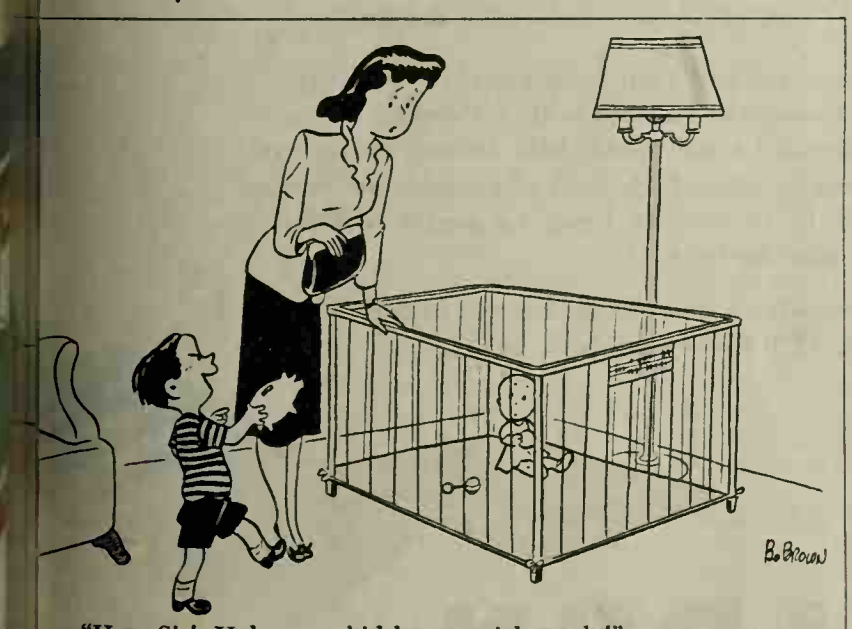
Suddenly, and without giving any reason for his action, the technical director cut the price down to only 75 kopecks per trough. The men appealed to the Shop Committee, also to the trade-union secretary, but were turned down by both. The carpenters were informed that work rating and price fixing were done by other government "organizations," and that the trade-union secretary's function was merely to see that dues were paid, and that the decisions of the party-and-the-government were carried out within the trade-union.

This left us completely at the mercy of the bosses in our wage dispute. The carpenters could not support their families on four to six rubles a day; so they began to work longer hours, from 6 A.M. to 8 and 9 P.M., thereby boosting the output to as much as twelve troughs per day. I protested to the trade-union secretary against such a flagrant violation of union rules, but he corrected me, saying that there was no union rule against longer hours of work. The law demanded eight hours of work a day from everybody, but if a man liked to work longer hours, he had a legal right to do so.

While the prostituted Soviet press covered its front pages with glorious accounts of Stalin surrounded by little children chanting, "Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for a Happy Life," tens of thousands of mothers clothed in thin rags trudged through the biting cold of the Moscow winter every morning, carrying their babies to some old woman's care, or to a day nursery. The babies cried from cold and hunger and disturbed sleep, the mothers from hunger and anxiety lest they be late for work. Comrades, if you can see happiness in such an existence, it is happiness standing on its head.

Every worker must belong to his trade-union. Skill carries no weight when one joins the union. As all work is divided into at least six categories, according to the skill required in its performance, six different pay scales are applied to the work. To which wage category each particular type of work belongs is decided by the industry management. The union is never consulted in establishing wage scales. At the frequent meetings which the workers are required to attend, they are informed of new decisions, but never asked how they like the decisions.

The bosses may, and often do, punish a skilled mechanic by paying him according to an unskilled laborer's wage rate. To my knowledge, in such instances the union has never risen to defend the worker. When a director really decides to economize, he requests the court or the NKVD to impose a year's prison sentence on a skilled man, thus compelling him to pursue his trade at his old workbench without pay. I know of sev-



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LEW FOLLETTE

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possible prior to 1934, he

occasionally changed jobs, each time he did so the documents pertaining to the previous position were handed in and never returned. Thus the worker was left with no proof as to his earlier activities. Only a few were clever enough to realize that at least five copies of any document are needed in the Soviet Union—and still fewer were lucky enough to persuade their directors to prepare those copies. The unfortunate oldsters who can show no documents have only one alternative—work.

A "rest home during vacation" presents a very attractive picture, and so, in truth, it is—to the few who can get into one. I knew an old charwoman who for several years had tried to get into a rest home. She was an exceptional worker, and for a long time had been taking over the night watchman's job (without pay, of course) on his free day. She had passed all the preliminary tests and had been chosen to go to a rest home.

Elatedly, she spoke of the happy time she would have down south. Her elation died when she learned that the railroad fare was not included in the free vacation, and that she would have to pay it herself. Now, a charwoman's wage is some 85 rubles per month, barely enough for her bread norm, so travel was out of the question. It is no wonder then, that "rest homes for the workers" are for the most part filled with directors, secretaries, agitators and their relatives. Incentive to work? What do you think?

Planning—an Unknown Science

Not only in incentives does the Soviet system break down. Industrial-economic planning is done in such a haphazard and unscientific manner that no capitalist economist would ever think of calling it planning. Such factors as the availability of raw materials, transportation and skilled labor are all subordinated to the maxim, "There is no fort too strong for the Bolsheviks to conquer."

Spurred on by this fanatical edict, the State Planning Commission lays out production quotas that ignore every human limitation. An artificially achieved Stakhanovite record is made the basis for a daily production norm, which by its unattainability sets off a chain reaction of such evils as the undermining of quality and the faking of quantity. If the *kolkhozes* harvest a favorable crop one year, immediately the Planning Commission orders the yield per hectare to be doubled. The result is that the peasants are left without bread, and the last ounce of incentive is destroyed.

Because the chief motivating force behind a plan is its propaganda value, no effort is spared to make the most of it. Thus, very often costly insanities are carried out under the plan by top-ranking chiefs and directors of industry.

When the new steel bridge Bolshoi Kamennyi Most (Great Stone Bridge) was constructed over the Moscow River, extra pressure was put on the bridge-builders to finish the job before the May Day parade. But since conditions did not permit the completion of the work within the specified time, the finishing touches, such as the asphalt pavement and the streetcar tracks, were faked.

This "completion" permitted the Soviet press to announce another great Stalinist victory, the opening of the bridge ahead of plan. But after the May Day celebration, the working crews returned, tore up the fake asphalt top and the car tracks, removed the rubbish filler then began the task of laying the permanent concrete and repaving with asphalt. The bridge was opened for traffic three months later.

Considering all these things which I experienced or observed during my 14 years in the Soviet Union, I'd say that if the U.S.S.R. is a workers' paradise, I'll take "capitalist oppression."

THE END

sweater girl

. . . iceberg variety!

What a chill Jill I was! Believe me, those wintry winds weren't whistling "Dixie" through our walls. The furnace gobbled fuel . . . ate right through our budget. Not only that . . . you can't look pleasin' when you're freezin'.

Then an ad (something like this!) gave me a hot idea. Pronto I 'phoned the CAREY Approved Home Insulator . . . learned he has a neat system which actually blows Rock Wool into your walls without muss or fuss.

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THE GIRL HE BROUGHT HO

Continued from page 26

about this girl when he had met her—about the proud mother, the dignified grandmother, the house full of antiques.

Anton said, "I'm busy, Michael. You give her a good time. Show her the house and the garden. She'll like the place."

It was a lovely house, large and comfortable; such a house as Anton, even in his most ambitious dreams, had never expected to own. When he first came to America from his native Bohemia, nearly thirty years ago, no one would have believed, least of all Anton himself, that in less than thirty years he would be a rich man. He had arrived in New York shortly after the first World War with a hundred dollars, some old clothes tied up in a faded knapsack and five years' experience in a glassworks near Prague. He took a job in a small Connecticut glass factory, and in a few years he was foreman. At the end of ten years he was part owner and finally he was able to buy out the original owner.

NOT that everything had gone smoothly at first. In those early years he had been terribly poor; he had had to stint and scrape to get a few dollars together. He had married Rhetta when she worked in the factory beside him, and she had not lived to see him prosper. What would she think if she could see him now, he wondered, if she could see this fine house on one of the best streets, this breakfast table set with good linen and silver, but most of all, her son, Michael?

Probably, like Anton, she would never have gotten over the wonder of having a boy like Michael. He was so straight, so handsome, so American. Anton never understood how Michael had grown so much taller than his parents, just what it was that had turned Michael out in such a different mold. How proud Anton had been as the boy grew up, how often he had walked along the street holding Michael by the hand, just to see people smile at the fair, brown-eyed boy. When Michael came down to the glassworks during school vacations, Anton would show him around the busy factory, beaming as the men looked up from their work to grin at the boy. Michael always asked intelligent questions and the men would answer good-naturedly, telling Anton later what a smart boy he had.

At home, Anton would shyly tell of his own achievements. "We're way ahead of last year, Michael, by twenty per cent."

"Gee, Papa, that's wonderful!"

To Anton, the boy sweeter than the praise tomers.

Not until Michael was tion from college, did enter Anton's mind. Mi at the factory just before Mr. Trevor, a Washingt into the office. When asked Anton about an Gogh prints at the local hadn't known what he w Michael smoothly steppe man what paintings he w Michael had even critic work.

"His colors are brillian on perspective," Michael

Then he and Mr. Trev cussion which Anton co At first Anton had been of his son's knowledge, foreman, standing beside darkly:

"Sure, these kids too sn for their parents. Too r and soon they look down

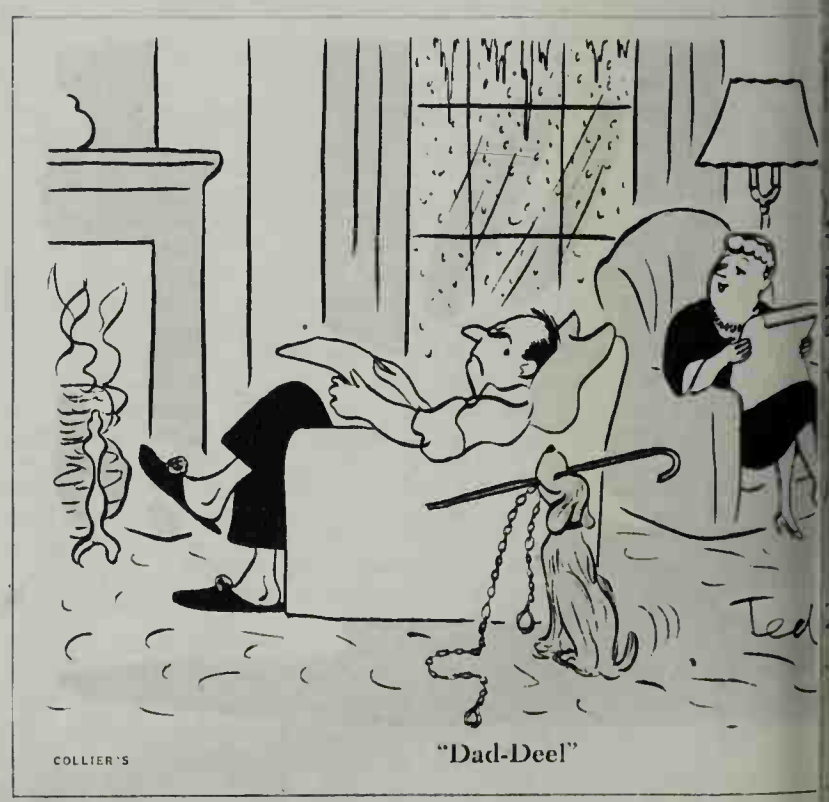
Michael would never Anton had thought then the way Michael felt abo the little things. They thing right out, but they remembered the first nig to drive his new car. Tr anxiety, Anton had said:

"You'll be careful, Mic driving. Be careful." Tha late as Anton ever got, lently: You're all I've g For God's sake, be caref

"Gosh, Papa. You kno driver." Michael had gri the shoulder. He said in "Don't worry about me."

Michael's hands were and tender, too, Anto woman would like the fee and that quick caress. A w be able to resist Michael, until she met his father.

No, he wasn't going t not for a long time. He stand in Michael's way. A his paper, mumbling ab cate details in the day's Michael would understa There was that other blac son had blurted out that to work in the factory. wonderful business. Su served a lot of credit, b had desires and ambitio Well, you couldn't blam



"Dad-Deel"

...of you to say, Roy, ...ould see me sometime ...d my hair done; when ...p, and all dressed ...a party or a dance"

JOHN RUGE

...d only changed his plans ...he girl.

...n't good enough for him, bitterly. After all, he had ...usiness just for Michael; ...ppy enough when it was a ...nton loved only the work ...st magic process, and he very new thing that was work of art. Each item ...ss thought and planning, ...ation of color, shape and

...irl who would change ev- ...matter what happened to- would be different. Either ...Michael the cold shoulder miserable, thought Anton she will marry him and from me.

...to console himself with ...ht that all children draw ...heir parents when they ...had never really believed it ...fore. Instead he had envi- ...el with a pretty wife and ... while he hovered some- ...ckground, loving them all, ...or them, being loved.

...ould have been better, he ...had never come to Amer- ...e should have stayed at ...s own parents, maybe he ...ve been so ambitious. For ...he wondered what *his* fa- ...e felt when he went so far ...though there were many

... things had turned out, it ...essing that Anton had left ...d always sent back money ...his family had become the ...d one in their little village. ...d them three times before ... father was dead now, but ...r was still alive. Suddenly, ... Anton that he ought to see ...here was nothing to stop ...Perhaps he should go at once; ...ve Michael free and he ...ha... to meet this girl for a long ...e came back in the spring, ...ould be settled. He would arrange the work so that Pasco could handle it.

Today, he decided, he would work in the factory, not in the office. When a man was busy, he forgot his troubles, especially when he was busy with his hands. This morning he'd work on the colors for the new goblets; no one else could get the shadings so clear and true. He would work for hours to achieve a pure ruby red for glasses that flashed like fire when they held good wine.

Anton had always enjoyed working side by side with his men. There had never been any constrained feeling of worker and boss in his factory. He left his coat in the bright new office walled off with glass brick and hurried back to the factory, pulling on a leather apron as he went. At the fire-clay crucibles where the finer grades of glass were in preparation—for it was with these that he liked to work and experiment—he waited as the glass mixture went through several refining processes.

When all the impurities were removed, he filled the tubes with the clear liquid glass and carried them in a rack to his long table, where colored slabs were spread out row on row: bright reds and cobalt blue and golden yellow, the colors secured from copper and manganese and pure gold. Like an alchemist, Anton measured and tested and measured again. He added the last amount of metallic oxide and paused; he now had the shades of glowing color he wanted.

IT WAS noontime; Anton was hot and hungry and tired—too weary to go uptown for lunch and he would not go home. He was about to send a boy to the restaurant to get his food, but Pasco laughed and said:

"So eat with us. You worked like a laborer; so eat like one."

Anton laughed. More than once he had eaten outside with the men, sharing their bottles of beer and their huge sandwiches—loaves of bread cut lengthwise and filled with ground meat and onions and ketchup. It was a long time since Rhetta had made him sandwiches like that, and since then nothing had tasted quite so good.

Outside, the men divided their lunches and greeted him cheerfully, speaking a jargon of English and Czech and heaven knows what else. They joked with him, forgetting that the big factory with the wide windows and the long fluorescent lights belonged to him. And Anton tried to forget that at home, a proud, light-haired girl with a careful voice was looking over his house, his grounds, his son.

From where he sat he could see the undulating yellow hills covered with goldenrod and clumps of sumac bushes waving dark red cones, that looked for all the world like brimming wineglasses. Anton had often stolen his colors from nature: the wild purple grape, the brilliant blue cornflower, the amber sunshine.

It was quiet and peaceful in the open yard, and, their lunches finished, the men were relaxed and quiet. Anton looked up as a long, low convertible slid swiftly into the paved enclosure. How smoothly, almost arrogantly these young men drive, thought Anton, before he quite realized that it was, of course, Michael at the wheel of the car. And next to him, the girl.

Anton got up hurriedly, aware of his leather apron, his sand-smeared hands, his preposterous lunch—but it was too late. Michael waved to him and turned to help the girl out of the car. Anton stood there, glued to the steps, as they came toward him. The workmen grinned at Michael with his girl, then edged away.

She was exactly as Anton had pictured her, almost as tall as Michael with long, fair hair, that curled up slightly just where it touched her shoulders. She had small, firm breasts and narrow hips and a tiny waist. Anton never knew how these slender females ever had babies. But she

SLICE SPAM ¼ inch thick; fry this juicy, tender, all-pork meat to a golden brown • **CRISP WAFFLES:** combine two cups sifted flour with ½ tsp. salt, 3 tsp. baking powder, 2 tsp. sugar • Add 2 well beaten egg yolks to 1¾ cups milk and stir into dry ingredients • Add ⅓ cup melted shortening, beat till smooth • Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites • Spoon about ½ cup batter in hot iron and bake • Makes six waffles.

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COLLIER'S "By George, you're right"

had nice eyes, blue and friendly, and they did not change their expression as she looked at Anton.

Anton didn't know what to say, but the girl spoke first.

"Mr. Kapek, you're just as Michael described you," she said. She smiled. "I've been wanting to meet you. He told me so much about you."

"Pleased to meet you," said Anton. In his distress and confusion, his accent grew thicker than usual, and he held out a sticky hand. But he pulled it back quickly, apologizing for its condition.

"But, Mr. Kapek, I work, too," she said, holding out her hands. "I model with clay and I never get it all off." Sure enough, despite their slender shapeliness, there were signs of clay around her nails.

THEN Michael spoke for the first time, not looking at his father. There was a waiting, watchful look in his brown eyes which were so much like Rhetta's. "Maris wanted to see the factory. She wouldn't take no."

"That's nice," said Anton. "You take her around. You show her everything."

"Oh, Mr. Kapek, I thought you'd take me," Maris said. "Michael doesn't know a thing—he's a stuffy lawyer."

Again Anton did not know what to say. He liked to conduct visitors through his modern plant and then show them the finished products in his handsome display rooms. But he wanted to get away from this girl of Michael's. Perhaps he could whisk her around quickly, pretending to be very busy, not saying much.

But no, she wanted to see everything; she asked endless questions. What went into the huge furnaces, how high must the temperature be, how were the brilliant colors achieved and who made the patterns for the delicate, hand-blown vases? She could not believe that Anton had done all this. Over and over she said that she could not believe it, until Anton was almost angry. She must think him a very stupid man.

It was a long time before they were back in the display room where mirrored walls reflected the finished samples: clear crystal goblets; hand-cut bowls; spun-glass bottles; lamps and animals and flowers, all made of glass. And finally the girl turned to Anton, her eyes shining.

"You're a real craftsman, Mr. Kapek," she said simply. "A great artist. I'm fascinated by all these beautiful things."

It was nice of the girl to say this. She was very polite. But Anton had noticed something that frightened The girl did not speak to did not stand near him; she averted from his.

"I'd like to give you a said Anton, his worried eye the shining shelves.

"A little keepsake," said and now she did steal a s at Michael.

"No, you mustn't bother have to be going soon. It's derful. Why, if I lived her to let me work here—try to stopped abruptly as if she wrong thing, but suddenly very much to know some spoke bluntly:

"Are you going to live h

A slow blush spread face and she leaned bac desk. Anton saw one sma fluttering over the polishe

"I haven't been asked," low voice.

Anton was embarrassed looking at the small, trem saw Michael's fingers gr desk, then grasp hers firm

"I'm asking you," Mic voice husky. "I wanted t fore, but I had to make s would like you, too." He meet his father's eyes squ first time that day.

Anton stood there, crowding out the joy he f Michael was saying silently make sure she'd be nice to know that everything woul

Maris was smiling nov stood. With her hand still she turned to Anton.

"You do like me, dor asked shyly, and her eyes than the clearest crystal. even before I met you, jus chael talk about you. It's you that Michael's so fine.

Anton swallowed hard making a spectacle of hin suddenly so happy he coul it. Happy that he had com happy that he had built up ness, but most of all happy son like Michael. But he the tears from his voice Maris:

"I think you're the fine met. I think Michael, he's a girl like you."

THE END

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"See?" he said. "There you are. Nice and neat. Nail it on a board, put the board at the head of a grave . . . Saves the price of a tombstone

WITH MAYBE A NICE WREATH

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • BY BENNETT FOLLEY

SOL GANZ' pack weighed sixty pounds: too much for a little man. "I should have a mule, yet," Sol said as he unstrapped his load. "But who would feed a mule and Sol Ganz, too?" The question always brought a laugh, putting the customer in a good frame of mind.

The things the pack contained were small. Such articles as a husband is charged to bring from town and always forgets: needles, thread, darning cotton and the like; pens and ink, pencils and notebooks to cater to the men.

"Sixty, white?" said Sol. "Two spools, Mrs. Markhouse. Here you are. You hear about Stella Loftus' baby boy? Born day before yesterday."

Besides the pack, Sol carried still another load. All the gossip was stored within his head, small items such as a town-visiting husband would forget or never even hear.

"And here I got a barber's shears, Mrs. Markhouse. With such scissors you could cut Johnny's hair and save the barber bill."

"I don't know." Sarah Markhouse eyed the scissors thoughtfully. "Tom cuts the boy's hair. I did hear him say his scissors were no good, but you'd have to ask him, Mr. Ganz."

"Paw's at Twining's," Johnny said.

"Did he say when he'd be back?"

"He said he was goin' to see Dell Franks about our water gap."

"That water gap!" Sarah paled.

Sol Ganz walked down the Markhouse lane, remembering the gossip. There was trouble between Tom Markhouse and Dell Franks, difficulty over water. Franks had leased the Kelso place a month ago, bordering Markhouse on the south. A water gap in Kelso's fence gave Markhouse's cattle access to the creek, but Franks had closed the gap, and this was a serious thing. Denied the creek, the cattle could not use grass in the south pasture and grass was short. The pack rode Sol's shoulders; the gossip rode his mind. . . .

Tom Markhouse was a slow man, an easy man, a good neighbor and not given to anger, but he could be aroused. Dell Franks was small and vicious as a snapping dog. Once, Franks had killed a man, in self-defense, the coroner's report had said; but rumor had it otherwise. Rumor said that Franks had egged on the quarrel. Sol Ganz tramped on.

Twining's was at the crossroads: a store, a saloon, a blacksmith shop. Saddled horses stood at the hitch rack, and the smith's hammer made a cheerful sound. Sol put his pack on the floor, just by the door of the saloon.

"You got some cold beer, Mr. Twining?" Sol asked, knowing that Twining's only stock was whisky.

TWINING was behind the bar. Dave Darcy, rider for the Seven L, lounged by the wall. Glen Raider, Markhouse's neighbor to the west, and Narciso Sandoval who farmed down by the river, were clustered close. At the bar Tom Markhouse confronted Franks.

"Huh?" said Twining. "No. No beer, Sol." Generally Twining had a joking word concerning competition, but not today.

"A drink of water then?" said Sol.

Twining did not take his eyes from Markhouse as he filled the glass.

Tom Markhouse said, "Kelso always kept that gap open. I been usin' it for years." He was a little drunk.

"I closed it," Franks stated. "I leased it and it's goin' to stay closed."

Twining and the others waited. This was between Dell Franks and Tom Markhouse, their business, no one else's. Sol put down the empty glass.

"Some new things I got this trip," he announced cheerfully. "You want I should show you, Mr. Twining?" He hurried to his pack.

"That gap won't stay closed if I open it," Tom Markhouse said. "I got a right to the water."

"You won't open it," Franks said.

"Look, Mr. Twining." Sol placed objects on the bar: a bottle of ink, a pen, a small white card. "Here I got a new thing." He held up a small, clear envelope made of isinglass. "For marking graves, it is."

Despite himself, Twining half turned, scowling at the peddler. Markhouse and Franks glanced around.

"I'll show you how it works," said Sol. "Take now, a man dies. Say Mr. Markhouse, here." He pulled the cardboard to him, and wrote.

"See? Tom Markhouse's name at the top. Then underneath, the date." Sol wrote again. "And now, a nice sentiment, maybe: *'Kind Husband, Loving Father, Good Neighbor,'* and a motto like, *'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'* "

The pen scratched busily. Sol put it down and, having blown upon the card to dry it, slid it into the isinglass envelope.

"See," he said again. "There you are. Nice and neat. Nail it on a board, put the board at the head of the grave with maybe a nice wreath like I got in my catalogue. Saves the widow the price of a tombstone."

Silence, heavy and ponderous, broken only by the rhythmical clink of the blacksmith's hamme
saloon. Tom Markhouse st
card and then, wordlessly
from the bar. His bootheel
the floor. There came th
saddle leather and the soun
parting horse.

"I thought Markhouse w
Dell Franks said, scornfull

"You want I should mal
a card, Mr. Franks?" Sol's
small and black as he peer
glasses. "These transpare
they last a long time, and
expensive. Just fifty cents."

AGAIN there was silenc
ing's saloon as the
Franks. Then Twining
ahead and write it out, So
you for it. We'll keep his
together in case we ever ne

Glen Raider nodded co
Dave Darcy gave a murmu
"Si," said Narciso. *"Yo cr*
They all looked at Dell Fra

Under their eyes Franks
easily with his empty wh
The glass slipped and fell,
on the floor.

"Well, hell!" Franks sa
needn't be so hard about
feel that way I'll open the
ter gap. I ain't goin' to
whole country."

"An' that," said Twining
a good idea."

Sol Ganz returned pen
his pack. He stowed isi
velopes and white cards
away and fastened the pack
was a six-mile walk to the
place, but six miles was n
a man who walked a hundr
month—and there would
profit in a pair of barber sh

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

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ORGANIZED IN 1845 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

ON THE TIP OF MY TONGU

Continued from page 15

German commander into the jeep and away. To see at first hand a vulnerable position in the American lines where he could strike quickly, make a glorious advance—and perhaps even come to Hitler's personal attention.

And so Sandy returned to our outfit with the German commander, very confused, beside him in the jeep. Whether the incident had anything to do with the outcome of the Battle of the Bulge I wouldn't know, but it's on the records that Sandy Carr received the Silver Star, a very nice medal awarded for extraordinary gallantry in connection with military operations against the enemy.

YOU see what I mean about the guardian angel. But as we sat in that little café at midnight, racking our brains to solve Sandy's charade with the chair, the jig, and the ditty, I felt that the poor angel had at last had a collapse from overwork.

Sandy put his chair down, discouraged. "Doesn't it mean anything to you, Red?"

"Let's have a cup of coffee. Maybe it'll come to you." I got him on a stool and he drank the scalding liquid in great gulps, not even noticing it was hot. "Who is she?" I asked helpfully. "Maybe if we talk it over. This girl who's been waiting for you since eight o'clock tonight. What's her name?"

Sandy groaned. "That's just it. I don't know her name."

"Why is she waiting for you?"

"I'm going to marry her."

The counterman said, "What?" and backed up a bit. Glancing at me significantly, he made a circular motion at his forehead with an index finger.

"So you're going to marry her," I said helpfully. "She's waiting at this address to marry you."

"Well, not exactly. I was going to propose tonight."

"But you don't know her name."

"What does a name matter if you love a girl!" Sandy cried. "Don't look at me that way, Red. I know I get a bit absentminded at times, but let me tell you how it happened. I met her about eight months ago at a party. Somebody introduced us, and—well, you know how it is at a party. You don't pay any attention to names."

"Whose party? Who introduced you?"

"It was one of those deals, Red. You know the sort of night when everything happens? The wonderful sort of night you just walk into? You're at a night club. Just happen to drop in. No reason. And you get to talking with some nice people and they invite you someplace and you meet this gorgeous girl. She's part of the wonderful night. Too beautiful to be real. She's sweet and charming and lovely and her eyes—"

"Yes, yes; go on," the counterman said. "So you met her at this here party. Then what?"

"You never expect to see her again. She's just part of the wonderful night. You talk with her and dance with her. And tomorrow's a new day. You'll never see her again. And then," Sandy said, "you do."

"Where?" the counterman asked.

"The next day at noon she was right beside me at the lunch counter of the A and B. Right there on the next stool, big as life and twice as beautiful."

"You live right, Mac," the counterman said admiringly.

"That's the miracle of it," Sandy said softly. "All the people in the Bay area. The hundreds of thousands of people. All the places she might eat lunch. All the stools she might be sitting on. And she's right there beside me. And more than that, Red. She knows me. She remembers me. She even smiles, and says, 'Why, Doctor Carr! Me How do you do?' She Sandy said in an awed name."

"You're a doctor?" said, perplexed.

"Ph.D.," I said. "Lang

"Well, I could hardly Sandy said. "I couldn't hadn't paid that much a I really had, of course, bu names are at a party."

"You could've asked spelled it, Doc," the cou

"And what if it was Sandy retorted scathing risk it. I didn't want to spoil things. And above her to suspect—well, hov at times."

"Mac, you had it bad," said. "I mean, Doc."

"You don't know ho admitted. "She was the or nobody. So we talke lunch, and I found out some office near by—"

"What office?" the cou

"If she said, it slippe didn't pay attention to th see her eyes, and when was enough to find out every day in the A and B

"So it sort of grew. W gether every day. And th her the worse it got. May asked her name, at first right. But when you've girl every day for thre days a week, that is—a taking the corner boot hands—how are you go name? It got worse and

"Didn't you ever date terman asked.

"I COULDN'T. I lived made some leading r have picked up. I knew sh me if I asked her. You d bad I wanted to. Take her nice spots and have the me by name. Show her a be proud of her and make proud of me. She must was a skinflint. The A lunch there because nob office did, and I like to r I did before I met her."

"Why *didn't* you take counterman asked.

"And run into someb know a lot of people, by I even call them by nam Joe, another Bill—or a re Red, you're always Red forget who they are. An into somebody with her, a her name to make the intr introduced her to a wai she got to talking with h out about me? I couldn't

"But still you was goin and let her find out the things later," the counterm ain't very nice, Doc."

"I was going to tell when I proposed."

"Let's get on," I said. " A and B."

"Yes, five days a week. day she didn't show up. day. Nor the next week peared. I was wild. Wh You know how it is dow financial section. All thos thousands of offices. If I'd name I would have gone door. I would have started A to Z through the busin would have found her if it years. But I didn't; and w

"I got to hanging arou

E LULU SAYS:

e first time since 1942, need to take "just any" Compare tissues—compare u'll see why Kleenex is *a's favorite tissue.*

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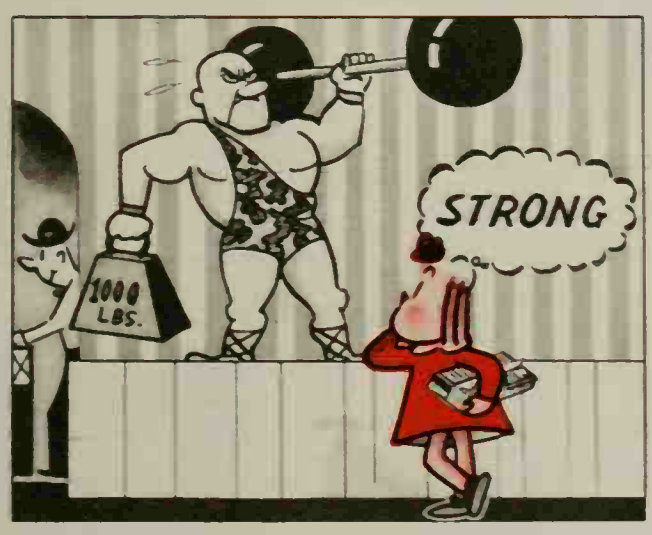

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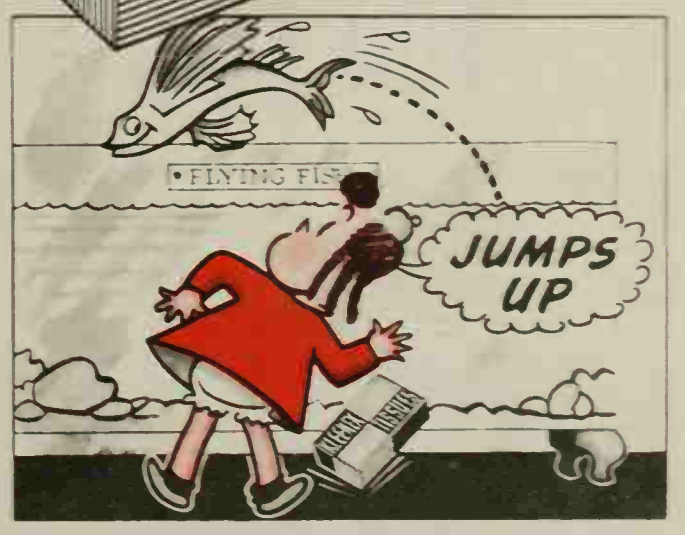

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business buildings, hoping to see her coming to work, or leaving. At noon I went from café to café. But she'd just dropped back into the hundreds of thousands of people in the Bay area. I took time off from work to tramp the streets, hoping to run into her. In the evenings I drove around the city until dark. At night I watched theater crowds and night spots and people coming out of sports events."

"What do you work at, Doc?" the counterman asked.

I SAID, "Norman and Norman. He's vice-president in charge of foreign sales. He can always hire a secretary to keep track of details and appointments. How did you find her again, Sandy?"

"I found her again today. Just this afternoon. After all those months. It was Saturday, you know—"

"Still is," the counterman said, glancing at the clock on the pie shelf. "For six minutes more."

Sandy said, "I was out at the park. Walking seemed to help. Among the trees and things. I'd given up ever finding her. And then I came around some bushes and there she was, sitting on a bench. She saw me and stood up slowly, and I—maybe I lost my head. I just took her up and kissed her."

"About time," the counterman said approvingly.

"I suppose so; for then she knew how I felt. Particularly after I'd told her I loved her."

"She'd get a rough idea," admitted the counterman.

"We had a long talk, and she told me everything. I can see how it looked to her. I'd never asked for a date. She knew nothing about me. She didn't even know if I was married or something. I hadn't ever told her who I was or what I did. She just knew my name. I'd been afraid she'd find out about me. About how I was. And what was she to think? There was some reason, she knew, why I didn't ask to see her in the evenings, and go places with her. And, she said, she'd grown to love me. The situation was impossible, she thought, so she just stopped coming to the A and B. And then, after a while, she went back to the A and B, wondering if we couldn't have a talk and find out what was what. But of course by that time I was going to other cafés looking for her.

"But all that was over now. She's wonderful. And I told her about myself."

"Everything?" the counterman asked.

"Well, not everything. I told her where I worked and what I did and about being in the Army and how I lived with my mother and all and wasn't married and loved her. Everything except how absent-minded I was. We were too happy, there on the park bench, being in love and finding each other again. I didn't want to spoil it. And I thought maybe—well, I thought this might help." I box out of his pocket and reveal a diamond ring. It l mond and a cluster of sma hadn't set him back fifteen h I'll eat it.

"As a married man," th said expertly, "I can assure wouldn't hurt."

"I made a date with he Our first date. Then went the ring. And I was planni moon and everything. It w ful. And I was going to ring and propose and tell h Every single thing. Gee, I

"So excited you forgot ev including her address," I sa

"Don't you *still* know h counterman asked.

"How could I ask a girl time like that?" Sandy d figured when she signed th

"And you was going to night at eight o'clock. But member where. Just why with a mind like yours," th demanded, "don't you mak writing things down?"

"I do write things down indignantly. "I've got eno realize I forget things. Of c retary relieves me of details But other things I *always* v always carry a little book duced a small leather-bou from his breast pocket, as

"Okay, Doc; then why d the address down?"

"I didn't have a pencil," ted. "Anyhow, how wou You're in love with a girl, a remember her address. It's plimentary to her. And I di to know I was that way, u the diamond."

"Me, Doc," the counter would have carved that ad skin of my belly with a poc

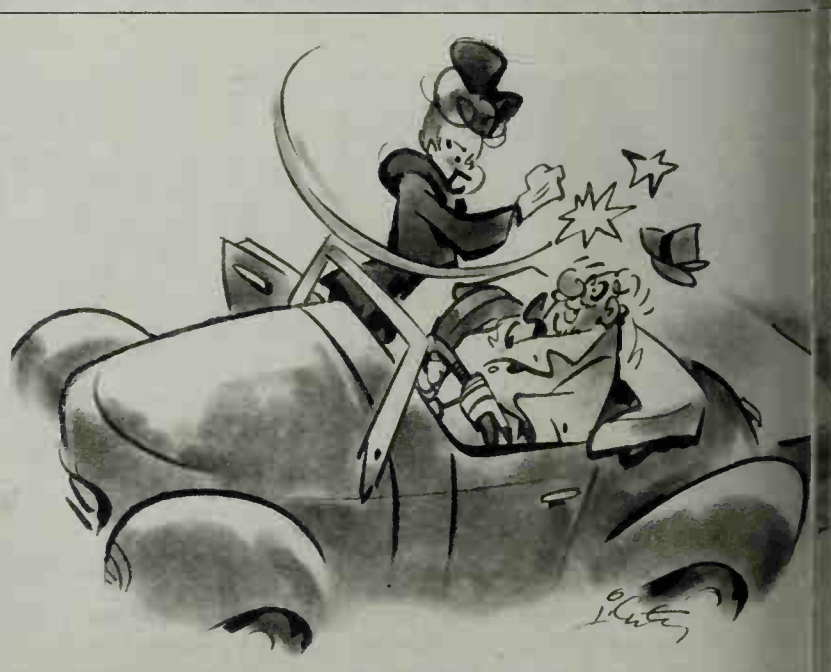
"I didn't have a pocketk don't think I like your attit an idiot. Anyhow, I was g it down, but by then I wa diamond and it slipped my

"What mind, Doc?"

"The trouble with you, M know your limitations. I d had to fix that address in m I never would forget. So I d ciation. The park bench wa associated it, and dancing little ditty about nuts in M address. I'll never forget tion as long as I live. I've go

"Except you forgot what with," the counterman said

"That's why I'm here, try little help," said Sandy. "To around the streets, hopin would give me a clue. Then



COLLIER'S "I do appreciate the lift. This is for whistling at me!"

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Going South this winter? Then fix yourself up with some Dan River Spunray* sport shirts. Trim and sleek as a racing sloop, these modern sport shirts are built to take abuse. Sanforized† for shrinkage control. Vat dyed for fast color. Your favorite store has 'em. Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

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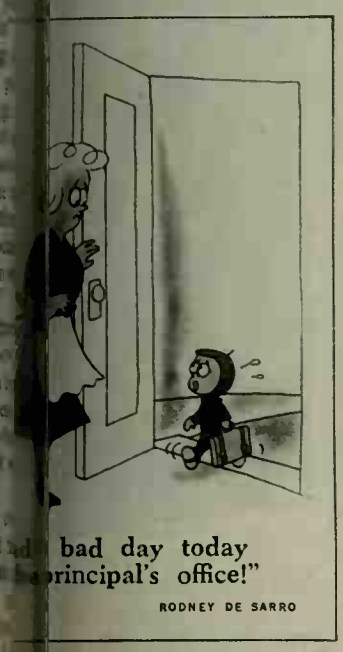
coffee. Coffee sharpens
s. And everybody who's
ked to help me. What
h a simple little associ-
y has brains enough to
. Now, look, you guys:
—or the park bench—
d there's the tune; wait,
gain." And, picking up
an the little dance while
ve go gathering nuts in
y, nuts in May—"
ed in. "Anybody here
le-green sedan parked

his mean to you, Offi-
ed, and continued his
e go gathering nuts in
the morning."
' the cop asked.
athering nuts in May—"
the cop cried. "What's
d here? This nut got a

yelled. "Nut! That's it!
ouble association—nuts
-nut! Of course. Filbert!



bad day today
rincipal's office!"
RODNEY DE SARRO

op said. "Look, there's
like you."
cried happily. "Bars!
worth *Apartments, on*
reet near Filbert. Officer,
thank you from the bot-
. I love you, Officer!"
this?" the cop asked.
explained.
t's pretty late for that,"
d. He went out, with a
ward glance at Sandy.
nillion, fellows," Sandy
ing you."
ere are you going?" the
ed. "Suppose any girl in
s sitting there waiting at
ht? You got funny once,
ot funny twice, and what
ill give you a chance to
e three times? Doc," he
her. Have another cup

pon a stool and stared
clock on the pie shelf.
tion," the counterman
cups, "was a darb. The
k bench or the back of
ike the bars of a prison,
about nuts. That makes
d Filbert. I admire a man
up an association like
the wrist while making
tiful girl. But why the

Sandy said. "Apartment

a genius."
y said, "do you think

nan said, "As a married
you there ain't. But you
go down swinging. Give
Don't go busting into a
t at twenty minutes past

midnight, Pacific standard time, without phoning ahead. There's the phone booth."

Sandy went into the phone booth. He was in there several minutes. When he emerged, he walked slowly to the counter and hitched onto a stool. "She's gone."

"Or too sound asleep to hear the phone, which is worse," the counterman said. "If she cared about you, she'd be sitting up. She'd have the cops out looking for you."

"I'll never see her again," Sandy groaned.

"Wouldn't do you no good if you did. You was funny once. You was funny twice. And if you think—"

His voice trailed away. A girl had walked in. She was the sort of a girl to make a man's voice trail away. I don't know whether she walked in or flew in on invisible wings. She was that sort of a girl. "Sandy," she said quietly.

Sandy turned on the stool, and his eyes went big and soft.

"Nuts in May—Filbert," she said. "Bars, prison—Leavenworth." She shook her head slowly. "You need somebody to remember things for you."

"But, I—I—how did you—?"

"When you didn't show up, I called your mother. She said you'd probably forgotten the address. So I asked the police to find you. They located your car parked down the street, and I came to help search the area. And a cop just told me about running into a nut in here."

"You talked with Mother? Then you know—everything," Sandy said barrenly.

"You mean about being absent-minded?" The girl smiled softly. "I knew that from the first day at the A and B, when you walked out and I had to pay for your lunch. The man at the counter said you often did that, and they had to watch that you didn't take somebody else's hat."

SANDY'S face bloomed. It was somewhat embarrassing, the utter undefended ecstasy on that pan of his. "Then you don't care? It doesn't matter?"

She looked at me and the counterman, and then evidently decided not to demonstrate to Sandy how little it mattered. "It's getting late," she said. "And maybe I'd better remind you—there was something important you said you wanted to talk about tonight."

"Oh, gosh—yes!" Sandy cried, slapping the pocket in which he'd put the diamond. "I sure do!" And they went out.

See what I mean about the guardian angel?

"He lives right," the counterman said. "There ain't no other answer. He lives right."

I was on another cup of coffee when Sandy and the girl burst into the café. "I just wanted to tell you, fellows!" he cried. "I'm the happiest man in the world! I asked her, and she—oh gosh, that's right, you don't know each other. Honey, this is—er—"

"Harry Spinas," the counterman said.

"Martin Ross," I said.

"And this," Sandy said, "is—er Miss—uh—"

"It will soon be Mrs. Carr," the girl said, "and that's easy to remember."

"Say!" Sandy cried, leveling a finger at me. "Say, I know you! Red Ross! Hell, we went through a war together! Gee, it's good to see you again, fellow! Let's get together sometime, soon. What's your address?"

I told him.

"Bancroft Street," Sandy said. "Bancroft. The historian. Wild West. Indians. Wow-wow-wow-wow!" He patted his mouth with one hand and waved an imaginary tomahawk with the other. "I've got it. We've got to get together soon, Red."

Probably it slipped his mind, because I haven't seen Sandy Carr since. One of these days I'll have to remember to give him a ring.

THE END

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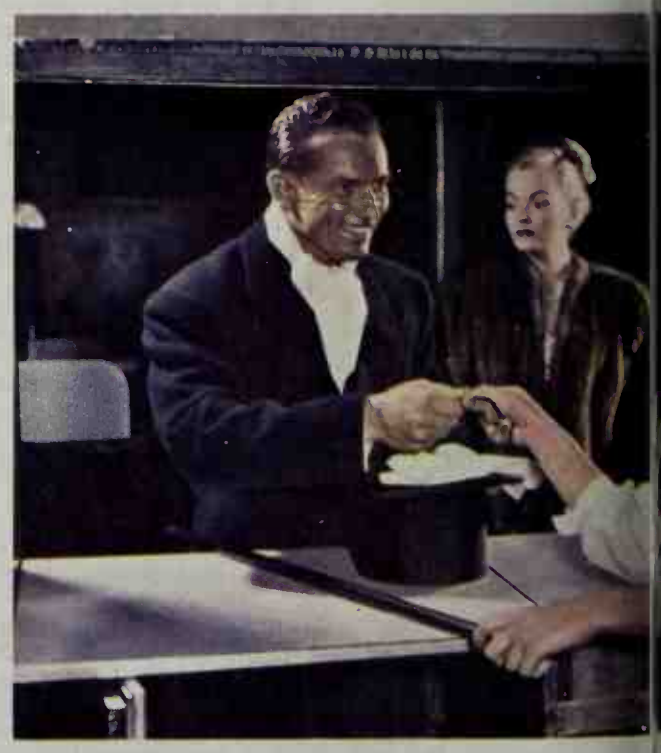
Ovaltine

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

He's "correct"—peaked-lapel, single-breasted dinner jacket, black ribbed waistcoat, white dress shirt, black butterfly bow tie, dark red carnation and whit

Double-breasted dinner jacket, with peaked lapels; over it a camel's-hair polo coat, which is right aboard ship, for wear in the South and in the country, but is not correct in town



For wear in town, over the dinner jacket: a double-b overcoat, white muffler, collapsible opera hat and

BLACK TIE

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

When a man dons a dinner jacket, he may or may not be well dressed. Here's the latest dope on the subject, prepared by one of the greatest authorities on men's clothes

POSE you're invited to a dinner rty or other social function and your stess says, "Black tie, please." That you probably know, that the affair al enough to call for a tailcoat, or, ay, "a full-dress evening suit." You ted to show up wearing a tuxedo, or at, with a black bow tie and all the cessories, including black shoes and

coats, among the most popular rments, were scarce during the war, manufacturers were forbidden to m. But there are plenty of them in now, and you'll need one if you get uch. A dinner coat is definitely re- r dining and dancing, at the theater, cruise ship, when sailing for Europe, or dinners, at stag affairs, fraternity nd when the woman you're escort- s a dinner dress. In general, a long a lady means a dinner coat on her ut it is never worn on Sunday night. Nobody knows why.

d to be that all dinner jackets were ose worn in the city, that is, for white e properly for resort wear only. ight blue is fast replacing the black d the double-breasted jacket is be- more popular than the single-breasted. A waistcoat—vest to you, maybe—is not worn with a double-breasted jacket, but a cummerbund—a pleated, sashlike affair which is wrapped around the waist—is okay. Don't wear a white waistcoat. Outdated.

Nearly all evening dress shirts for wear with a dinner jacket now come with attached collars, and a soft or pleated bosom in ribbed or waffle piqué. For buttons wear colored stones; precious jewelry is proper only with full dress. The black tie should match the facing of the dinner jacket, of satin or ribbed grosgrain. Available tie models include the pointed-end, the square-end and a small butterfly shape, which is the most fashionable. On your head wear a black Homburg or a collapsible opera hat, but not a derby. Too informal.

Once you're dressed in your dinner coat there are a few finishing touches that might add a well-groomed look. Put a dark red carnation in your buttonhole. Let a half inch of white collar show at back of your neck which, of course, should be clean. Let an inch or two of white shirt cuff extend beyond the sleeves of your jacket. Display a white linen handkerchief with rolled edge. But don't let your monogram show. That's bad. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MAURY HAMMOND

For cruise and Southern wear: white dinner jacket, pointed-end tie, blue trousers, patent leather shoes

South: maroon suspenders, bow rbud, red stone studs and cuff links

About town: the fashionable satin shawl-collared dinner jacket and black satin square-end bow tie

Midnight-blue or black Homburg (correct in town with dinner jacket) blue overcoat and light gloves

GREENWICH VILLAGE: TOURIST

Continued from page 12

"the Prince of Poverty," to make a really paying proposition out of the Village show. He gets the tourists to visit him in his studio, charging them whatever they think the sight and spiel are worth. He has acquired three apartments and a farm in Vermont.

Here is the spiel he uses to get the cash:

"I am the Prince of Poverty. Everything I have was given me. I used to beg all day on the street. Now I am a rich man. I don't have to beg any more. But I beg for an hour every day just for the pleasure.

"I fear nothing. I live outside society and all its rules and conventions. There is no circumstance which can frighten me. Society cannot touch me. I get richer every year. My idea is that to be really free you must live out your life without commercial work of any kind."

Most of the younger artists have no studios. They live in cold-water flats. High rents are forcing the artists to move farther and farther away from Washington Square. Many are deserting the Village for the East Side tenements.

Skyscrapers Not Wanted

The Village's landlords were among the first to realize people will pay for Village atmosphere, but it was not until 1935 that they began concerted efforts to preserve the quaint architectural character of the area. In this they have been able to enlist the sympathies of thousands of Villagers.

Two years ago, when plans were announced to tear down MacDougal Alley and the fashionable old houses of Washington Square North to erect a modern apartment skyscraper, the Villagers reacted as though the end of the world was at hand. They staged protest meetings and yelled bloody murder. The sale of the land was consummated, but the Villagers, resourceful people, got a ruling put through the zoning board preventing the erection of anything over 12 stories in the area.

This nixed the whole project because it would be uneconomical to build anything less than 20 stories.

Today a similar battle is going on to "protect" the ancient bui dios of Washington Squa the encroachment of civ residents of that block, j Villagers who dote upon and Village "independen arms because New York U to tear down their homes law school on the site.

This threatens the "Hou at 61 Washington Square protest meeting is fairly someone mentions this an ground of American cultur one jumps up and starts names of all who used to l

The House of Genius fo a cheap boardinghouse run Frenchwoman, Mme. Cat ard. In it have lived, at many writers who later be The late Willa Cather and there for a while and so d gess. Stephen Crane wro famous The Red Badge within its old walls. In downcast because his pu had had her husband burn copies of his now classic Je moved in. Frank Norris wr there.

Mme. Branchard died a The House of Genius is no a miscellaneous collection cluding graying Reuben N tor who fifteen years a talked about because, inst sical figure, he did a huge Ruth swatting out a home

Landlords have their When Sherry Martinelli, ginia girl who came to t paint two years ago, com landlord recently about ra warning finger at her. "If rats in here," he said, "I'll the rent."

Albert Strunsky, dead fi was famous enough to ha come a legend. For 17 Strunsky was landlord of Washington Square South MacDougal. Sullivan and The stories of his tender toward poor artists are en

A Russian immigrant wh

"Me an' the boys cert'n'y enjoy these weekly visits wit' y

COLLIER'S

M IN FABRIC
l like a jacket...
s to the contours of
ly standards of fit
nfort you have never
ced before in shirts.

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sizable fortune exporting California wines, Papa became a landlord when prohibition began. He leased the block of dilapidated buildings from their owner, Columbia University, and in turn rented them to artists. From the start his sympathies were with his poor tenants rather than with himself. Often, after putting on a tough face and demanding rent in advance, he would hand it back if he felt the artist didn't have enough with which to eat. He bought occasional meals for hundreds of them. But what he did most frequently was put rent off for months. Then both he and his artist tenant would recognize the impossibility of the rent ever being paid and they would part friends.

Sometimes, in a frantic, short-winded effort to catch up with the dissipation of his fortune—for he wasn't artist enough to convince Columbia University he shouldn't pay—he would insist on tenants getting out. Even then, he often paid a month's rent in advance for them elsewhere.

Telling It to the Judge

He once started to evict a young girl artist who hadn't paid him anything for a long period. He had her haled into court where a pompous judge unleashed a long harangue about landlords being the backbone of America, taxpayers and thrifty, while she, an idle, loafing artist, dillydallied her time away.

Papa interrupted this harangue by jumping up and withdrawing his complaint.

"You can't say things like that," he said, shaking his finger at the astonished judge and putting his arm around his tearful tenant. "This girl is a good girl. She works hard, night and day, and often goes without food. So don't you call her a loafer. All she did was fail to pay her rent, and for that I forgive her."

With that he marched out and bought his tenant lunch.

For a while Strunsky tried to organize his charities by moving everyone who couldn't pay rent into a rickety tenement which did not bring in much money anyway. This was known, among the artists, as "Strunsky's Siberia" because it was cold, damp and filled with rent exiles.

Among the artists, actors and writers who lived in his buildings were John Steinbeck, Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan, Thomas Wolfe, Lionel Stander and Ivan Black, now a highly successful theatrical publicity man.

In 1939, his fortune gone, Papa Strunsky lost his lease on the buildings, and when he died two years later he was virtually penniless.

Strunsky's memory is toasted most frequently in the San Remo Café, not far from his old buildings. Until the artists and the bearded ones pushed them out, the San Remo was filled with neighborhood Italians. John the waiter has been so affected by the change of clientele that now he, too, is writing a book. The San Remo and Lee Chumley's, a hangout for writers and newspapermen for several decades, are centers of the younger Villagers' social life. The shouting and screaming over Art, Being, Freud, Decadence, Henry Miller, Expressionism and Life sometimes assume volcanic proportions.

Among the shouters are bearded Eugene O'Neill, Jr., and Shane O'Neill, sons of the famous playwright. With them the Village has turned a full cycle. They are angry, bitter young men, possessed with the fear that they are accepted only because they are their father's sons.

Next week the second and last article of this series by Henderson and Shaw will tell what happens to the newcomers to the Village, describe the "Work is Death" theory, and show how fashions in talk have changed.

CRIME
L WHISKERS
he whiskers are your own.
easier to whisk them off
-
ELECTRIC SHAVER
haver with four separate
why Packard gives a fast,
L SHAVE
at leaves your face velvet
ars neatly trimmed, with-
fuss and bother of old-
nods. You can easily prove
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WOLVERINE EXPRESS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

With Fritz Crisler at the throttle, the little boys from Michigan highball through on the road to a Big Nine title and the Rose Bowl—they hope

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

AT THE beginning of October a strange moral crisis afflicted Ann Arbor, Michigan. It was possible to drink, carouse and blaspheme but two certain words must absolutely not be uttered. These were *Rose Bowl*. While every citizen down to the last sniffling infant was convinced that Michigan's football team would win the Western Conference championship and murder anybody met in Pasadena, it was not considered *de rigeur* to mention this publicly lest the evil spirits react in a way that has often saddened the town.

By the time the Pitt game was reached, however, the pressure was too great and the obscene words were spoken aloud and everybody felt better. There were cautious souls on hand to observe that Michigan had still not met a conference rival but these were pushed rudely into a corner and asked to subside. After beating Michigan State, 55-0, Stanford, 49-13 and Pitt, 69-0 the burghers were in a mood to defy the whammy, the witches of Endor and any group of eleven men who thought they belonged in the same universe with Mr. H. O. Crisler's boys.

It must be admitted that never in the history of the world had a team looked better than the Wolverines in the afore-mentioned three games. The attack had been bewildering and devastating; the defense had merely been brutal. Stanford managed to score twice against a group of fourth-string individuals made up almost exclusively of track men, stadium attendants and unknown soldiers. This gave them no consolation and they muttered their way back to l... a state of shock and ben... by some miracle Stanfor... the Pacific Coast Confer... delegated to face Michi... Rose Bowl gridiron, we... ness for the first time a... team being brought to t... chains.

At this point it is proper ... miracle has produced th... Apparently nothing at al... ing. With the excepti... Chappuis, Michigan's be... a potential all-America, ... modest local reputation ... High in Toledo, there is ... the team who could conc... attracted the attention of ... scout. Dick Kempthorn, t... fullback from Canton, ... fine press as a schoolboy a... touted rather excessively ... but there is grave doubt ... ever be a satisfactory ol... back for the team becaus... a lot of fancy spinning w... thorn seems unfitted for. ... kills them on defense.

When we first saw th... squad in practice we were ...

"Looks like a high-sc... eh?" said Mr. Crisler, an... actly what we had been t... keeping quiet about out o... ners. Their great pass-ca... Bob Mann, is a Negro ... Bern, North Carolina, w... pounds and looking like ... who could be twisted like ... will.

Dominie Tomasi, the ... explosive charge at guard, ...

Fritz Crisler (at left) watches his Wolverines romp to an easy v... Michigan State. With him are Leonard Ford (87), Bruce Hilker... Robert Chappuis (49). Below, Bob Chappuis plunges over for Michig... touchdown. Also shown in the play are Thomas Peterson (33), Ric... burg (89), and Michigan State's James Blenkhorn (31) and Eugene...

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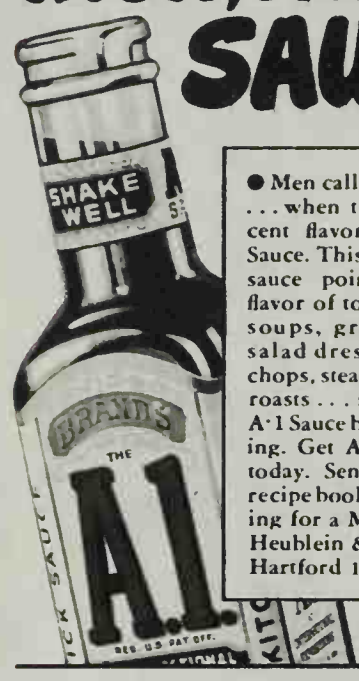

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football player less than you do and eats voraciously to get up to 180 pounds. The equally explosive Stu Wilkins weighs in at 186. Tackles Bill Pritula and Captain Bruce Hilkene scale 189 and 192 respectively, which is pretty light for Big Nine competition. Jack Weisenburger, the fullback, comes in at 178 pounds, and Jack White, the center, manages 185 pounds. Bump Elliott is 168; Gene Derricotte, 175; Hank Fonde, 158.

In a league where beef and speed are legendary, the Michiganders are gnomes who should know enough to keep their place.

There is a good possibility that Michigan will end as national champions and still present a line-up that will not possess one player who would tempt a professional team coach. The exception could be Chappuis. He is a six-footer who weighs 184 pounds and runs hard but is not particularly fast. However, when he passes out of one of the befuddling Michigan formations he can be a great player and he is unquestionably the key man of the team.

Long Passes Cause Two Disasters

Chappuis ruined Stanford in the first forty-eight seconds with a sixty-yard pass to Bob Mann for a touchdown. He did the same to Pitt the following week. Pitt turned out to be a weak team but they were resolutely setting the Michigan runners back on their pants during the first quarter. There was another Chappuis-Mann production, this one covering eighty yards—and it was all over for the Panthers. When Pitt spread out to guard against these cobra bursts, it gave Michigan a chance to run and only the high tiers of seats kept Pitt from being chased right out of the stadium.

They had doubts about Chappuis (pronounced, for some reason, Chapp-ee-us) last year when he came out of the Army but he kept getting better as the season advanced and ended with a Western Conference record for ground gaining. His total for passing and running was 1,039 yards, beating the mark formerly held by Otto Graham of Northwestern of 864 yards made in 1942. Chappuis averaged 148.1 yards a game, passing and rushing. He topped the conference with 443 yards rushing for a 5.3 average. He hit thirty-six of sixty-four passes for 596 yards, or a completions average of .563, also a new conference mark.

The fears about Chappuis were based on his war record, in which he was a radio operator of a B-25 and was shot down over Brenner Pass on his twenty-first mission. Luckily he fell into the hands of Italian Partisans and was handed about and hidden for three months until the armistice.

"They hid three of us up in the attic of a tailor's shop in Asola and there was a German drill grounds right across the street," says Chappuis. "German officers used to come in for alterations on their uniforms and why they couldn't hear our breathing up there is still beyond me."

Chappuis went into baseball as soon as he came back and then took up where he had left off in football. As a sophomore in 1942 he had been understudy to Tom Kuzma, which meant he did little running while the great man was around. His passing against Great Lakes, however, brought a 9-0 victory over that collection of college stars and professionals and it was clear that where Kuzma left off Chappuis would follow. Instead he went into the Army. His first important game last year was the thriller against Army, in which Chappuis did sensational running in a losing cause.

"Yeah," they say in Ann Arbor, "and that Army game cost us the conference title. The next week we were lucky to tie Northwestern and the second week after, we fumbled twelve times and gave a 13-9 game to Illinois. That did it. We got going after that but it was too late."

By the time they had creamed Iowa, Indiana and Minnesota they were traveling high and the last game of the year against Ohio State was a shambles. They walloped the Columbus gentry, 58-6, and there are men now living in the Middle West who will die convinced that Michigan should have had the pleasure of massacring UCLA last year at Pasadena.

During the summer Chappuis had an operation to remove a floating bone from his wrist and missed baseball as a consequence. The Michigan State opener of this year was enough to assure him and everybody else that he was starting a great year.

The experts maintain that Michigan is merely taking over where they left off last year with Ohio State. They have an offensive that is a miracle of resourcefulness and magic. Crisler operates a mongrel T which turns into a single wing—sometimes. They line up in the T with the quarterback behind the center and then shift to the single wing. In the latter the fullback is the important gentleman who takes the ball, fakes, spins, hand-offs and laterals.

Young Weisenburger, still only twenty years old after four years of varsity competition, is a master at spinning and deception. Only the keenest-eyed spectator can tell who has the ball and that doesn't give much time for the opposition to spot the culprit. Weisenburger will fake, spin and hand-off to Howard Yerges, the quarterback, who will also fake and lateral to Chappuis, who will then throw it a mile downfield to where Mann has outrun the secondary.

Since Mann resolutely refuses to drop any ball he gets near and in addition is a track sprinter, you can start putting the "6" up on the board when this set of circumstances occurs. They are murder, gentlemen, plain murder and just when you think you've got Chappuis covered you will find that every other back on the Michigan squad can pass and does so successfully.

When Marchmont Schwartz, Stanford coach, got back to the Coast he said, "Michigan has four great ends—Mann, Ford, Hershberger, McNeill and Rifenburg."

"That's five," somebody remarked.

"Oh, hell," said Schwartz in disgust. "They got dozens of them."

Ford, another great Negro end, takes Mann's place on defense and is a demon. In the line, of course, Michigan has a Wistert at tackle. They always have one, and Al Wistert, the 31-year-old present representative, is expected to be as effective as his two brothers who preceded him.

The two greatest exponents of football legerdemain this country has produced are Fritz Crisler and Wally Steffen, who used to produce miracles with pigskin delinquents at Carnegie Tech. This was before the great days at Tech and Steffen was playing big teams with material that could never have made good old Jones Junior High of Toledo. When Tech had the ball these little jaspers would start milling around behind the line and suddenly the startled spectators would see a pygmy running nonchalantly down the field about thirty yards from anybody. Also, he had the ball.

Crisler's teams are not as eerie as this because they don't have to be, but they are the slickest ball handlers around and that is good enough. Both coaches came from the University of Chicago and maybe the credit for everything belongs to their old coach, Alonzo Stagg.

But if Stagg is Crisler's mentor, Fielding Yost is his predecessor at Michigan and never has a man's memory been more warmly cherished. He built the stadium now used for the big games (86,000 capacity) and so imprinted his mark on the institution that no discussion of Michigan football ever ends without a recital of Yost foibles and triumphs. He launched the point-a-mi... 1901-05 and turned out t... players in Michigan his... Schultz and Willie He... sisted Heston was the gr... all time.

"With no forward pas... ception of any kind to ... defense," said Yost, "t... scored 550 points to not... ponents. In this moder... would wear out four sco... time he stepped on a fiel...

They thought Yost wa... outlined a $3,000,000 im... gram in 1926 that includ... but the bonds sold ove... stadium is now paid off ... gan athletic treasury is ... here in handsome securit... is a handsome structure ... which was made for foot... ing else. There is no run... temporary stands on the ... so little space between th... the first rows of seats that ... sit in a niche in the wall. ... times a year and wrappe... for the rest of the time. ... walk up around it in the ... to look at it.

"And they used to thin... was exciting," they repor... variably remarked.

Michigan has gone thro... football styles. The car... had a devastating attack. ... his great material he went ... pass-prayer technique. H... chances and bided its tim... territory it kicked. ("Wh... killing yourself getting six ... you can kick it that far?"... or later the break would c... team would fumble or ... Michigan would seize th... A run or two, a pass, a to... then hold on grimly to th...

Dark Days at Ann...

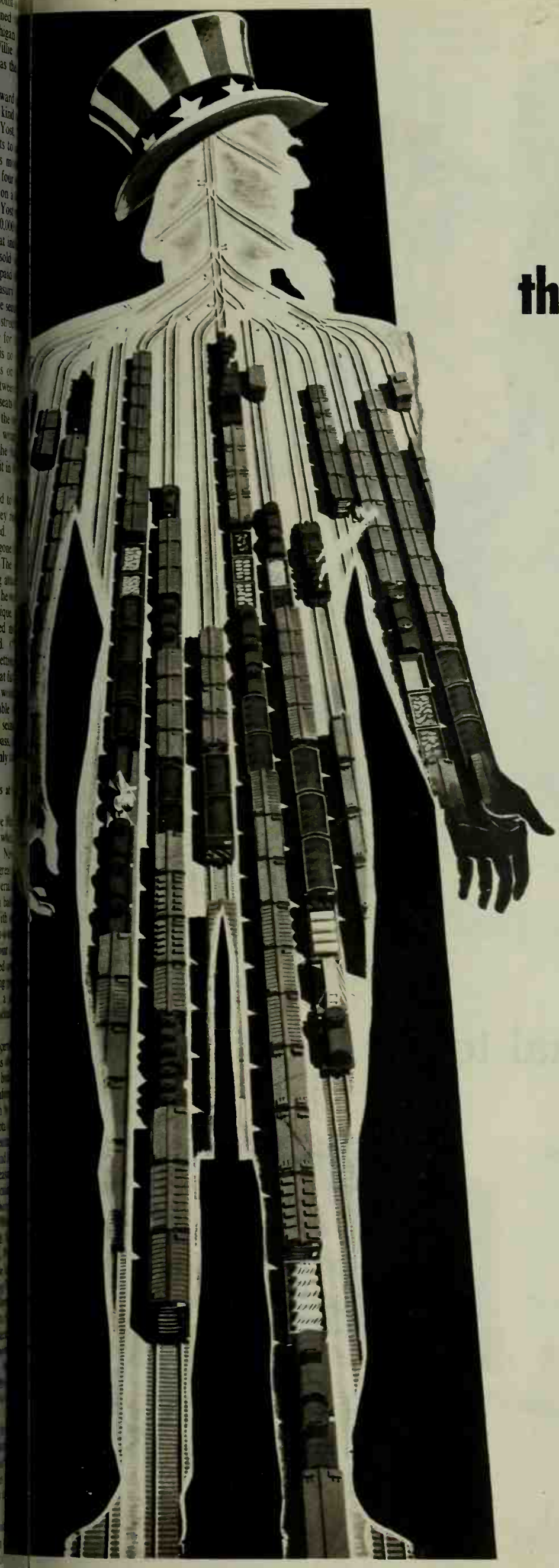
After Yost came Harry ... pionship teams when h... Friedman, Harry Newma... Oosterbaan, the great All... catcher. The material ran ... Kipke came upon bad da... they killed him with an A... that went: "Point-a-minut... touchdown, ap-point a ne... left, Crisler arrived and ... back to the running game. ... become primarily a passi... enough running added to ... position.

What must concern Mr... days is that he has often ... maid but seldom a bride. ... second in the conference ... usually it has been by the ... of luck. Minnesota had ... years back of squeezing th... scores as 7-6, 7-0 and 16-14 ... did it again this season. C... haired from such mishaps ...

In addition to being co... athletic director at Michiga... only conjecture at his d... taking punishment. When ... died, he could have had th... missioner of the Big Nine. ... but he turned it down. ... Yost is reported to have ... indication of how secure a ... feels, it may be reported th... only now bought a house ... and succumbed at this late ... cause it was about to be je... under him.

But there must be som... excitement of coaching tha... interested and it won't be h... to stay awake this year ... continue to gallop at the ... pace.

There will be broken h... Arbor if Michigan doesn... Bowl this year but there is ...



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This year railroads expect to average less than 3% on their investment. But even this will not be clear profit. Out of it railroads must pay interest on borrowed money, rentals of property and equipment, and must provide for needed improvements. Most people think a return of 6% would be no more than fair—and experience has shown that railroads need 6% to keep their plants and equipment abreast of the times.

Why are railroads faced with this situation? Here's why. Since 1939 railroad wage rates are up more than 67% . . . costs of materials and supplies are up 87%. But increases in freight and passenger charges authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission have not come anywhere near offsetting these skyrocketing costs.

So, in spite of handling a record-breaking peacetime traffic with an efficiency which has set new transportation records, railroads are faced with the grim reality that their earnings are far short of their needs.

The plain fact is that in order to continue to give the nation the transportation service it demands, railroads must be allowed to charge enough for their freight and passenger services to enable them to earn a return comparable to that earned by other progressive, self-supporting private enterprises.

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onths in advance and will
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een beaten in the past but
s are always well coached
d. His offensive line is
derful; his defensive line
adly.
is goes to Jack Blott, a
Michigan center. Bennie
hough among the greatest
w coaches the backfield
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our vote for something.
coaches the ends, and the
Wally Weber coaches the
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ervasive shadows that flit
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77 pounds; the offensive
185 pounds. When the
Hank Fonde, the 158-
lle, Tennessee, flash in
looks like nothing—and
the other side generally
ree knows that it's a
n he sees a little punk sit-
ting on the ball behind the goal posts.

What really characterizes Michigan is their opportunism. When Michigan intercepts a pass the team immediately turns around and starts knocking down everybody in sight. They seem to be prepared for everything. When you tackle a Michigan runner, don't be foolish enough to think the play is stopped. There is invariably a teammate close behind to take a lateral and go the whole way. Howard Yerges must be a great quarterback because the team never runs two plays the same way. If the opposing ends hang back for the runs, they get passed dizzy. If they crash in, Michigan laterals off to the side and that man runs a mile unescorted.

Chappuis operates on the optional pass-and-run basis. On the passes they give him such protection that he could enjoy a brief nap without being molested. Just when you think you have all the pass receivers covered, he takes off on a run. By the time you get him corraled, he laterals off to a teammate. Murder, gentlemen, as we warned you!

Getting to the Rose Bowl is even simpler this year because Illinois, as the winner last year, isn't eligible to go until three years are up. That is the conference rule. To make it even daintier, the money earned in the Bowl is spread around all the Big Nine colleges. All the players get are a look at the Hollywood stars, a long trip and a chance to push Western noses in the dirt.

The little Michigan boys really shouldn't ought to get there—but everybody is going to be mighty surprised if they don't.

THE END

SAY THE WORD, IKE!

Continued from page 17

ower would be on the
e in that region between
e Missouri where Minne-
tassen draws most of his
n those Western states
ia's Governor Earl War-
Stassen is openly seeking
, but as this was written
t yet declared himself.
oad workers, taxi drivers,
esses, salesmen, a few
me ranchers with whom
id they did not know
ower was a Republican or
didn't care. They would
nyhow, they said. The
al affiliation was in doubt
ut it has been fairly well
e is, from all reports, a Republican. If the horse runs he will carry the appropriate colors.

To increase his chances of success at the convention and improve his outlook for election in November, in the opinion of G.O.P. tacticians, Eisenhower must make known his views on major issues of national and foreign policy. The party is eager to come to power. Its politicians want to get their long-empty mitts on the postmasterships, judgeships and other plums and crumbs of patronage. But they won't buy a political pig in a poke, a candidate who might turn out to be as much a maverick, for example, as Willkie did.

Party workers know where Taft stands. As he flushed delegates from the political underbrush of the Middle West and West with one hand, on his recent tours, Taft

ai he's getting too big! I never heard such screaming in all my life!"

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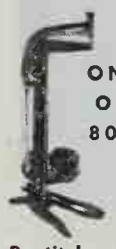

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sawed G.O.P. platform planks with the other. He blueprinted policies and nailed issues. Ostensibly he exonerated, or at least tried to exonerate, the Republican Congress for failure to keep down prices, reduce taxes and do something about the housing shortage, among other things. He laid all the blame on the White House and the Administration. Actually, Taft practically wrote what might become the G.O.P. platform in '48.

Taft made clear (1) his opposition to domination of unions by labor leaders, (2) his advocacy of income-tax reduction and (3) federal housing, (4) his condemnation of federal encroachment on States' rights, (5) his insistence that help to Europe be in the form of tools and materials for reconstruction rather than huge and probably uncollectible loans, (6) elimination of Communists from the life of the country, (7) firmness toward Russia and (8) retention of the atom-bomb secret.

Audiences Not Enthusiastic

On his Western trip Taft's usually hand-picked audiences of prosperous business and professional men liked what he had to say although they might have wished more warmth and humor from their professorial, cerebral and aloof speaker. The applause was seldom more than merely adequate.

Nevertheless Taft's chances of carrying California and the other states he visited were perceptibly better after his tour than before. Remarks such as "It's good to know we have a statesman in the Republican party" and "He's dull but he's certainly honest" were frequent enough in even the most lukewarm audiences, as they filed out of Taft meetings, to warrant a guess that the Ohioan has at least as large a following in the areas west of the Ohio and the Mississippi as does Dewey, titular head of the party.

New York's tidy little governor is no longer the top-heavy favorite that he once was in the Middle West and West. His decline in popularity, party observers say, is partly due to a disinclination on the part of G.O.P. workers to go out and ring doorbells for a candidate who was beaten in 1944.

The downtrend in Dewey sentiment was also attributed to Dewey's almost Olympian and widely resented silence on all major issues throughout the last session of the first Republican Congress in years. When the party needed his support most during the debates on the incendiary Taft-Hartley Bill, Dewey didn't open his discreet mouth.

Not only Taft but Stassen was miffed by Dewey's obvious reticence to come out and slug. When Dewey spoke in favor of universal military training at the American Legion convention in August, Stassen is known to have remarked, "It's nice to see Mr. Dewey taking a stand on something."

Stassen does not seem to have a similar allergy to Taft. Perhaps because Stassen and Taft recognize in Dewey a formidable opponent able to walk into the Philadelphia convention with no less than 300 and possibly as many as 400 of the delegates' 1,057 votes pledged to him, they are drawn to each other.

There is no tangible evidence, as yet, of an outright Taft-Stassen deal, alliance or partnership of any kind involving transfer of one's delegates to the other if the going gets rough at Philadelphia. But Taft and Stassen have been doing a lot of talking and have spoken publicly together. An obvious cordiality exists between them and it is not unreasonable to suppose, at least according to Taft lieutenants, that Stassen, aware of Taft's growing strength as a candidate and willing to take second place on the Republican ticket, which would practically guarantee him a shot at the Presidency in 1952, has hitched his wagon to the Ohioan's star.

Taft was helped immeasurably during his Western tour by the Communists, who picketed every one of his major appearances. The pickets' lurid placards, calling the senator a "stinker" and a "schnook" and comparing him with Hitler, offended less outspoken and less demonstrative people and aroused sympathy for the tall, balding, smiling Ohioan and his energetic wife, Martha.

The demonstrations in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tacoma and Seattle were intended to show labor's antagonism to the Taft-Hartley Bill, and there were, in all of them, some bona fide representatives of labor unions. But the techniques used were unmistakably Commie and proved not so much organized labor's resentment of the Taft-Hartley law as extreme left-wing opposition to it.

Certainly Taft himself was sufficiently encouraged about his chances for nomination by what party workers told him on his trip to decide him to declare his candidacy. One of his lieutenants described him, after the Western tour, as convinced that his greatest problem is not to convince the party hierarchy of his ability to stop Dewey but of his appeal as a vote getter in the big election.

Taft's inability to ignite his hearers with his well-written but indifferently delivered speeches was one of the principal criticisms made of him by the experts. Taft is willing to take elocution lessons to try to correct his oratorical deficiencies but whether he can alter his personality sufficiently to suit the kingmakers is another matter. Taft is not a showman.

Yet the senator is considerably more engaging in intimate conversation than he is when standing on a platform delivering a speech. Far from being a blue-nose, he likes a cocktail or two before dinner and enjoys a well-watered whisky after meals. In small groups he demonstrates a wit and humor.

Coming home from his Western speaking trip, Senator and Mrs. Taft had a last evening together with the more than 30 reporters who had accompanied them. The senator had not yet declared his intention to make a bid for the nomination and the newspapermen tried to draw him out on the subject. One of them, Roscoe Drummond, of the Christian Science Monitor, who is a Scientist and does not drink or smoke, offered to bet Taft 10 to 1 that he would be a candidate. Before Roscoe could blink his eyes twice Taft had replied:

"Roscoe, men who neither drink nor smoke should not gamble."

A "Think Piece" and a Song

Earlier he had caught Walker Buell, the hearty and universally liked political expert of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, writing a piece about the last Taft speech at Casper, Wyoming.

"I'm writing a think piece," Buell said.

"Really," replied Taft. "And who is doing the thinking?"

Buell composed a song during the trip which probably summarized the relative status of Taft, Dewey and Eisenhower in the 1948 election as of the fall and winter of 1947, when the positions and the whole Presidential picture are as subject to change as the pattern of a child's toy kaleidoscope. The boys sang it for Senator and Mrs. Taft that last night and here's how it went, to the tune of Home on the Range:

"Oh, give me a home,
Where the delegates roam
With Republican leaders at play.
Where seldom a word,
Of Tom Dewey is heard
And Eisenhower's still far away.
(Chorus)
Taft, Taft, on the range,
Where Republican delegates play.
Where seldom a word
Of Tom Dewey is heard
And Eisenhower's still far away."

ware of the widespread ment. He has talked his staff and friends of hat he, as much as the ith him, encountered es 1940 repeating itself, in Willkie's role. Like lars he regards the gen- er, but unlike them he imate Eisenhower's ap-

Taft's aides reckoned l present himself to the t least 350 and possibly delegates. Taft would majority required for could not, therefore, be first or second ballot. matter, could Dewey if prove correct.

depend, after those first floor deals the con- ble to make. Toward s will the favorite sons n turn, realizes he does of getting the top spot eels he can make a deal

indefatigable and am- alleck, of Indiana, do? a strong contender? rren and his powerful ion of 50? Will Michi- their Vandenberg to the to Taft or Dewey? And necticut's Ray Baldwin ight Green—what will te sons, do when their utifully shouted them- their first choices? Wis- ation of 24 is almost roaring "MacArthur!" npede?

questions that time, as roulette wheel, can distance, judging from information and with or the personal preju- es involved, Taft seems argaining position than oys the confidence and e section of the party's does not consider him vative or too distasteful simultaneously regards nt and inclined to be ren, unable to win the imself, might swing to uld not deliver so large s Stassen under similar

ing what they are, both might find themselves confronted with an Eisenhower threat more difficult to overcome than the problems involved in beating each other. Eisenhower was "still far away" when Taft was bushwhacking the West but he might not be by June, 1948.

If the country's relations with Russia worsen, for instance, there might well be by then an unstoppable upsurge for the general.

Eisenhower cannot hope, between January and convention time, to harvest as many delegates as Taft and Dewey. The best he can do, according to such party solons as want to see him carry the G.O.P.'s colors in '48, is to stir up enough organized enthusiasm in as many states as possible to make himself at least the second choice of those states' delegations in the event their favorite sons are counted out or the convention is hopelessly stalemated.

Must Take a Definite Stand

His well-wishers say Eisenhower can accomplish this by (1) removing all doubts as to where he stands politically, (2) entering the primary elections in every possible state this winter and spring and (3) setting up an organization for publicity and fund raising. If he meets the first prerequisite the other two will follow almost automatically.

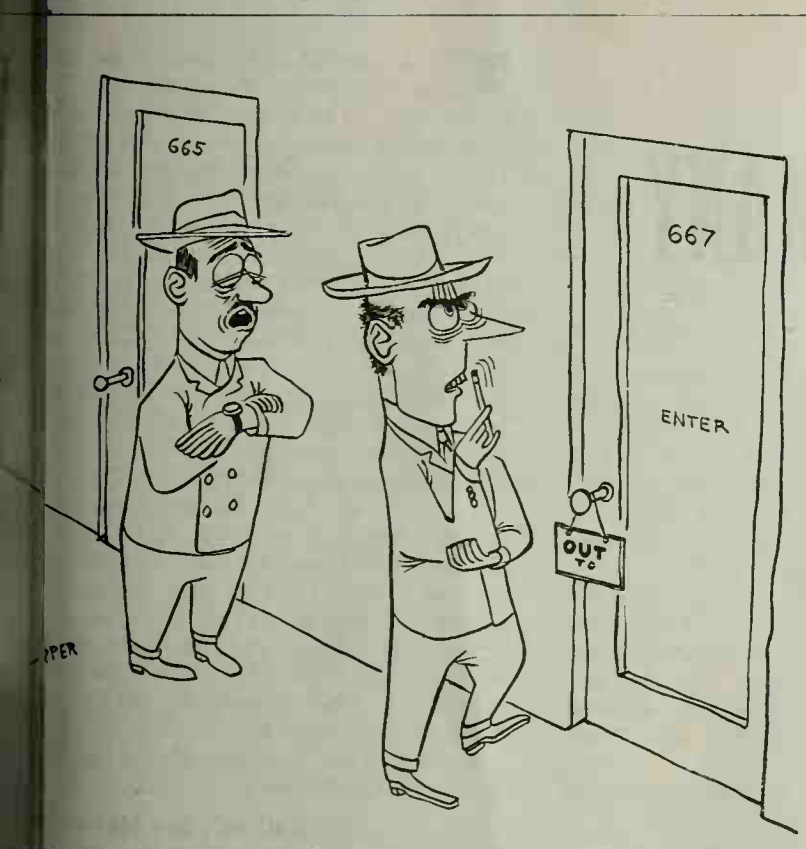
There is little or no doubt in anyone's mind about Eisenhower's charm, ability, integrity, popularity and all-round desirability if he can be cleared politically. Those who have made it their business to find out where Eisenhower stands by asking some blunt questions of, among others, the general's brother, Milton, describe him as a "middle-of-the roader," slightly to the left of Taft and somewhat to the right, on foreign policy at least, of Stassen.

Otherwise General Eisenhower is, to the bulk of the Republican party's professionals, a great political unknown.

Unless he answers the questions lurking in the minds of men like Landon, Roberts and others satisfactorily, the Eisenhower boom may turn out to be only a measly little cap-pistol bang.

Of all the dark horses of the 1948 Presidential race, Eisenhower has the greatest advantage in age. He is only fifty-seven years old now and would be fifty-eight by the time he entered the White House. Vandenberg would be sixty-four and MacArthur, now sixty-seven, would be sixty-eight.

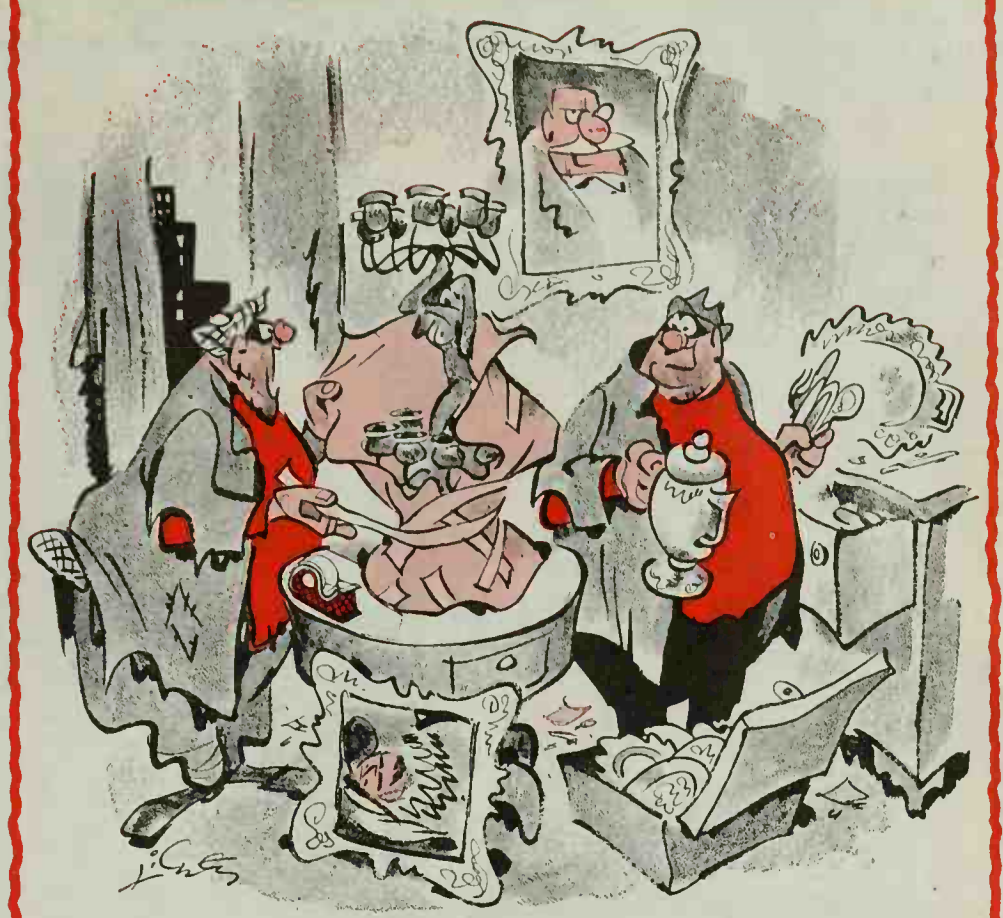
THE END



PER

ime s half gone, Ed. Must we write something funny?"

VIRGIL PARTCH



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COLLIER'S

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NEEDED: PEACE WITH GERMANY

THE second Big Four Foreign Ministers conference on German and Austrian peace treaties is scheduled to convene in London November 25th. Advance dope is that the Russians will deadlock this one as they did the first conference last spring in Moscow.

We hope the Russians will be reasonable. But if they aren't, how about an early and abrupt end to the parley? Then, how about an early conclusion of a stern but fair peace with Austria and Germany—particularly Germany?

As things have been going since the war, American and British taxpayers have been largely supporting western Germany, while Russia has been looting its occupation zone and trying to freeze the western Allies out of the rest of the Reich.

If Europe ever is to get over the ravages of the war and become a going concern again, western German industries must be permitted to revive, because those industries constitute a key cog in Europe's productive mechanism. Until Europe does revive, it looks as if we shall be in for a succession of Marshall Plans, with the U.S. taxpayer footing the bills until he either revolts or goes broke.

As Lewis H. Brown remarked in his recent striking Collier's article, Let's Get Germany Off Our Back!, the western Allies can either abandon Germany to Communism or reorganize their occupation zones into a country where people have some incentive to work and enough food to keep them going.

The first prerequisite to such a reorganization is a peace treaty under which all concerned k where they stand. With or without Russia, clude a German peace as fast as we possi with all feasible precautions, of course, revival of German military power.

HEALTH INVESTMENTS

IN 1946, the Metropolitan Life Insura pany paid a total of $227,959,177 claims. Three afflictions accounted for cent of the deaths—chronic heart disea cent, diseases of the coronary arteries a pectoris 18.5 per cent, cancer 15.7 per cen culosis was sixth on the list, with a sma cent; typhoid was at the bottom, with les per cent; diphtheria wasn't there at all.

Yet a few decades ago, tuberculosis champion U.S. killer disease, year after ye theria and typhoid were among the top ten before the advent of sulfa drugs and peni Metropolitan paid 8 per cent of its to claims to the estates of pneumonia and victims. In 1946, the figure was 2.8 per ce

Obviously, these changes in the cause picture in the United States have been about by two things, chiefly—tremendous ments in treatment and cure of various d a result of intensive research; and public in sanitation and other means of disease pr

It is obvious, too, that we can hardly much money on research and health educa that all such investments can be expected heavy dividends in the form of ever highe can health standards and lengthening lif ancies.

Let's persist in these expenditures, what pens; and we're curious to see where heart and cancer will rank as killers ten years f The betting seems fair, at least, that thes will take a nose dive in that time.

HOPE FOR PALESTIN

THERE seems to be some hope at las long tragedy of Palestine may be v fairly soon. The United Nations Special tee's recent report, recommending partiti Holy Land into independent Jewish and A met with general approval, save for some reservations about the two states' boundar

The U.S. suggestion that the transition presided over by a voluntary internatio force removed, at least temporarily, the lo ing American fear that we might be aske troops of our own. The UNSCOP recomm that Jerusalem and environs be put unde trusteeship will, if carried out, satisfy peopl ous religions everywhere with regard to tinued sanctity of holy places in Palestine.

As for the Arab League Council's about a holy war, we think that can be pre ily discounted; and the same as to Arab hi cutting Middle East oil pipe lines. The J excellent fighting organizations in Palest if it comes to that; and the Arabs are har to break off with their American and B customers, from whom the Arab poten their biggest revenues.

Let's give the partition plan a fair trial, not waste time starting.

Collier's

DECEMBER 6, 1947 TEN CENTS

HOW FRANCE EVADED STALIN'S GRASP

A secret story of Western diplomacy

by O. Henry Brandon

CAN SOLDIERS BE GENTLEMEN?

by David Landman

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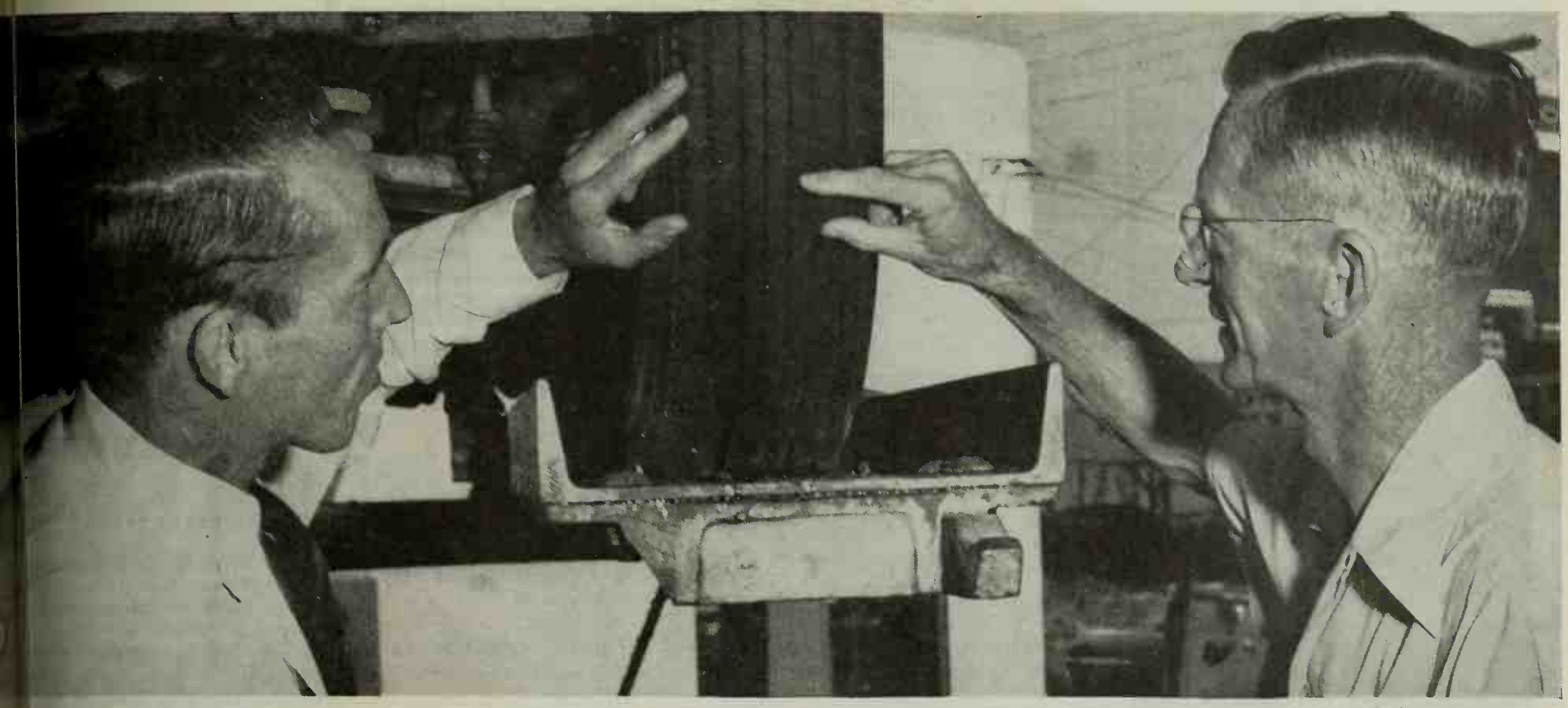

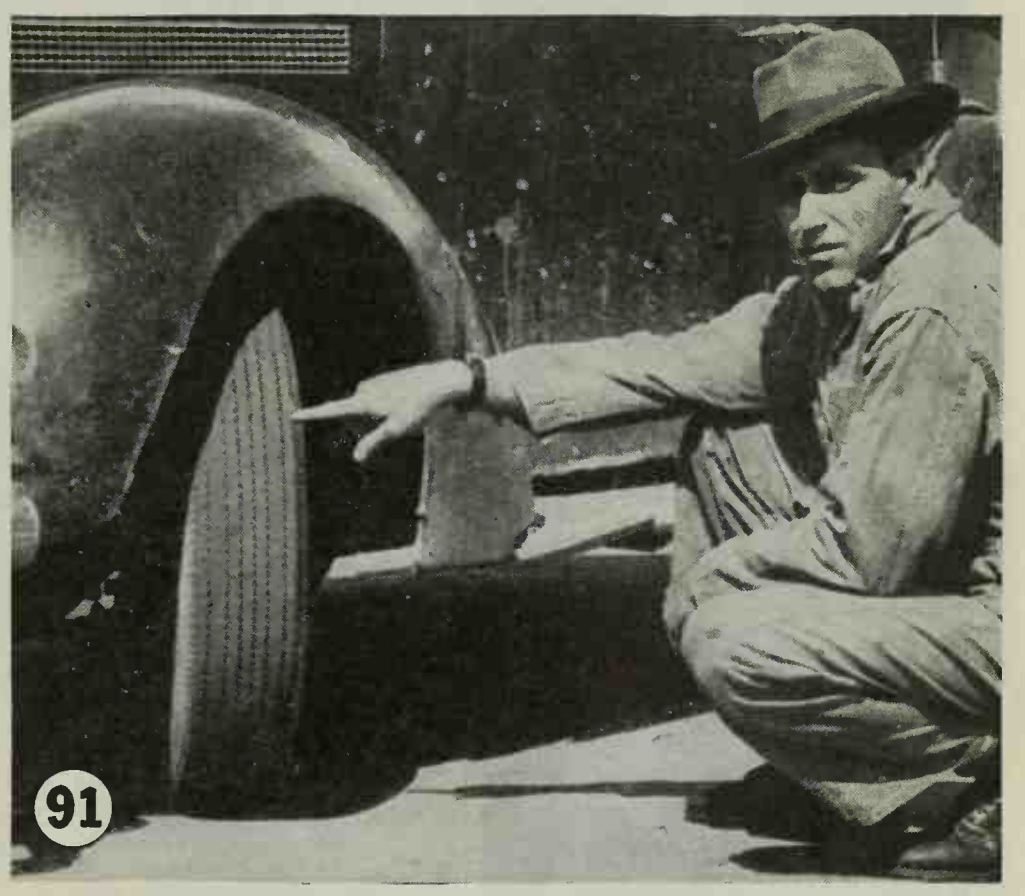

ypical examples: the B. F. Goodrich ire that outwears prewar tires

H tires outwear prewar tires. This is ersonal experience of B. F. Goodrich e, three recent reports:

mp No. 82: "Outlasted any prewar red; left is Henry D. Anderson of ngt, with B. F. Goodrich dealer Hugo Hen D. Anderson writes:

re go tire mileage. It is one of the s whe it comes to keeping costs down B. F Goodrich Silvertown tire which lacing had gone 43,275 miles (at the ure). hese were hard miles, ranging deser roads to the heavy pounding k trai. And since this car is used for fire and police work, much of this mileage was put on at high speeds and in all kinds of weather."

Typical example No. 91: "Never experienced better service from any tire." Shown here is H. F. Smith of Rt. No. 1, Unicoi, Tenn., who says:

"Half of my driving is over rock roads, the other half is on hard surface that has quite a lot of chuck holes in it. These B. F. Goodrich tires have not been petted, but have been subjected to 30,593 miles of rather rough treatment. In all my experience I have never received better service from any tire."

Typical example No. 88: "49,723 miles and still good!" P. U. Alexander of Goose Creek, Texas, shown in the photo at the top, states:

"I purchased two new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tires in 1945. These tires had gone 49,723 miles when the picture was taken, and I believe they are good for another 10,000 miles."

This is a good time to buy tires. Your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a liberal allowance for your old tires if they are still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

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THE WEEK'S MAI

SEX REARS ITS | UGLY | LOVELY | H

DEAR SIRS: Re the illustration for ' Man With an Idea (Oct. 4th), it seem there could be different pictures at ferent covers for our magazines. all one sees in them is nude women. oh, why? Talk about delinquer there any wonder? Seems that wom just things any more. Cigarettes and women. What is our country com

MRS. NORVAL H. SMITH, Lincol

. . . Undressed and semidressed fe our magazines . . . it's positively Sex is a force (even in pictures) an for a good and right purpose. beautiful baby and two older ch proof of it. . . . I hate your nasty pi

MRS. RAY SEXTON, Pinewoo

. . . That work of art (Zowie!) (Whoops!) of Oct. 4th (Svelte!) i Young Man With an Idea would give any man *(Nom d'u* young or old (My sainted aunt's cat!) plenty of ideas (Pow!). K refreshing work.

SAM SMALL, Los An

NOT ENOUGH LINCOL

DEAR EDITOR: After reading yo Farley, Morgenthau, I've deci the matter with this country the richest country in the wor of the most abject poverty an erance you can find anywhere person, as soon as he gets a power in our government, s an outrageous, ridiculous se importance. Where, O God co-operative man like Lin

DON INGRAHAM

(Continued on

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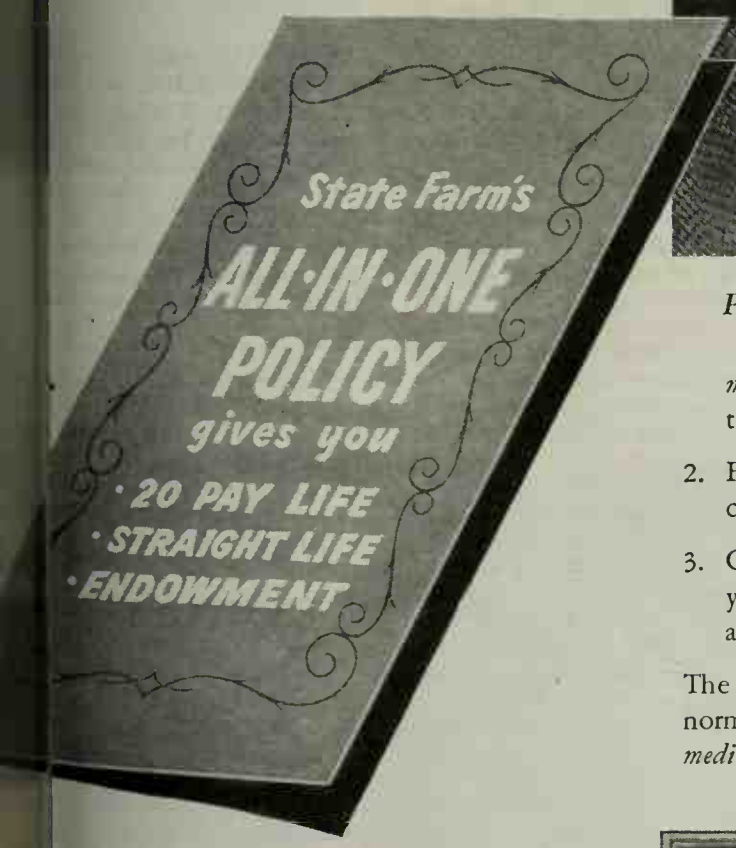

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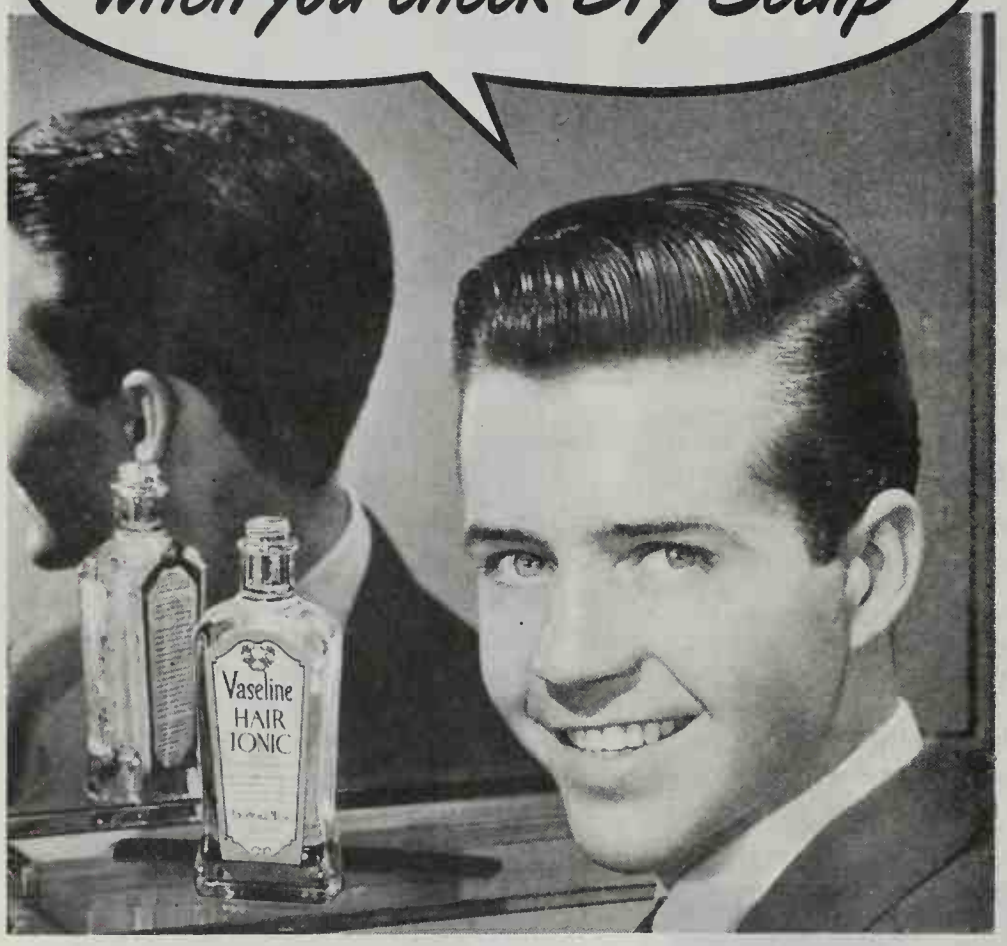
Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Several decades ago, when most American side-show freaks were fakes, one such notable character was Herman J. Oberschlager, who was billed as Bosco, the Snake Eater. During the course of each day's performances, he would consume about 100 bananas stuffed in frankfurter skins painted to resemble rattlesnakes.

Probably the best organized and most successful gang of automobile thieves in American history was that which stole thousands of cars in Brooklyn between 1923 and 1935. When its ringleader, "Bla Bla" Vigorito, was finally caught and convicted, automobile insurance rates in Brooklyn were immediately reduced 15 per cent.

The theatrical prompter was created in 15th century Europe when, owing to the custom of presenting new plays in quick succession, actors did not have time to learn their parts. In fact, the prompter of that period virtually ran the whole show as he had to follow the players about the stage with the script, whispering their lines to them when it was their turn to speak.

Since the advent of radio, the Kings and Queens of England have made their broadcasts over their own special gold microphones reserved for their exclusive use by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Besides the name of its royal owner, each instrument bears an engraved record of the historic occasions on which it was employed.

Since 1912, when the length of the football field was reduced from 110 to 100 yards, the longest run recorded in intercollegiate play was that made by Walter Bearden of the North Texas Aggies in a game against Decatur Baptist in 1935 at Arlington, Texas. Having backed up eight yards behind his own goal line before getting started, he ran the 108 yards for a touchdown.

America's most famous burning coal mine is at Summit Hill, Pennsylvania. Defying the numerous attempts that have been made to extinguish it, this fire has burned continuously for the past 115 years.

Using a special magnet, a physician recently removed a nail that had been lodged for in the duodenum (first part small intestine) of a four-year In this case, the first on which an object was remov this part of the body withou cal operation, nearly six ho required for the magnet to nail, but only two minutes magnet and nail to be dra into the stomach and up thr esophagus.

One of the most incredibl history was that levied by t (governors and other high of 18th century Turkey. After had called upon and dined wi ant family, he would der "tooth money," a tax to co him for the wear and tear or that had resulted from eat food.—*By Matt Lagerberg Mich.*

No private stamp collec approached that formed by von Ferrari over a period o before his death in Switz 1917. Exclusive of its num plicates, the collection cont proximately 400,000 specim brought, in 14 auctions held 1925, nearly $1,960,000.—. *Rogers, Houston, Texas.*

Between 1790 and 1880. custom that prevailed in Can New York, was for funeral s be conducted and funeral p to be led jointly by a clerg the physician who had att deceased.—*By Mrs. A. P. Pr sor, Conn.*

In the past decade, champ entered in Flying Kilometer which the object is to cove tance of 3,281 feet down a in the least time, have hit high as 90 miles an hour whe a streamlined metal hood th ally lessens wind resistance.

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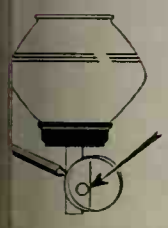

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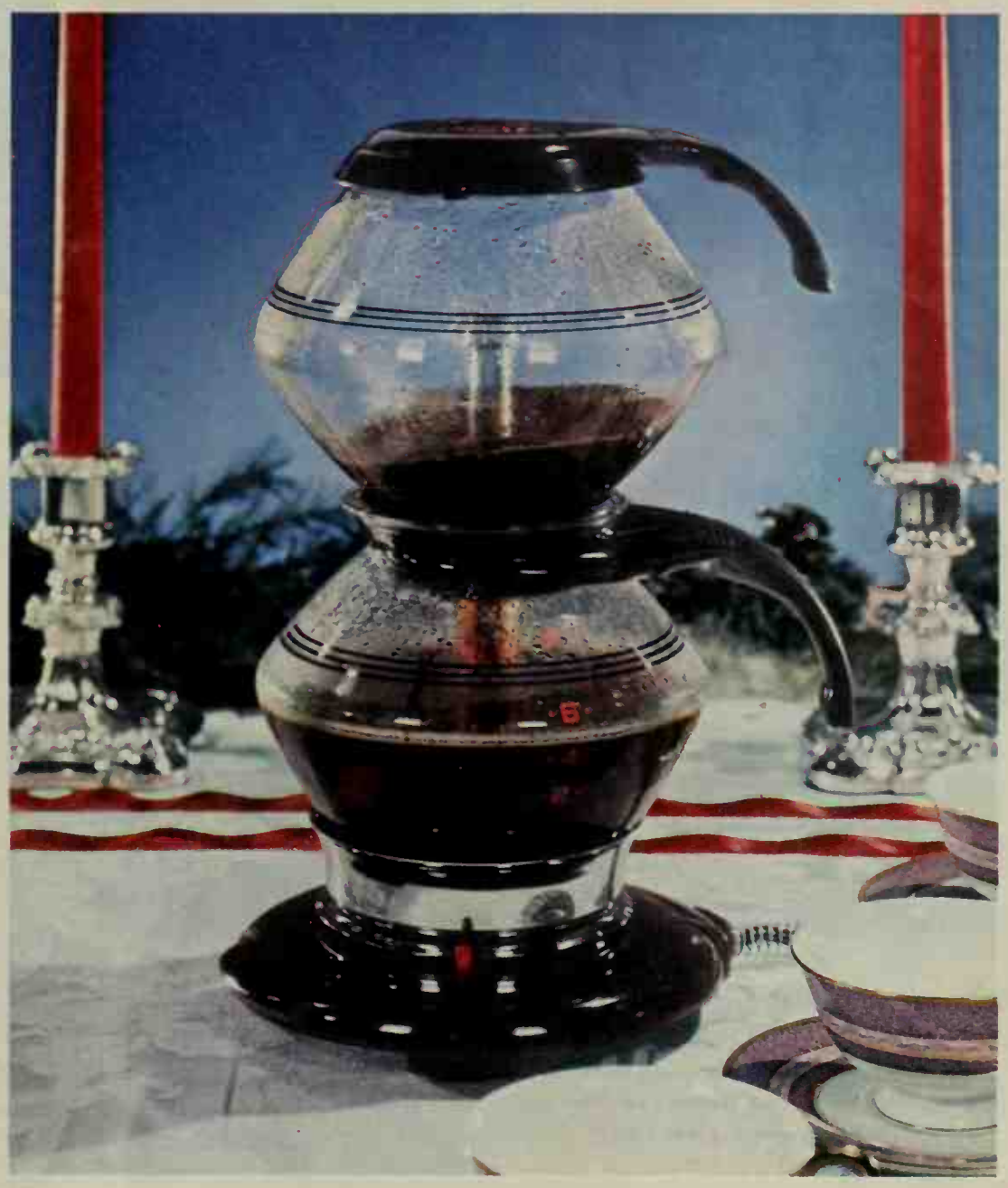

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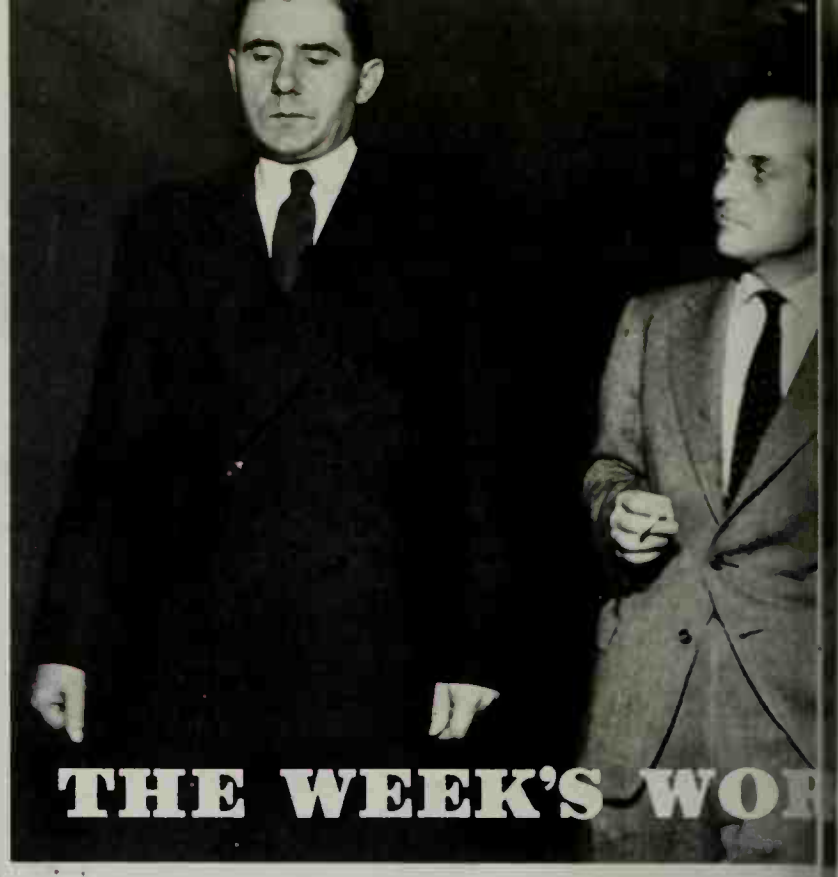


O. Henry Brandon (right) and Andrei Gromyko at United Nation

A SCOOP! O. Henry Brandon is the roving diplomatic correspondent of the London Sunday Times and Kemsey newspaper chain of Britain. He has covered every major international conference since Potsdam, and is now in London reporting the crucial battle over the German peace treaty. It was but natural that Mr. Brandon would be in Moscow for Battle No. 6 among the ministers early this year. It was at this inconclusive struggle that France's Georges Bidault had the decisive meeting with Stalin which Mr. Brandon describes in his exclusive story on p. 12, How France Evaded Stalin's Grasp.

DAVID LANDMAN (Can Soldiers Be Gentlemen?, p. 18), a Philadelphian-New Yorker is a Brown alumnus, did sport reporting, wrote travel books and helped edit an encyclopedia until Uncle Sam drafted him a year before Pearl Harbor. He started as a dog-face in the Infantry, worked his way up to his majority overseas. He caught malaria in the jungles of southwest Louisiana, but avoided it in 21 months in the dittos of the Southwest Pacific.

Active in the AVC, Landman lives in one of the narrowest houses in New York City, a 12-foot-wide converted garage. His wife is a writer too.

"To get the dope on this piece," he reveals, "I was at Fort Knox five days —practically a re-enlistment."

IT SEEMS there are two Irving Wallaces, and the Irving Wallace who wrote King of Melodrama, p. 78, is not to be confused with the Irving Wallace who wrote the Princess Elizabeth series (Mar. 15th-22d). Both Wallaces are confirmed travelers and writers, both are from the Middle West, and neither is related to Henry A. The only distinguishing mark we can detect between the two is that the Irv who did the King of Melodrama is known as Colonel Speed Wallace, and one of them has a mole. But we're not sure where, or which one has it.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (The Tin Star, p. 11) was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, practically in the cold shadow of the state pen, was raised in the warmer precincts of Virginia, the land of liquid corn. Dropped from the University of Virginia rolls for not attending for two years, he's since spent most of his time tr tween Canada and Panan and California, working a as reporting, woodcuttin banking, sign painting, etc

He spent three and a h the Army. The only viole recalls being near was i Hebrides when some can few sailors. This happy wa living in Santa Barbara w another writer, wonderin would like it in Baja Calif the baby comes.

FRANK LASKIER (Al Staff of Life, p. 75) is who left off his Merchant settle in America. Born a of a seventh son, on May the late mess his adventu an encounter with the Ger battleship, the Admiral One of five survivors wh ily turned up on a raft, he sea duty, minus his right

"Alfred and the Staff," "is a sort of backhanded to the man without whom sail, the arbiter of all q molder of public opinio alike of both fo'c'sle and cook who fed me for 17 y

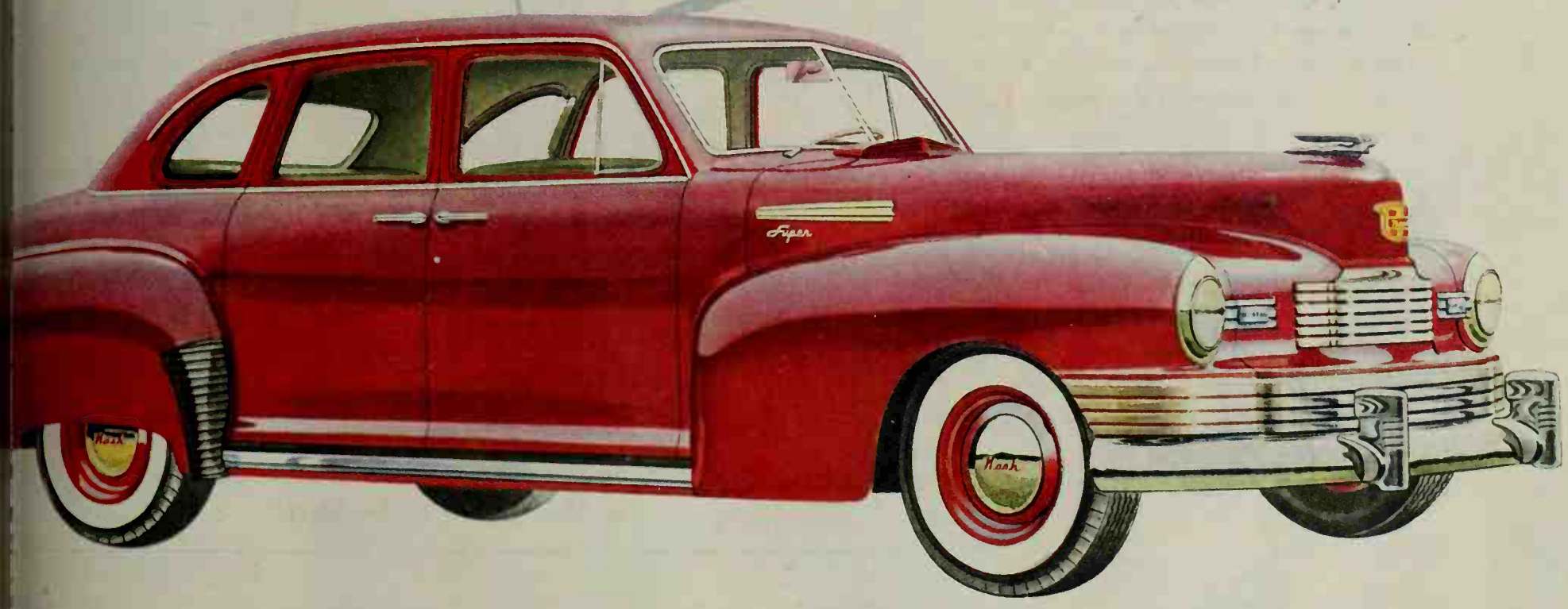
"These old hands nev school, never took cor courses in seamanship. Th their kingdom. Sweating galleys in 150 degrees hea derided and feared, they meals a day, seven days a died in the lifeboats."

THE story of the Sin Poelau Bras (p. 20) is of Far Eastern adventures H. McDougall, Jr. It will next spring. McDougall, a Utahan, who was with Press in China, was capt Japs in Shanghai on D 1941, managed his escap on to Java, but stayed to

He spent the rest of the ous prison camps and jails Sumatra (mortality rates: cent), was finally liberated ber 19, 1945. He's since rid himself of tropical ailm Nieman Fellow at Harva ten two books about his

This week's cover: Mill keyshines by Lawson W girls, no long skirts? . . . T

To my Darling



I tried to think of something that would be as gay and dashing and wonderful as you are.

So, my Darling, it's a Nash—all for you. A beautiful new Nash "600," to be exact.

I'm sorry about that mud on the wheels—but I'm human—I had to sneak it out for a whirl last night.

Your new Nash is the sweetest-running car I ever had my hands on. It rides like sheer velvet.

Handles like a dream. We went sailing over Schoolhouse Hill as if it didn't exist at all.

I don't want to spoil your fun, but don't miss that little button on the dash called the Weather Eye. It keeps the air always fresh, clean and heated to perfection. You don't even need a coat!

I admit it looks extravagant. But it's a Nash ...and you'll be enjoying it 'til the kids grow up.

Merry Christmas, Darling.

You'll be Ahead with **Nash** **Great Cars Since 1902**

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

Hints for Givers!

Essleys spell "Merry Christmas" to a lot of men! Sanforized* fabrics, hand-cutting, masterful needlework and beautiful finishing are some of the reasons why men cry for Essleys. Other reasons are neatly lined up at the bottom of this page.

Hints for Getters!

Grab a pencil and check your favorite Essleys! Then leave this magazine—open—where it will do the most good. And just in case *she's* forgotten your vital statistics, write them down—right here on the dotted lines. Styles .....
Collar Size..... Sleeve Length.....

"ESSIE"

"I'm leaving it open for Santa! A sooty chimney's no place for an Essley Shirt!"

ESSLEY WHITE BROADCLOTH with TruBenized* collar! *Hand-cut*, the traditional way to make fine shirts. Sanforized*. And Essley's exclusive TruBenized* collar stays crisp through the longest day—can't crumple, won't wilt. Good news! It's only $2.95! Others at $3.95, $4.50, and $4.95.

AH-H-H-H! ESSLEY WHITE ON WHITE! With French cuffs, too! Sanforized.* Comes in 4 popular collar styles: Wide-spread (illustrated) . . . Tab . . . Long points . . . and, of course, the regular TruBenized* collar! And every collar is *twice* pre-shrunk to *stay* true to size! $4.95.

THE WINDPROOF, ALL-WEATHER ESSLEY JACKET! Zelan*-treated, which makes it water repellent . . . even after many cleanings. And you have your choice of brown, tan, blue or cream . . . lined or unlined . . . full length or knitted bottom. In a wide range of sizes. $7.95.

ESSLEY'S CAREFREE "CABALLERO"! Howdy, pardner! If you're fixin' to wrangle admirin' glances from the fillies, put your brand on these. Button-down pockets, 3-button cuffs. Hefty, vat-dyed rayon and cotton. In standard neck sizes and sleeve lengths. $5.95. Others from $4.95 to $7.50.

INGENIOUS "IN-BE ESSLEY! Strictly b worn with a tie—l *relaxes with you* w it open! Blues, tans and beige. Washab Luxurious Sanfor Standard neck size lengths. $4.95.

ESSLEY SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR PAJAMAS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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THE TIN STAR

JOHN M. CUNNINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

n in a thousand might t courage needed to sheriff's badge. But was one in a million

EIFF DOANE looked at deputy and then down at daisies he had picked for visit, lying wrapped in on his desk. "I'm sorry to ay that, Toby. I was kind on you to take over after

get me wrong, Doane," looking through the front I'm not afraid. I'll see you is shindig. I'm not afraid or young Jordan or any of I want to tell you now. I'll dan's train gets in. I'll wait at he does. I'll see you atever happens. After that, e."

egan kneading his knuck- set against the pain as he ed the misshapen, twisted ng his fists all these years ed the gout. He said noth-

oked around, his brown led in his round, olive- e. "What's the use of hold- a job like this? Look at 'd you ever get out of it? keep you eating. And

topped kneading his ar- s and looked down at the shirt front. He looked he smaller one on Toby's. ht," he said. "They don't the right ones. You risk tching somebody, and the ies let them go so they can and shoot at you. You're ur life, you got to do ev- ice, and in the end they in lead. So you can wear It's a job for a dog, son." oice did not rise, but his little wider in his round, "Then why keep on with or? I been working for years—trying to keep the rp-nosed money-grabbers h, while we piddle along county pays us. I've seen to bust playing marbles down this street on four- llar saddles, and what've I ng. Not a damned thing." as a little smile around de mouth. "That's right, all for free. The head- bullets and everything, . I found that out long mock-grave look van- t somebody's got to be take care of things." He of the window at the peo- up and down the crazy . "I like it free. You know

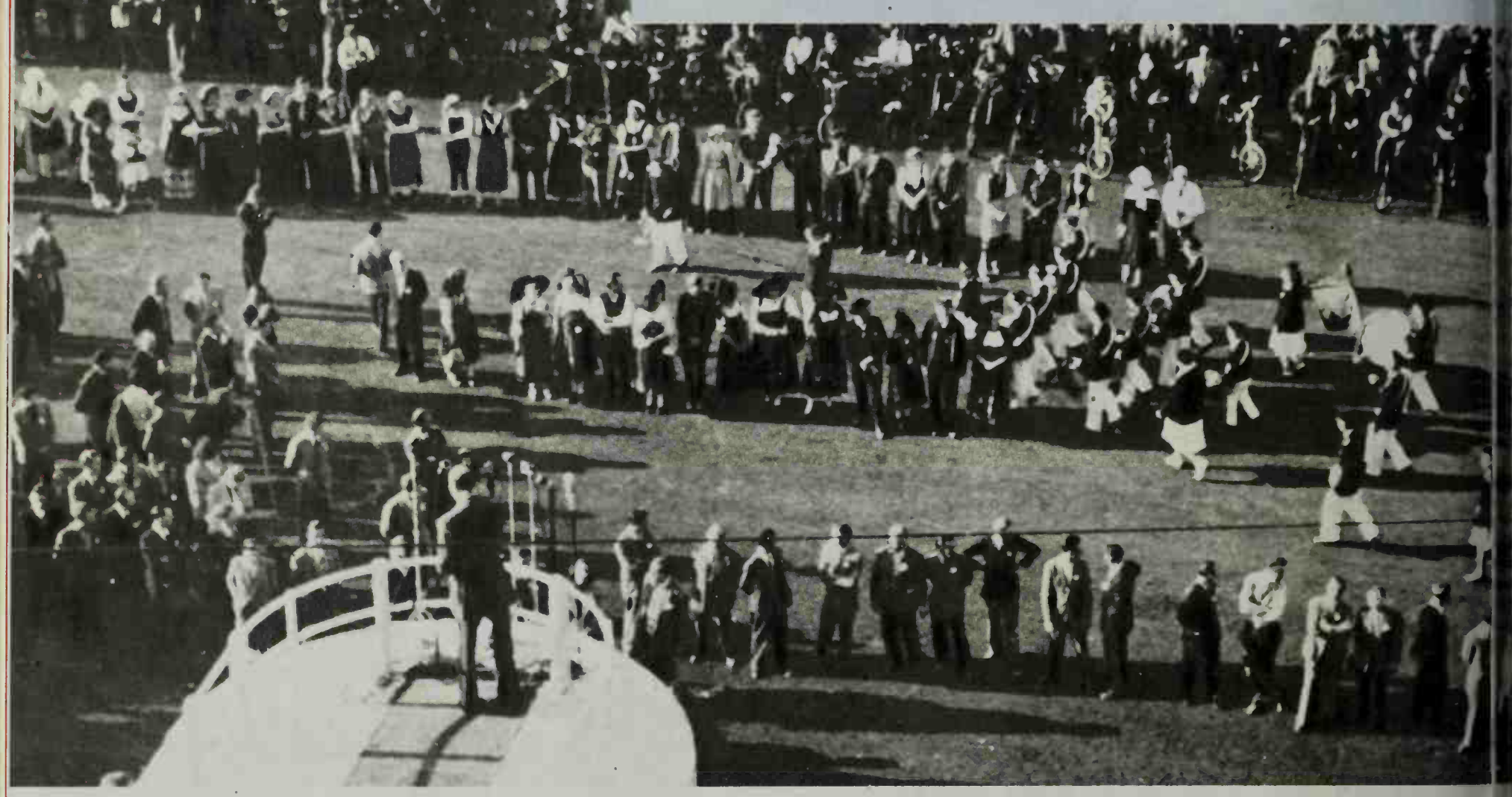
tinued on page 64)

At a sudden shout and sharp crack of a quirt, Doane turned. Jordan was back on his horse and beating Doane's

HOW FRANCE EVADED

STALIN'S GRASP

Immediately after the war France's foreign policy was to serve as a bridge between Russia and the West. Here is told the secret story of the diplomatic blunders, political maneuverings and clash of personalities that smashed that policy



De Gaulle's emerging popularity—here he speaks to an estimated half million at a rally—had much to do with the change in French foreign policy las

De Gaulle election posters, plastered with swastikas, are indication of extremism of political feelings

BY O. HENRY BRANDON

A DECISION of momentous importance to the development of United States foreign policy was made secretly in the spring of 1947 at a meeting which no American attended.

The meeting place was the same Kremlin chamber where, two years earlier, France and Russia had signed a treaty of friendship and mutual assistance. There, around midnight of March 17th, French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault rejected Generalissimo Joseph Stalin's offer of a rich prize, in return for which France would abandon her loyalty to the United States and Great Britain.

The minutes of that meeting are still locked in the top-secret files of both countries. But now it is possible to disclose the detailed story of what became a turning point in France's policy of providing a bridge between the East and the West.

That decision consolidated Western Europe and swung France over to side with the United States in its struggle to save Europe from Russian Communism. There is no doubt that M. Bidault's fateful step had a great impact on America's top policymakers when they conceived the Marshall Plan.

The decision itself was made known in principle to the Assembly of the United Nations last September when M. Bidault said, "We have chosen this path and we shall not turn back on this path which we deliberately follow, in spite of every difficulty, toward a better future . . ."

But unknown to the assembled delegates was a series of events c by Bidault's crucial intervie Stalin. It was neither A "pressure" nor Bidault's imp it was neither British influence hand of the Vatican that had France to cast her lot with the Allies. It was chiefly the K own doing.

To understand the import Stalin's bid it is necessary to lo to the days just after France gained her freedom in the v victorious Allied armies. Charles de Gaulle and his Minister, Bidault, were det then to stay on the friendliest terms with all three great p Russia, the United States and

They wanted to be on goo with Russia because they mig

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID SEYMOUR

help one day against a
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were too far away, and
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itor Role Essential

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Moscow, M. Dekanozov
Ambassador General
if France would propose a compromise to the effect that Trieste should become an international free port, Russia would "strive to persuade" Yugoslavia to accept the solution. But to make it acceptable to the Kremlin, the suggestion could come only from France.

None of this became public because it was a matter of face-saving among all three powers. All the public knew was that France's compromise on Trieste succeeded.

In this vital role, Bidault saw the only chance for France to be a first-rate power, but still greater problems were arising in the Allied Control Council in Berlin. Those goings on were of number one importance to France's future.

When, after the Potsdam Conference in 1945, the talks began in Berlin about the point at which to level off the output of Germany's steel industry, the United States and Britain asked for an increase to 10,000,000 tons. France proposed 6,000,000 and Russia only 4,000,000. France felt that her security demanded a low level, and Russia was on her side.

But in November, 1946, Bidault had a great shock, which cut deeply into a basic fundamental of France's foreign policy. Russia suddenly declared for a 12,000,000 level, which France considered dangerously high and a blow against her own security.

Treaty With Britain Sought

The first monkey wrench had been thrown into the relations between France and Russia during Bidault's short absence from the Quai d'Orsay, as the French Foreign Office is called, when Leon Blum presided over a Socialist interim government. Blum wanted a treaty with Britain. With a Socialist government in power in Britain and himself a Socialist in command in France, the treaty seemed a natural.

It was Britain's ambassador to France, Duff Cooper, who first mentioned the possibility of a Franco-British treaty to Blum. A quick check through French Ambassador Massigli in London, however, showed that Bevin did not feel like concluding such an important alliance with an interim government. The initiative seems to have been Duff Cooper's own. Negotiations between Britain and France on economic questions, however, were under way, and Blum planned a trip to London without expecting to discuss the treaty problem.

On the eve of Blum's departure, which up to the last minute he had kept secret even from his staff at the Quai d'Orsay, he invited Russia's Ambassador E. Bogomolov to dinner. The Russians were always nervous when French and British statesmen planned to meet; the bogey of the Western bloc was constantly torturing their minds.

"I am leaving for London tomorrow," said Blum between courses, "but you can tell your government that I intend to discuss economic questions, primarily coal, nothing political."

Bogomolov left for Moscow the next day, January 15, 1947, to make a "routine report."

A friend warned Blum before he left for England, "You are crazy to go to London. You won't achieve anything."

Blum, who was 75, laughed. "Yes, I know, but it is so pleasant to have a craze at my age."

In London, Blum talked coal. But at the end of his long discussion with Bevin, Blum said parenthetically, "And how about that Anglo-French treaty?"

The communiqué, issued by the British after Blum's departure from London, read:

". . . the two countries, having been twice attacked by Germany in a period of 25 years, have an equal interest in protecting themselves against a fresh German menace. It was therefore agreed that in these circumstances a treaty of alliance should be concluded between them at the earliest possible moment. . . . It was agreed that negotiations to this end should be opened as soon as possible."

The same day this communiqué appeared in the press, Bogomolov saw his boss, Molotov, in Moscow and reported exactly the contrary—reported in fact just what Blum had told him.

Two days later, the usually unruffled Bogomolov, in a fit of rage, told French Ambassador Catroux in Moscow, "You Frenchmen have lied! I bring home assurances from your government that you are not going to discuss political matters in London, and that very day a communiqué contradicts me!"

Catroux's deeply furrowed face was unmoved, his great, staring black eyes looked bored, to conceal embarrassment.

"We have an alliance with you," the Russian went on. "Do you think this is the way to deal with a partner in an alliance?"

"Bevin and Attlee raised the question of the alliance," Catroux replied to Bogomolov, since he had meanwhile received a cable of explanation from Blum. "Therefore, he could not have refused to discuss it without offending them."

A Change of Government

But this explanation didn't mollify the Russian, and tension mounted. A short time later, the Blum government resigned as the result of the January, 1947, elections, and Vincent Auriol became France's new president. On January 17th, he formed a government with Ramadier as premier, and with Bidault back at the Quai d'Orsay. On his desk, Bidault found Blum's promise to form an alliance with Britain.

Bidault felt it was most unfortunate to have strained relations with Russia on the very eve of the Council of Foreign Ministers meeting in Moscow, which was to discuss the question France was most interested in: Germany.

So Bidault sat down and drafted a secret cable to Catroux in Moscow. He requested him to ask for an audience with Stalin, which should be kept secret, and suggested that confidential discussions be initiated to study how the Russian and French points of view could be harmonized before the meeting of Foreign Ministers. It was designed mainly as a feeler, to examine the issues on which a common policy could be agreed upon.

There was no reply from Stalin.

(Continued on page 95)

f mutual assistance between France and Russia, shown here being idault shortly after the war, started France on her "bridge" policy

SOVFOTO

Here Bidault signs another treaty—this time with Britain—which helped get him in so bad with Russia that eventually his whole policy was changed

INTERNATIONAL

THE MARRIAGE PRICE

BY BRIAN O'BRIEN

The villagers thought Andoki was a coward, but the daughter of the chief thought he was wonderful—which he was

monkeys peered down curiously at a gure squatting in the moonlit clearing en two rows of bark huts on the . Creatures lifted their heads in the he African forest to listen to strange

nmy, oh, la-la.
nmy, oh, la-la.
, na-make you come look me,
fine book, I write-a your name
.

Ekin sang his love song in English, for on of education, just graduated from i mission school at Ebolowa.
ut commanding the little Bulu village, ief's daughter, stirred on her palm-rib roudly for the young man who braved ils to serenade her. But her father e smoke of the fire and lifted his to bay like a dog: "Go, stupid one. ing by day. Sing to me, her father, of ss rods and fishhooks."
ice lifted sardonically:

fine gal,
eep um close,
boy go come,
nd go."

f Andoki faltered to silence as Eboro, led his mockery. A squat, hairy man oro was rich, with fine trade goods tered with the river people for palm *oules* of rubber, sending them to the in Campo. All men envied him his only gun in the village. There was a r, too, which he hid, for the Franchi

ten elephants for you," Andoki said.
cheeks and she ran to her father's hut who govern Cameroons forbid the black grains. He possessed, also, a wife—a big husky girl from Ambam.

Andoki lived alone in the smallest, barest hut in the village. All he owned in the world were two pairs of pajama trousers, striped blue and white; a whole shirt: a Bible, given him for scholarship; a hoe, a machete and the short elephant spear his father had dropped when Matiu N'lombo knelt on him.

Yet, in spite of his poverty, he dared to hold his face to that of the chief's daughter under the mahogany tree outside the village and to tell her of his love.

"O small one, whose bustle twitches like the antelope's tail—you shall be my honey," he whispered, "which is the name the Americans call their women. And there shall be no other honey in my house."

"I would be your honey," Ilumba sighed, smoothing the bright green leaves of her only frontal covering. "But my father, M'bene, listens to the words of Eboro, who offers fine things as marriage price for me. Moreover, my father says you are a coward because you have not slain the elephant who killed your father."

"Matiu N'lombo is a great rascal," Andoki muttered. "He has killed many men and destroyed whole villages. Truly he is named 'He-who-cannot-be-killed.' "

"Eboro has said he does not fear the devil."

"He is a big mouth," Andoki snorted. "Matiu N'lombo still feeds in the old cane garden. Now, if I had a fine gun like Eboro I would kill the devil and give the meat and ivory to your father, the chief, for a marriage price."

"E ké!" she sighed admiringly. "You would give a whole elephant for me?"

"I would give ten elephants," he said fondly.

They touched cheeks and he watched her run back to her father's hut; a slim, rounded, chestnut-colored figure with the green leaves before and a grass bustle behind. . . .

At dawn the women came out of their huts and soon the trees overhanging the village were streaked with smoke from the cooking fires. Andoki, in his second-best pajama trousers, squatted outside his hut cooking a meal of manioc paste and peanut oil.

Eboro, a gaily printed cotton cloth draped about his burly form, sat on his doorsill smoking a brass pipe through the long midrib of a banana leaf.

"Prepare the fish well," he called loudly to his wife. "Cook fine white rice. There are ones who cannot buy such food. Let them envy the big man. Bring me my fine te-e-e-pot of white china. I would drink as the Americanis do."

The villagers scowled enviously as he tilted the spout to his thick lips.

"Clay pots," mumbled Ilumba's mother. "I am the wife of a chief, yet I have no te-e-e-pot."

"Eboro has promised the te-e-e-pot in the marriage price for our child," said M'bene. "You shall have it. He has also promised the fine gun. I will be the big chief of this river with that gun." He looked significantly at Ilumba.

"And if the Franchi find the black grains you will no longer be chief," snapped his daughter. "I do not love Eboro; he is hairy like a gorilla. I want Andoki, who is beautiful."

"E ké!" her fathered shouted. "He is a skinny grass monkey who sings at night like a dog. He has nothing. He works in gardens like a woman. He is a coward, who—"

"I will not go to Eboro!"

With an exasperated howl her father snatched a spear. Ilumba fled as the shaft caught her across the bustle.

"You will do the bidding of your father!" he roared after her.

Andoki jumped up from his fire to follow the weeping Ilumba. Eboro glared after them.

"A certain one should *(Continued on page 91)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

I'M MAD AT YOU

BY JACK FINNEY

For a man who worked hard at his marriage, Tim made it look awfully easy

TIMBERLAKE RYAN lay on the davenport watching his wife across the room and considering his choice of available weapons. A laugh—if he could just make her laugh in return, or even smile: but she'd be expecting that. Maybe an air of penitence plus great solicitude for her comfort; offer to fix a drink or get a pillow for her back—the telephone rang.

"Don't answer that!" said Timberlake. "No telling who it might be!"

There was no laugh, not even a smile. His wife looked at him coldly as she got up from her chair. "I'm mad at you," she said. He winked at her, lewdly. She curled her upper lip in disdain, and walked out to the hall.

"*Alice!*" he heard her say. "How *are* you?" He groaned loudly, sat up, put on his slippers, and padded out to the hall. ". . . doing?" Eve was saying. "Why, we're not—"

"—Jamming," said Timberlake, in a low insistent monotone. "Jamming, yibbety, yibbety, yibbety!"

Eve covered the mouthpiece and glared at him fiercely. Then, smiling politely again, she spoke into the phone. "We weren't doing a thi—"

"—Jamming. Enemy broadcast, yibbety, yibbety, yibbety, yibbety—"

"Tim!"

He looked at her sadly. "A last-ditch measure, an act of desper—"

"I don't *think* we have any plans, but let me just check with Tim. Hold on, now," she covered the mouthpiece again. "It's the Melletts."

"You're telling me."

"They're calling from a drugstore; they're out walking and thought they'd drop in."

"Tell them wrong number."

"Tim, they're *waiting.*"

"I have a severe case of cheri-beri. Aspirin doesn't help. It's contagious."

"Now, cut it out—they won't stay for long."

"How do you know?"

"They have to be home at six; they have a sitter with the kids."

"How about the kids coming over and the Melletts staying—"

"Nope," said Eve to the phone, "not a thing!" She made a face at Tim. "He says come on over, we'd love to see you," and she covered the mouthpiece quickly as Tim moaned again and walked back to the davenport.

"Look," he said when she returned to the room, "I know I have sinned." Eve picked up her book and resumed her reading. "I'm not neat," he continued, "and you get so tired of picking up after me and I really should be more considerate." He watched for the effect of this, ready to grin. Eve turned a page. "I deserve punishment," he went on; she continued to read. "But the Constitution expressly provides against cruel and unusual—"

"Now, you just stop that," she said. "Alice is one of my best and oldest friends—"

"But she married a zombie."

"—and we don't see them often."

"Once in a decade is too—"

"It won't hurt you this once. Anyway, remember I'm mad at you."

Tim seemed to understand this *non sequitur.* "I suppose I'd better put on a tie." He paused. "It would be the neat thing to do."

She considered this. "No. But you might mix some drinks. They'll be here any minute."

"An excellent idea. Perhaps a shaker of germ culture?"

"You just try behaving yourself," she suggested.

Tim sighed and walked toward the kitchen. But at the doorway he turned to look back at his wife. She was, he thought, very lovable and amusing when she tried to be stern with him. Looking at her face, which was bent over her book, he smiled at her effort to maintain an appearance of annoyance. For her lips, he saw, wouldn't compress; they remained lovely and full. Her fine straight nose offset the tiny flare of its nostrils, the arched brows couldn't wrinkle her smooth full forehead, and the indignant tilt of her head was obscured by the softness of her fine yellow hair. She was very, very attractive, he thought, and wondered if it wouldn't be a good idea to say so.

Eve looked up. "Stop dawdling," she said. Timberlake Ryan moved on to the kitchen.

The Melletts arrived, and Tim greeted them with a cordiality only his wife could recognize as being slightly burlesqued for her benefit. "Funny," he said, "not five minutes before you called I was just saying to Eve, 'What's happened to the Melletts? Why don't you give them a ring?' "

"Well," said Mrs. Mellett, "why didn't you?"

"Why didn't you, honey?" said Tim.

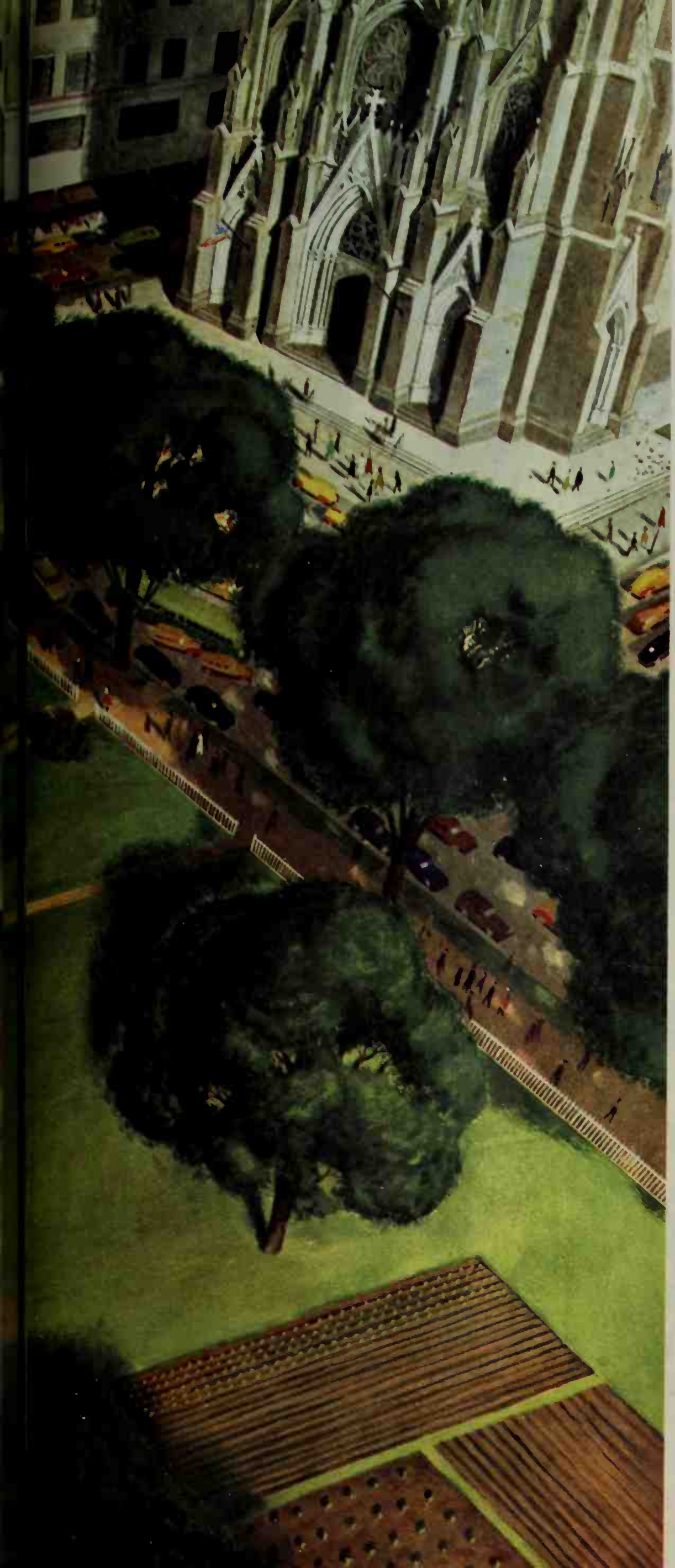
Eve linked her arm with Mrs. Mellett's and drew her into the living room. "It's good to see you, Alice," she said, genuinely. The men followed them into the room.

"We all need a drink," Tim said, "I know I do, anyway. How about it, folks? Honey," he lowered his voice and spoke solicitously to Eve, "I don't think you'd better have any more."

"Timberlake," she said, with a rising, warning inflection, "you fix me a drink."

I really haven't given him a very nice Sunday, she thought guiltily, as

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Tim winked at the Melletts, then at her, and moved easily toward the kitchen. She compared, a little proudly and complacently, his lean six feet with the squat bulk of Jerry Mellett. I'm lucky, she thought. Whenever I compare him with anyone else, I keep falling in love with my husband again. And she turned to Alice, a little sadly, remembering as always the shy, reserved, rather pretty girl Alice had been when they were friends in school. But now, she thought, the shyness and reserve had become only quiet dullness, and the prettiness remained only for those who remembered her at twenty. It's her husband's fault, Eve thought loyally. He's nice, really a very nice man, but—not very stimulating. Then, her conscience awake, she began chatting with Alice, eagerly and with real warmth and affection; she told herself she was glad they had come.

AS TIM returned with the drinks, Mr. Mellett said heartily, "Well, what have you been doing with yourselves all day? We like to get out for a walk on Sundays," he continued, not waiting for an answer. "Don't think it's good just to lie around doing nothing."

"Oh," Tim answered, slouching down in his chair, "we haven't been doing much. Just lying around." He avoided Eve's eyes, smiled brightly, and added, "We've been thinking up new ways to be neat. We think neatness is very important."

"So do we," said Mrs. Mellett, and Mr. Mellett nodded.

"So does Eve. Wants to write a book on it, in fact. How to Achieve Happiness Through Neatness. A definitive work."

"Alice," said Eve, "does Jerry clutter his desk with old envelopes and letters, ragged old newspaper clippings, and meaningless phone numbers scribbled on scraps of paper? Does he leave his closet door wide open, trail magazines through the house and stuff sweaters into drawers without folding them?"

"*I* do," said Timberlake.

"Oh, Jerry's very neat," said Mrs. Mellett. "I tell him his room looks like a West Point colonel's."

"Just habit." Mr. Mellett said modestly. "I believe in orderliness."

"So do I," said Tim, "in theory. But in practice I'm a slob. Just haven't mastered the technique, though I receive excellent instruction. I suppose I need a valet, as Eve keeps telling me. That's why I'm working so hard to get rich."

Mrs. Mellett laughed. "Any luck?" she said.

"Oh, I've figured out several ways to make a million, but that isn't enough. I have other plans, too."

Mr. Mellett smiled. "We'd all like to be rich," he announced.

"My plans?" said Timberlake. "Well, I want to buy two acres of land, possibly three, might as well have them in New York—say, on Fifth Avenue. In the Forties or Fifties."

"'Fraid that'd take at least two million," Mr. Mellett said wisely.

"Three," said Timberlake. "And another two and a half for tearing down the buildings."

"Tim, I'm sure the Melletts aren't interested in your nonsense."

"Five gets you ten they are, sister."

"He's been reading detective stories since breakfast," Eve said. "He's been a private eye all day."

"Then," said Tim, "I'll fill in the excavation with good Illinois topsoil. Ship it in; fifteen, twenty thousand dollars' worth. And I've got my eye on an eight-room frame house in Galesburg, Illinois. Built in the eighties; lot of fancy scrollwork on the eaves and front porch. Dismantle that and ship it in, too. Cost another fifty-sixty thousand dollars.

"We'll set that up in the middle of the plot. Surround it with big old elm trees—not scrawny little ones like the Rockefellers have at their Fifth Avenue place—the big, old-fashioned kind. Lilac bushes, too, around the front porch. And a lawn and a croquet set. And a hammock with a tassel fringe and stitched-in pillow. Put up a picket fence and move in. Cost close to seven million, as I figure it."

"That's what happens soon as you get a few millions," said Eve. "You get eccentric."

Tim looked appealingly *(Continued on page 54)*

"I'd buy a couple of acres of land on Fifth Avenue, tear down the buildings, fill in the excavation with good Illinois topsoil, dismantle the house in Galesburg and set it up in the middle of the plot . . ."

Under close observation, four "Umptees"—members of the Army's Universal Military Training Experimental Unit—head for a soda fountain in Elizabet

Trainees trying one of their members for a minor infraction of regulations. The prosecutor, the members of the jury and the defense counsel are all trainees. The company commander (left) merely acts as judge

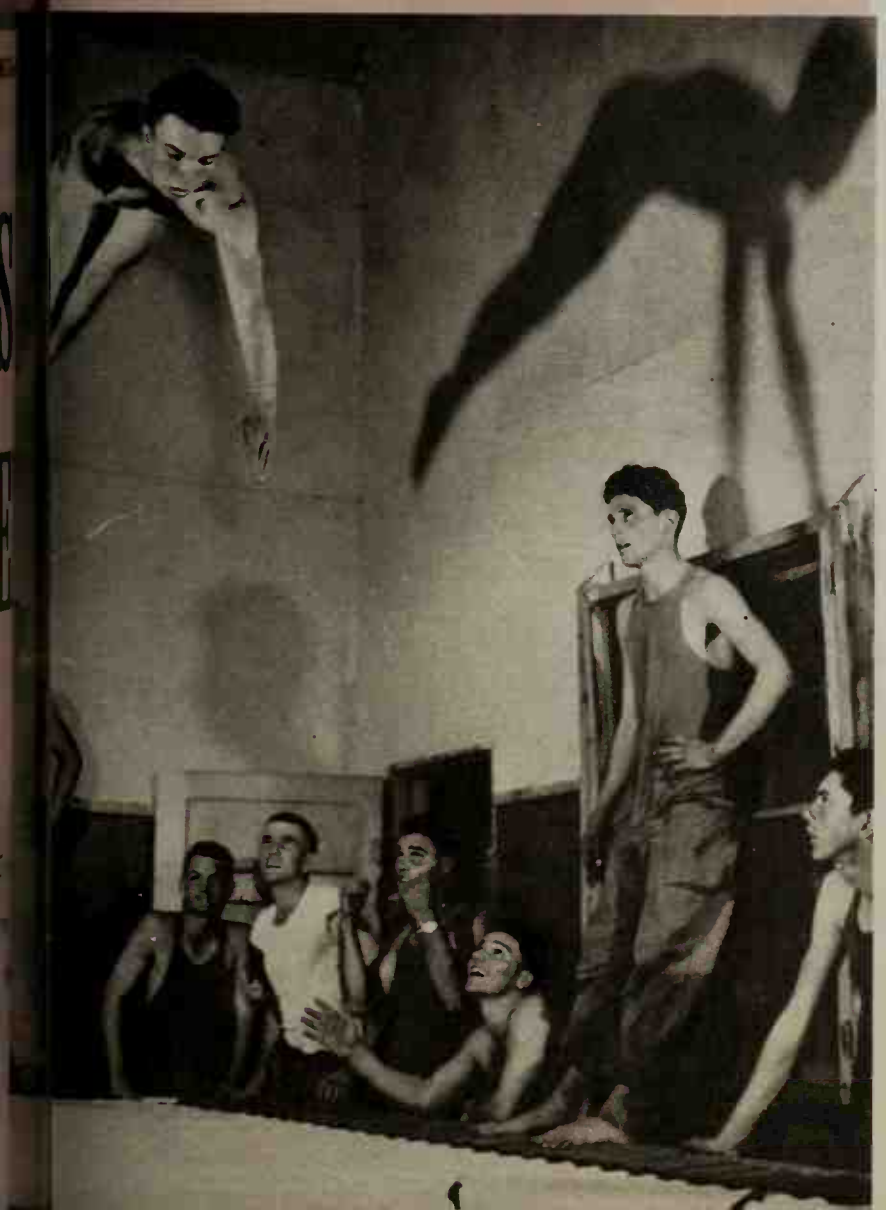
CAN SOLDIERS BE GENTLEMEN

BY DAVID LANDMAN

At Fort Knox, Kentucky, the Army is training 657 young diers as no soldiers have ever been trained before. The the forerunners of our streamlined Army of the fu

lance at the Service Club: It's time to say goodby. The girls ning to Louisville by bus—but nobody wants the bus to start!

roonquist (West Point, 1943) watches his company execute a col- movement. Overseas for 26 months, the captain wears 5 battle low) 18-year-old Alfred Oram, of Kingston, Pennsylvania, dis- skill on the trampolin for the entertainment of his companions



DOWN in Kentucky, at Fort Knox, the United States Army is operating the Universal Military Training Experimental Unit, with 657 privates and 553 officers, teachers and trainers. The idea is to give a selected group of eighteen-year-olds six months of military training under ideal conditions, and to provide a sort of preview of what the country might expect to see in the event that Congress passes a universal military service law.

The results have been spectacular, but the very success of the experiment has raised some important questions. Can the Army do with 850,000 men what it is doing with 657? Where will the Army get the thousands of experienced officers and teachers who will be necessary if this sort of training is to be conducted on a large scale? Will Congress provide the enormous sums of money that such a program will cost? So far, the high brass has found none of the answers, and probably will never find all of them. As one general put it:

"We hope to find out at Fort Knox just what we can do with the facilities we have and the money we can get."

The Fort Knox experiment looks very good for several reasons. Most important is the quality of the boys in training. They are all volunteers, who enlisted in the Army to get the benefits of the G.I. Bill of Rights or for other good reasons. Their morale is extremely high.

They are brighter than the average eighteen-year-old American boy; when making their assignments to the experimental unit, some of the replacement centers carefully chose recruits with high I.Q.s. A full-scale universal training program, handling approximately 850,000 men, probably would have at least 30 per cent slow learners; the unit at Fort Knox has but five per cent. Under a universal military service law, the Army would be required to train all eighteen-year-olds, not merely the bright ones. The less bright would have to be mixed in with the others, and consequently would slow down the entire program.

Another reason for the success of the Fort Knox experiment is the complete co-operation of the people of Louisville, who take care of the boys as if they were their own sons. But there are many cities where Army camps would be located which are too small to match the hospitality of Louisville's 319,000 citizens or which for other reasons would not do so; and there are some "old soldiers' towns" which would never treat anyone in uniform right. A third reason is the fact that Brigadier General John M. Devine is the commanding officer at Fort Knox; because of his background and record, both in war and in peace, he is probably the best man in the Army for the job. There are not many others even approximately as good.

Still another reason is the character of the officers who handle the details of training. Most of them have had combat experience, and all are capable and take their work seriously; according to Army Information Digest, they are rated "superior." Three of the company commanders are West Pointers, and the fourth is a graduate of General Marshall's alma mater, Virginia Military Institute. There aren't going to be nearly enough officers of this caliber to take care of a full-scale training program of the sort that is being operated at Fort Knox.

Headquarters at the fort has a Table of Organization which shows that 1,047 officers will be needed to supervise the training of a division of 17,052 men. For the 618,000 men whom the Army contemplates training each year for the air and ground forces, 38,000 officers will be required, and if the Fort Knox pattern is to be even partially carried out they must be men of experience and capability. Where are they coming from? The Army is having trouble getting enough officers as it is.

In August of this year the Military Academy at West Point was short 276 cadets, below authorized strength for the first time in its history. The superintendent of the academy, Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, said recently, "The career of the officer is failing to appeal to the ablest of our young men."

In Washington, officials of the War Department insist that the estimates made at Fort Knox of the number of officers needed, if Congress passes the universal service law, is too high; that the entire training program can be handled by 29,000 officers. Junior officers, they say, will come largely from the R.O.T.C., and a great many will not have had prior troop experience. Naturally, they will have neither the ability nor the mature judgment possessed by the fine officers now working at Fort Knox.

More Legal Officers Needed

Similarly, the War Department plans a reduction in the number of legal officers recommended by Fort Knox. The officers who run the Experimental Unit want 15 officers of the Judge Advocate General's Department assigned to each division. But the War Department says that the Army can get along with two lawyers per division—the same inadequate legal staff provided for wartime outfits.

If this latter reduction in officer personnel is actually made, it may delay the introduction into the projected universal service Army of one of the finest features developed by the Experimental Unit—the Code of Conduct. This is the new Army plan for discipline: it substitutes demerits for the bawling-out and uses courts made up of enlisted men to punish misdemeanors. Under the old way of running an army, when a sergeant found dirt in Private Meek's rifle, he spent two minutes insulting Meek and casting doubt upon his ancestry, then sent the terrified soldier scurrying for the mop and pail. At Fort Knox, the sergeant says, "Meek, this rifle is dirty. Two gigs!"

If Meek accumulates more than five gigs in any one week, he loses his week-end pass and draws extra fatigue at the rate of one hour per gig. It is important that the matter of Meek's dirty rifle has been settled with no insults, no bad temper, and no profanity; both the private's self-respect and the sergeant's authority have been preserved. Incidentally, General Devine has instituted a no-swearing rule at Fort Knox for all ranks, and has made it stick.

More serious offenses, such as disorderliness in barracks and being late for formations, are handled by the Trainee Courts, where members of a boy's own company act as prosecutor, judge and defense attorney. An officer of the Judge Advocate General's department advises the courts on points of law, but has no vote. While at Fort Knox, I attended the trial of an

(Continued on page 86)

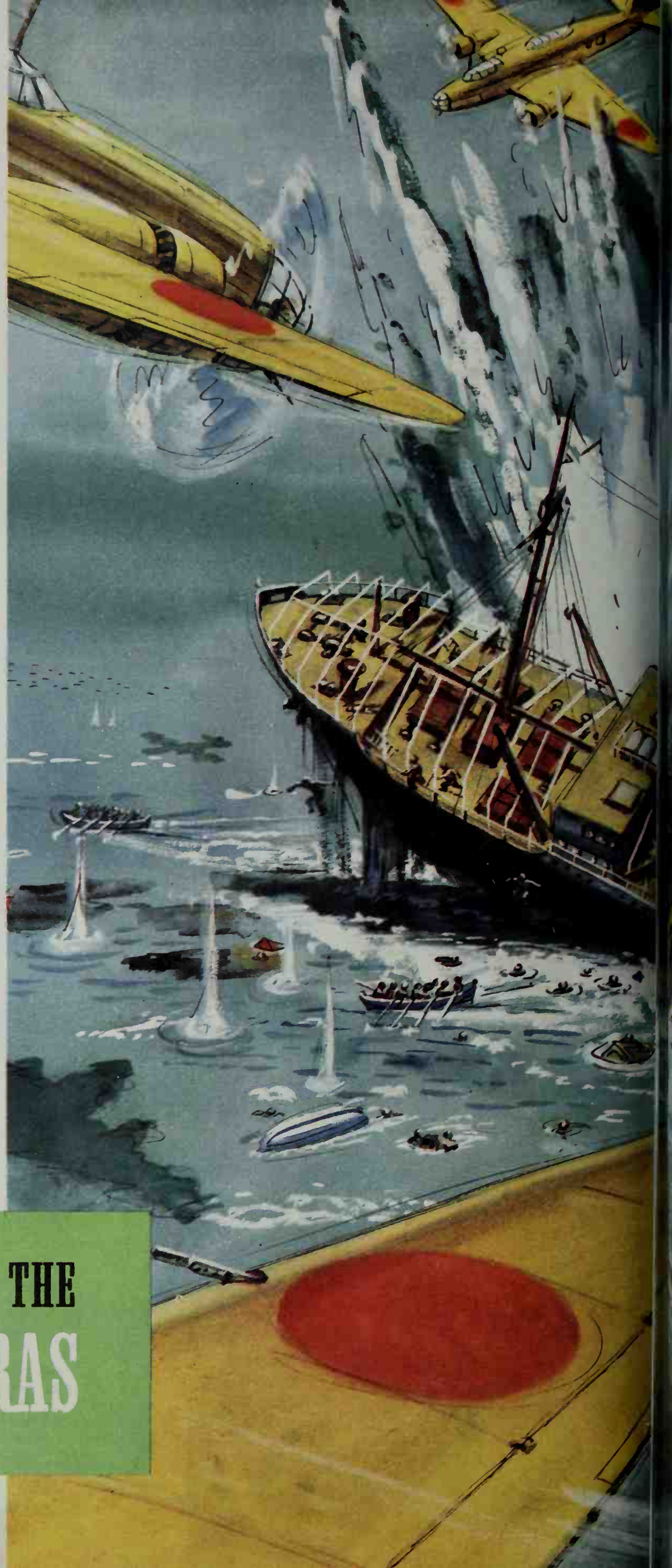
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

There was a strange collection of men and women aboard the Dutch steamship when she went down at sea. Here they come alive with honor and dishonor, with courage and hysteria, with selfishness and stoicism as their companions in the terrible hour of crisis

BY

W. H. MC DOUGALL, JR.

THE SINKING OF THE POELAU BRAS



TWILIGHT is brief in the Dutch East Indies. As soon as it was dark the Poelau Bras weighed anchor and we crept slowly, silently from Wijnkoops Bay into the Indian Ocean. The big three-masted ship seemed to cringe like a frightened thing when she left the calm waters of the south Java coast and slipped reluctantly into the ocean's slow, heaving embrace. As if to shake off whatever fear gripped her, the motors stepped up their pace, propellers churned and a wide, white wake boiled in the deep water swells behind. The Poelau Bras headed under full power southwest, seeking the quickest route of escape from Japanese forces that were then completing the conquest of Java.

On that March night of 1942, our lives depended on getting beyond the range of Jap bombing planes. Two hundred and fifty miles would do it because the Japs were using small planes. Could we make two hundred and fifty miles by sunrise? Hardly. But we could by 11 A.M. If we were not spotted by a reconnaissance plane before ten o'clock we were sure. If they found us by nine o'clock, well, it would be a gamble. If they spotted us before nine we were as good as sunk.

Crew members of the Poelau Bras were not happy. A few days previously they had thought themselves safely on their way to Australia. Then came new orders to turn back: "Proceed Wijnkoops Bay. Evacuate military and oil-company personnel."

That had seemed to be a break for two American war correspondents—DeWitt Hancock and myself—who were stranded at Wijnkoops Bay. I represented the United Press. Hancock was a tall, lean Associated Press reporter, who warded off death from diabetes with three shots of insulin daily. We would have been captured shortly had not Allied authorities been so anxious to prevent the Japs from seizing a group of oil experts that they ordered the Poelau Bras back to Wijnkoops Bay in the face of extreme danger.

The Allies were concerned especially with the fate of twenty-nine technicians whose special skills and knowledge suddenly had become a two-edged weapon. In Jap hands those men could be forced to help rebuild the Indies oil industry. If they reached safety they would be invaluable in the Allied war effort.

Besides the oil executives, a general and an admiral and their staffs, together with flying officers and other key military personnel, were on board.

Naturally 240 passengers and crew could not crowd into accommodations which had been built

W. H. McDougall, Jr., left the Japan Times in 1940 to become Far East correspondent for the United Press. After an arduous escape from Shanghai, following the Japanese occupation, he left Calcutta in February, 1942, to arrive in Java during the last stages of its defense. This is his story of what happened on the last Allied boat to leave Java before the surrender. It is not particularly a war story. Men in war and peace throughout the centuries have found disaster at sea. This is a story of how two correspondents, soldiers and oil-company personnel faced death and how they won or lost in the lonely vastness of the Indian Ocean

for only thirty-four, so they prepared to sleep on the floors of the passenger deck amidships and the commodious saloon lounge.

Sitting in the saloon drinking ice-cold beer, Hancock and I decided the trip was going to be a fairly comfortable and pleasant one. This was a good, fast ship and the presence of so much brass aboard was reassuring. The admiral and the general and the chief of Shell's East Indies oil empire—and their staffs—knew what they were doing. So far, in this war, generals and admirals and oil tycoons were well cared for. They always got away safely. So we ordered two more beers and checked the passenger list.

There were Dutch Commander Mueller and his comely wife and two little daughters. One of the girls was six years old; the other was only ten days and occupied a wicker basket on one of the saloon tables.

Dr. Anton H. Colijn, gallant defender of the Tarakan oil field, was there with his three daughters. As both army officer and manager he had directed its defense to the last possible moment, then set it aflame and made a daring escape from his Japanese captors.

This slender hero, clad in green army uniform, was a sharp contrast to another Shell oil plant manager, who sat glum and silent in a corner, speaking to no one and ignored by his companions. We will call him Vanderpool. He was a marked man, shunned by his fellows, and he is dead now but on the Poelau Bras he, too, was an unforgettable character.

Those faces still are in my memory because of the roles their owners played in the drama which lay ahead. As I looked around the comfortable saloon I couldn't know, of course, that soon I would be watching most of these people face the most harrowing moments of their lives.

Enemy Planes Reconnoiter Our Position

When morning came we cursed the beautiful day. Not a cloud marred the bright blue dome above us. There was perfect visibility for Jap reconnaissance planes. We almost *listened* for the minutes to tick away—for the hour of comparative safety to arrive. Eight o'clock . . . about one hour to go. Then, at the last moment—at 9:15 A.M.—came the inevitable. Deep, throaty blasts sounded from the ship's whistle. A Jap twin-engined plane droned out of the north and wheeled in a great circle around the Poelau Bras. Our stern gun boomed. The plane disdainfully tightened its circle and leisurely flew around us thrice, then disappeared.

Every person on board knew what would follow. Within two hours bombers would be overhead. The captain wasted no time. Passengers and crew were assigned to lifeboats. Hancock and I drew lifeboat Number 1 on the starboard side. Life preservers were issued.

We were still hopeful. There was a general feeling that if bombers did not arrive by eleven o'clock, they would not arrive at all. At 10:55 A.M. our spirits soared. We felt certain luck would not fail us now. The Poelau Bras would come through. She had to. Good old Poelau Bras. She was stanch and fast and she knew the admiral and the general were aboard. Admirals and generals have charmed lives.

Eleven o'clock struck. We raised our glasses. "To the Poelau Bras!"

A little sigh ran around the saloon as people relaxed. We were aware, suddenly, how quiet the saloon had been, how tense inside we and everyone had been. People smiled now and a buzz of conversation filled the air.

Three minutes later deep, insistent blasts sounded from the Poelau Bras' whistle. I rushed on deck. There were three planes bearing down on us from our starboard side. Whirling, I saw three more coming in from the east. Another shout announced another three driving down on us from the north. Nine dive bombers were converging from three different directions.

I ran back to our table. Hancock and I sat silent, looking first into each other's eyes, then at the faces around us. No one spoke. People merely sat there, waiting. Commander Mueller, conspicuous in his white dress uniform, leaned across the table holding Mrs. Mueller's hand. The six-year-old daughter stood beside her mother's chair, silent, clinging to Mrs. Mueller's other arm.

Outside, our machine guns chattered, the stern gun boomed. A bomb exploded. Plane motors roared, whined, then roared again. The second roar, a climbing, ear-shattering crescendo, always began just a fraction of time ahead of the bomb explosion. The explosions were much lighter than I had imagined they would be.

"Must be small bombs," I thought; "probably one hundred pounds or less. That's good. They'll plaster hell out of us but we'll probably stay afloat."

Roar, whine, roar. Bang! Roar, whine, roar. Bang! The Poelau Bras jumped slightly.

"Close," said Hancock.

Then a series of dull thuds rather than sharp cracks. The Poelau Bras trembled, sickeningly.

Thinking back, I discovered that during the Poelau Bras' last agonies I became, as it were, a spectator viewing a moving picture—an extremely gripping and personal picture—but a picture nevertheless. I still see it that way, and like a movie it is happening now, in the present tense. . . .

Roar, whine, roar. Bang! The saloon jumps. The jar deafens our ears, wrenches our stomachs. Pictures leap from the saloon walls, crash on the floor. That was a direct hit on the bridge. The Poelau Bras loses way completely, wallows in the ocean swell. A deck officer clambers up to the bridge to find his captain pinned in the debris, alive, conscious but caught as securely as if he were in a trap. An executive officer is alive too, but he is skewered like a butterfly on a pin. The admiral? Where is the admiral?

In the saloon a momentary hush follows the bridge hit. Then sounds a thin, long wail. Mrs. Mueller's six-year-old. She trembles, cries in fear. Mrs. Mueller gathers her daughter to her breast.

"Hush, my child. It is a game the men are playing upstairs. Hush."

The child's cries cease as quickly as they began. She is quiet. Mrs. Mueller's calm eyes meet mine.

No Need for Command to Abandon Ship

Wham! The Poelau Bras' deck jumps like a bucking horse. That's it. She's sinking. Time to go. There is no shouted order to abandon ship. In fact no one speaks at all, but simultaneously, as though receiving some telepathic warning, men start moving to the stairs, quietly but swiftly.

A couple of hundred years have elapsed since the first bomb fell. But the watch says 11:17. Only fourteen minutes.

At the starboard rail only the shattered remnants of lifeboats hang in the davits. Our Number 1 is in the water alongside, half swamped and abandoned. Never mind. It can be bailed out. Wonder where Hancock is.

Four ports boats are lowered. Two are away, manned only by skeleton crews but one of the two is damaged and nearly awash. Boat Number 4A, in the water alongside the ship but still fastened to the fall lines, is near the bow, and because the Poelau Bras is settling by the stern the bow rails are thirty feet above the pitching lifeboat. Mrs. Mueller with her children and her husband is at the rail.

A husky Dutch sailorman, Jan Rombeek, stands in the pitching boat shouting up, "Drop the basket. I'll catch it."

Commander Mueller tosses the basket containing his ten-day-old daughter over the side. It drops straight into Rombeek's waiting arms. The Muellers then jump and are pulled into the boat.

Oarsmen in Number 4A row hard to clear the ship. Down swoops a plane, machine-gunning. Then another. Bullets tear a large hunk of wood from 4A's stern, rip into bodies. But there are no screams, only a few sharp *(Continued on page 83)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD VEBELL

The deer didn't really mean any harm—and the girl was just trying to be neighborly. Or was she?

BUILD ME A BUNGALOW SMALL

BY NORBERT DAVIS

LLIAM MARTIN stepped ut on the three worn lanks that served the cabin orch and looked all around othing but trees. That was th him. It was not that he f trees as such. He wasn't. ered them nonfunctional of lumber, but at the mo- astly preferred them to

all and dark, a little gaunt and stooped in the shoul- s black hair was clipped in He was wearing a red flan- nd brand-new khaki pants ics. Standing there on the drew in a long, luxurious ountain air—thin and dry p, cold tingle in it.

tasted very good. Martin more of it and then s chest, Tarzan style. He vn off the porch and did a series of crouched, whirl- nd then caught an imagi- ll and kicked it. He was apex of his punt when he n watching him, and he went over backward.

he said, waving his arms catch his balance. "I didn't see—I didn't think there was anyone— Hello."

The man was leaning against the fender of a dust-colored sedan that blended perfectly into the dried brown of the brush along the twisted, narrow road. He was dressed in brown, too, and he was smoking a brown, hand-rolled cigarette. He was squat and blocky and bowlegged, and he was scowling. He looked as if he had been born with a great many suspicions and had lived to see every single one of them confirmed.

"Your name Martin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You leased this cabin from the owner for three weeks?"

"Yes."

"You understand that he don't own the land the cabin sits on. Just the cabin itself. The land is part of this state park and can't be sold."

"I understand that."

"Keep it in mind. You're a tenant here by sufferance. In case you don't savvy that, it means you can stay here as long as you behave yourself. My name's Bradwell. I'm the state ranger in charge."

"Well," said Martin uncertainly. "Hello."

"How drunk are you now?"

"I'm not drunk at all!" Martin denied indignantly. "I was just feeling good, that's all—just taking a little morning workout to—to—"

"If I catch you plastered and passed out around here, you're going to wake up with a shovel in your hand on the road gang. And don't sling garbage around in the brush. Bury it. All of it. Deep. And don't build fires except in the fireplace in the cabin, and don't smoke away from this clearing. And don't drive over twenty on these park roads. And leave the animals alone. They got more right to be here than you have."

"Okay," said Martin. "Okay, okay, okay."

Bradwell got back in his car. The sound of its motor was a muted, smooth murmur.

"I'll be seeing you," he said. "Often. Keep that in mind, too."

The sedan slid silently away.

"Huh," said Martin.

He breathed in deeply again, trying to retrieve his exuberant mood. It eluded him, and he looked around exploratively. He spotted a path that angled crookedly away from the cabin, and he started following it.

The trees closed in instantly on him, and the silence and the solitude were soothing balm. He began to whistle softly and jauntily to himself. He kept on whistling until he walked around a curve and came face to face with a deer.

This was not a small deer, and it was in no way fragile or dainty. It was equipped with antlers, and it was tall enough so that when it held its head up it could look Martin right in the eye, and that was just what it was doing.

"Shoo," said Martin. "Scram. Get out of here."

The deer came a step closer.

"Boo!" Martin shouted. "Beat it!"

The deer lowered its head and pawed the ground. The hoof was sharp enough to leave a clean, deep groove in the dirt. It snorted.

"Well," said Martin. "Okay. If that's the way you feel."

He backed around the curve and started toward the cabin. The deer snorted again—right behind him. Martin walked a lot faster. He was perspiring. He sneaked a glance over his shoulder. The antlers were about a yard from his back, and they were

(Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

Judy Kremen, an up-and-coming young actress, is helped with her bath by Avalon Appelman, sculptress. Life in a cold-water flat, like theirs, is pretty ru

Anatole Broyard, a writer, and Sherry Martinelli, a painter, chat o
a night club neither has been in. Young artists shun tourists' ha

GREENWICH VILLAGE:

TOURIST TRAP

BY HARRY HENDERSON
AND SAM SHAW

Budding artists who would mingle with sharp company in New York's mecca shortly find the pace and the people very dull

Conclusion

ECTING the come-ons ch have made Greenwich ge New York's second one wonders how quaint t. For the Village today is tirely deliberately pictur-

es that which would pass sque is really grotesque. , claiming to be the oldest he city, felt it had to look hen it emerged from the shadows of prohibition. It ob Hendrickson, who runs her Street antique shop, to moldy look. Hendrickson some old household articles guns from the ceiling and sailor tie some spider webs th string. These he hung in .

ged some small boys to contents of vacuum cleaner housewives, paying the nts for each bag of dirt hen he sprayed the beamed d his decorations with d blew his vacuum cleaner the sticky whole until the ed as if Poe's raven had Now the customers are at the bar.

unavoidably in view of the mosphere, thousands of re deliberately picturesque ie. We do not, of course, mer Bishop Manning, who und the window boxes of ton Mews studio home; or columnist Louis Sobol; or velt, who gets out at 7 A.M. la briskly through Wash- are. Mrs. Roosevelt takes illage life and lives in her on the Square only when Nations is in session. With ions, Villagers adore her. ds of Villagers attempt to me individuality for them- earing eccentric clothing, r hair grow long or com- ing it off; by "recognizing" t and obscure poets; toting nskrit, or by attempting to sis a work of art.

test means of this "self- are purely vocal, and talk in the Village change swiftly. Yesterday's hero is today's bum, and last night's Eternal Truth is already passé.

Each decade of Village talk has been marked by different basic themes. The Bohemianism and "new freedom" of the 1910-17 period was replaced by anti-Babbittism and "sex freedom" in the twenties, and these in turn were replaced by Marxism and politics in the depressed thirties. Today psychoanalysis outweighs everything else. If you haven't been adjudged an interesting and complex case by practitioners of at least two different schools of psychoanalytical thought, you cannot throw your weight around in a Village argument.

In addition to the art circles, there are four major whirlpools of gum-beaters, or cults. The largest of these goes into swooning over the work of Wilhelm Reich, the Austrian psychoanalyst. Reich, already the gadfly of European psychology, came to the Village in 1940, and got his start lecturing at the New School. His book, Function of the Orgasm, undertakes to explain what's wrong with the world and its people in terms of sexuality.

Dr. Reich claims he has discovered the "orgone," *the* cosmic energy. The orgone is theoretically an invisible blue stuff, radiating from you even as you read this. So far, Reich has been virtually the only person to see it. The trouble with many people, he says, is that they need an orgone build-up. He has constructed "orgone accumulators," big black boxes large enough for a man to get into. He rents them out to patients who sit inside, let the orgone accumulate and allegedly come out raring to go. The orgone and the accumulator can lick anything from cancer to the common cold, according to Dr. Reich.

Reich has been denounced by Freud and expelled from psychoanalytical societies. This is a frame-up, he says.

A second cult consists of those who worship Henry Miller, most of whose work is not readily available because of certain laws against obscenity. Miller first attracted attention with his candlelight verbiage and attacks on American culture. He returned to America two years ago, wrote that he found it an "air-conditioned nightmare," and settled in Carmel, California, the West Coast branch of the Village. There he is surrounded by earnest disciples.

A group of Villagers surround themselves with the works of the introspective Austrian poet and writer, Franz Kafka, whose influence among writers has been growing since his death. The Kafka lovers dote, too, upon the literary criticisms of Edmund Wilson, author of Memoirs of Hecate County, who threw them into a terrific tizzy recently when he took a few cracks at Kafka.

"It was regarded," said one bookseller, "as the great double-cross."

Existentialist Whisperings

A fourth and larger cult follows the work of Jean-Paul Sartre, the highly publicized French existentialist, who emerged from the French underground and landed, much to the embarrassment of some admirers, in the pages of the women's fashion magazines. We had heard that if you went into the Four Seasons Book Shop, a major Village dispensing station for all these subjects, and shouted, "In Action there is Truth," an existentialist slogan, you would be ushered into the back room and served free beer as a new convert.

Naturally, we tried it. Nothing of the sort happened. Tom Howkins, the proprietor, looked at us in amazement. As for the free beer, he said that maybe that sort of thing went on when he wasn't around or before he got back from Europe, where he served as a State Department assistant cultural attaché in Moscow and Paris. But when we mentioned existentialism, his face lighted up. "Existentialism," he said, "my gosh, that stuff's paid my rent for two months."

Probably the most important and remarkable thing about the Village today is that it still is a mecca for talented young Americans. We asked several hundred of them why they had come. They invariably answered, "It is the only place in America you can come to if you want to be an artist or a writer." What happens to these bright, earnest people when they dive into this fish bowl of phonies, celebrities, cults, famous artists, night clubs, and leering tourists includes everything in the book.

Alone, sometimes in pairs, about 2,000 of them descend on the Village every fall, fluttering with excitement as they move through narrow streets that have been trod by virtually every artistic and literary figure in the last 50 years. Most of them come from small towns. They are charmed by the Village fashions, by the pads and pencils pinned on doors for messages, by the century-old courts like Patchin Place, and by the "interesting" characters.

But almost immediately the process of disillusionment sets in. The newcomers are shocked by the gaping tourists and the commercial brand of Village "atmosphere." They soon find, as did Nina Mancuso of Cleveland, that friends from back home get all sorts of ideas about them.

"When they come to New York, they want a key to your apartment, expect you to run around naked, and think you go to wild parties every night. When they see none of these things they think you are holding out on them," this pretty artist's model told us.

The newcomers learn no budding artist can afford the quaint studios, so they try to make a cold-water flat on either Hudson Street or near the Bowery livable. They discover that many of the heroes they worshiped from afar are the crudest of charlatans, and, in time, even the most "interesting" of characters become bores.

Many are soon sick with loneliness. Slowly the smart ones realize that idle amiable talk is, if they are to develop as artists, one of their worst enemies. Bit by bit, they get their own precious ideas knocked helter-skelter and learn how little talent they have, or how hard they must work; what the price will be and how best to evaluate people to separate the geniuses from the fakers.

None of this comes about as systematically as we have set it down

(Continued on page 81)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Carradine fixes a wig as he sits outside MacDougal Alley. The girl is his wife

Young actresses get into weird costumes for an experimental play staged by the "Onstage Company"

Jon Edgar Webb works on a novel, soon to be out, based on his days in a reformatory

Because of the housekeeper, Fl
bought presents for each other an
went through the farce of wrappin

TRY TO FORGET

BY ALLENE CORLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story:

Hard-bitten young RIDGE HOLBROOK has thrown over LIDA WHIPPLE, the wealthy young woman who wants to marry him; and he has turned up at his Readsville, Vermont, farm with a charming new wife, DORCAS BRANCH. Lida, insanely jealous, doesn't believe Ridge's story about knowing Dorcas in London during the war—nor does she believe that Ridge and Dorcas are in love.

Lida Whipple is right. Ridge is far from being in love with Dorcas. Unknown to the people in Readsville, Dorcas is the girl with whom Ridge's younger brother DAVE had had an affair in New York; Dorcas was not enough in love with Dave to marry him, and, desperately unhappy, Dave took to drink and was killed in an accident. When Dorcas called Ridge and told him she was to have Dave's baby, Ridge went to Boston and coldly argued her into marrying him—for the sake of the baby.

Their life together is a marriage in name only. Feeling her to be responsible for Dave's death, Ridge treats Dorcas with marked coolness. Lida Whipple, who has begun to do some heavy drinking since Ridge's sudden marriage, attempts to humiliate Dorcas and schemes to get Ridge back. Lida spends a lot of time now with Dr. ALEC LITTLEJOHN, who is treating Lida's neurotic mother.

During a quarrel with her husband after an evening at a roadhouse, Dorcas bursts into tears. "I made a mistake," she says, "and I'm paying for it. You're paying, too, and that doesn't seem fair." But she begs him not to be so coldly suspicious of her. Ridge, realizing he's been unduly hard on Dorcas, determines to try to take better care of her.

III

IT WAS the week before Christmas. Alec Littlejohn and Lida Whipple were sitting in a booth in that same roadhouse on the lakeshore road where they had come with Dorcas and Ridge nearly six weeks before.

For Lida it had been a bad six weeks. And it hadn't been exactly a good six weeks for Alec. Time and again he had told himself that he would stop seeing this girl opposite him, that he hadn't come up here to Vermont to spend his leisure time acting as wet nurse to a potential alcoholic. He would tell himself this, but he continued to see her. Not just occasionally, but four or five times a week. The telephone would ring and he would answer it and she would say, "Alec, I'm bored—take me to Maria's, will you, darling?" Which meant, "Alec, I'm tired of drinking and I can't drink in public wit escort."

Maria's was an all-night pl outside of town on the road t real. When he took her to Ma never wanted to leave, so he taking her there as much as Barn, she'd stop drinking occa and dance. He loved to dar her. No matter how much s to drink she never fumbled h ing.

But tonight she'd concentr her drinking and refused to

"Don't you know," he sai now, "that drinking only un unhappiness, making it just th more difficult to live with?"

Sitting there opposite him. a still, white mask, her hair a

CONTINUING A COMPELLING STORY OF ESCAPE FROM THE PAST

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ncludes a Mercury . . . the car that
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dark arc against the shoulders of her sheared-beaver coat, she chose to dissemble.

"So you think I'm unhappy?"

"Yes," he told her, "I think you're wretchedly unhappy and I don't think drinking too much is going to help."

She lighted a cigarette. Making a little ritual of it. Tapping it on the back of her hand. Inserting it delicately between her lips. Waving off his lighter. Striking a match. Inhaling. Exhaling.

"Aren't you going to ask me what I am so unhappy about, Alec?"

"No," he said.

"Perhaps," she said, tipping her head back and looking at him through a fragile blue cloud of cigarette smoke, "you *know* why I'm unhappy."

"Perhaps," he agreed, "I do. Let's get out of here, shall we? Norton's operating at eight tomorrow morning."

A little to his surprise she made no objection to leaving but got up at once and led the way out of the room. But once in the car she put her arms around him suddenly and kissed him full on the mouth. Her lips smelled of the bourbon she'd been drinking, and of carnations, which must have been her lipstick, it was the first time anything like that had happened between them and if there hadn't been so much uncontrolled despair in the way her mouth clung to his, he might have enjoyed it. As it was he wished then, and for days afterward, that it had never happened . . .

THE day after Christmas a heavy snowstorm hit northern Vermont, isolating Dorcas and Ridge at the farm. She had dreaded the holiday and was glad now that it was finally over. The week before, she had gone into town with Ridge and helped him pick out presents for Ella and Tom Gatsby, his tenant farmer, and Tom's wife and three children. Because of Ella they even went through the farce of buying and wrapping presents for each other, and at her insistence they decorated a small tree with tinsel and colored balls which Ridge brought down from the attic.

To Dorcas' surprise her Aunt Hildegarde had unbent enough to send the usual Christmas check and she had used part of this to buy Ridge a new dark red robe to take the place of the disreputable old terry-cloth one he was wearing. He, in turn, bought her a crystal bottle of her favorite perfume, and some gloves.

But his real present was a ring. It had belonged to his mother and was a fragile circle of platinum, set with a blazing hoop of emeralds and diamonds.

He gave it to her when they finished trimming the tree on Christmas Eve. He carelessly tossed the small white box into her lap, explaining that it had belonged to his mother.

When she opened it and saw what it was, she caught her breath and lifted her eyes to his face in swift astonishment.

"It's lovely," she said, lifting it tenderly out of its white satin nest, "it's the most exquisite ring I've ever seen—but are you sure you want me to have it? Feeling the way you do about me, do you want me to wear it, Ridge? A ring that belonged to your mother, that you remember seeing her wear . . ."

"Of course I want you to have it," he told her quickly and quite matter-of-factly. "In fact, I wish you'd wear it on your engagement finger. You haven't any engagement ring and people must think it's strange. I should have done something about it before now."

So that was it. He had given her the ring not because he wanted to show her that he no longer disliked her and resented her presence here in this house, but because he was afraid that people would think it odd that she wore only that narrow wedding band.

Conscious of a stabbing sense of disappointment, she slipped the ring on her finger. But every time she looked at it during the next few days she was reminded painfully of how inescapably the present was tied up with the past—and the past was Dave. If it hadn't been for Dave she wouldn't even be here. For short periods of time, she might forget this, Ridge might forget it—but not for long. Never for long. And as time went on it would be increasingly hard to forget it at all. She had been much too thin and the eight or nine pounds she had gained were, at the moment, definitely flattering; but they meant that already her body had begun to change. In a few weeks these changes would become more noticeable and much less flattering as her figure grew heavy and distorted. If Ridge resented her now, how much more would he resent her then? Oh, he was kind to her and increasingly considerate.

Since that night they had quarreled about Alec they had gotten along surprisingly well. As a matter of fact, he had gone out of his way to be not only thoughtful of her but companionable. The Chinese checkers games after dinner, the cribbage and gin rummy, had been his idea not hers; and several times recently they had, at his suggestion, gone for walks on Sunday afternoons. She'd been surprised on these occasions at how well they'd gotten along. It was easier to talk, somehow, to be relaxed and natural, swinging along across hard, snow-encrusted fields or sitting side by side in the sun on top of a split-rail fence than it was inside the four walls of a house. They never mentioned Dave on these walks. They talked about books and music and when they were children. . . .

Walking with him like this, sitting opposite him in the firelight on long winter evenings, it was easy to be lulled into a temporary and quite false sense of security—but then something happened to snap her out of it, something like his utter casualness about the ring, for instance.

If only he had said, "Yes, I really want you to wear it, Dorcas—it was my mother's and now you are my wife and I want it to be yours . . ."

But he had not said this—and because he hadn't, deep down inside of her somewhere she was conscious of a dull, intolerable ache, an ache which became steadily more and more acute until it possessed her completely. No matter where she turned she couldn't escape it and whenever she was left alone her completely.

Until, one day, walking al the woods, she faced the trut self. Four months pregnant his brother had begotten g developing within her—she with Ridge Holbrook. Not j lightheartedly in love with had been with Denny St. deeply, passionately in love she had not known she was being in love with anyone. affection, compassion, these could understand, these thi felt for Dave—but not this ger, this terrifying *aloneness* frantic need to be reassu loved in return—or die. . . .

WHEN, she asked hersel ing through her, ha When had she fallen in lov That day he had walked int ment in New York? Had i day in that first moment of She had opened the door stood there—a tall, hard-b man with none of Dave's looks. But she had taken on and her heart had tightened bling had begun deep down i She had thought it was beca —but had it been because of

And that day in Boston. had telephoned him. She that she had called him bec the logical person to turn that been the reason? Or ha to him because she wanted again? Because she had wa him back into her life an there?

And that night they ha about Alec and she had stam at him and wept. Had her tears been caused by ange spair? Had she wept becau she loved him and didn't da even to herself?

Yes, she had loved him th she loved him now and it w sible that she would go on lo rest of her life. At this tho of desperate misery swept ov could she live, how could sh after endless week, month month, year after endless y someone who cared nothin

BUTCH by LARRY R

"I know he's got that necklace on him somewhere, Chief

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who felt for her, at best, a reluctant and hesitating tolerance?

Suddenly the slight weight of that emerald and diamond ring on her finger was unbearable and she knew that she could not continue to wear it.

When she got back to the house, she took it off and put it back in its little white velvet box and pushed the box far back in her dressing-table drawer.

If Ridge noticed that she was no longer wearing it, he didn't mention it. In the weeks that immediately followed neither of them referred to it.

ALEC LITTLEJOHN leaned over and swabbed a square of pale flesh with alcohol, grasped it firmly between his thumb and forefinger, and deftly inserted the hypodermic needle.

He had just come from the operating room; he was tired and he smelled faintly of ether, tincture of green soap and fresh, frosty air. He withdrew the needle, swabbed the arm once more, pulled up a chair and sat down beside Mrs. Whipple. The B_1 shots had helped her neuritis: Her blood pressure was slightly up, her pulse was considerably steadier, her headaches were neither better nor worse.

"It's been a tough day at the hospital," he said, smiling at her sociably. "Mind if I sit here and smoke a cigarette?"

"No, of course not."

He had been coming here twice a week for two months now, but she continued to submit to his visits with the polite resignation of a bored child.

He lighted a cigarette, disposed of the match, and decided to make one more effort to penetrate that shifting fog of bemused reticence in which she had so securely and dangerously wrapped herself. God knows he was no psychiatrist, but if he could get her to break down just once and talk about herself, about *anything*, perhaps he could get some clue as to what was back of all this. Unless Alec was very much mistaken she was living, or rather existing, in a private and exclusive little hell created and inhabited by no one but herself.

"Tell me something about yourself, Mrs. Whipple," he said now, his voice pleasantly conversational. "You married young?"

"Young? Well, not so very. I was twenty-three." I was twenty-three, and it had begun to look as if I were going to be left high and dry. Then Herbert Whipple came to town and went to work for Papa in the bank. I met him at a church supper; I wasn't pretty that night, I was never a pretty girl, but I looked better than usual and Herbert asked to walk me home. He was very handsome, and I couldn't believe it would last; I was sure that as soon as he grew better acquainted, met some of the other girls, he would forget all about me. I was both happy and miserable—happy at this little moment of triumph and miserable because it wasn't going to last. *But it did last . . .*

"We were married at eight o'clock in the evening, in the First Congregational Church," Mrs. Whipple recalled. "We went to New York on our honeymoon." We went to New York and stayed at the Waldorf Astoria. Herbert didn't have any money, of course, but Papa wanted us to do everything just right so he gave us a thousand dollars just to spend on our wedding trip. We went to the theater every night and to very expensive restaurants. There was one place Herbert liked especially—it was on a roof and the girls danced with almost nothing on, just a few bands of satin and rhinestones and a lot of feathers. We used to have the same table every night. It was right on the dance floor; there was one girl Herbert used to watch all the time: a skinny brunette with a sulky red mouth, and he would follow her around with his eyes, and after a while I knew she was the reason we went there. And then one night after we got back to the hotel, he said he had a headache and was going out again and walk it off. He went out and I lay there in the dark too miserable, too heartsick and disillusioned even to cry, and when he finally came in at five o'clock he had been drinking and I knew he had been with that girl in the cabaret. I lay there and I wanted to die, because I knew then that he didn't love me, that he had married me because Papa was president of the bank and had all that money . . .

"Tell me—did you have a hard time when Lida was born? I mean was it an especially difficult delivery?"

"Well, yes it was. In fact the doctors advised me not to have another child." That was all the excuse Herbert needed to move into another room; he said it was just for a little while until I was stronger—but I knew better, I knew about Bella Larkin, the girl in the telephone office, and I knew about that Mrs. Melville on Margaret Street. There he was, president of the bank and a deacon in the church, and you would have thought—but he was very discreet, and no one dared to say anything: the Cartwright money was still important, and now Herbert had full control of it.

"But you recovered completely? By now you were perfectly well—?"

"I don't suppose I was perfectly well, no. I got my strength back slowly and I cried a lot . . ." And I hated Lida. I guess I knew right from the first that she was going to make me even more unhappy than her father had. At least he had always been decent to me. She never was kind. When she was just a little thing she'd kick at me and scratch—but let her father come into the room and she was all sweetness and light. By the time she was six years old there was nothing he wouldn't do for her. If I had been jealous of those other women, I was a thousand times more jeal
child. I would see them t
ing and making up to ea
would want to kill them;
my headaches began. . . .

"That happens quite of
I mean this depression a
Especially where the deli
protracted and difficult.
is done about it, it often
stead of better—"

"Yes. Well, I guess I g
of better. . . ." I realized
pening to me, I realized
grip on myself and for a
really tried but Lida was e
one said she was a little
guess she was; Herbert wa
of her—he took her every
and she was already reveli
over him, and she had n
tempt for me. You don't
of that age can be ca
cruelty? Well, Doctor, t
little you know. I lived
assure you everything I
about her is true—only
you anything, am I? Of
—and I never shall. If
would say I was crazy and
me shut up. He could do i

"That was the beginnin
aches, I suppose?"

"Yes, that was the begi
been very nice, Doctor,
sure you mean well, but
I think I'll rest a while be
supper. And don't bothe
me any more. My neuritis
and I've decided not to ha
those shots—"

"But I—"

"Please, Doctor. I ha
cussed this with Herbert
with me that it will be be
come any more. You
I'm not used to seeing
strangers."

"Very well, Mrs. Whip

WELL, he had trie
gotten nowhere. N
ing dismissed. Not just
from the case. Only it wa
anyone but him.

Well, he couldn't forc
this house, make her see l
want to. From now on
here it would be to see n

Lida. Scarcely a day
he didn't see her. There
he thought he must be fal
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should cut and run. To
tainly asking for trouble.
lessly in love with anoth
drinking too much, she
like a top, and if she clun
to value his friendship,
cause being with him
being alone. And still he

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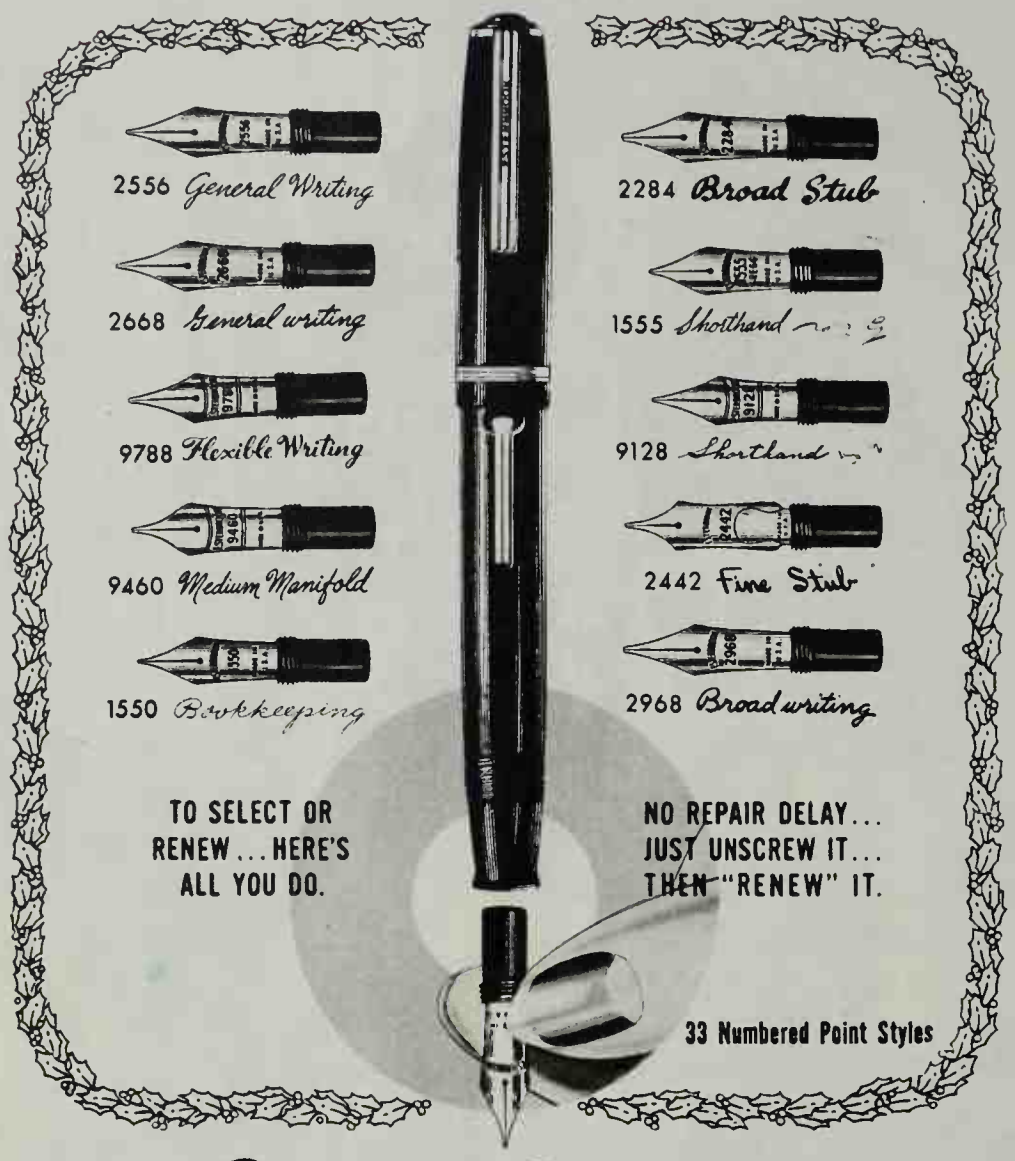
33 POINTS ON
What to Give for Christmas



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her. Hoping a miracle would happen, hoping he could help her to change.

The hall, the whole house, seemed completely silent and deserted. He was a little surprised. Lida usually managed to be here when he came down.

Pausing in the shadow of the handsome doorway to light a cigarette, he found himself wondering uneasily, and with a faint sense of apprehension, where she was and what she was doing . . .

LIDA was sitting in her car in front of the Readsville post office. She had seen Ridge Holbrook's car parked there and she had parked her own beside it. Now she called to him and he came over to her.

"Get in," she said, "I want to talk."

He grinned and climbed in beside her obediently enough, his eyes only faintly apprehensive, and she immediately started the engine and headed south out of town.

"Hey," he protested quickly. "I've got to get back to the farm . . ."

"You'll get back to the farm," she said, "but first we're going for a little ride."

"But I don't want to go for a little ride," he said, his voice sounding half amused, half annoyed.

He sat back and stared at her intently. "You've been drinking," he said. "You never used to drink, Lida. At least not during the day. What the hell's gotten into you, anyway?"

"You mean you don't know?"

"Of course I don't know."

"Very well. For your private information I started drinking the day I heard about Dorcas. First I had a hell of a row with my mother, who seemed to think it was a good joke on me—your marrying someone else. Have you ever heard a crazy person laugh, Ridge?"

"Your mother isn't crazy, Lida."

"I don't know. She sounded crazy that day. Anyway, then I went downstairs and poured myself a good, stiff drink—"

"And you've been drinking ever since."

"That's right. I've been drinking ever since. Alec worries about it. He worries about me. He knows what's wrong, but he won't let me talk about it. Alec is a nice person. A very nice person. Wonderful sense of honor. Now you take me, Ridge. No sense of honor at all. I know what I want and when I don't get it, I don't like it and I try to do something about it. Ridge, why did you marry Dorcas? You don't—"

"See here, I thought we'd agreed—"

"Okay. So we agreed not to talk about it. Remember, you said, 'Let's not talk any more, Lida—let's just dance.' Well, I'm tired of dancing. I want to talk."

"But what *good* is it going Lida? Talking isn't going t

"Nevertheless," she said, talk—and just this one time I have my own way."

They drove the next two n speaking, and suddenly she t narrow country lane, drove the road and killed the engin

For a moment she sat the quiet on the wheel, her straight ahead. Then she t and said, quite simply, and that the liquor in her had out, "Ridge, I'm in love wi been in love with you for y give you up like this."

"Lida," he said, "you're with me—not really—"

"Stop it!" she said. "D and argue with me about so don't know anything about I am in love with you and you I can't live without you I'll kill myself first . . ." My Or maybe Dorcas.

Staring at her, seeing the written in every bone and n face, he thought: She's te truth, she really does love m

"My God," he said softly "I had no idea you felt like said then, "I knew you like make love to you, but I th get over me easily enough w to—I thought you'd be all ri

"Well," she said, "I'm not all wrong. Sometimes I thi crazy, Ridge. Darling," sh me. Please," she said, "ju That's what I brought you so you could kiss me. It's darling. It's been three, months—that's sixteen wee hundred and twelve days, and twelve days of wanting me. Ridge, please, darling

SHE had her arms around was dragging his mouth d Because she had finally s arousing passion in him, h He kissed her and her lips w shaking beneath his, and n body was shaking violently, clinging to him desperately, on his face, his neck, pull down to hers. . . .

Suddenly the pulsing d momentarily felt for her t and then the pity turned to *This couldn't go on.* She w self, completely abandoned; she'd stop at nothing. Som to help her get control of he

"Lida," he said, "listen

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pages of **M-G-M'**
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it's a **BIG** picture

Lana Turner

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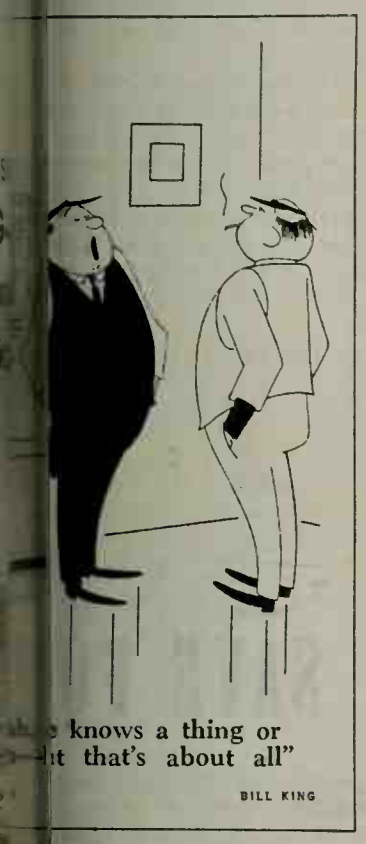
FRANK MORGAN · EDMUND GWENN · DAME MAY WHITTY · REGINALD OWEN · GLADYS COOPER

Screen Play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON · Based on the Novel by ELIZABETH GOUDGE · Directed by Victor SAVILLE · Produced by Carey WILSON · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

you, you are extremely
me physically, you always
ut I'm married to Dorcas—
accept that fact and stop
nend that she doesn't exist!"
as am concerned," said Lida,
oming in short, shallow
doesn't—and when you
t now she didn't exist for
f you'd just let yourself go
ling this thing. Look," she
know why you married her
re—all I know is that I'm
ve you up!"

were sunken bruises in her
white face, her mouth was
rembling line of crimson.
ible. When he'd said just
had no idea she felt like
n, he'd meant it. He re-
t morning he'd met her on
ow nice she had been, how
; he'd thought then that it
tment than he'd expected
d—from her—but God
't deserve this either, and
how to cope with it, how



knows a thing or
t that's about all"

BILL KING

There was something
degrading about the way
to him. No one had any
another person to such
of uninhibited, naked
had never asked her to
his, *he had never wanted*
else to love him like this.
remembered something
id to him about Dave
New York. "If he had
ving me the way I loved
aid, "if he hadn't fallen so
with me, I might have
I probably would have
But you can't marry any-
ike that about you, unless
me way—it would be too
h of you . . ."
ved Dorcas like this? Had
with cold, shaking hands
ripped himself so abjectly
of pride? Had he thrown
npletely at her feet and
p, to stand again? Had
l this awful sense of being
g bound hand and foot,
erately to fight her way
p and out into a place
ld breathe more easily,
d turn and, if she had to,
Id he done this to her?
o wonder she had felt the
out him; no wonder she
off, refused to marry

looking like that!"

"Like that. As if you'd seen a ghost. I'm not a ghost, darling—I'm just a girl who loves you. And I can't give you up —*not ever,* Ridge—"

"I'm sorry," he said, wrenching his mind back forcibly from Dorcas to this girl in his arms, "but I'm afraid you're going to have to. You see," he said, and suddenly his voice sounded very tired and his hands removing her arms from about his neck were firm and unequivocal, "I'm not only married to Dorcas, but she's going to have a child."

"A *child!*"

"Yes," said Ridge, "a child. What's so surprising about that?"

She looked at him, her eyes wide, the pupils darkly dilated. She saw that he was telling her the truth; however else he may or may not have lied to her, this was the truth. There was going to be a child --and Ridge Holbrook being the kind of person that he was, this really would finish things between them. A wife she might have managed to by-pass, but this changed everything. This meant she was licked before she started. As long as Dorcas carried his child, Ridge would be faithful to her and once that child was born, she, Lida, wouldn't have a chance.

Her hands moved mechanically, doing all the necessary things. The engine started, the gears meshed softly, the car was back on the road.

She drove fast, huddled away from him, her face small against the upturned collar of her sheared-beaver coat. While they had been talking, dusk had closed in on them, so that now they rode through a thick blue fog of early twilight, with violet snowbanks, broken by the upthrusting black branches of naked trees, rising on each side.

As they drove into town past the new high-school building, Ridge saw by the clock over its entrance that they had been gone less than thirty minutes. His car still stood where he had left it in front of the post office. Lida double-parked and he got out and stood for a moment.

"I'm sorry, Lida. . . ."

"It's all right."

"It's got to be, I guess."

"Yes."

"About this drinking. I wish you'd—"

"I'll be all right. And I won't kidnap you again. From now on you'll be perfectly safe. I have a great respect for prospective fathers. Goodby, Ridge . . ."

"Goodby, Lida."

For a moment after she drove away, he continued to stand there, then he strode over to his own car, slid behind the wheel, and started toward the farm.

SITTING cross-legged on a turkey-red cushion, the warmth of the open fire caressing her cheeks and throat, her hunger nicely appeased with steak and coffee and apple pie, to say nothing of three Martinis, Ginny Shields looked at them all—at Johnny and Peg Fenton, at Alec and Lida, at Dorcas and Ridge, and finally at her husband Dick; and she thought: This is perfect—having a picnic in the middle of January, over here on the island, wasn't a crazy idea at all. It was a good idea, a *lovely* idea . . .

Coming out of the post office three nights ago, she had seen Lida double-parked, talking to Ridge and she had thought: It's been weeks since we've seen Dorcas and Ridge, or Lida and Alec, either, for that matter. It's time someone gave a party. . . . Then backing her own car out of its parking space, driving up Prospect Avenue, she had thought of the Island; the Island, beautiful in summer, was even more beautiful in winter—all that snow and being able to see for miles in any direction; the lake was frozen solid and they could drive straight across. The cottage was just a one-room shack—you could get it warm in no time. They could broil steaks over the open fire, and a picnic, winter or summer, was always fun. She'd started telephoning the mo-

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ment she'd reached home. Dorcas first and then Lida and Peg and then Alec.

Alec Littlejohn, looking at Dorcas, thought: Whatever was wrong last fall, and something was certainly wrong, things must be all right now. She is looking very well.

Suddenly he said so. He said, "Vermont must agree with you, Dorcas—you're looking much better than you did last fall."

"Vermont, hell," grinned Ridge quickly. "It's Ella's cooking. Believe it or not, the girl has gained ten pounds."

I've gained ten pounds, thought Dorcas. I'm looking much better than I did last fall and I'm in love with a man who never can be the least bit in love with me. . . .

IT HAD been three weeks since the day she'd first faced the fact that she was in love with Ridge, and she had not yet learned to live with that fact. That feeling of shock, of sick despair, of utter helplessness still persisted. She tried not to dwell on it, she tried not to become morbid or depressed. She tried to push the whole thing deep down into her subconscious somewhere and live from day to day, from moment to moment. But sometimes, glancing up from a book she was reading, or from something she was knitting, catching a sudden glimpse of his profile bent over his own book or whatever he was doing at the moment, her heart would twist cruelly and the pain would become so acute that she would almost cry out with it. Had Dave, she asked herself now, loved her like this? And if he had, no wonder he had gone out and gotten himself blind drunk night after night. . . .

She's gained ten pounds, she's looking very well, she's pregnant, thought Lida.

Her crescent-shaped fingernails sank sharply into the soft palms of her hands. She'd been a fool to come today, she'd had too many highballs the night before, quarreled violently with Alec, then after he'd left her, she'd lain awake until dawn, when she'd foolishly taken not one but two sleeping capsules. At eleven, Frank's wife, Jessie, had had to shake her for five minutes to awaken her and now at three o'clock she still had a terrible hang-over. Dick had brought along a vacuum jug of Martinis, and she'd had several of those, thinking they might help; they hadn't. Food had stuck in her throat, refused to go down, and now the heat from that roaring fire Johnny Fenton had built up, was making things worse.

Looking at Ridge she thought: That was quite an exhibition I made of myself last Friday; I should be sick with shame and humiliation—but I'm not. I just don't care. I'm glad he knows how I feel. I'm glad he knows just how much I'm suffering. I wish they all knew. I'd like to shout it from the housetops. I'd like to print it on the front page of that newspaper of Dick's. Lida Whipple takes this opportunity to announce that she is in love, blindly, insanely in love, with Ridge Holbrook and she doesn't give a little damn who knows it. . . .

The room spun around slowly and Alec Littlejohn, turning to say something to Ginny Shields, slid out of focus, and his features seemed to Lida to run together. Johnny Fenton had brought along a portable radio, and picked up the Philharmonic, but the music was no longer music, just noise, and somewhere inside her she could feel a scream building up. . . .

"I need some exercise," she said suddenly. "I think I'll go for a walk."

Ginny said, "You're much too energetic. Nothing could drag me away from this fire."

"Or me," grinned Peg Fenton.

"I'd been hoping for some poker," said Johnny.

"Good idea . . ." said Dick.

Ridge said, "Deal me in," and Alec Littlejohn looked at Lida and thought: I ought to go with her, but if I c quarrel again.

Lida shrugged into her zipped it up neatly, and reac scarlet wool mittens. She wa room, her hand on the latch when Dorcas, reaching for h jacket, said, unexpectedly, "A steak and apple pie, I could d exercise myself. If you company, I'll go with you. . .

They had been walking for minutes, not talking, followi path along the edge of the cl steadily upward. The wind most of the path clear, but they came to deep snow. snow was frozen into a hard walked over it easily, but so crust failed to hold and then t down into the snow up to th

Dorcas had never seen an so beautiful as this island of Dick's and she said so a little l Most islands were flat and u but these cliffs rising straight frozen lake were gorgeous. this path dangerous, running the edge of the cliff?" Lida was, but there had never been yet. . . .

Dorcas had seen quite a during the past few months l the first time since that day that she had ever been entirel her. She still didn't know prompted her to come along One minute she had been staring at Ridge, unhappines

on her, and the next minute following Lida out of the shac with nothing around them b glare of the snow and the trunks of trees and the shini expanse of the frozen lake far might have been the only two in the world. Even when you looked back you couldn't see not even the smoke rising fro tile chimney.

THE wind shrieked softly trees, through the bare l oaks and horse chestnuts ar dred-year-old sugar maples. thick green branches of the hemlocks and an occasio stately pine. And still th higher and higher, now wa enough along an almost bar plunging stubbornly ahead th almost waist-high—until suc came out on a small barren plateau. They were on top

"I'm bushed," said Dorcas shouldn't have tried to make

Lida turned and looked at right," she said, "you're pr forgotten."

Dorcas stared at her. *But told anyone*—not even Ella . .

"Yes," she said. "But how

"Ridge told me," said Lida

Ridge told you. But why tell you—and *how much* did

"I see," she said and wal away from the other girl, towa of the cliff. Slowly, almost pelled by some force outside h followed her, and as if to esca

step and still another until a foot of the edge. She and saw a jagged wall of oken now and then by a rled evergreens by occa- ledges of rock, frosted ow. . . .

wn, Dorcas thought: If I one more step all my d be over. I'd fall swiftly e I struck that clean, blue e I would be dead, quite d then she knew suddenly want to die, that grim and things were for her, she

ere just behind her, Lida just reached out my hand --one good shove and she balance and go over the say she had felt faint and to me and then had fallen reach her. *They could ything.* . . .

er come back," she said. to go so near the edge." eached out her arm: she her mitten and her hand de open, her four fingers held slightly apart. She and as if fascinated; it m and strong against the f Dorcas' ski jacket—and the blue vanished, there lue, no more ski jacket—her hand. There was just e harsh, labored sound of ing. And then there was , the sound of her own g—and that sound went

reaming. In the dream he g poker. Someone had just h hand and it was a good rful hand: Two aces and t before he could do any- start building up a pot, to scream. It was a horri- d-curdling.

, the palms of his hands perspiration and for a dn't know where he was. he ugly shape of the room of disinfectants, meant . Then he remembered and why.

t his watch. One fifteen. s than half an hour. Why someone tell him some- Norton or Alec Little- se-faced nurse? Why had in this horrible little room f disinfectant and fresh ne off and left him? At Alec Littlejohn had come 'She's still unconscious: there's concussion but no fractures. . . . He'd gone on to say that it was a miracle, nothing less than a miracle, that she was alive at all. "That clump of evergreens broke her fall and then she struck that ledge"—which had been covered with two feet of snow; it had been, according to Alec, almost like landing on a feather bed. From the ledge she had slid the last ten or twelve feet to the frozen surface of the lake on a hard, shimmering crust of snow. The fact that she had undoubtedly blacked out before she fell undoubtedly accounted for there being no fractures.

Later Miss Angell, the head nurse, had come in and told Ridge that Dorcas had lost the baby and was hemorrhaging badly. They had given her one blood transfusion and were about to give her a second one.

That had been at eleven o'clock. Since then no one had come near him.

In the beginning, way back there when they had first brought Dorcas in, they had all been here with him: Ginny and Dick, Peg and Johnny, and Lida. But Alec had sent them home. It had been a relief to have them go. They meant well, they had tried to comfort him, to reassure him. That is, they had with one exception. Lida had been in too great a state of shock herself, to try to comfort, to reassure anyone. She had sat like a terrified, white-faced statue, staring straight ahead, saying nothing to anyone. It had been worse for her, of course—she had actually *seen* Dorcas fall. . . .

"We'd reached the top of the cliff," she had explained, when they had finally succeeded in quieting her screams enough so she could talk, tell them what had happened—"and she was standing there looking over the edge. I called out to her, I warned her it was dangerous to stand so close. I started toward her to pull her back, but all of a sudden—*she just wasn't there.* . . ."

Had she fainted? Ridge asked himself now, as they all insisted she must have. *Or had it been suicide?* Dear God, he prayed wordlessly, don't let it have been suicide—because if it had been suicide, he had been to blame. All these weeks of quietly persecuting her, of offering only the merest crumbs of anything approaching normal companionship—of never once letting her feel that she was anything but an unwelcome guest, a rank intruder in his house. . . .

But suicide? No, that was ridiculous. She wasn't weak, she was strong. She had all kinds of courage. She must have fainted. She'd fainted before. Maybe she'd continued to have these fainting spells and hadn't told him. But why in God's name *should* she have told him? With the exception of that one time, the

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GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry

Green reporters drive me wild but the paper's gotta get out every day

I hire an' fire cubs every week . . . They just don't have what it takes

I'm about ready to give up my desk an' take to the hills . . .

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day of Lida's visit, he never once asked her how she felt—or if she'd been to see a doctor. And now this had happened; she'd lost the baby, she might die herself, *she might already be dead.*

The door opened and Alec Littlejohn came into the room. He had taken off his white hospital coat and was wearing the clothes, the plaid wool shirt and the flannel slacks, that he had worn on the Island. For some absurd reason these clothes reassured Ridge; surely Alec would not come in clothes like that to tell him Dorcas was dead—there would be something indecent about it, unethical.

"She's had three blood transfusions," Alec said, "and unless she starts hemorrhaging again, neither Norton nor I anticipates any further trouble."

"You mean she's going to live? She isn't going to die?"

"No," said Alec, "she isn't going to die." He said then, "She's conscious, Ridge."

"Conscious?"

"Yes."

"Well"—Ridge leaned forward, his eyes fastened relentlessly on Alec's tired face—"what does she *say?* How did it happen, Alec? Did she faint—?"

"She doesn't know what happened," said Alec slowly. He lighted a cigarette and tossed the spent match into an ash tray. His face was gray with fatigue and strain. "She doesn't remember anything."

Ridge stared at him. There was something wrong about the way Alec was looking at him, Ridge—as if he felt sorry for him, as if he didn't quite know how to go on.

"But she *must* remember," he protested swiftly.

"No," said Alec, almost angrily, "she doesn't. She not only doesn't remember anything about what happened, she doesn't remember anything period." Then, inhaling quickly, letting the smoke drift back through his well-cut, sensitive nostrils in two sharply defined gray-blue plumes, he said, "How much do you know about amnesia, Ridge?"

"Amnesia? You mean—" Ridge stared at him incredulously, trying to accept what Alec was saying. "You mean she doesn't remember *who she is or—*"

"Or that she is married to you or anything else about herself or her past—"

"But, *good God,* Alec!"

"I know."

"Look," said Ridge, "how long—"

ALEC shrugged. "I wish I could tell you. But that's something we don't know. Amnesia following concussion is not usual, but every now and then it does happen. Sometimes, the patient regains his memory within a few hours, sometimes he goes weeks or even years—"

Alec had said "the patient"—*but this was Dorcas. . . .*

"I'm sorry about the baby, Ridge—"

"The baby? Oh, yes—" He looked at Alec. "It wasn't mine, of course. It was . . ."

"Skip it, Ridge. That's between you and Dorcas."

"But I'd rather you knew . . ."

"And I'd rather not know. Look, I'm going to drive you home."

"No need of that. I'm quite fit to drive myself home. But I thought—that is, I couldn't see her, Alec? Just for a minute . . ." Just to assure myself that she really is alive, that you're not lying to me.

"Not tonight, Ridge. Tomorrow, perhaps. You see," Alec explained slowly, "it's going to be pretty difficult just at first—not only for you, Ridge, but for her. You're her husband and she doesn't even know what you *look* like.". . .

"You're her husband," Alec had said, "and she doesn't even know what you look like."

There was a mirror over the chest of drawers, and Ridge walked across the room and stood regarding himself in it intently. Tomorrow when he walked into her room and she saw him for the first time, would she like what s Would that particular c features reflected there i those unsmiling dark eyes decisive nose, that sharply pleasing to her or distaste never paid much attentio they had never been pa portant to him one way Dave was the handsom family, the good-looking H Dave was dead and so w had begotten. But Dorca

Ridge waited, his hand the edge of the bureau, his suddenly in his throat, familiar wave of bitterness to wash over him. He waite come. Sometime during t he had sat there in that ro learn whether that girl up i room was to live or die, all all the revulsion that he ha her had burned itself out leaving not even so much a ash, to show it had ever b

THE head of Dorcas' rolled up until she was upright. Miss Jamison, h had brushed her hair unti silk and tied a pale blue rib Now that Dorcas was w again, she didn't really lool is. her face didn't; her hand fragile, waxen, hospital lo

"This is pretty silly of said Dorcas. "Not reme thing—not even my own n

"That's all right," said mustn't worry about that.

"Oh, I don't exactly *wo* she told him. "It just m little, well, a little confu tiresome, of course, havi many questions. I ask *do* tions and I think: There. thing now—and then the left alone I think up People," she said, smiling getically, "are going to get of answering questions. *Y* get awfully tired of ans Ridge."

"No," he said, "I'm r right ahead and ask all the want to—that's what we'r Miss Jamison and Alec an

"Well," she said, "I can' right this moment." And said she couldn't think of a one. But this was the sort o wife with a perfectly no might have asked her husb

She said, "Were you d appointed about the baby,

"No," he said, "of cou baby wasn't important, o important."

"We can have more, yo said. "This doesn't mean—

"I know it doesn't. Nor was no reason we couldn't

"Especially if I stay awa Isn't it funny," she said, "t member anything about f and try but it doesn't do an know," she said, "I have ing that if I could just r *one* thing, that I could rem thing."

"Yes. Well, don't try— no good trying; he says we be patient and someday ev come back to you all at onc

"The way it does in boo movies. But in the movi "the person who is sufferi nesia is invariably involve in accident almost exactly lik caused all the trouble in t and that does the trick. I c go hurling myself off cliffs-

"Not very well, no," a grinning at her.

This girl, this gay, friendl was a girl, he, Ridge, ha before—a girl who had r

AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE . . .

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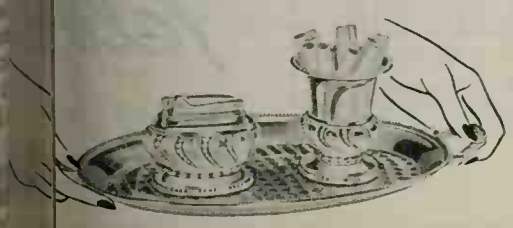

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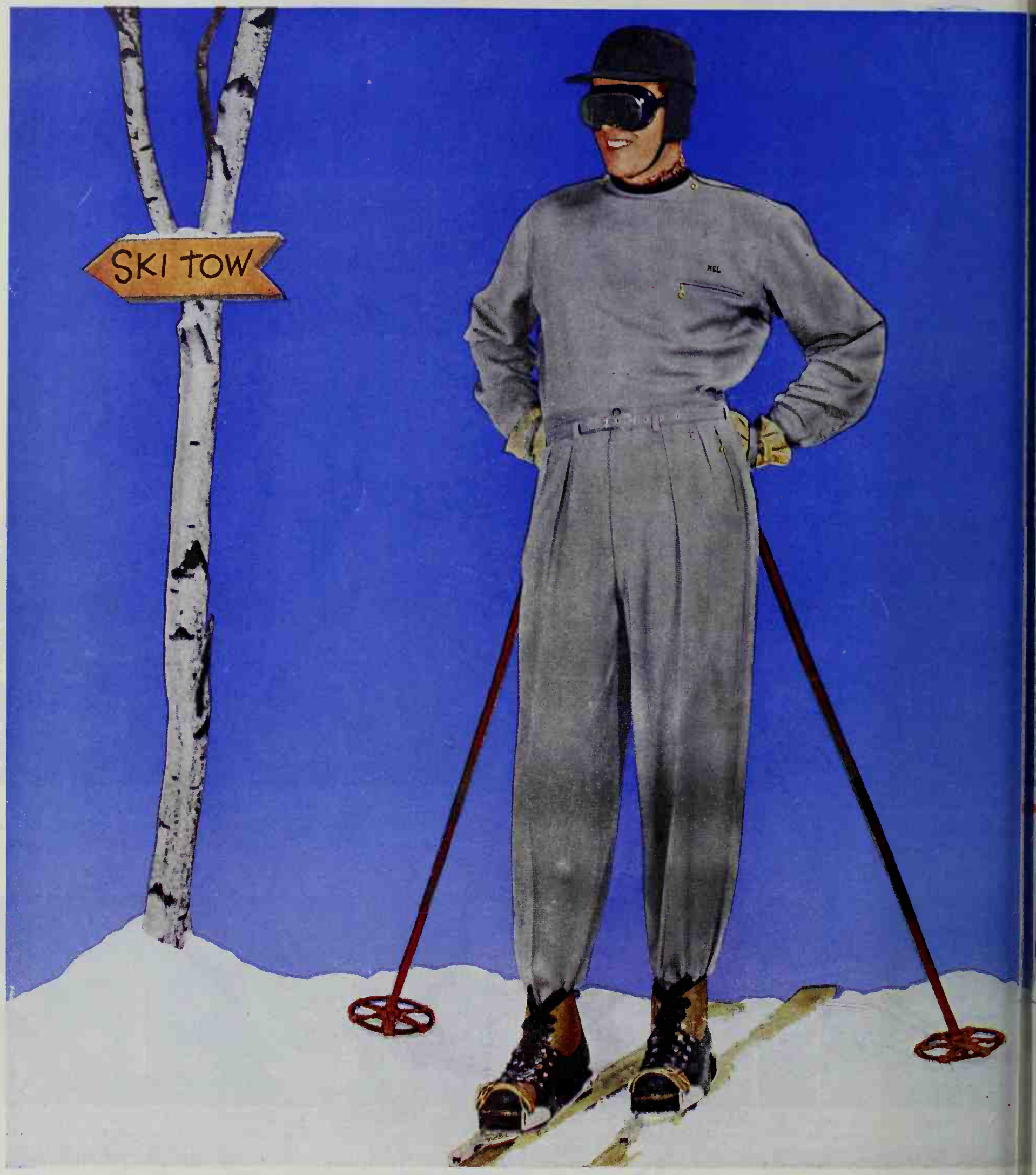

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THE QUALITY SLIDE

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r unhappy, complicated past
l torment her.
baby," said Dorcas, revert-
miscarriage abruptly, "we
time starting a family, did
I expect," she said reason-
as because neither one of
of our own—both your
nine being dead, I mean.
e, of course—"
said, "I imagine that had
o with it."
bout Dave," she said, "or
you to talk about him?"
id, "it doesn't bother me,
at do you want to know?"
he look like you, darling?
that he was your brother
s killed last summer."
dn't look at all like me,"
"He was blond and much
. . ."
ou're wonderful-looking.
d? Dave, I mean?"
n't married."
love with anyone?"
s very much in love with
e girl in New York. He
York. He had an apart-
e was a writer. He was
but he had already writ-
s."
ful, darling. That he was
so successful and that he
is girl he was in love with
ve felt—I mean it must
ty terrible for her."
nd no. You see he was
love with her, but she
with him. Not really. . . ."

ooked at him and she
He doesn't want to talk
rts him to think that this
ve with his brother . . .
the subject quickly. She
beginning to let me have
ow. An awfully nice girl
e today."
lds," said Ridge. Thank
n't going to have to talk
y more. . . .
old me quite a lot about
Ridgeways." For a while
out the farm and then

Ridge said, "If you continue to improve, Dorcas, you'll be seeing it all for yourself by the end of the week."

"You mean they're going to let me go home by the end of the week?"

"If you continue to improve as fast as you've been doing, yes. What's the matter?" he said. "What's wrong? Don't you *want* to go home?"

"Yes," she said, "yes, of course I do. It's just that—darling, I know this will sound awfully silly to you—it's just that I don't seem *married* to you, somehow."

"Well," said Ridge, smiling, "you are."

"I know I am," she said, "we were married in Boston. I even know the day and the hour. You told me and I wrote them down. It's dreadful not to be able to remember your wedding day. Tell me," she said, "was I a—well, a *satisfactory* bride, darling? Or were you disappointed in me? I'd hate to feel that after waiting all those months to marry me, I'd turned out to be a disappointment to you."

"Well," Ridge grinned, "you didn't turn out quite as I'd expected—but the changes, the differences have been all to the good."

"I'm glad we came straight home to the farm," she said. "I'm glad we didn't go to some hotel. Ridge," she said, "do I dance well? Do you like to dance with me? Did we dance a lot—when we knew each other in London during the war, I mean?"

"Yes," he said, "you dance well and we used to dance every chance we got—"

"Time's up," said Miss Jamison, poking her head cheerfully in at the door. "You'll have to go now, Mr. Holbrook."

"Very well, Miss Jamison."

Leaning over Dorcas he kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"Darling," she said, "I'm getting a little tired of being kissed on the cheek. Perhaps if you would kiss me the way you should, on the mouth, I'd feel more married to you. Maybe," she said, her arms sliding up around his neck, her eyes laughing at him, "that's what's the matter, maybe that's what's wrong. . . ."

"Maybe," he said, "you're right." For a moment he hesitated; then, bending his head, the beating of his heart loud in his ears, he kissed her on the mouth. . . .

Lida clutched at the back of a blue satin chair and waited for the room to stop wheeling around and become stationary once more. This was the worst hang-over she'd had yet—and she was getting to be an authority on hang-overs. They had become a part of her daily routine, like brushing her teeth and talking with Alec on the telephone and reading her mail. But never before had her hands shaken so pitifully, never before had the nausea been so bad, the pain in her head so agonizing.

She simply had to have a drink. Not after breakfast, not just before lunch, but *right now* at nine fifteen o'clock in the morning. A drink would help her pull herself together, quiet that awful pounding that was the too-fast beating of her heart, stop that shaking in the pit of her stomach. A drink, just one very small drink, would fix everything. . . .

LIDA let go of the chair and made her way carefully across the room; she got the door open, crossed the hall and started down the stairs. She was halfway down when she realized that all she had on was a thin silk nightgown.

She turned and went back up the stairs and down the hall and into her room. She yanked a tailored silk robe from a padded, scented hanger. It was a thousand dreary, painful miles from the foot of the stairs to the far end of the living room but she finally made it. She made it and got the doors to the portable bar open and then, suddenly, she had a bottle of Scotch in her hand—but it was empty. She put it down and snatched up a bottle of rye, but that was empty, too. Well, she knew where there were plenty of bottles that weren't empty. . . .

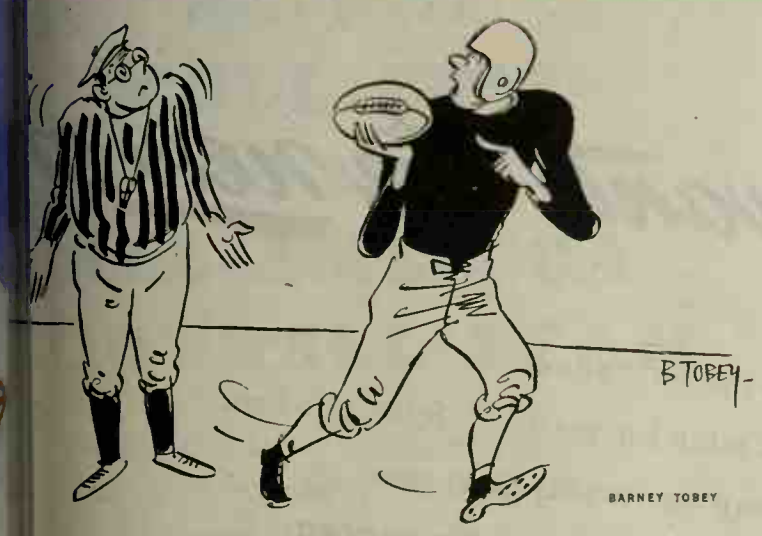
She negotiated the length of the room again and went on down the hall to her father's study. She found the key in his right-hand desk drawer and went over to the liquor closet. There were all the beautiful, beautiful bottles. Rows of Scotch and rye and a whole case of gin. She didn't like gin, but perhaps it would be better for a quick pick-me-up than whisky. Yes, it probably would be. Furthermore, if anyone came in and found her drinking it, he would think it were water. Why, *that was wonderful*—why hadn't she thought of that before? Gin looked just like water. . . .

She went back up the stairs to her room. She closed the door carefully and went into the bathroom; she opened the bottle of gin, the beautiful new, full bottle of gin, and poured some into a glass and drank two thirds of it quickly. At first it choked her and she began to cough, and for a moment she thought she was going to be sick. Then the nausea passed and almost at once she began to feel better. Her heart steadied and her insides stopped that awful shaking.

Well, she thought smugly, triumphantly, I knew all the time that if I could have just one little drink I'd be all right—and I am all right, I'm fine.

She decided to take a shower and she took a shower. She felt better all the time. She pulled on the heavy white silk robe, with its scarlet piping and monogram and went back into the bedroom and sat down and began to brush her hair. Then she remembered that there had been some gin left in the glass and she went back into the bathroom and got it and brought it back and set it down carefully, almost reverently, on the mirrored top of the dressing table. She didn't intend to drink it; she didn't need it or even want it—she just liked to know it was there.

People said when you started drinking in the morning that you were done for, that you were a dead duck—and of course they were right. Well, she didn't have any intention of making this a habit. Most certainly not. Someone must have loaded her drinks at that party last night. Or perhaps there had been something wrong with the liquor at the Parrys'



BARNEY TOBEY

SPORTING ODDS

George Washington-Clemson game played five years Clemson tried a forward pass that became a lateral and was by the receiver. Referee Buck Cheves didn't blow his and no one tried to recover the ball. Finally the Clemson picked up the ball and walked over to Cheves. "Can I h this?" he asked. "Sure," the referee told him, "if you're tired." The captain almost reached the goal before he tackled. —A. D. Kornegay, Hendersonville, N. C.

LIES will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting ddress Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. ibutions cannot be returned.)

The *Only* man who wouldn't want a *VESTPOK**

Santa looks natural with whiskers but he is an exception. Vestpok cleans up unsightly "between-shaves" stubble. No soap, water or electricity needed. Precision made. Small as a match book. The perfect gift. Supplements but does not replace a man's regular razor. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct, Vestpok Division, Ward Machine Co., Inc., Dept. C-12, Brockton 64, Mass.

ACTUAL SIZE

$3.00 with 10 blades of the finest razor steel.

*VESTPOK** dry shaver by WARD

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patented & Patents Applied For.

Jiminy! Everybody wants the new one

If you could get sly old Santa to fess up, he'd admit he expected this. It's been much the same for years . . . folks gift-bent for "Toastmaster" toasters. Then, along comes this great new model with fine features galore and . . . well . . . Santa's in a spot. For our part, we don't intend letting the genial gentleman down. *You* can help by being thorough and *early* in your quest for this gift of gifts . . . the *new* "Toastmaster"* toaster.

the New TOASTMASTER Automatic Pop-Up Toaster

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ıe hadn't been drunk. She
perfectly quarreling with
ways quarreled now—and
ered coming home; she
Alec to come in. That
e been more than twelve
ad she come directly to bed.
ln't. She remembered now
ed to have a nightcap. Just
ghteap. So that was why
tles had been empty. She'd
up herself.
lnking too much; it was be-
et her looks. Her eyes, for
ually looked—well—puffy,
–but perhaps that was due
ing capsules she had been
ec was worried about *that*,
ways saying, "Look, if you
the liquor, Lida, eut out
pills. Don't you realize
liquor simply don't mix?"
probably right, and begin-
he'd eut out the dope—and
nt now she'd start to slow
liquor. She wouldn't have
today—well, one eocktail
—

moved softly direetly be-
ida jumped and sereamed
urning swiftly, her heart
saw her mother standing in
e room. As usual, her hair
ng and she was wearing
le old blue flannel dress-

t Lida. It was a vaeant and
ne a vaguely disapproving

aid, "you're getting nerv-
must be all this drinking
at is making you so nerv-
."
id Lida. "Who wouldn't
do you mean," she de-
, "sneaking into my room
even bothering to knock?
could do is knock. What
'
, I did want something—
m to think what it was."
brushed one hand aeross
e truth of the matter is,
ng very forgetful."

She was. She didn't ery the way she used to, she almost never eried, any more, but she was getting extremely forgetful. Jessie would bring up her breakfast and then the next thing she knew Frank would be coming in with her dinner tray and she couldn't remember anything that had happened in between, she eouldn't remember whether she had just sat there by the window, all that time, not moving, or whether she had had her lunch or *anything*. It was all very eonfusing. And now she couldn't remember what she had come in here to tell Lida. Perhaps if Lida wouldn't speak so loudly, perhaps if she were quieter, kinder, it would come baek to her—but Lida had never been kind. . . .

"I wish," she said, with great dignity, "that you wouldn't yell at me, Lida. After all I am your mother and regardless of how you may feel about me, you should treat me with a certain amount of consideration, a certain respect—"

"Oh, my God!" said Lida.

She felt terrible again. Her head hurt and that shaking had begun inside of her. She'd been all right, she'd been fine and now her mother had eome in and she felt almost as bad as she had before she'd had that drink. . . .

"Look," she said, "I don't feel well, I have a headaehe—a splitting headache. I wish you'd get the hell out of here and leave me alone."

"Very well," said her mother, "I'll go. If that's the way you feel about it, I'll go. But I want you to know that I'm not well myself. There seems to be something the matter with my head."

"Something the matter with *your* head! I just wish you had my head—" Lida laughed bitterly.

"If there's anything the matter with your head," said her mother, speaking very precisely, "it's beeause you insist upon drinking too much. I don't see why your father doesn't do something about it, but I suppose you are very clever about it. You've always been very elever where your father is concerned, Lida."

While she had been talking, Effie had come closer to the dressing table and now she said, "If you don't mind I think I'll

Next Week!

COLLIER'S

58th Annual

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'OOTBALL TEAM

Here's the team of teams for 1947! The goal of every college player for 58 years. In Color—In Action—In Collier's NEXT WEEK.

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ARNER PATHE NEWS

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does lots more than keep hair Looking Handsome!

NO OTHER HAIR TONIC CONTAINS THIS SPECIAL COMBINATION OF HAIR GROOMING INGREDIENTS

Handsome, healthy-looking hair needs a 'hygienic scalp.' So why be content with just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the *extra* advantages of Kreml. This *highly specialized* hair tonic not only keeps hair handsomely groomed but does *lots more* besides!

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Kreml goes in for modern, 'natural-looking' hair grooming. It keeps hair in perfect order all day—gives it a rich, attractive lustre, too. Yet Kreml never feels greasy, sticky or gummy. Kreml always makes hair feel so CLEAN—the kind ladies like their men to have.

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If your hair is so dry it breaks and falls when you comb it—Kreml actually helps 'condition' it in that it leaves it feeling so much softer, more pliable. It's simply great to lubricate a dry scalp. At the same time it removes itchy loose dandruff and leaves your scalp feeling *so alive*. Change to Kreml today and *get your money's worth*. Remember—Kreml does *lots more* than keep hair looking handsome.

Buy a bottle of Kreml at any drug counter. Ask for an application at your barber shop.

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For Gifts

that GLOW *with* GOOD CHEER

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Always good for a surprise and a smile. Comes in colorful holiday box. Perfect for hard-to-please friends . . . Glenmore, Kentucky Straight Bourbon. This whiskey is 7 years old. 90 Proof . . . 4/5 quart.

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Not only makes an unusual gift, but when the bottle has been removed makes smart holiday decoration for front door, table or mantle. Kentucky Tavern, Bottled-in-Bond Kentucky Bourbon . . . 4/5 quart.

When remembering friends,
give them something they'll remember
—something you'd like to receive yourself
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COPYR

GLENMORE, THE HOUSE WITH THE HOLIDAY SP

of that glass of water. My
be very dry—"
could stop her, she had
one thin, unsteady hand,
glass of gin and lifted it to

n't water," she said, her
surprised, "it's gin—"
mned right it's gin," said
g the glass out of her hand.
id, her voiee shaking with
es strained suddenly to the
t. "do you want to make
t?"
ething of it?" repeated her
, no, of course not. Only I
's good for you to drink
morning like this."
what's good for me and
d Lida, "and now will you
r own room and leave me

down at the dressing ta-
baek on her mother and
y eold eream to her faee.
rned and walked toward
feet in their old felt bed-
making no noise against
of the carpet. Effie Whip-
e door and opened it and
nly remembered what she
r. *Of course*—
said, "you pushed her,
e didn't fall, you pushed
jealous of her; you wanted
ou tried to kill her."
eam jar fell with a little
Lida's nerveless hand onto
op of the dressing table.
nd. "Whatever are you
Have you gone completely

what I'm talking about,
You know *who* I'm talk-
ge Holbrook's wife. She
hat eliff, you pushed her

sane," said Lida, breath-
course I didn't push her.
ave pushed her?"
why, Lida—you wanted

that again, damn you!
again!"
her feet, she was flying
n, a slim girl in a white
monogram embroidered
red letters aeross her left
smeared grotesquely with

ere!" she sereamed, "and

e leaned forward and
er hard aeross the mouth.
nehed open the door,
, cringing woman in the
essing gown out into the
e door again, locked it,
and fell against it, sobbing hysterically. . . . She hadn't meant to strike her like that; after all she was her mother and she was ill, terribly ill if you could judge from that haggard white face, those vacant, too bright eyes—but the fool, the silly fool, *daring* to come in here and say a thing like that. Not that anyone would believe her; she was crazy and that was that—but now there was no question of waiting as she had intended to do, until tonight, for another drink. Now she simply had to have another shot of that gin—just a small shot, not more than a couple of swallows—just enough to help her get hold of herself, stop that awful hysteria that was building up inside of her, elawing like a small, vicious, terrifying animal at her insides.

She stumbled back to her dressing table, picked up the glass, drained it, and flung herself face downward on the bed. She'd just lie there quietly and in a minute everything would be better, everything would be all right. And tonight she wouldn't have even one cocktail before dinner, not even one. When her father started to pour one for her, she would say, "None for me, thank you, Daddy—I've decided to go on the wagon for a couple of weeks. I'm doing it to please Alee; he thinks I'm drinking too mueh. I'm not, of course"—she'd stop right there and smile charmingly,—"but it eertainly isn't important enough to quarrel about. . . ."

"IN THE two, nearly three weeks, that I've been home from the hospital," said Dorcas, "you'd be surprised to know how many interesting things I have discovered about myself."

Ridge grinned at her. "For instance?"

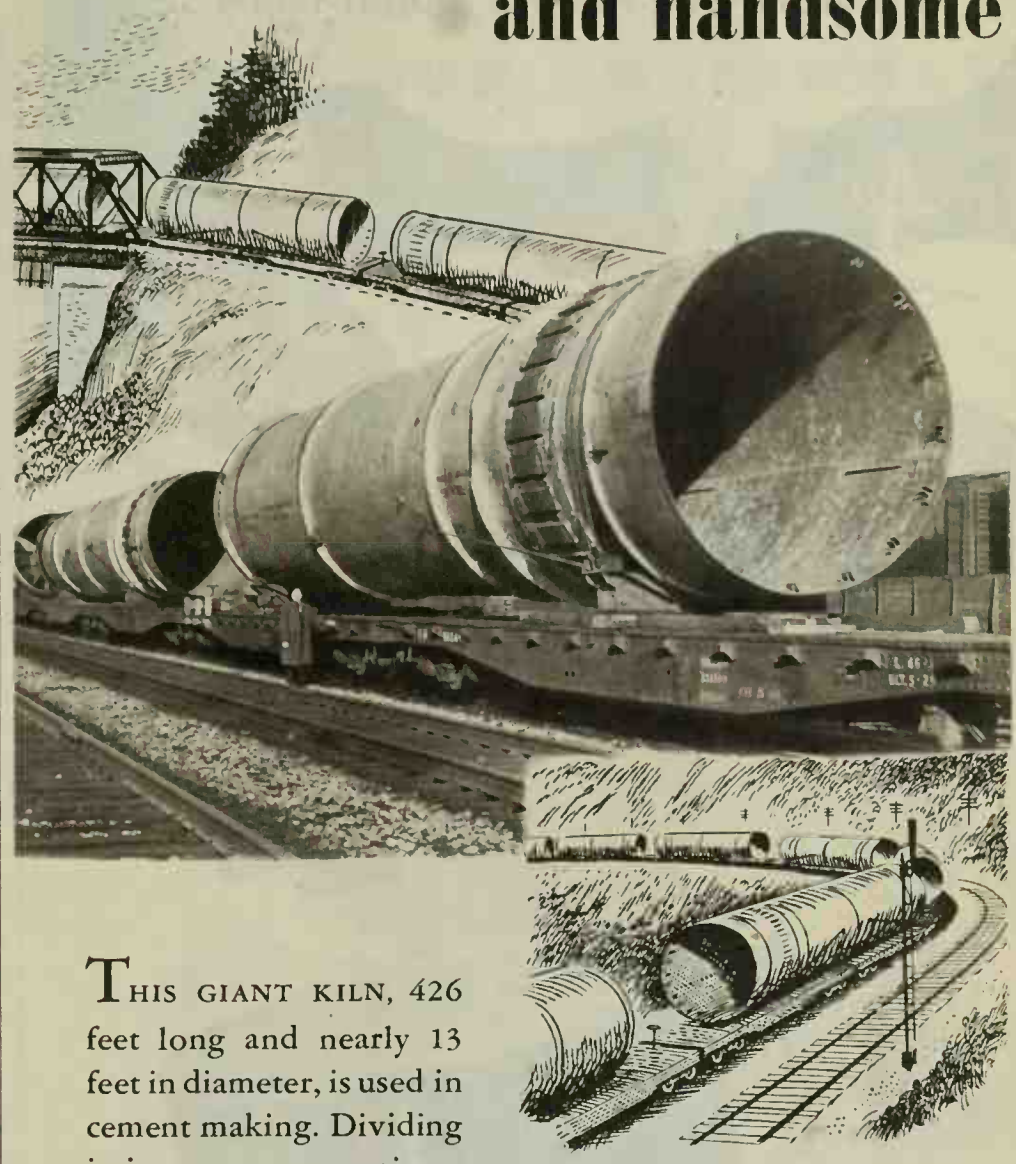
They had finished dinner and were sitting in front of the fire in the living room. It oeeurred to him now that in the short time Doreas had just mentioned, this room, this whole house had beeome in some subtle fashion *her* room and *her* house. For a long time it had been his mother's house and then for quite a few years it had been Ella Wells' house; even after Dorcas had come it had gone right on being Eila's house. Doreas had simply been a guest, a guest who was eareful to change nothing.

But now all that was changed: now no matter what room you went into, you were aware of Doreas—it might be nothing more than a pot of ivy that had not been there before, or a thin, bright eardigan flung down on a ehair or a book left face downward on the sofa. It might be nothing more important than this, but nevertheless, you were aware that she lived here, that it was her home.

"For instance," she grinned baek at him, "I can drive a car and play better

"Oh, John, they're playing our song" VIRGIL PARTCH

Riding high, wide and handsome



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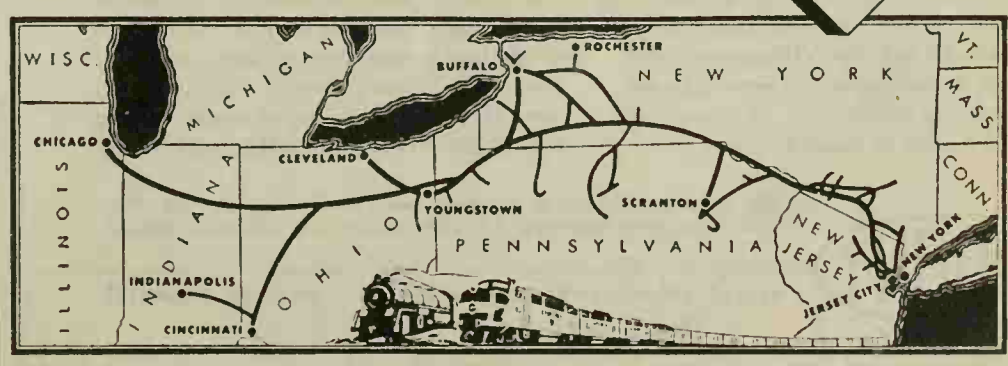

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"ZERONE" GIVES YOU safe anti-freeze protection at *minimum cost*. It's made from the most efficient of all known safe anti-freeze materials: three quarts of "Zerone" will do the work of four quarts of most other types. "Zerone" needs only an occasional check-up. It improves cooling — retards corrosion — keeps a clean cooling system clean. Get "Zerone" — the dollar brand in most demand.

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than average bridge, but the only thing I can play on the piano is chopsticks. I loathe bananas and when I eat too much chocolate I get bumps on my chin, but I have an absolute passion for lemon meringue pie. I am a pushover for simple little wool dresses and tailored suits and I obviously spend more money than I should on shoes and gloves. I am fairly proficient on the typewriter, but my spelling is abominable. I read French quite well and, if I had to, I could probably make myself understood, after a fashion. Oh, yes, and I haven't any friends—not any at all. I mean," she explained, frowning at him gravely, "I don't get any letters, not even from England—"

"Yes," said Ridge. "Well, I wrote them right after the accident and they wrote back, but unfortunately the letter got thrown out by mistake. If they haven't written again, I imagine it's because they feel that under the circumstances their letters wouldn't mean much to you."

SOME weeks ago, faced with telling Dorcas about her years in England, he had given names to these fictitious friends of hers, and installed them in a little service flat in St. John's Wood.

"Of course," he said now, "you could write to them—"

The letter would be returned in due course: Dorcas would decide they had moved and neglected to leave a forwarding address, and that would be that.

"No," she said, "they're right; there isn't much use in continuing a correspondence with two strangers."

She said then, "It's funny, Ridge, I can't remember anything about London, about the war—not one single thing. And yet I feel that if I were set down suddenly in New York or Boston I could find my way around easily."

"Well," he pointed out reasonably, "you've lived in both of those cities one time or another, so that's not strange."

"But don't you think it's odd," she persisted stubbornly, "that I can't remember anything about London at all?"

"No," he said, "I don't think it's particularly odd. That was a very bad time for you, and it may well be that you just don't want to remember it."

"Tell me about when we first met in London, darling—tell me how you almost didn't go to that cocktail party at the Ritz and then you did—"

"Well," said Ridge, "that's all there was to it. Then I did and there you were and I . . ."

"You took one look at me and fell head over heels in love—"

"I did nothing of the kind. I took one look at you and went right on talking to a girl named Daphne. It w
she turned me down flat and
a quite impossible Australi
decided that you would hav
all. We went for a walk in
was a beautiful spring n
walked and walked: then s
gan to rain and we could
and by the time I got yo
John's Wood we were both

"Go on," she said, slidin
sofa, putting her head b
against his shoulder. "An
must come in and dry out
me give you a nightcap—"

"Who's telling this story
Ridge, "you or I?"

"You are. But I love this

"Then suppose you tell i

"Very well, I will. So I
come in and dry out a bit a
you a nightcap and you did
alone in the flat and you l
and took off your blouse
on the fender and I chang
dry clothes and there we s
in front of the fire just lik
now, your arm around me
your shoulder, because by
had become very good frie
friends *indeed*. And then
both gone to sleep at the s
cause the first thing we knew
ing and the charwoman,
herself in with her key . . ."

"You admitted afterward
"that I went to sleep first a
have the heart to wake me
you dropped off yourself . .

"The last time," said D
just the other way around.
first and I looked so tired a
lovely that you simply co
me. You know," she said t
little suspiciously, "you
thing every time you tell t
last time the other girl's na
dre—you wouldn't by an
making this all up, would y

"Good heavens, no!"

"I wouldn't put it past y
eas. "We probably met qu
at someone's flat and never
rain in Hyde Park at all."

"And you said you'd
murmured Ridge in mock s
we both ought to be in bed

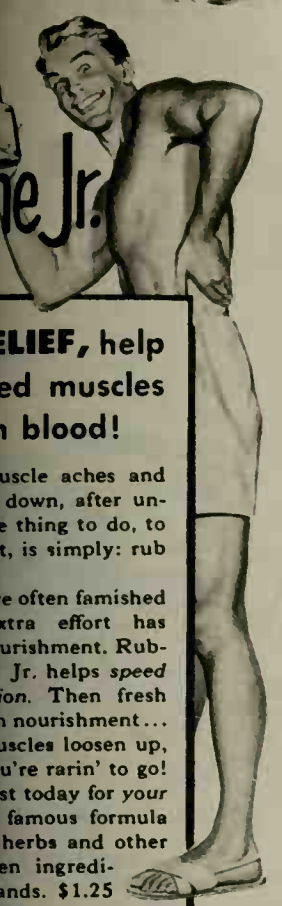
"It's not late—it's only
eleven."

"It's exactly eleven thi
thermore, you don't have
morrow, but I do."

Furthermore, *you*, my sw
on sitting here forever, qui
by any emotion more tu
demanding, than a sort o

COLLIER'S

"I can't lick anybody in the house!"



RELIEF, help
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COLEO cleans
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is Coleo's "fizz magic.")
tes danger of offensive
ntures . . . leaves dentures
leasant taste!

leanser for False Teeth

His hands caught her shoulders and held her, trembling, against him. So it had come—the moment he had been dreading. It had come and, standing there, his hands on her shoulders, he didn't know whether he was glad or sorry. He couldn't go back; he had to go on. Where it would lead—into what dark, twisted bypaths of emotion and delight and despair—he had no idea.

"Ridge," she said, "stay with me."

"But—"

"Don't you *want* to stay?"

"Of course. It's just that—"

"That what, darling?"

What would happen, he thought suddenly, if he were to tell her the truth? How was he ever going to explain to her why he was standing here, hesitating and reluctant?

"It's just that you've been very ill—"

"I have been but I'm not now. I'm perfectly well."

She drew away from him, looked up at him with troubled, bewildered gray eyes.

"What is it, Ridge?" she said. "What's wrong? Is it something about us? Something that you know but that I can't remember? Something that I ought to know? Some other girl, perhaps?"

"Good Lord, no!" That, at least, was true. There were plenty of things wrong, but there was no other girl.

"Then I don't see—darling," she said. "I know it's shameless of me to behave like this—but I love you so much—"

"I love you, too." God help me, he thought, I do love her—and he knew a sudden emotional release from having actually said so, in so many words.

"Then you'll stay—you won't go?"

"I'll stay," he said. "I won't go." And heaven help us both, he thought, the day you snap out of this dream world you're living in and start remembering again. . . .

(To be concluded next week)

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

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Worthy gifts for any man . . . shirts that really get masculine approval. Meticulously tailored of fine fabrics in white, plain colors and fast-color patterns. They're easy on the neck, because the Non-Wilt collar never needs starching. And every shirt is Sanforized to keep its handsome made-to-order fit. Altogether it's a shirt worthy of the name—Fruit of the Loom.

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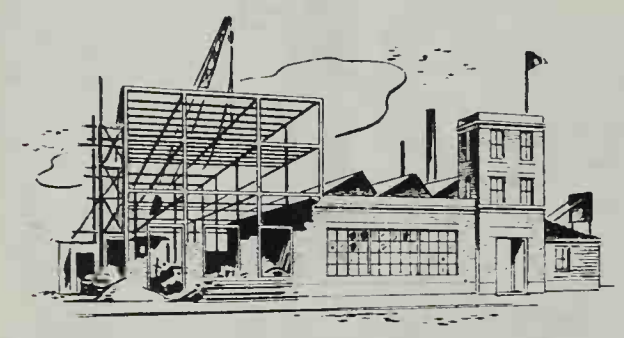
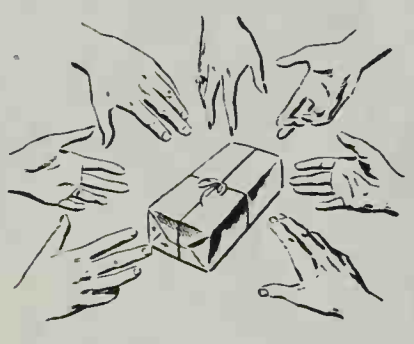
What kind of outfit do you want to work for

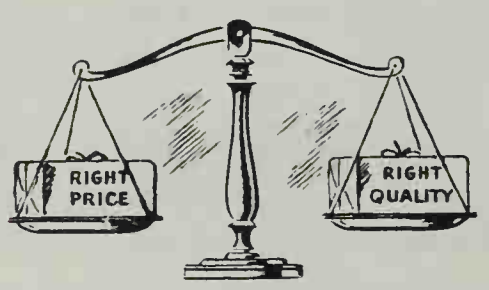
1. If you were to set out to choose a company to work for, one of the first things you'd want to be sure of is that it is solid enough to promise a steady job at good pay, plus a chance for your advancement.



2. Then you'd probably think about the firm's chances to expand and grow. Because you know, of course, that increased *wages* can come only through increased *production*. And you naturally want a job in which *you* can grow along with the company.



3. Next, you'd want to make sure that the company makes a product which people really want to buy—and that you want to help make.



4. And of course you'd check on the quality and prices of the company's products. Common sense tells you that when a firm's prices are too high—or quality too low—competition soon forces that firm out of business. And you don't want to hook up with any outfit that's *on the way out!*

5. On top of all else, you'd make certain about *good management* when you pick an ideal firm to work for. You know that good management has saved many a business in "bad times"—and even in "good times" it's something no business can do without!

6. Finally, what's the "profit know that a firm *must* make a business. Besides, the profits ea pay for the research and develo more products, more and better j —and a bigger opportunity for

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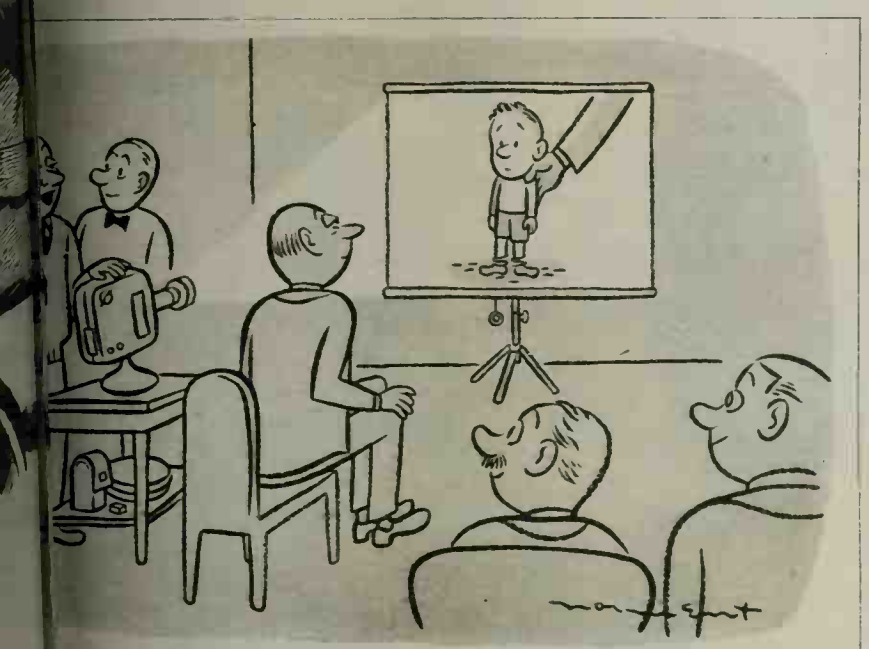
Most Americans say they think l out of each dollar of sales would b for business to make. As a matt dustry averages less than half th

BUILD ME A BUNGALOW SMALL

Continued from page 23

ıg a lot faster than he was re-

Martin gasped.
He ran like a rabbit. And be-
could hear those sharply sin-
getting closer and closer.
out into the clearing, he
nd the cabin, leaning hard on
He reached the porch in one
bt leap. There was a camp
ıg against the wall beside the
e swung it up over his shoul-
rled around—at bay.
ıen that he heard the high-
roarious shriek of laughter.
d stopped a dozen feet from
t was regarding Martin with
l expression, and now it
ad to look toward the laugh-
dropped the chair as though
lenly become red-hot. He
and dropped it again and
t furiously.
ter died in a series of gur-
"I'm sorry!" the girl said.
uldn't have—" She started
ding over and holding her
d shiny black hair with a
on tied in it. She was tall,



thing I have to show, fellows, unless you'd be interested in some
s of Betty Grable, at the beach, that got mailed to me by mistake"
JOHN NORMENT

uring dungarees and moc-
un's white shirt. She was
she had startlingly blue
, straight nose with a lit-

ed up painfully. "You
n your face when you
e cabin. It was really—
You big fool, you!"
ed up to her and low-
nd snorted.
ed at it. "Oh, get away.
g for you to eat." She
artin. "They call him
se he's always hungry,
olutely anything. Dag-
Go away."

expertly by an antler,
ound, and slapped him
Dagwood sailed over a
peared in three more

ed up to the porch.
e is Carol Carter. I'm
cken cabin. It's over
mile. You're William
?"

me they were renting
. They said you were

you wanted to come up here to be alone while you finished some important work."

"But you didn't believe them, did you?"

"What?" said Carol.

"You didn't believe them when they told you I wanted to be alone."

Carol lost her smile. "Oh. Well—are you mad at me? I apologize for laughing. I shouldn't have. I know you were scared to death."

"Is there anything else you know about me besides my name and my business and my state of mind?"

"I know you've got a nasty temper."

"There's something you can do to avoid that."

"What?" Carol asked.

"Leave."

"Oh. Well—well, I mean . . ."

"Goodby, now."

"Goodby," said Carol soberly.

She turned around and walked on along the road. She walked well—erect and graceful, very quick and light on her feet.

"Faugh!" Martin snarled. "The next time I'll pick the city zoo or the Union Station." . . .

Martin had set himself up in business in the sunlight at the side of the cabin. He and his paraphernalia were spread all over the camp chair and two collapsible bridge tables. He had red ink and black ink and white ink and six different kinds of pens: squares, triangles, compasses, dividers, rulers, erasers and slide rules, and dozens of sectional plans and blue, checked master sheets—all placed precisely where he wanted them. He was a happy man.

He consulted one of the slide rules and found the answer he needed and began to print it in slanted, neat figures.

"Hello," said Carol.

Martin's pen jerked.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Carol.

Martin blotted carefully and began to erase.

"Let me help—" said the girl.

Martin stopped erasing and looked at her.

"I said I was sorry," Carol said defensively. "And I'm sorry I laughed at you a while ago. What else can I say?"

"Plenty, I'm afraid."

"Now, look," said Carol. "I'm just trying to be neighborly. I came over here this morning with the best intentions in the world. I was going to show you how the Greys' stove worked. They asked me to. They were worried about how you'd make out, because they knew you weren't married, and they didn't know whether or not you could cook for yourself. I was even going to ask you over to dinner tonight. Of course, we call it supper."

"How odd!"

"Look," said Carol. "Relax. I'm not that repulsive. We got off to a bad start, but can't you sort of skip it? You'll find it's lonesome up here. No one comes up in the fall, because they don't realize how swell the weather is."

"What are you doing up here?"

Carol smiled. "That's better. I had pneumonia last winter, and I came up here in the spring to rest for three months, and I just sort of lingered. I like it. What are you working on?"

"A plan for a small home."

"You've got a lot of plans just for that?"

MARTIN explained reluctantly: "These are master plans to be used on a lot of small homes to be built all at once in a big subdivision. Each house has to have the same over-all requirements, but they have to be incidentally variable, so that each one can be made to look different."

"Sounds complicated."

"It is. It's a Kreiger-Croft Construction Company project. If I can satisfy them, there's plenty in it for me. I've done some work for them before, but nothing as big as this will be."

"You're up here to concentrate, eh?"

"That was the idea, at least. I got tired of trying to think while contractors and frustrated homeowners and building inspectors pound on my desk."

"I see. Can I look at the master sheet?"

"You can't visualize from a blueprint."

"I can so. I took two years of architecture in art school. . . . Say, this is cute! Now if you put a—"

Martin threw his slide rule on the ground.

"All right," Carol said quickly. "All right."

"Artists," Martin muttered. "Now it's artists. That's all I needed."

"Architecture is an art."

"It is not! It's a science! Do I look like some boob who hangs out in a garret?"

"No, and artists don't, either. Just remember that I happen to be one."

"Ha."

"I am, and I'm pretty good, too."

"Ha."

"Are you always this way?" Carol asked. "You pack around just about the nastiest disposition I've run across."

"It's a device," Martin explained carefully. "It's a device I employ so people will leave me alone long enough for me to get a little work done. But sometimes it doesn't work. There are people who are so dumb they don't get the idea."

"Meaning me?" Carol said thoughtfully. "You don't like me?"

"Now you're smartening up."

"You want me to go away?"

"You're right on the beam."

Carol swallowed. "All right. But I think you could have been a little more polite about it all."

"Oh, go drown yourself somewhere."

Carol walked away. She walked slowly this time; all her bounce had gone.

Martin picked up the slide rule and looked at it in an antagonistic manner. "Ummm," he said uneasily, using it to scratch his head. "Well."

He went back to work, but most of the flavor seemed to have simmered out of his house plans. He stalled around for a while and then got up and went in the back door of the cabin. He came out a moment later, carrying a long-handled spade in one hand and a dripping paper sack of garbage in the other.

Holding the sack well away from him,

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he paced up the slope back of the cabin. Finding a site that suited him, he put the sack down and started digging.

He dug steadily for about a half hour. He had made a trench, then, about two feet deep and a foot and a half wide. He figured this would be large enough to hold a week's deposit of garbage, and he stopped and leaned on the spade handle, contemplating his handiwork.

Somebody pushed him—hard. The spade tangled his feet up, and he went headlong over it and fell flat on his face in the ditch. He scrambled frantically, rolled over and sat up.

Dagwood snorted at him.

"You get out of here!" Martin yelled furiously.

He scrambled up and swung awkwardly with the spade. It didn't miss Dagwood by more than fifteen feet. Dagwood bounced this way and that way on his spring-steel legs, shook his antlers coyly, and then paused, ready for more fun and games.

Martin ran at him. "Get out of here! You get off this property!"

Dagwood glided over a bush and flicked his white tail tauntingly. That did it. Martin lost what remained of his perspective. He took off after Dagwood like a bat from the belfry.

Dagwood danced happily all around the clearing twice and then took off up the path with Martin thundering grimly behind. Dagwood teased him along for a couple of hundred yards and then casually melted away into the brush.

Martin stumbled over to a fallen tree trunk and collapsed. He had a bad case of the gulps—an affliction which often seizes lowlanders who exert themselves unduly at high altitudes—and he sat and gasped for ten minutes before his heart stopped booming in his ears.

Finally he got up and went drearily down the path again, helping himself along with the spade. He came out into the clearing and stopped short, frozen numb with horror.

Here was Dagwood again. He had tipped over both card tables, and he was chewing meditatively on a large number of sheets of blue, checked paper.

"Oh, no," Martin groaned. "No!"

Dagwood stopped chewing and glanced at him inquiringly.

"Drop those plans!" Martin shrieked.

Dagwood started chewing again.

Martin howled. He threw the spade and ran after it. He picked it up en route and cut a vicious swath in the air with it. Dagwood bounced jauntily away, carrying the blue sheets like a banner.

"I'll kill you!" Martin promised fervently, fighting his way through brush. "I'll spatter your brains—"

THEY went up hill and down dale. They went around in two circles. They went through a bramble patch, some poison oak, and a small growth of cockleburs. Martin fell down three times, and when he got up the third time Dagwood was gone again.

Martin went right on, anyway, staggering. "Where are you?" he roared. "I'll tear you limb from limb! I'll murder you in cold blood!"

He stumbled down a rock-strewn slope, burst through a waist-high barrier of brush, and very nearly fell down the fourth time. He caught his balance and stood there, swaying and strangling, staring unbelievingly at a painter's easel. It was sitting all by itself in the clearing.

"Oh," said Martin, fighting for breath. "You! Carol Carter! Where are you?"

His voice dropped into the silence. There was no answer, not even an echo.

"Hey!" said Martin.

He listened, and then he heard the faint, infinitely alluring chuckle of running water. Realizing suddenly that he had a mouth like a blast furnace, he dragged his feet across the clearing and fought through some more brush.

He didn't even see the stream until his feet went out from under him, and he sat down with a dull thud on the bank. His feet were hanging over a deep, dark pool where the water circled hungrily like a slow-motion whirlpool, and abruptly it didn't seem inviting at all.

Martin stared at the bank opposite him. It was steep and studded with sharp rocks, and someone had slipped on it. Someone had left fresh, frantically clawed gouges in the dirt.

"Hey!" said Martin, scared now. "Hey, Carol! Where are you? Where—"

The water chuckled gruesomely beneath him.

Martin's voice went up a queasy notch. "Carol! Carol! Are you all right?"

He slid down the bank and stared into the water. He couldn't see anything but his own reflection.

"Hey?" he said, putting everything into a last appeal. There was no answer save the ghoulish gurgle of the water.

Martin scrambled back up the bank. He ran first to his left and then to his right and then hightailed it over the hill. It was very heavy going now. His feet didn't track, and he seemed to have an irrepressible urge to fall down every twenty yards. He lost the spade and his sense of direction, and it was approximately a century before he came out on a narrow, rutted road. He whirled around

SAVE FOOD !

groggily twice, picked a direction, and started running all over again.

He was still going when Bradwell's dusty sedan pulled up silently alongside of him.

"Oh!" said Martin. "Listen—listen—"

Bradwell said: "I warned you what would happen to you if I caught you plastered."

Martin clutched the car door. "Listen. Carol Carter. Drowned."

"What?" Bradwell barked.

"Drowned. Pool. Back there."

"You mean that little pool where she paints?"

Martin nodded numbly. "Dangerous. Steep bank."

"You're crazy."

"No. Slipped on bank. Hit her head on rock. Drowned."

"Get in here," said Bradwell.

Martin fell into the front seat and held his head in his hands, completely blown out. Bradwell put the sedan into reverse, slammed it backward into the brush, and cramped the wheels expertly.

"No!" Martin protested. "Other way."

"Shut up. I know the way."

The sedan popped out of the brush, jittered sideways on the ruts, and picked up speed in a breathless spurt.

"Should never have said that," Martin muttered. "Never, never."

"Said what?" Bradwell asked absently.

"What I said to her. Oh, no. No."

"Pipe down. I'm busy."

The roadside brush swished past them in a brown, splattered blur. Suddenly it fell eerily away on one side, and Bradwell stood on the brakes.

"Huh?" said Martin. "This isn't—"

"I know. That's your cabin there, you dope. Someone is in it. I saw something move in the window."

"Never mind," Martin said. "It's just that damned Dagwood again."

"It ain't Dagwood," said Bradwell. "He don't break into ... I caught him tryin' ... his rear end good ... on. We'll take a look ...

"No! I'm not goin ...

Hartwell reached o ... seat and came up wit ... ing .30-30 saddle carb ... You're going to marc ... ahead of me. Get."

Martin marched ... opened the front doo ... tiously.

"Hello," Carol ca ... kitchen."

MARTIN tore acr ... hung limply in ... way, staring with b ... eyes. Carol had just s ... dirty dishes.

"Here I am again, ... really a pig for punish ...

Martin tiptoed acr ... touched her arm ging ... phantom. "Whew!" h ...

"What's the matter? ... ually. "Is your con ... you?"

Martin rallied a litt ... up at that pool a while ... you answer me when I ...

"Yes, I was up at the ... answer you for two go ... son number one: I ... clothes on."

"What?" said Martin ...

"I had taken a sun ... just about to dunk mys ... cool off when you came ... I had to scramble fo ... number two: You sca ... those threats about mu ... me limb from limb. ... gone clear off your tro ... ured out what you thou ... tions, but by that time ... with the wind. So I cam ...

Martin said, "I wasn't ... I was just going to murd ... cause he chewed up my ...

"What was that, agai ... manded. "I told you t ... mals around here alone.

"Relax. I didn't catch ...

"How do I know you ...

"You know he didn ... "because Dagwood is ... door right now, waiting ... nodded at Martin. "I ca ... mad as I was, to war ... mustn't leave any impo ... around outside, because ... the taste of it. He chew ... But when I came back, ...

"I was digging a garb ...

"I know. I gathered ... then and put them in t ... wood ran off with some ... put your plans in on the ...

"Yeah," said Bradwel ... at 'em. . . . Say, this is go ... layout. Who's going to b ... like this, Martin? How ... want for a down paymen ...

"Later," Martin said a ... Anyway, I'm going to bu ...

"You don't need a ho ... informed him. "You ain't ...

"Well, I can get ma ... Martin asked. He hesit ... Carol. "Can't I?"

Carol glanced sideways ...

"Well," said Martin sh ... person can say things—l ... sort of fly off the handle ... and then—and then he ca ... of see the light and chan ...

Carol smiled slightly. ... tuce leaf out to Dagwooc ...

"A leaf?" Martin sai ... "One little leaf? No! We ... whole head! We wouldn ... him away hungry. Dagw ... fine deer and a credit to t ... Here, Dagwood. Here yo ... old pal"

THE END

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I'M MAD AT YOU

Continued from page 17

at the Melletts. "Not at all," he said patiently. "Millions of people all over the country live exactly that way. Nothing eccentric about it, is there? And millions live in New York. So what's eccentric about combining the two?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Mellett, "I suppose."

"Matter of fact, I'd be the very symbol of grass-roots normalcy. I'd wear police suspenders and congress slippers. Neatly, of course. And in the evenings, I'd mow the grass and then sit out on the curbstone smoking my pipe. I'd be the living representative of what New York subconsciously yearns for."

"I think you're right," said Mr. Mellett. "They do. I've noticed it."

"Of course. I'd be an embassy, a sort of unofficial ambassador to New York from the rest of the country. Promote understanding. And in the evening, sitting there puffing my corncob, I'd chat with passers-by."

MRS. MELLETT laughed happily as she said, "You'd collect quite a crowd on Fifth Avenue."

"Only at first. Presently they'd accept and grow to love me. And in the evening I'd invite people up on the porch for a glass of lemonade. Mother, here, would play the piano and we'd all sing Old Hundred, Tenting Tonight, and Down the Long, Long Trail."

He paused and Mrs. Mellett said wistfully, "Yes, those were better days, I guess. Things were quieter. More peaceful."

"Well, don't you see?" said Tim. "That's the essence of the subtle plan back of this whole thing. Science tells us that olfactory memories survive undimmed for a lifetime." He paused, triumphantly, evading Eve's look.

"The trees," he continued. "In the fall I'd rake up the leaves and, standing in the twilight, leaning on my rake and puffing my pipe, I'd burn them at the curb. And through the reek of gasoline and the din of the city would come the unforgettable fragrance of burning leaves. Those fragile wisps of smoke would curl under the veneer of years of city living and touch a responsive chord in the most urban among us. Men in fancy silk shirts and pearl-gray cutaways would remember their farm-boy origins. Silk-hatted financiers with dollar signs on their vests would relax their grip on their money bags. Bobby-soxers on the way to the Paramount would dream for a moment of hay rides. The lines in the faces of young fashion designers a executives would relax, m long-ago memories of qui barn-raisings stirred. U.N. rying to their skyscrapers ber the smell of burning and the Ukraine, in the China and France, and a roads of England. For a steel and concrete would and they'd remember the p everywhere for whom th working." Tim paused and sipped his drink. "Ma idea at that," he said.

The Melletts thought talking of a man they'd re herited a fortune, bought and lived on it alone with dred dogs. Timberlake sug be fun to name them all D on the porch and call the neously. And presently the home.

"Don't look at me li Tim, dropping on the dav had a fine time and you k

"I'm still mad at you, a improved things. I'm thi you away."

"A mistake," he said. " you find who'd put up with

"At least he's far bette you are."

"I see," said Tim. "I Despite your pretended your girlhood chum, yo fallen for her husband."

Eve very nearly grinne for the breach. "Well, sadly, "I won't stand Through my work as a happen to know that he's not married: they're livi held her face rigid. "W had never meant to tell through my work as a learned that the preache us was an impostor: one three-time loser."

"Tim!" she said, and n "Poor old Dr. Edwards!"

"Oh, he was clever. Fo years. So we're not marr see. You're free to disca worn-out bauble."

"What *is* a bauble?"

"An English bubble."

She sneered at him, sile

"Or," he said, "you ca me all over again. Go again to marry you."

"I like that—you didn't

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ment's peace, Mr. Timberlake Ryan," Eve reminded him teasingly.

"Oh, I was young. Foolish. Easily deceived by false promises of wealth and ease." He sighed. "When I think of the chances I've had—"

"Tim," she spoke quietly, seriously. "Tim, have you ever—really regretted . . . ?"

He rose on one elbow and looked at her across the room. "Honey, honey," he said softly, "what a gift you have for foolish questions."

"Well—I just like to have you tell me."

He started to get up.

"Stay right where you are!" she said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself, falling for such an obvious trap."

He lay back on the davenport and picked up his book, while Eve left the room, returned with needle and thread and her black felt hat, and began stitching a feather to its side. "You know," said Tim, watching her from the corner of his eye. "Alice isn't so bad." Eve continued her sewing. "I could go for—" but she wasn't having any, and he sighed and resumed his reading.

But now, without lifting her head, Eve glanced secretly at Tim. She wasn't in the least annoyed with him, never had been, really, and she wondered why she should have pretended she was. And she suspected, suddenly, that Tim knew; that Tim had always understood, completely, ever since they had been married, the whole purpose and meaning of "I'm mad at you." Her fingers became motionless in her lap, her eyes widened, and she stared at the needle and thread in her hands. I enjoy it, that's why, she thought, and felt suddenly guilty, felt her cheeks flush. I enjoy his making up to me, trying to make me smile. I enjoy having all his attention, all of it. And knowing that in everything he does, even now as he lies there pretending to read, all of his thoughts are focused on me. It's like—the word popped into her mind—it's like a courtship, a miniature courtship! I'm making him court me and win me all over again! And now, though it seemed to her she should still be ashamed, she no longer was. And she knew that sometime—not too soon—she would do it again. I don't care, she thought, there's nothing I'm more sure of than the way I love Tim and the way he loves me, but it isn't enough. I need to be courted, too. Once in a while. I really do. I actually need it—and Timberlake's always understood that, and never failed to give it to me.

AND for a moment, her love plain in her eyes, she glanced at Tim. Then, lifting the hat from her lap, she placidly resumed her stitching and waited quietly, secure in her confidence that presently the courtship would be resumed. That Tim would, somehow, overcome the imaginary barrier she had placed between them. And she wondered, with serene curiosity, exactly how he would do it this time.

And presently it came. From the davenport where he lay, Timberlake scaled his book into the air and it fell to the rug with a thump. "The fools," he said, "the blind fools." Eve twisted her head to read the title: Murderers All.

"Why?" she said.

"Because they got caught—the blind fools!" He laughed in imitation of the Shadow. "But they'll never catch me!"

She snipped off a thread with her teeth, and rose, holding the tiny hat aloft on her finger tips and inspecting it critically, turning it from side to side. She preened the feather and then, putting the hat down, picked the book from the floor and placed it on the table, straightening the pile of magazines underneath it.

Timberlake grinned at her. "Old Neatness," he said.

She sniffed. "Somebody has to be neat in this house."

"Why?" he asked, reasonably. "Books

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on the floor make the place seem lived in. A sign of culture."

"Yes," said Eve, "Murderers All."

"A rare and discerning work," he said. "But fools. Children. They'd never catch me, though," and he laughed the Shadow laugh, this time slightly improved.

Eve came to the davenport and, bending her knees slightly, leaned against its front edge looking down at him. "You," she said, "you'd be looking through bars before the body was cold."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," he reached out and caught her in back of the knees so that she fell forward, a hand on his chest. "See?" he said, happily. "Judo. Just a shade more pressure and your neck would have snapped. An accident. Grief-stricken husband. 'It was all due to her neatness,' he said at the inquest, sobbing and leaning on the arm of a court attendant." Eve sat down on the edge of the davenport. "'In the middle of the night she must have remembered an ash tray she'd forgotten to empty. I heard a crash, rushed to the living room, and there she was—lying in a pool of ashes and old cigarette stubs.'" He looked at her through narrowed lids and spoke from the corner of his mouth. "Collect the insurance, and off to greener pastures."

"I haven't any insurance, and anyway, you'd be caught. Move over," she said, and he moved to the inner edge of the davenport and Eve stretched out beside him.

TIMBERLAKE put his arm round her head, pillowing her neck on his biceps. "We'll get some insurance. Tomorrow. Think you can pass the medical?"

"Easy. But you forget one thing. They always do."

"What?"

"I'd leave a note, a sealed note, with my sister to be opened in case of 'accident.'"

"She can't read."

"Is that so!" Eve exclaimed. "They'd read this note—"

"I'd deny everything."

"They'd make you talk."

"We never talk. Anyway, it'd look perfectly natural—"

"With a broken neck?"

"Oh, no! That isn't what I'd do. I'd hang all the pictures crooked every day. And insist they were straigh your mind would weaken. I' the magazines on the table, pu the bookcase upside down, le match books lying around—"

She turned, nestled closer, a him on the neck. "The police Angel Street, too, honey."

"How'd they like it?"

"Fine," she said, and Tim t his arms around her and k gently. "You're done for, h said, softly. "I'm sorry: it's But it had to happen. One as many—and something snappe

She lay in his arms conten joying the deep pleasure of it, utterly happy. She knew she'd work too hard this time, and time they quarreled, it would ligation to make it up.

I owe him a courtship, she th smiled. But that was in the f now she lay silent, eyes closed this one.

She stirred, presently, and t up. "Time to get supper," she

Timberlake held her back. said, "what's the hurry?"

"Have to get supper. You' aren't you?"

He grinned at her. "Sure."

She pushed on his chest a "You're an evil old man. Loo soup and sandwiches. Or th hash, if you'd rather. And slaw."

Timberlake stretched l "Anything," he said. "You d this meal you can have any want. That's the custom, you me, just a little dry bread an

"That's what you'll get—s trap." But she didn't move. a moment looking at Timbe then she spoke: "You love me

He grinned at her. "You lo well."

"But I like you to say it."

"Okay," he drew her close her. "I do love you," he said then he grinned. "I'll prove After all these years, I'm willi it legal."

"Tim, stop that."

"Stop what?" he said. "Thi

"No," she said, and presse him. "No. Not that."

THE END

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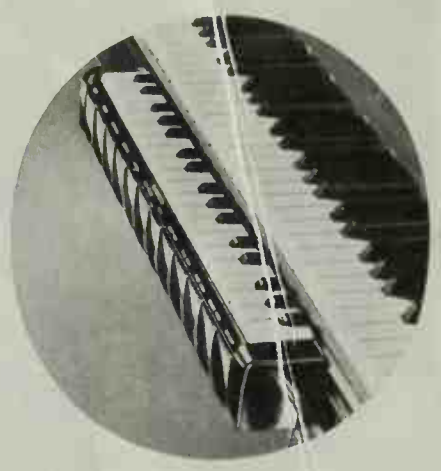

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COLLIER'S

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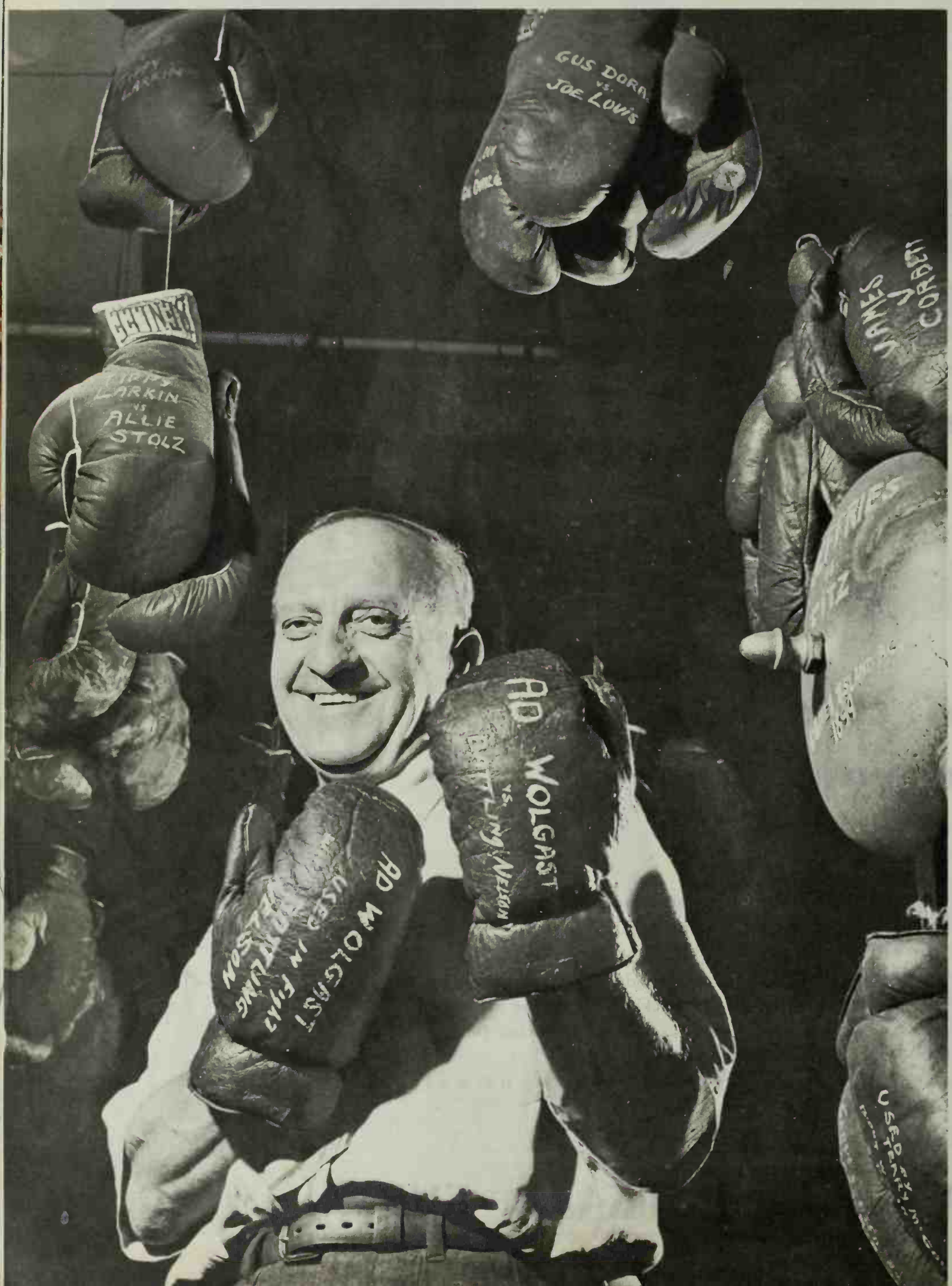
THREE GREAT NEW PACKARD EIGHTS FOR '48

MISTER BOXING

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Nat Fleischer makes no matches, handles no fighters, works no angles. But as self-appointed historian he rules over boxing like a brood hen

Nat in the midst of his treasures. His collection of ring relics—championship items—is the greatest in the world



LAST summer at the Chica dium in the middl championship, Rocky ano had Tony Zale draped lower strand and was belting h such enthusiasm that it was question of time till the bo stopped or Mr. Zale was dead.

At this juncture a man lean and spoke into the ear of M. Fleischer.

"Bang," he said in a cool bo voice. "There goes another fift for one of those phony tin belt

Mr. Fleischer sat up shar whirled around. Then he gri recognition.

"Two hundred and twenty said Mr. Fleischer precisel happy to do it, too."

A week after Mr. Fleischer to New York another voice bo him. This came over the te and belonged to M. Grazianc ling soul with native graces.

"Whenamigonna get 'at thir lowed Graziano in Mr. Fleisch "Alla guys downa poolroo astin' me."

"Pretty soon now, Rocky," enraptured Mr. Fleischer, wreathed in happiness. "Gett made up nice for you."

Mr. Fleischer has revi charming custom of awardi for all new boxing champio Graziano emblem brought t to one hundred and twenty made the afore-mentioned \$228 in the Fleischer surplus. lisher and editor of The R bible of all red-blooded men siders this not only good ad but a worthy reward for me endeavor.

"Also," say Nat's friends, him a chance to say a few words every time he presents

There are cynics who main boxing is the only sport in t where a man gets a medal f cide, but Mr. Fleischer wince sacrilege. When Mr. Fleisch a ring to present a belt there servers who swear that a halo around his head. In a grave tinged with New York East ances he launches into a s reverent eulogy of the art of As the hours pass his voice fervor and there are tears in of those members of the aud awake. The tension became one night in Detroit that sor individual doused the light they were turned on again fiv later Nat was still speaking crowd had left.

Lore of the Pugilistic

Romantic writers have c Mr. Boxing, the Boswell o Beach and the Great Fath *Boxe*. Admirers consult h points as far distant as Bloe Reykjavik and Oskaloosa. is law in any boxing disput records are so complete tha said to provide the approxin ing weight of David on th conked Goliath. What N about fighting he gets secon cause he never got much ov tall and could be floored by a He tut-tuts sternly when an tions corruption in prize fig has been known to tremb nantly at charges of brutali ing.

At sixty, Nat rules over b a brood hen. He makes n handles no fighters, works He just affords a clearing

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the sport, providing the statistical data and mystical lore that assure it a place in history. He will fly anywhere in the world to referee a fight and say a few words. He works fourteen hours a day at his office in Madison Square Garden, has turned out billions of words and is solely responsible for what is known as the Meat Ax School of Literature. He will write a book at the drop of a cap and has thirty-eight volumes to his credit.

His collection of boxiana (the greatest in the world) will be set up in the New York Public Library at his death. It is held at $300,000 and contains every known book on the sport and practically every belt not given away originally by Nat. No issue of The Ring appears with fewer than four Fleischer triumphs, all written in a free-flowing, catch-as-catch-can style and punctuated with abandon. He is dynamic, forthright and chicken-hearted. He cries at newsreels, considers all fighters heroes and would turn in his own mother if she tried to throw a fight.

The early Fleischer years may be covered quickly. He was born on Avenue A in New York and scoffs at the idea that only thugs, grifters and candidates for the hot seat came from the district. After Townsend-Harris High he went to City College and was a track man, with marks of 10.2 in the 100; 25 in the 220 and 19.6 in the broad jump. After a year at the Yale Forestry School, he started a term in chemistry at New York University. A slight mishap in an ammonia experiment resulted in Nat blowing up the laboratory and departing without a refund on his $400 tuition fee.

Recognition from Frank Munsey

What made him so sleepy in chemistry class was a night job in the sports department of the old New York Press, which kept him going till two and three in the morning. In due course he ran into Mr. Frank Munsey, the new owner, and was made sports editor. Munsey had a conviction that youth must be served and Nat was certainly young and had no objection to attention.

What followed took on the air of a kaleidoscope because Munsey began buying all the papers in town, and Nat was shifted around as the new sports editor. Nobody, including Nat, was ever able to keep the papers straight because in a few years time Munsey bought the Press, Morning Sun, Evening Sun, Herald, Telegram, Mail and Globe. He combined these in quaint fashion, keeping "the best features of each" and Nat was always one of the better assets.

Scripps-Howard bought the Telegram after Munsey's death and Nat was ensconced there as sports editor when he made the mistake of taking a trip abroad. During that period Roy Howard bought the World and combined it with the Telegram. When Nat got back, the reporters met him at the boat and asked him politely what he was going to do.

"Go back to the Telegram, of course," cried Nat glibly.

They pointed a wavy finger at him and chanted in chorus:

"Oh, no, you're not, Nattie; you're fired."

And thus it proved to be. Joe Williams had the job and Nat was out. Instead of looking around for anything else, he decided to give all his time to The Ring, which he had started a few years before and had been conducting with his left hand. He had launched it with a capital of $4,000 and any slight change of wind would have washed it on the rocks. Nat saved it by fancy maneuvering and now had it taking the big waves in very brisk fashion. The depression of 1929 forced him into the arms of Bernarr Macfadden for one sad year but Nat managed to wrench free and eventually paid off the paper company that had carried him so nobly.

Mr. Fleischer has to be careful to remain impartial but anybody can see he yearns for the days of Jim Corbett, Jack Johnson and Joe Gans, when footwork and feinting were sciences and a fighter like Graziano would have had the top of his head pecked off by lefts without managing to land a blow.

"That's why I say Jack Johnson was the greatest fighter that ever lived," says Nat. "Why, he was in here just before he died, big, fat, slow, and he put on the gloves with some of these tough young fellows. Why, he feinted them almost off the second floor. They never laid a glove on him."

This seems the proper place to report the distillation of Nat's thinking over a period of forty-three years. The essence is as follows:

(a) Most eccentric fighter I have ever seen—Battling Siki, the Senegalese.

(b) Greatest boxing thrills—Dempsey-Firpo fight when Dempsey went over the ropes. The Richie Mitchell-Benny Leonard fight in which the Milwaukee fighter, dropped seven times, put Leonard down and almost had the champ out.

(c) Best left hand in boxing—Jack Dempsey.

(d) Most aggressive fighters—Jack Dempsey and Jackie Kid Berg.

(e) Best feinter—Jack Johnson.

(f) Best jabber and counterpuncher—Jack Johnson.

COLLIER'S

"Dear grandchildren, this is a record of your grandpa's voice when he was a little kid just like you"

(g) Coolest fighter—Gene Tunney.

(h) Hardest hitter—Bob Fitzsimmons.

(i) Most durable heavyweight—Jim Jeffries.

(j) Greatest upsets—Schmeling's knockout of Joe Louis and Louis' knockout of Schmeling.

(k) Greatest fistic heroes—John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey.

(l) Great fighter who came to the front most rapidly—Jim Jeffries.

(m) Most thrilling era in boxing—the white-hope period that followed Jack Johnson's defeat of Jeffries.

(n) Greatest champions in all divisions: heavyweight—Jack Johnson; light heavy—Bob Fitzsimmons; middleweight—Stanley Ketchel; welter—Joe Walcott; lightweight—Joe Gans; feather—Abe Attell; bantam—Jimmy Barry; flyweight—Jimmy Wilde.

Nat sticks to his guns on Jack Johnson, although he gets into an argument every time he opens his trap on the subject.

"I've seen them all and that's my choice," he says flatly. "Dempsey was a tiger, Jeffries was a stone wall, Fitzsimmons was a killer, Corbett was a magician, Joe Louis is dynamite with both hands, but Johnson was daddy of them all. He was a wonderful boxer, a splendid jabber, and the best feinter who ever lived and he could catch a blow with his left and counter with his right with such speed that it became almost instantaneous movement. And no matter what anybody says, he could take it and come out. He's my boy."

Nat has the heavyweights lined this way:

1. Jack Johnson, 2. Jim Jeffries, 3. Fitzsimmons, 4. Jack Dempsey, 5. Bob Corbett, 6. Sam Langford, 7. J[illegible], 8. Tom Sharkey, 9. Gene Tunney, 10. Tommy Burns.

While the patrons are gnashing their teeth at this effrontery, we pass on to Nat's boxing collection, which now resides on the second floor of Madison Square Garden and has the look of a Third Avenue pawnshop planted in the jungles of Mato Grosso. From the ceiling hang the boxing gloves used by sundry champs to paralyze their opponents. In glass cases on the right are the watches and rings rendered by champions to their seconds and hence to Nat either for money or as a gift. When Nat was refereeing a fight in Albuquerque during the war between white hope Carl Morris showed him a watch and presented it to him.

"It ain't much," said Carl, "but it's yours. I die and it ends up in a hock shop. I have it in your place and maybe some day somebody remembers old Carl."

The business of the watch requires some explaining. In the old days [illegible]

quet for a pug was complete without the presentation of the ticker. In addition to these Nat has a mess of watches given fighters bought for themselves. One of them is a monstrosity once owned by John L. Sullivan. It weighs a pound and is replete with gadgets telling everything from the state of the weather to the current quotations on the stock market. John L. probably used it as a gag and that is what Nat does with it now.

On a recent trip to Venezuela Nat staggered the natives by dragging out a potato on any excuse and gazing at its mysterious dials with attentive reverence. The new development in the saga centers around Nat's championship belts. When Nat presents the belts, Morris will counter with a watch for Nat. Nat is not on the deal but makes it up on the swings.

The most valuable memento in the collection is the famous belt given Battling Mitchell after his bout with John L. Sullivan. A hundred Lotta Crabtrees banded together and had a belt made up in gold that represented the equivalent of $10,000. When Mitchell's son was killed in the first World War he put the belt up for auction for the benefit of the War Relief Fund. The auctions continued from 1916 to 1922 and raised two million dollars in relief. When Mitchell finally knocked down it went [illegible]

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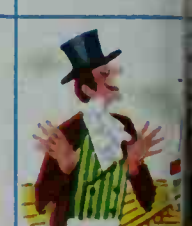
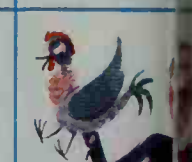
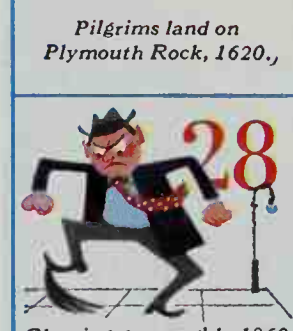
KINSEY'S DECEMBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1 Inter-American Peace Conf. hears FDR, 1936.	 2 Monroe Doctrine formulated, 1823.	3 Gilbert Stuart, famous painter, born 1755.	 4 Washington takes leave of officers, 1783. S'long!	5 Get up your gift list early . . . shop early!	6 Be a smart San pleasure . . . giv
7 N.Y. Philharmonic gives 1st concert, 1842. Sharp!	 8 Telephone ship-to-shore service inaugurated, 1929..	S pair	1	12 Japs sin nay, 1937. Later, sink Japs!	 Drydock paten . . . for sea-si	
 14 Alabama 22nd state to join Union, 1819. Hi, you-all!	15 Sitting Bull shot, 1890. Whom can he Sioux?	1 Boston Tea Party, Look . . . I'm an Indian!	8 Slavery abo ed, 1865 Legree gets his lumps!	 19 Time to hint you want Kinsey 'neath the tree!	2 Broadway lit by Hence "Gay W	
21 Pilgrims land on Plymouth Rock, 1620.,	 22 Why worry about style, fit, color? Just give Kinsey!	23 Fed. Reserve System est'd., 1913. Spare a buck, bud?	24 "T'is the night before Christmas and . . ."	 25 Peace on Earth . . . Good-will to Men!	26 Mason and Dixon set up their famous line, 1767.	 He's nuts ab delicious Kinse
 28 Chewing gum pat'd., 1869. Now we're stuck with it!	29 USS Constitution battles HMS Java; wins, 1812.	30 Made your New Year Party plans? Count on Kinsey!	31 The end of a perfect (?) year!	'47's OUT OF DATE...NOW DRINK A TOAST TO '48! 		

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b, the British manager, who paid
r it and then gave it to Nat.
when his troubles started. The
States Customs confiscated it
rrived and declared Nat would
nk out $624 in duty or see the
ed down. Nat hollered murder
natter finally went to the Solici-
ral. The government claimed
the belt left the possession of
al recipient it could be used for
purposes by others and hence
ct to duty. Nat whipped out a
peeled off a grand note.
of you gentlemen here can put
on, walk down two flights and
here alive, I'll pay the duty and
this thousand-dollar bill."
vernment forces declined the
ked askance at such horseplay
ated the $624 figure. Nat finally

ng that interests Nat most in his
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used. They are less than a
weight and although Nat has
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ves of Many Champions

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nd which Nat confidently ex-
et someday), he has all the
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of it.
exercise in acquisitiveness, no
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the pages of Nat's magazine.
117,000 circulation in all parts
rld. Before the war he dis-
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Mr. Attlee or somebody has
he use of good American dol-
h pleasure with the result that
ives the magazine to his old
in England but the folks in
ca are still ponying over for
s a month.
section known as the Man-
ctory that The Ring finally gets to the meat of the coconut. In this market the percentage boys offer their wares for sale in a scene somewhat resembling Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is human flesh presented on the hoof for the edification of the patrons. From Frank Gatto of Kansas City you can get "Howard Jackson, 118 pounds. Perpetual Fighting Machine. World's Greatest Crowd Pleaser." Fats Gary and Pete Martin of Philadelphia provide two excellent specimens in "Frank Feener, Irish welterweight kayo artist, and Sal Clementi, bantamweight Bundle of Dynamite."

In case that doesn't please your taste Guy T. Sulpi of Buffalo will let you gaze on "Stanley Myska, the Bull of the Heavyweights." Max Yeargain of Topeka stresses sentiment as well as prowess with "Pat McCafferty, the Middle West's light heavyweight sensation and Navy Hero." Jack Solomons, international boxing promoter of London, combines business with a delicate threat: "I am anxious to secure the best boxing talent obtainable and managers who would like to tour Europe with high-class fighters would do well to contact me."

But near the end of a list a sour note intrudes. Ike Williams, the lightweight champion, has a simple announcement, saying, "I am now handling my own business arrangements." This was obviously treason but we understand that Ike finally recanted. However, for a few fleeting moments he was a free man.

That's the way it is with Nat Fleischer, too. He wears his own soft shirt and takes lip from no man. He once had a 10 per cent contract with Max Schmeling that would have netted him $240,000 but he never exercised it. Max didn't want to pay and Nat didn't want his money anyhow.

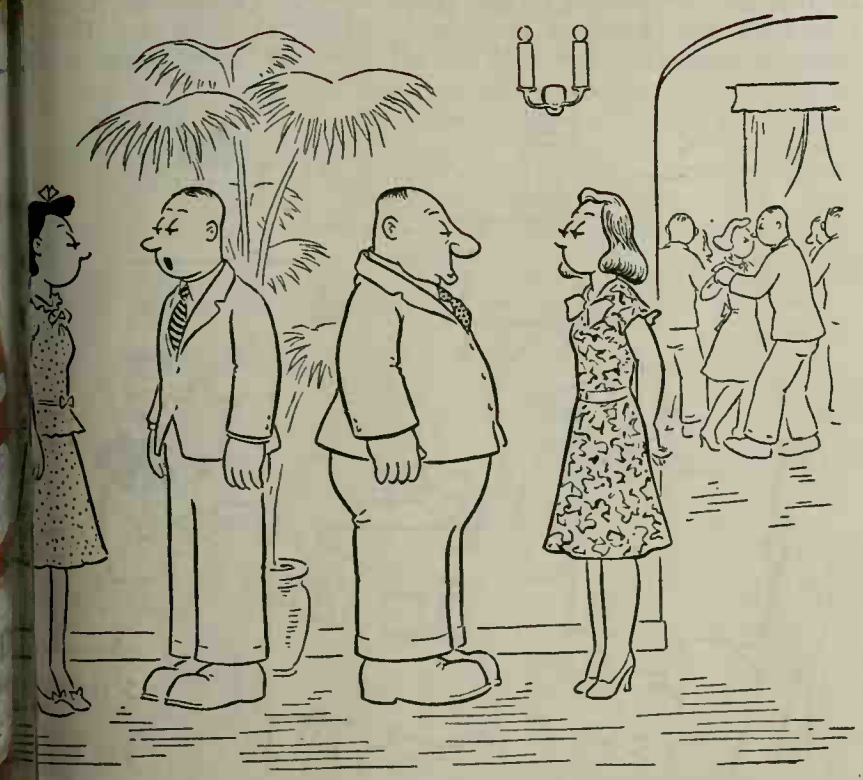
"I just wanted to prove to Tex Rickard that I knew a good fighter when I saw one," says Nat. "I didn't know he was going to turn out to be a political louse."

In the Fleischer book nobody is a boxing louse. He is a good fighter or a punk fighter and Nat loves him just the same. He has a standing order for his worldwide string of correspondents (all working gratis for the honor of it): "If you can't praise a guy, keep quiet. He'll take enough licks from the other guy anyhow."

This seems to be the basic Fleischer philosophy—and probably could stand a bit of reflection from us all.

THE END

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



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THE TIN STAR

Continued from page 11

what I mean? You don't get a thing for it. You've got to risk everything. And you're free inside. Like the larks. You know the larks? How they get up in the sky and sing when they want to? A pretty bird. A very pretty bird. That's the way I like to feel inside."

Toby looked at him without expression. "That's the way you look at it. I don't see it. I've only got one life. You talk about doing it all for nothing, and that gives you something. What? What've you got now, waiting for Jordan to come?"

"I don't know yet. We'll have to wait and see."

Toby turned back to the window. "All right, but I'm through. I don't see any sense in risking your neck for nothing."

"Maybe you will," Doane said, beginning to work on his hands again.

"Here comes Mettrick. I guess he don't give up so easy. He's still got that resignation in his hand."

"I guess he doesn't," Doane said. "But I'm through listening. Has young Jordan come out of the saloon yet?"

"No," Toby said, and stepped aside as the door opened. Mettrick came in. "Now listen, Doane," he burst out, "for the last time—"

"Shut up, Percy," Doane said. "Sit down over there and shut up or get out."

The flare went out of the mayor's eyes. "Doane," he moaned, "you are the biggest—"

"Shut up," Doane said. "Toby, has he come out yet?"

Toby stood a little back from the window, where the slant of golden sunlight, swarming with dust, wouldn't strike his white shirt.

"Yes. He's got a chair. He's looking this way, Doane. He's still drinking. I can see a bottle on the porch beside him."

"I expected that. Not that it makes much difference." He looked down at the bunch of flowers.

Mettrick, in the straight chair against the wall, looked up at him, his black eyes scornful in his long, hopeless face.

"Don't make much difference? Who the hell do you think you are, Doane? God? It just means he'll start the trouble without waiting for his stinking brother, that's all it means." His hand was shaking, and the white paper hanging listlessly from his fingers fluttered slightly. He looked at it angrily and stuck it out at Doane. "I gave it to you. I did the best I could. Whatever happens, don't be blaming me, Doane. I gave you a chance to resign, and if—" He left off and sat looking at the paper i as though it were a dead pu that somebody had run a bugg

Doane, standing with the most chisel-pointed tips of just touching the flowers, tur with the care of movement have used around a crazy hors you're my friend, Perey. J easy, Percy. If I don't resign, cause I'm ungrateful."

"Here comes Staley with Toby said from the window. like somebody just shot his

Percy Mettrick laid his pa desk and began smoothing fully. "It's not as though it w orable, Doane. You should two years ago, when your h bad. It's not dishonorable no still got time."

He glanced up at the wall only three. You've got an hou gets in, you can take your hor he talked to himself, Doa slantwise at him with his litt grew more cheerful. "Here." a pen out at Doane. "Sign it of town."

THE smile left Doane's mo is an elective office. I d take orders, even if you are m face softened. "It's simpler think, Perey. When they didn dan, I knew this day would years ago, I knew it was co they gave him that silly ser been waiting for it."

"But not to commit suicid said in a low voice, his eyes to Doane's gouty hands knobby, twisted fingers cl into fists, as though hiding his face flushed slightly. "I n but I can still shoot."

The mayor stood up and over to the door.

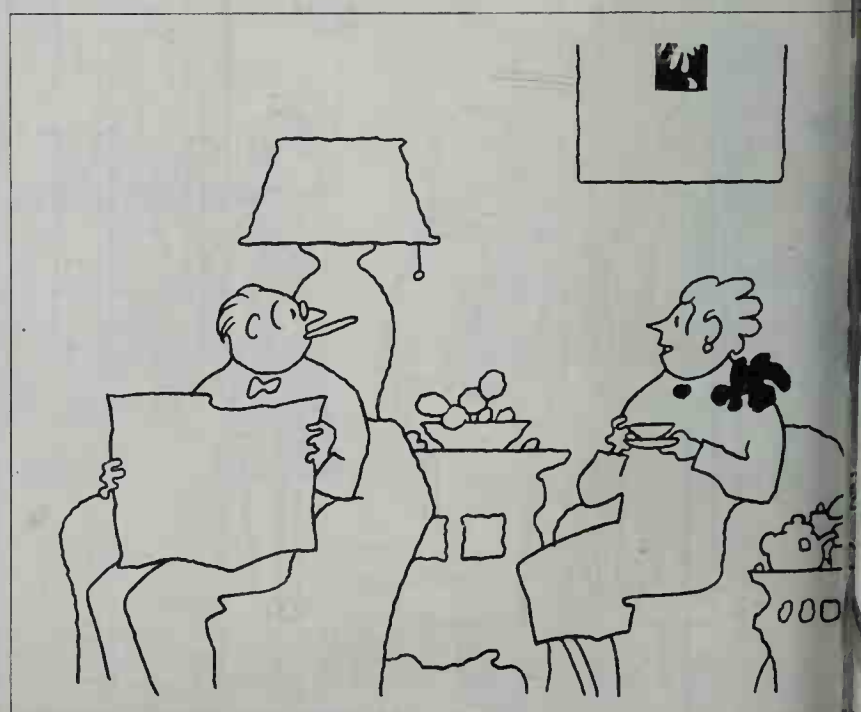
"Goodby, Doane."

"I'm not saying goodby, yet."

"Goodby," Mettrick re went out of the door.

Toby turned from the w face was tight around the m should have resigned like he You ain't a match for one of much less two of them toge Pierce and Frank Colby co they was all together before

"Shut up, shut up," Doan God's sake, shut up." He sa denly at the desk and cove



"Do you think that if the Democrats lose, Herbert, they will go unc

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with his hands. "Maybe the pen changes a man." He was sitting stiff, hardly breathing.

"What are you going to do, Doane?"

"Nothing. I can't do anything until they start something. I can't do a thing. . . . Maybe the pen changes a man. Sometimes it does. I remember—"

"Listen, Doane," Toby said, his voice, for the first time, urgent. "It maybe changes some men, but not Jordan. It's already planned, what they're going to do. Why else would young Jordan be over there, watching? He's come three hundred miles for this."

"I've seen men go in the pen hard as rock and come out peaceful and settle down. Maybe Jordan—"

Toby's face relapsed into dullness. He turned back to the window listlessly. Doane's hands dropped.

"You don't think that's true, Toby?"

Toby sighed. "You know it isn't so, Doane. He swore he'd get you. That's the truth."

Doane's hands came up again in front of his face, but this time he was looking at them, his big gray eyes going quickly from one to the other, almost as though he were afraid of them. He curled his fingers slowly into fists, and uncurled them slowly, pulling with all his might, yet slowly. A thin sheen on his face reflected the sunlight from the floor. He got up.

"Is he still there?" he asked.

"Sure, he's still there."

"Maybe he'll get drunk. Dead drunk."

"You can't get a Jordan that drunk."

Doane stood with feet apart, looking at the floor, staring back and forth along one of the cracks. "Why didn't they hang him?" he asked the silence in the room.

"Why didn't they hang him?" he repeated, his voice louder.

Toby kept his post by the window, not moving a muscle in his face, staring out at the man across the street. "I don't know," he said. "For murder, they should. I guess they should, but they didn't."

DOANE'S eyes came again to the flowers, and some of the strain went out of his face. Then suddenly his eyes closed and he gave a long sigh, and then, luxuriously, stretched his arms. "Good God!" he said, his voice easy again. "It's funny how it comes over you like that." He shook his head violently. "I don't know why it should. It's not the first time. But it always does."

"I know," Toby said.

"It just builds up and then it busts."

"I know."

"The train may be late."

Toby said nothing.

"You never can tell," Doane said, buckling on his gun belt. "Things may have changed with Jordan. Maybe he won't even come. You never can tell. I'm going up to the cemetery as soon as we hear from Staley."

"I wouldn't. You'd just tempt young Jordan to start something."

"I've been going up there every Sunday since she died."

"We'd best both just stay in here. Let them make the first move."

Feet sounded on the steps outside and Doane stopped breathing for a second. Staley came in, his face pinched, tight and dead, his eyes on the floor. Doane looked him over carefully.

"Is it on time?" he asked steadily.

Staley looked up, his faded blue eyes distant, pointed somewhere over Doane's head. "Mr. Doane, you ain't handled this thing right. You should of drove young Jordan out of town." His hand went to his chest and he took off the deputy's badge.

"What are you doing?" Doane asked sharply.

"If you'd of handled it right, we could have beat this," Staley said, his voice louder.

"You know nobody's done nothing

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yet," Toby said softly, his gentle brown eyes on Staley. "There's nothing we can do until they start something."

"I'm quitting, Mr. Doane," Staley said. He looked around for someplace to put the star. He started for the desk, hesitated, and then awkwardly, with a peculiar diffidence, laid the star gently on the window sill.

Doane's jaw began to jut a little. "You still haven't answered my question. Is the train on time?"

"Yes. Four ten. Just on time." Staley stood staring at Doane, then swallowed. "I saw Frank Colby. He was in the livery putting up his horse. He'd had a long ride on that horse. I asked him what he was doing in town—friendly like." He ducked his head and swallowed again. "He didn't know I was a deputy, I had my star off." He looked up again. "They're all meeting together, Mr. Doane. Young Jordan, and Colby and Pierce. They're going to meet Jordan when he comes in. The same four."

"So you're quitting," Doane said.

"Yes, sir. It ain't been handled right."

Toby stood looking at him, his gentle eyes dull. "Get out," he said, his voice low and tight.

Staley looked at him, nodded and tried to smile, which was too weak to last. "Sure."

Toby took a step toward him. Staley's eyes were wild as he stood against the door. He tried to back out of Toby's way.

"Get out," Toby said again, and his small brown fist flashed out. Staley stepped backward and fell down the steps in a sprawling heap, scrambled to his feet and hobbled away. Toby closed the door slowly. He stood rubbing his knuckles, his face red and tight.

"That didn't do any good," Doane said softly.

Toby turned on him. "It couldn't do no harm," he said acidly, throwing the words into Doane's face.

"You want to quit, too?" Doane asked, smiling.

"Sure, I want to quit," Toby shot out. "Sure. Go on to your blasted cemetery, go on with your flowers, old man—" He sat down suddenly on the straight chair. "Put a flower up there for me, too."

Doane went to the door. "Put some water on the heater, Toby. Set out the liniment that the vet gave me. I'll try it again when I get back. It might do some good yet."

He let himself out and sto sunlight on the porch, the flow ing in his hand, looking again across the street at the dim fig the shaded porch.

Then he saw the two oth hunkered against the front of in the shade of the porch, or side of young Jordan, who sat in a chair. Colby and Pierce. of the sun beat back from th white dust and fought shim the air.

Doane pulled the brim of h ther down in front and step down to the board sidewal ing carefully from squinted just as carefully avoiding which might be interpreted lenge.

Young Jordan had the b lips as Doane came out. He h for a moment motionless, a Doane reached the walk, he bottle slowly sideward to leaned forward, away from t that the chair came down so there, leaning forward slightl while Doane untied his horse. mounted, Jordan got up. C grabbed one of his arms. H off and untied his own hors rail.

DOANE'S mouth tighten eyes looked a little sad. his horse, and holding the flo jog would not rattle off the pe up the street, looking straight

The hoofs of his horse ma most inaudible little plops dust. Behind him he hear stamping of hoofs and the splitting and crash of wood. back. Young Jordan's horse the sidewalk, wild-eyed an with young Jordan leaning f out of the saddle, pushing h from the horse's neck, back into the saddle, swaying inse as Jordan managed the horse walk Doane looked quick again, his eyes fixed distantl blank.

He passed men he knew, the corner of his eye he saw slowly follow him, calm, or shrewdly speculative. As h knew their glances were sh man whose horse was softly hind him. It was like that al

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t. The flowers were drooping now.

wn petered out with a few Mexi- cs, the road dwindled to broad the sage was suddenly on all im, stretching away toward the ured mountains like an infinite of gray-green sheep. He f the road and began the slight the little hill whereon the ceme- Grasshoppers shrilled invisibly rse, dried grass along the track, e came by, and shrill again as only to become silent again as rider came.

ng off at the rusty barbed wire gate and slipped the loop from nd the shadow of the other slid his path and stopped. Doane lips quickly and looked up, tightening on the now sweat- wspaper. Young Jordan was horse, open-mouthed, leaning ith his hands on the pommel himself, his eyes vague and ps were wet and red, and hung smile.

nade the air sweet over to the hen Doane saw it, rising into ung in the sun, over the ceme- ing steadily and avoiding all , Doane hung his reins over

n't like me, do you?" young l. A long thread of saliva de- m the corner of his slackly uth.

'S face set into a sort of blank edness. He turned and started ugh the gate, his shoulders and pulled backward.

ot down from the saddle, and ed toward him slowly. Jor- rward straight enough, with rt, braced against staggering. three feet from Doane, bent mouth slightly open.

any objections to me being

ane said, and stood still. ought that over, his eyes sideways for a moment. came back, to a finer focus nd he said, "Why not?" rward again, his hands open ay from the holsters at his

oked at the point of his nose. n't done anything, Jordan. runk. Nothing to break the

done nothing," Jordan said, inting away at one of the tombstones. "By God, I'll do something. Whadda I got to do?" He drew his head back, as though he were farsighted, and squinted. "Whadda I got to do to make you fight, huh?"

"Don't do anything," Doane said quietly, keeping his voice even. "Just go back and have another drink. Have a good time."

"You think I ain't sober enough to fight?" Jordan slipped his right gun out of its holster, turning away from Doane. Doane stiffened. "Wait, mister," Jordan said.

He cocked the gun. "See that bird?" He raised the gun into the air, squinting along the barrel. The bright nickel of its finish gleamed in the sun. The lark wheeled and fluttered. Jordan's arm swung unsteadily in a small circle.

He pulled the trigger and the gun blasted. The lark jumped in the air, flew away about twenty feet, and began circling again, catching insects.

"Missed 'im," Jordan mumbled, lowering his arm and wiping sweat off his forehead. "Damn it, I can't see!" He raised his arm again. Again the heavy blast cracked Doane's ears. Down in the town, near the Mexican huts, he could see tiny figures run out into the street.

The bird didn't jump this time, but darted away out of sight over the hill.

"Got him," Jordan said, scanning the sky. His eyes wandered over the graveyard for a moment, looking for the bird's body. "Now you see?" he said, turning to Doane, his eyes blurred and watering with the sun's glare. "I'm going down and shoot up the damned town. Come down and stop me, you old—"

He turned and lurched sideways a step, straightened himself out and walked more steadily toward his horse, laughing to himself. Doane turned away, his face sick, and trudged slowly up the hill, his eyes on the ground.

He stopped at one of the newer graves. The headstone was straight on this one. He looked at it, his face changing expression. "Here lies Cecelia Doane, born 1837, died 1885, the loyal wife . . ."

He stooped and pulled a weed from the side of the grave, then pulled a bunch of withered stems from a small green funnel by the headstone, and awkwardly took the fresh flowers out of the newspaper. He put the flowers into the funnel, wedging them firmly down into the bottom, and set it down again. He stood up and moved back, wiping sweat from his eyes.

A sudden shout came from the gate, and the sharp crack of a quirt. Doane turned with a befuddled look.

Jordan was back on his horse, beating

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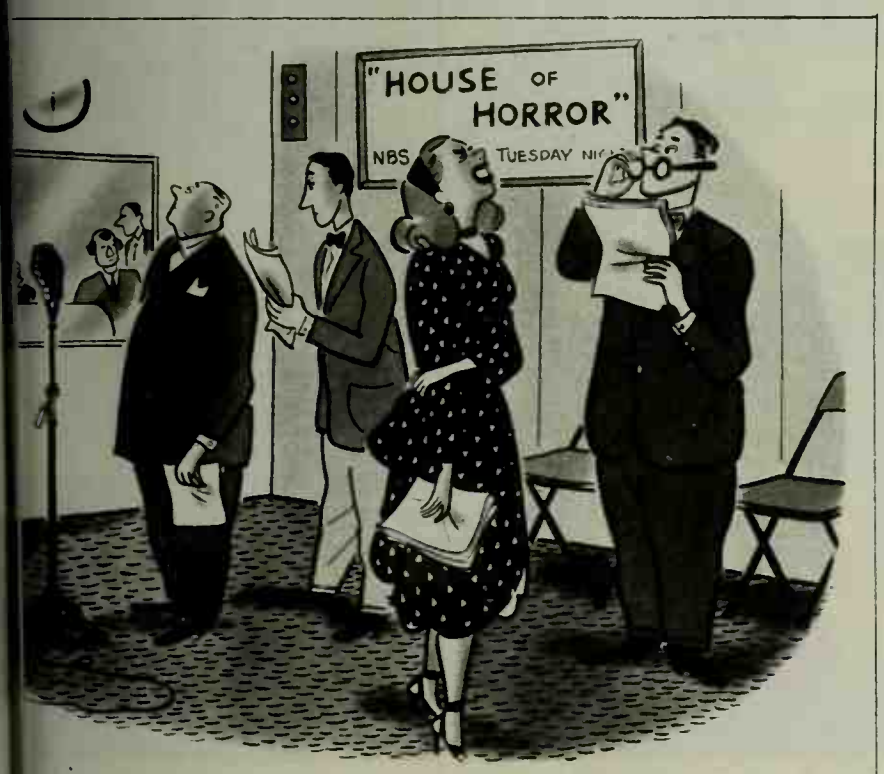
He had looped the reins over
o that it would run free. It was
way down the slope headed
town.
stood with his hat in his hand,
uddenly beet red. He took a
Jordan, and then stood still,
little. He stared fixedly after
ching him turn into the main
toward the main street again.
ing deeply, he turned back to
Folding the newspaper, he be-
g off the heavy slab, whisper-
self. "No, Cissie. I could have
ut, you know—it's my town."
ightened up, his face flushed,
hat, and slapping the folded
inst his knee, started down the
got to the Missouri gate,
and started down the ruts

came from the town, and he
ed. Then there were two more,
ts of sound coming clear and
ross the sage. He made out a
in a blue shirt running along

d stock-still, the grasshoppers
a contented chorus all around



times I think if I have to shriek just one more time, I'll scream!"

DON TOBIN

bright yellow glare. A train
e faint from off the plain,
ed far across it. He made
trailed plume of smoke.
began to quiver very slightly
n to walk, very slowly, down

lenly there was a splatter of
low. The train whistle came
, a crying wail of despair in
brilliant, dancing air.
to hurry, stumbling a little
And then he stopped short,
n in fear. "My God, my
, those shots—Toby, no!"
run, shambling, awkward
g, his face ashen.
end of the street, as he hob-
past the tight-shut Mexican
could see a blue patch in the
of the saloon, and shambled
vasn't Toby, whoever it was,
ce down: face buried in the
ing dust, feet still on the
lk where the man had been

was empty. None of the
w looked at him now. He
his guns and cocked it and
up the walk, on the saloon

ashed ahead of him and he
nking against a store front.
h the glass door, he could
faces in the murk. Blue

glanced down between the saloon and the store beside it. Then he saw, fifty yards down the street, a figure come out of another side alley and hurry away down the walk toward the station. From the saloon door another shot slammed across the street. Toby held his fire.

Doane peered after the running figure, his eyes squinting thoughtfully. The train's whistle shrieked again like the ultimatum of an approaching conqueror at the edge of town, and in a moment the ground under his feet began to vibrate slightly and the hoarse roar of braking wheels came up the street.

He turned back to young Jordan's horse, petted it around the head a moment and then took it by the reins close to the bit. He guided it across the street, keeping its body between him and the front of the saloon, without drawing fire, and went on down the alley beside his office. At the rear door he hitched the horse and went inside.

Toby was on the floor, a gun in his hand, his hat beside him, peering out across the sill. Doane kept low, beneath the level of the window, and crawled up to him. Toby's left leg was twisted peculiarly and blood leaked steadily out from the boot top onto the floor. His face was sweating and very pale, and his lips were tight.

"I thought he got you," Toby said, keeping his eyes on the saloon across the street. "I heard those shots and then your horse came bucketing back down the street. I got Jordan. Colby got me in the leg before I got back inside."

"Never mind about that. Come on, get on your feet if you can and I'll help you on the horse in back. You can get out of town and I'll shift for myself."

"I think I'm going to pass out. I don't want to move. It won't hurt no worse getting killed than it does now. The hell with the horse! Take it yourself."

Doane looked across the street, his eyes moving over the door and the windows carefully, inch by inch.

"I'm sorry I shot him," Toby said. "It's my fault. And it's my fight now, Doane. Clear out."

Doane turned and scuttled out of the back. He mounted the horse and rode down behind four stores. He turned up another alley, dashed across the main street, down another alley, then back up behind the saloon.

He dismounted, his gun cocked in his hand. The back door of the place was open and he got through it quickly, the sound of his boot heels dimmed under the blast of a shot from the front of the saloon. From the dark rear of the room, he could see Pierce, crouched behind the bar, squinting through a bullet hole in the stained-glass bottom half of the front window.

There was a bottle of whisky standing on the bar beside Pierce; he reached out a hand and tilted the bottle up to his mouth, half turning toward Doane as he did so. Pierce kept the bottle to his lips, pretending to drink, and, with his right hand invisible behind the bar, brought his gun into line with Doane.

The tip of Pierce's gun came over the edge of the bar, the rest of him not moving a hair, and Doane, gritting his teeth, squeezed slowly and painfully on his gun trigger. The gun flamed and bucked in his hand, and he dropped it, his face twisting in agony. The bottle fell out of Pierce's hand and spun slowly on the bar. Pierce sat there for a moment before his head fell forward and he crashed against the edge of the bar and slipped down out of sight.

DOANE picked up his gun with his left hand and walked forward to the bar, holding his right hand like a crippled paw in front of him. The bottle had stopped revolving. Whisky inside it, moving back and forth, rocked it gently. He righted it and took a short pull at the neck, and in a moment the pain lines relaxed in his face. He went to the batwing doors and pushed one of them partly open.

"Toby!" he called.

There was no answer from across the street, and then he saw the barrel of a revolver sticking out of his office door, lying flat, and behind it one hand, curled loosely and uselessly around the butt.

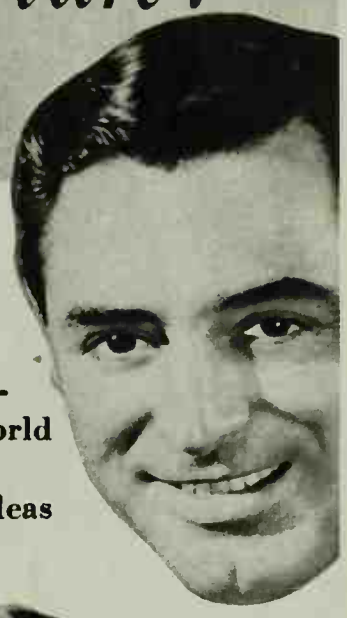
He looked down the street. The train stood across it. A brakeman moved along the cars slowly, his head down. There was nobody else in sight.

He started to step out, and saw then two men coming up the opposite walk, running fast. Suddenly one of them stopped, grabbing the other by the arm, and pointed at him. He stared back for a moment, seeing Jordan clearly now, the square, hard face unchanged except for its pallor, bleak and bony as before.

Doane let the door swing to and continued to watch them over the top of it. They talked for a moment. Then Colby ran back down the street—well out of effective range—sprinted across it and disappeared. Down the street the engine, hidden by some building, chuffed angrily, and the cars began to move again. Jordan stood still, leaning against the front of a building, fully exposed, a hard smile on his face.

Doane turned and hurried to the back door. It opened outward. He slammed and bolted it, then hurried back to the

what an idea for a picture!



... an out-of-this-world guy with worldly ideas

... the bishop's wife thought the ideas were good

the bishop—who had some ideas of his own

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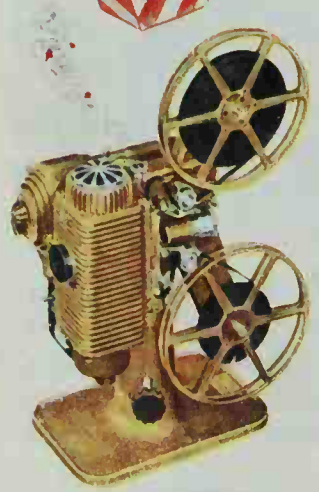

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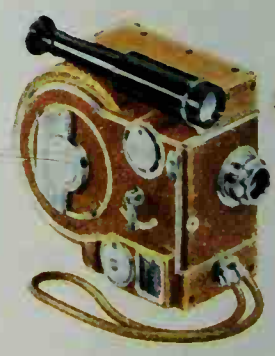

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Revere EIGHT

In pursuit of happiness Revere adds to yo

waited, his gun ready. He
he back door rattled, turned,
at it and listened. For a mo-
was no sound. Then some-
hit it, bumped a couple of
ilence came again.
side of the building, just be-
rner where Pierce's body lay,
hed. The gun in the office
d out of the hand and spun
hand lay still.
Jordan's voice from down
calling, the words formed
tly spaced.
ad?"
ut," Colby called back.
ng around back to get him.
e inside." Jordan turned and
down an alley.

leaned across the bar,
d bottles off the shelves of the
held his pistol on the corner
about a foot above the floor.
he said.
ut your guns," Pierce an-

uinted at the corner, moved
tly and fired. He heard a cry
n curses; saw the bat-wing
slightly. Then he turned and
back door. He threw back
d pushed on the door. It
e. He threw himself against

E FOOD !

little at the bottom. Colby
stake up against it to keep
n.
k to the front.
street, he could see some-
in his office, dimly, beyond
Suddenly the hand on the
ared.
out, you old ——" Pierce
"You only skinned me."
closer than before, some-
n the door and the corner
ng, below the level of the

e saw Toby's white shirt be-
dow opposite. Jordan was
p, and moving toward the
came out on the porch,
around the chest, protect-
th the limp body. With a
Toby flying down the steps,
back out of sight. Toby
the sidewalk and fell into
re he lay motionless.
ed stupidly at Toby, then
n, still lying with his feet
he sidewalk.
d, Doane," Jordan called.
et him if you want him
ed through the window.
six inches from Toby's
on out, Doane, and shoot
t a chance to save him."
d again, and dust jumped
beside Toby's head, al-
e spot.
kid alone," Doane called.
etween you and me."
ot kills him, Doane."
e sagged white and he
the side of the door. He
rce breathing heavily in
outside. He pushed him-
n the door and drew a
h clenched teeth. He
l and strode out, swing-

ing around. Pierce fired from the sidewalk, and Doane aimed straight into the blast and pulled as he felt himself flung violently around by Pierce's bullet.

Pierce came up from the sidewalk and took two steps toward him, opening and shutting a mouth that was suddenly full of blood, his eyes wide and wild, and then pitched down at his feet.

Doane's right arm hung useless, his gun at his feet. With his left hand he drew his other gun and stepped out from the walk, his mouth wide open, as though he were gasping for breath or were about to scream, and took two steps toward Toby as Jordan came out of the office door, firing. The slug caught Doane along the side of his neck, cutting the shoulder muscle, and his head fell over to one side. He staggered on, firing. He saw Toby trying to get up, saw Jordan fall back against the building, red running down the front of his shirt, and the smile gone.

Jordan stood braced against the building, holding his gun in both hands, firing as he slid slowly down. One bullet took Doane in the stomach, another in the knee. He went down, flopped forward and dragged himself up to where Toby lay trying to prop himself up on one elbow. Doane knelt there like a dog, puking blood into the dust, blood running out of his nose, but his gray eyes almost indifferent, as though there were one man dying and another watching.

He saw Jordan lift his gun with both hands and aim it toward Toby, and as the hammer fell, he threw himself across Toby's head and took it in the back. He rolled off onto his back and lay staring into the sky.

Upside down, he saw Toby take his gun and get up on one elbow, level it at Jordan and fire, and then saw Toby's face, over his, looking down at him as the deputy knelt in the street.

THEY stayed that way for a long moment, while Doane's eyes grew more and more dull and the dark of his blood in the white dust grew broader. His breath was coming hard, in small sharp gasps.

"There's nothing in it, kid," he whispered. "Only a tin star. They don't hang the right ones. You got to fight everything twice. It's a job for a dog."

"Thank you, Doane."

"It's all for free. You going to quit, Toby?"

Toby looked down at the gray face, the mouth and chin and neck crimson, the gray eyes dull. Toby shook his head. His face was hard as a rock.

Doane's face suddenly looked a little surprised, his eyes went past Toby to the sky. Toby looked up. A lark was high above them, circling and fluttering, directly overhead. "A pretty bird," Doane mumbled. "A very pretty bird."

His head turned slowly to one side, and Toby looked down at him and saw him as though fast asleep.

He took Doane's gun in his hand, and took off Doane's star, and sat there in the street while men slowly came out of stores and circled about them. He sat there unmoving, looking at Doane's half-averted face, holding the two things tightly, one in each hand, like a child with a broken toy, his face soft and blurred, his eyes unwet.

After a while the lark went away. He looked up at the men, and saw Mettrick.

"I told him he should have resigned," Mettrick said, his voice high. "He could have taken his horse—"

"Shut up," Toby said. "Shut up or get out." His eyes were sharp and his face placid and set. He turned to another of the men. "Get the doc," he said. "I've got a busted leg. And I've got a lot to do."

The man looked at him, a little startled, and then ran.

THE END

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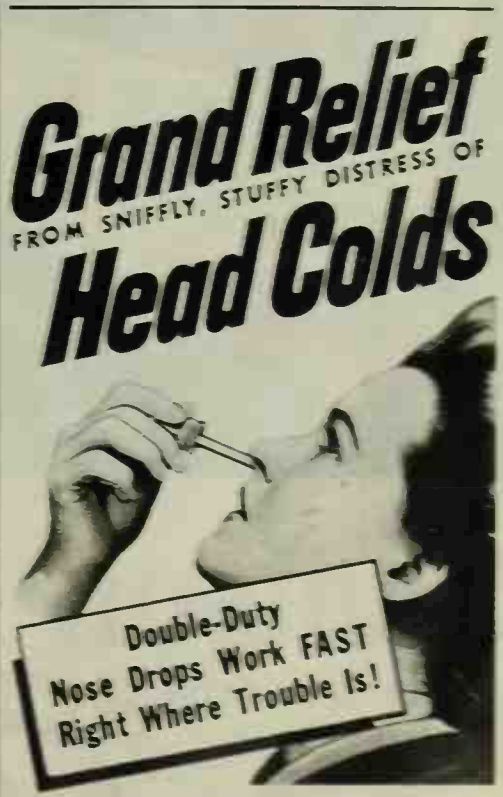
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ALFRED AND THE STAFF OF LIFE

BY FRANK LASKIER

a sailor in the galley, slurping down his coffee and bread and jam.

At the first, Alfred produced a batch of bread with holes in each loaf, the size of the old-fashioned silver dollar. The boatswain returned these loaves to the galley and placed them on the bench and walked out.

"Too much yeast," he said in a weary voice, and Alfred shuffled his feet in shame.

Thereupon, he served us small rancid wads of dough that were cold to the touch and could be pulled apart in strands like well-chewed gum.

It was the lamp trimmer who elected to take these back.

"Not enough yeast," he said brokenly, and going from the galley, he went straight to his quarters and broke out those tins of emergency rations he had kept through the war in case the ship be torpedoed.

All that night, Alfred pored over the weighty cookbooks he had brought aboard the ship. The next day, he produced small hard bricks that clinked when they were dropped; they were dropped often.

A hollow-eyed able seaman made the long trek aft.

"There's enough yeast," he said, "but you ain't put enough salt in it."

The next batch of bread contained so much salt that it seemed to us that our vitals were consumed by flame. Otherwise, a good batch. But we panted through the day like a troupe of tortured collie dogs.

As soon as our thirst was slaked and our voices returned, we marched in a body to the galley.

"Before you ruin the stomach of every man aboard of us," said the boatswain, "take a word of advice."

He led Alfred to the rail.

"D'you see the ocean?" he said. "Well, there's just the right amount in a bucket of salt water to make bread."

He took Alfred by the arm and led him to the galley.

"That there tap," said the boatswain gently, and he pointed to the tap marked Sea Water, "is connected by pipes to the ocean. Use that, and don't add no salt."

Alfred nodded his head, and the joyful light of intelligence gleamed from his eyes.

THEREAFTER, the bread was good, and daily Alfred rose in our esteem. The carefree days sped on until we reached Abadan, on the Persian Gulf. It was on the morning when the thermometer showed 135 degrees in the shade that wasn't there, that Alfred fell from grace.

The bread smelled queer, even as he baked it.

I went to the messroom to find the crew examining one of these loaves as it reposed on the table, under a strong light.

It was small (compact would be a charitable word), in color an aged gray, and heavy enough to bash a man's brains out.

A seaman decided it had been baked in a fireman's sock. This started a bitter argument with the members of the black gang, who wanted to take him up. But the watchword was "Unity."

Again, we marched to the galley. I could see, by the expression on Alfred's face, that he knew he had done wrong, but he showed us how much flour and yeast he had used—

"Did you use the water from the sea tap?" asked the boatswain in a faint voice, and Alfred nodded his head.

One by one we drifted out of the galley, and we had not the heart to say a thing, and we left Alfred, standing there still with that dumfounded look on his face.

I went to the rail and lighted a cigarette. The greasy yellow stream flowing past the ship's side seemed solid enough to walk upon. A dead dog came drifting along, and the current gave it a sort of waltzing effect. A little, just a little, upstream a native boy sat on the bank and washed a lifetime of encrusted dirt from between his odoriferous spatulate toes.

I turned to find Alfred at my side. I was going to bawl him out, and I didn't have the heart, so I gave him a cigarette.

"They told me to use that tap," he said sadly, "but they didn't tell me *not* to use it in port."

"It wouldn't have mattered," I said.

MY THOUGHTS came back with a jolt to the present. I was in the neat little diner, and Alfred was handing me a plate, and on it, half a sandwich. I ate it, and it was superb.

"Did you bake this bread?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"No. My wife does," he whispered. "I'm a married man now, nice little business, doin' well. But I only serve. She won't allow me to cook."

I could scarce control a grin, and Alfred picked up my empty coffee cup, went to refill it and found the pot was empty. "I just made more in the other urn," he chattered, and he filled my cup and put it before me.

I took one look at it and pushed the cup back. He looked down, and at least he had the grace to blush.

"Gee," he said, "I plumb forgot."

But, at that, Alfred *was* showing an improvement.

It was certainly not good coffee, but it was beautifully boiled water.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

HOW TO ANNOY A WOMAN

DEAR SIRS: I've just read How to Double Your Income by Marcia Kent Douglass (Oct. 18th) and I don't believe it. No family of four can be well fed nowadays on $40 per month. We are a family of four and even with a garden, canning and many more meatless and eggless days than Truman ever thought up, we spend at least $100 per month for food. . . .

BETTY M. MICHENER, Sioux Falls, S. D.

. . . Oh, please, Mrs. Douglass, pass me the "pipe."

JANE L. PENTLAND, Norwalk, Conn.

. . . Give me a drag off that one, girlie, before you throw it away!

MRS. O. BRENTON, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Will you send as soon as possible the map with complete directions where we might find this $2,400-per-year Shangri-La?

"We may live without books, what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope, what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love, what is passion but honey?
But where is the man who can live with so little money?"

With humblest apologies to Owen Meredith. MRS. VERONICA C. PRATT, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

. . . Only Wall Street and President Truman could derive satisfaction from such a sneak attack against the return of price control. . . .

SYLVIA DANISON, Jersey City, N. J.

. . . Now let *me* tell one! Back during the depression on an income of $500 per year, we bought a town house, cabin at the beach, dream electrical appliances. Bought a Cadillac which cost not $10 a month as the Douglass car, but nothing. We used hot air, and ran it on the rims to save tires. To save the car my husband walked to and from work, about twelve miles a day.

When our two children were born, the hospital authorities canceled the bills—$150—because we were doing such a grand job saving money.

We ate berries, and grubbed edible roots, occasionally getting fresh milk and meat when a stray goat wandered by. We canned the milk using the cans the goat had eaten.

Having doubled our income, we are now planning a trip around the world, and with the help I can now afford, don't have a thing to do but write letters to magazines and enter soap contests. Yours for bigger and better hallucinations.

MRS. GILBERT BROWER, Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs: The furor which my $40 a month budget has aroused leaves me stunned. It never occurred to me that my achievement was so phenomenal as not to be believed. Let me say I did not claim that you can eat T-bone steaks every day. I made a distinct point that people of average income have to choose what they want out of life, and we would rather save on food in order to have other things. Yes, I do have some definite ideas about how to reduce the national budget. But the appropriations committee has never heard of me.

MARCIA KENT DOUGLASS

IT SEEMS THERE WEREN'T TWO IRISHMEN—

DEAR SIRS: Timothy E. Hayes' letter (The Week's Mail, Sept. 27th) claiming the first white children born in America to be Irish is at least 1,500 years too late. The year 778 A.D. is about correct for the Irish to be in Massachusetts and Alaska. But before the Irish were the Welsh, and before them the Picts who lived on Baffin and Victoria islands from 500 A.D. to about
Before the Picts the Greeks cam
America about 300 B.C., and be
the Carthaginians about 450 B.
the Carthaginians, a Semitic peo
in Alaska from about 700 B.C.
In that time the South China curr
up through Bering Strait wh
Alaska good farming land. Th
developed agriculture in Amer
could have been all or a port
"Ten Lost Tribes" of Israel.

H. M. CRANMER, Hammersley

WITCH'S BROTH?

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Fie, fie
pantywaist concoctions mention
ments (The Week's Mail, Oct. 25
Shane's article, Fountain of Y
6th). Here in the big woods
where the weak die young, a fav
ing beverage is made like this:

Boil a box of fresh Copenha
in half a pint of water; filter t
paper; add a dash of fish oil. P
with pinch of saw filings and
stick of dynamite. Drink whi
cent. Results, when spirits ar
guaranteed miraculous.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN, Po

OPERATION BROADW

DEAR SIRS: After reading Kyl
suave sortie against the medica
edy Allegro (Broadway Sortie,
I have decided on a new title fo
Allergio. SUZI BERG, Ja

. . . Look for a rash of musical
a medical base. I can see one
dente, about the dental profess
members of the cast having t
teeth removed in a grand fina
tendants rush through the audi
istering gas to those who do
ether mixed with their musical

GRETCHEN ROGERS, Poughk

K9

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Yo
Goodby, Please, "Mutt" (Oc
tainly expresses the feeling of
ers in America.

We thank you on behalf of
MR. and MRS. J. R. TATE, Scot

. . . Thank you very much. . .

LASSIE, Hol

. . . Outlawing the word "m
approved. I am a ninety-one-y
Been a "crank" most of my
and other improper features
guage, which I hope will be
wide and be kept pure. I'm e
to the words "got, going and
in "I have got," "we are goin
etc. "I'd, you'd, aren't I" ar
also on my list. I hope a mill
see my letter.

E. W. FARNSWORTH, S

WHODUNIT, PUN

GENTLEMEN: Regarding The
Reader (Oct. 25th):

Grind me up for Monday
I've been stumped by Ogd
Who did it?

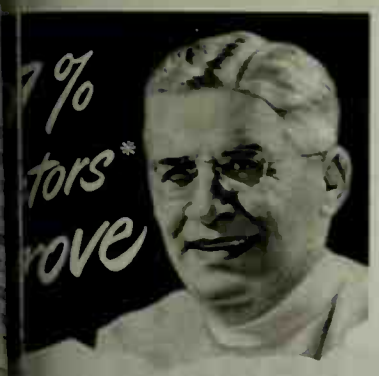
AUDREY LOEHR

*No, the reader wasn't being
It's perfectly obvious who d
—But not to us—we dunno
the mind reader eider.*

OUI SÍ JA DA O

DEAR EDITOR: Re Incongrui
Week's Mail, Oct. 25th) Di
McDonald of Durango, lo
horse, came upon a stranger,
ing whether he spoke Span
said:

"Meester Señor, have you



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horse going down the *camino* road with a *cabresto* rope around his *pescuezo* neck, no?" The answer was "Nope."

W. J. SLATTERY, Oklahoma City, Okla.

MULTIDIGITATED

DEAR SIR: Two questions: (A) How many readers reported that the arm-twisting in Virgil Partch's cartoon (Oct. 11th) also squeezed out an extra finger? (B) Did VIP do it on purpose? Yours for more VIP with more ZIP.

JEROME E. SALNY, Morristown, N. J.

. . . Those six fingers on one hand! Ugh! Partch should have his neck twisted. . . .

SAM VASHELL, Altoona, Pa.

"Okay, you twisted my arm"

(A) We gave up counting the letters about the extra finger. (B) The artist spent four years at the Disney studios drawing three fingers and a thumb on Mickey Mouse and is now making up for the lost digits.

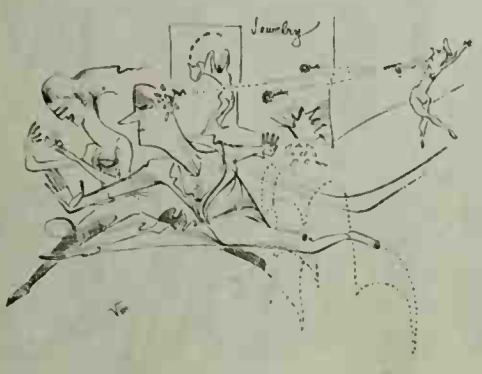
. . . Those hideous cartoons. Humor? Don't be silly. They're sickening.

LORINDA WILDER, Los Angeles, Cal.

"George! It's . . . it's beautiful!"

Contrite Partch redrew the above cartoon to please Miss Wilder and others who think Vip's characters are horrendous. Two versions appear below.

"Ronald! It's . . . it's beautiful!"



This, says Vip, is for Park Avenue appeal.

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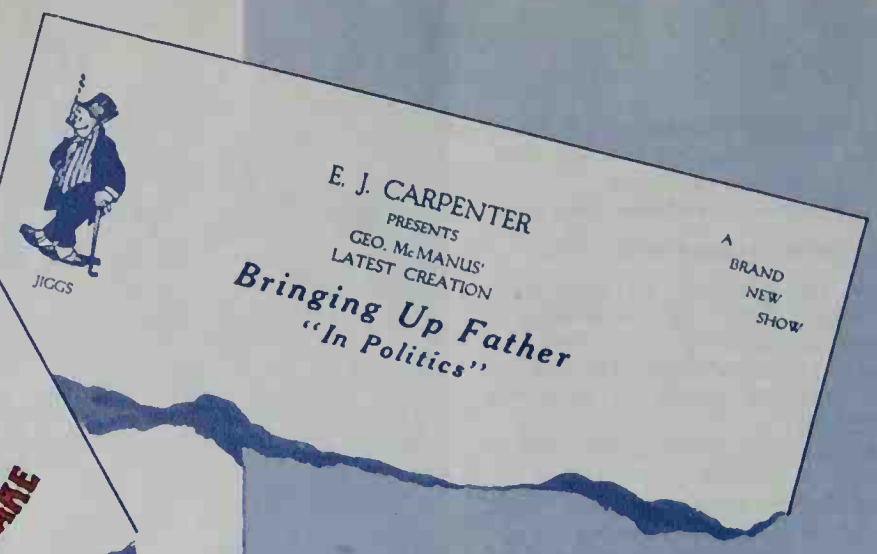

Tear-jerker or comedy, mu
travaganza or drama—the E
penter Company could pr
But Quo Vadis?, Carpenter's f
road production, always rem
favorite, with at least two
touring the road year af

KING
MELODRAM

BY IRVING WAL

For almost forty ye
small towns of Americ
to the Broadway hits p
by the dean of the ro
fraternity, E. J. C

"The Balloon Girl"
A COMEDY DRAMA OF CIRCUS LIFE
BY ROBERT J. SHERMAN
NOT A MOVING PICTURE
A STORY OF A SWEET LITTLE CIRCUS GIRL- HER BAD SISTER- A MINISTER AND MEDDLING TOWN GOSSIPS

WAS a beautiful little animal—sleek black
with a stripe of pure white along its back
far handsomer than the suckling pig, two
striped snake, turtle, three-legged bulldog
tomcat which made up the parade of The
Show in the World. Eight-year-old Ernie
, manager of the show, had billed it as an
dcat, but he learned quickly that it had no
the act. Less imaginative persons called it
It broke up the parade and put a period
Ernie's career as a showman.
period is only the end of a sentence; other
may follow and build themselves into a
ded story. And so it was with Ernie Car-
Learning that other youngsters were willing
see the act—two pins or a button or some-
the sort—he decided it was better to be a
producer than an actor. Little Ernie in
me the dean of the road-show fraternity,
penter, America's king of melodrama.
rly forty years he produced and presented
ll parts of the nation. Will Rogers, Douglas
, Lillian Russell, Flo Ziegfeld, Clara Kim-
ng, George M. Cohan, Lou Tellegen,
Coburn, Maurice Costello, Walter Huston,
cker, W. C. Fields, Eva Tanguay, as well
f the other well-known stars of the past
des, were at one time his business associ-
lose friends. He gave many of them their
jobs.
Fairbanks, Jr., and Carpenter's son, Jack,
he same basket while Doug, Sr., and Mrs.
played in Officer 666 during the Chicago
was to save the expense of one nursemaid.
the seasons when Carpenter was sending
troupes to play New York smash hits in
stands, he visited every town in the United
Canada with a population of at least 5,000
aller ones if they had an opera house. In
"sticks" an opportunity to see Broadway
popular prices, he became known as The
natic *(sic)* King of the West.
l start in show business came in the Gay
hen he was fired from a job as printer's
e St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer Press and
as handy man to the Alhambra Road
h was preparing to go on tour.
was bad from the start. At Albert Lea,
, the sheriff came backstage to attach the
Stalling for time, the manager pointed
Carpenter as treasurer. Flattered by this
motion, Carpenter did some fast thinking
He convinced the sheriff that he could
ney only by accompanying the show to
the next town, where he could attach the receipts.

The officer, a reasonable man, agreed: at Perry, Iowa, he even helped put up the scenery. Again the show failed to make expenses, and the sheriff from that county came to see them. "Treasurer" Carpenter gave him the same spiel, and the troupe went on to Des Moines with two sheriffs as temporary members. At Des Moines the jinx left them; Foster's Opera House was jammed and both officers got their money.

Leaving the Alhambra troupe, Carpenter returned to the Twin Cities, where he induced a store clerk with dramatic aspirations to head the road show. Gold-lettered literature was issued which announced: "E. J. Carpenter Presents That Eminent American Tragedian, Sanford Dodge, and a Superb Company in Their Regular Annual Tour." He listed a repertoire of six plays: Damon and Pythias, The Marble Heart, Othello, Richard III, Don César de Bazan, and Hamlet. Sanford Dodge became very popular throughout the Middle West.

Not content to confine himself to the corn belt, Carpenter moved his headquarters to Chicago and later to New York. *Quo Vadis?*, his first major road production, remained his favorite throughout his career, with at least two companies on the road year after year. Other companies under his direction presented For Her Sake, In a Woman's Power, Mr. Plaster of Paris, A Little Outcast, Why Girls Leave Home, Shepherd of the Hills, Her First False Step, Girls of All Nations, School Days, The Other Man's Wife, Over the Hill to the Poor House. Forty-five minutes from Broadway, At Cripple Creek, The Convict's Daughter, The Prisoner of Spain, The Blue Mouse, The Pinafore Kids, and comedies on newspaper cartoon characters like Mutt and Jeff, The Captain and the Kids, and Bringing Up Father.

A Disastrous Season with the "Prince"

Carpenter will never forget his 1929 tour of the Shubert superproduction, The Student Prince, with a cast of one hundred. He had to put up $100,000 before taking the show out of New York City. The manager of His Majesty's Theater in Montreal acclaimed it the greatest production to come to Canada. But it was too big for the towns he had shown in with smaller companies, and he was forced to pull back to New York in midseason. He lost $30,000 on the tour. That same year he dropped a small fortune in the Wall Street crash.

Jack Pearl worked for Carpenter for thirty-five dollars a week. He later received $5,000 a week as the Baron Munchausen on the radio. Tom Moore, who played in At Cripple Creek was a favorite with Carpenter, the cast and the public, because of his Irish happy-go-lucky ways. J. Warren Kerrigan, Carpenter says, was a greater favorite with the women in his day than Gable, Sinatra and Van Johnson are today. Kerrigan first won public attention in Carpenter's road show, The Road to Yesterday. He later became wealthy in motion-picture work.

One time when Carpenter put out a call for a cast for a *Quo Vadis?* company, a beautiful young lady with a ten-month-old son came to his office. She had parted from her husband, John Pringle, and insisted on having a new name, so Carpenter named her Adair. Ida Adair became a popular actress. Later she married an actor by the name of Gilbert and her boy John assumed that name. As John Gilbert he became a famous motion-picture star.

A drama club in Minneapolis once induced Carpenter to give one of its members a part—beautiful Millicent Evans, a minister's daughter. She traveled several seasons with one of the companies, ending up each one considerably overdrawn. On the last day of the year 1901, when the For Her Sake company was playing in Salt Lake City, he called Miss Evans aside and mentioned her badly overdrawn account. The flustered young lady assured the Big Boss that she'd make it up by the close of the season. He laughingly told her that the only way he could figure out how her account could be balanced was to marry him. "Will you?" he asked seriously. She said, "Yes," and they were married between shows that day.

Millicent Evans continued with her stage career, appearing in many Carpenter road productions, and later playing with Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Russell, Lionel Barrymore, May Robson and Charles Coburn.

Carpenter tried his hand at various business enterprises but always returned to his first love—the road shows. In 1909, he decided to build a model theater which would have the finest features of all the show houses he had played in over the United States and Canada.

He laid his plans before a group of St. Louis businessmen who raised a quarter of a million dollars and built the Princess Theater. At the opening, Carpenter brought in a New York company to play A Barnyard Romeo. Not long afterward, he resigned, accepting $25,000 for his part. His original trip, which cost less than $100, was his total cash investment.

During the early days of motion pictures, Carpenter organized the Colonial Motion Picture Corpo-

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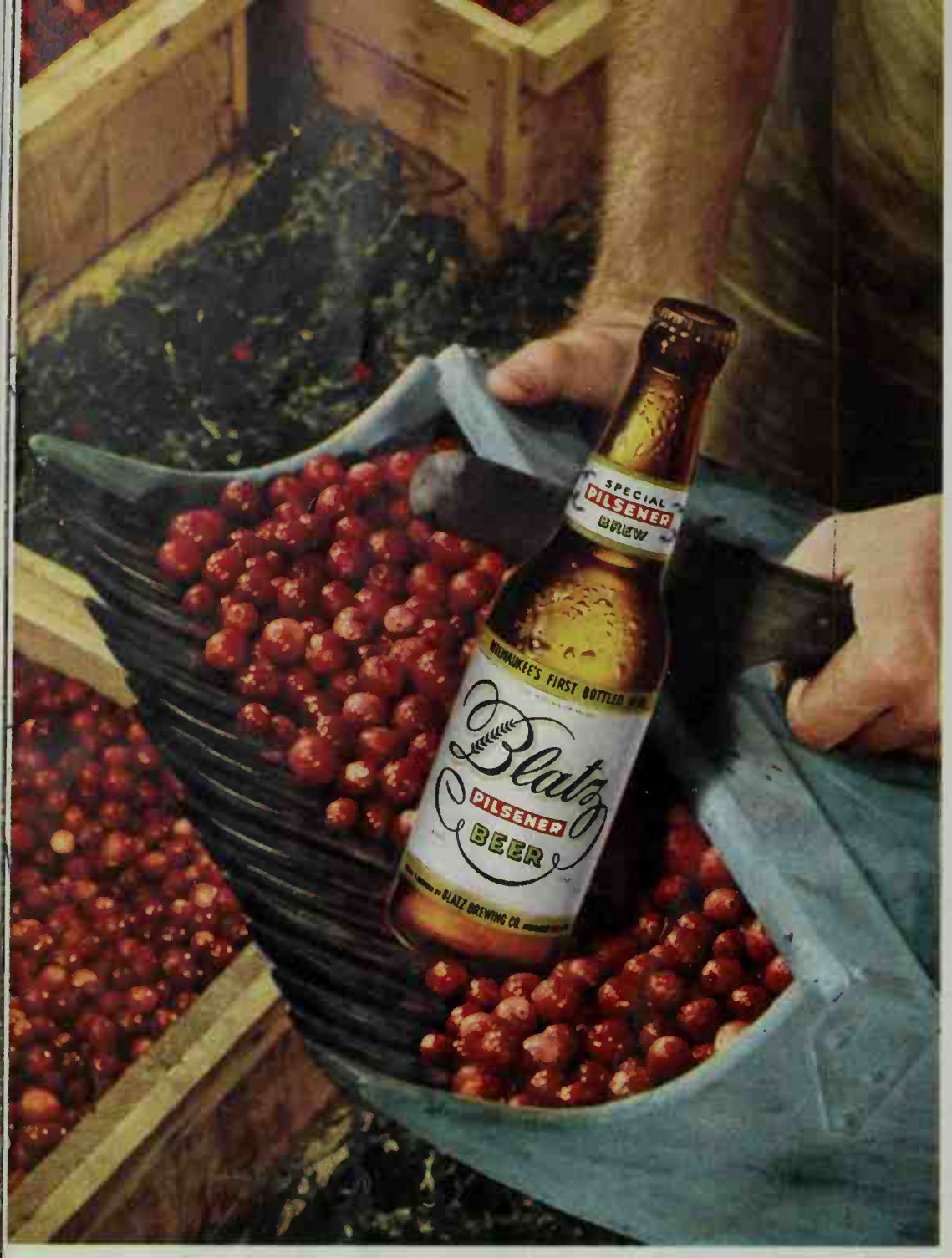
GOLDSTEIN AND MURPHY INC.
WRITTEN BY ROBERT J. SHERMAN
MAGGIE MURPHY TRIES TO KEEP HER SON BARNEY FROM MARRYING REBECCA THE DAUGHTER OF HER JEWISH PARTNER ABIE GOLDSTEIN~A POLITICAL GANG TRIES TO ROB HER OF AN INVENTION~
MELODRAMA-THRILLS-
LAUGHTER GALORE



"Scoop" of the season

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ration. Their only production was Gilbert Parker's Seats of the Mighty, the first twelve-reel motion picture made in New York. Lionel Barrymore, a young actor who showed promise, appeared in it. It took a year, and all the company's capital, to make, and though an artistic masterpiece, it was a financial flop. Carpenter had had enough of motion pictures.

In 1916, he took over the Vailsburg Amusement Park in Newark, New Jersey, where he offered more free acts than any other amusement place in the world. When prohibition swept the country, it took his park with it.

In 1924, Carpenter was with his Bringing Up Father company playing the mining towns of the Southwest when he received word that his agent had booked Christmas week in the Philharmonic Auditorium at Los Angeles, that city's most elaborate theater, where symphonies and grand opera were the rule.

In dismay, Carpenter puzzled how he could satisfy such an audience with his small comedy company of 24 people including himself, his carpenters and a couple of flunkies.

Also, the Philharmonic Auditorium had a 75-foot stage and his company had properties for only 35 feet.

In Los Angeles he met Dick Ferris, an old friend, who was selling sacramental wine. Ferris offered to help him. He invited some of his newspaper acquaintances to his room that evening, and they opened his wine samples.

At the proper time Ferris told his guests about the great theatrical company Carpenter was bringing to Los Angeles direct from Broadway.

Jiggs and Maggie Wow Los Angeles

Tickets for the opening night sold out quickly and Carpenter learned the reason when he read the afternoon papers. They had been very kind to him. When the curtain went up that evening, Carpenter's 35-foot set stood on the big stage like a dollhouse, but the show was a success and every performance a complete sellout. He flooded the country with review clippings from the Los Angeles papers.

Grants Pass, Oregon, furnished his most responsive audience. His company, traveling by bus and truck from near-by Medford, lost their scenery and luggage when the truck plunged over a cliff into a river.

The actors found a full house waiting for their show. Carpenter told the audience what had happened and offered to refund their money. Nobody moved. Then some fellow in the back row yelled, "You'd better give us some kind of a show!"

The house took up the cry, "Give us a show! Give us a show!"

Carpenter decided they had better try something so he announced a Maggie and Jiggs comedy. The man who took Jiggs' part greatly resembled him; the actress playing Maggie rolled up her hair, and the show was on. Grants Pass gave the actors more applause than they had received all season.

One season when Carpenter had a road show in Omaha, Nebraska, a handsome, dark young man came backstage and told how he was making a good salary selling facial soap by lecturing and demonstrating to groups of women. Carpenter told him that he possessed a talent for acting and should try it—and someday he would make much more money. The young man took Carpenter's advice. His name was Rudolph Valentino.

Frankie Bailey—whose lovely legs caused riots—received her stage experience with a Carpenter road show as leader of a chorus. Her name was later to thrill Broadway. Billboard, the showman's magazine, said of her, "There is attached to this girl's body two of the most beautiful, most statuesque legs that have ever been inveigled to th public inspection—limbs wh to have been poured into t mold, masterpieces of the Cre

Carpenter remembers whe was complete without a ba when Weber and Fields swi blackface comedy to Dutch knew May Irwin, who made six years on the stage. He career of Eva Tanguay, the I Girl, who amassed a fortune 000, only to lose it in the 192 remembers when a young fel Jack Benny was available at as a singing single.

There were also some prom men about that time by th Cantor, Winchell and Jessel, ated from a Gus Edwards them could have been hired salary. He once met the Ma in Brownsville, Texas, when sheriff had seized all their c scenery.

Carpenter points out that pictures dealt the first hard road shows, and talking pict them the knockout. The mov to be silent, developed to a their importance could not

"Honest, Al, I did cou
He only has two

COLLIER'S

Motion-picture producers leased the country's theat road-show companies four out in the cold when they get bookings.

In the early days, most tors proclaimed that the ashamed to write home to again if they ever sank so on the movie lots"; but eve of Carpenter's actors dese the movies.

The motion pictures an too-strong competition f road productions to buck. a play faithfully," Carpen run it in one theater—for it's a hit. In Hollywood the a movie in a few months, m of copies, and in a few days ture is playing in that many aters throughout the count

Mr. Carpenter has close Times Square and retired t ily home in Osage, Iowa, alone. Even now, at 78, y showman in him—the w hat, combs his hair, wea and sports his lapel handk living room still stands a q tons—admission money t shows, seventy years ago.

Carpenter feels that the be a place for the old-f shows.

"I wouldn't be afraid from the movies," he said, and television, if I could b in the old opera houses."

THE END

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GREENWICH VILLAGE

Continued from page 25

here, but the Village has, in 40 years, become a process as well as an institution. Nearly all America's writers and artists have passed through a Village phase. It soon eliminates as genuine contenders those without talent and those who haven't the drive. The casualties are tremendous. According to Village booksellers, who keep track of faces, the average stay is a year.

The current crop of young Villagers have more money than previous generations. This has been largely due to the G.I. Bill of Rights, under which many are attending art and writing classes, the New School and to the "52-20 Club." Even so, a considerable number of young men are temporarily homeless and penniless. They manage by chiseling meals, drinks, cigarettes and studio couches.

All the moochers are men because a girl wouldn't be able to get away with it. Most of the girls in the Village have jobs and are the chief support of the moochers. One girl painter quit a full-time position where she was making $100 a week because, she said, most of the money was going to support a half-dozen fellows and she had no time to paint. So she got a part-time job for $30 a week, which she thought was enough to support just herself and give her time to paint.

"But I'm such a dope," she said, "I'm still helping to support those guys."

Army Life Blights Art Careers

World War II has had effects other than just putting money into Village pockets. No one of the younger veterans who would be an artist feels he is going to set the world on fire. After being in the Army, he will tell you it is not possible to feel that way. Few ex-servicemen have any time for movements, either artistic or political. Because the war cost them up to five valuable years of study and work, they are extremely impatient about getting results.

There is probably more disciplined work in the Village today than there has been in years. From what he saw in Paris as a State Department assistant cultural attaché, Howkins says, the young Villagers are much more serious than the young French artists and writers.

Steve Stevens, a young playwright from Washington, D.C., whose idol is George Bernard Shaw, is typical of the serious young writers. His schedule is pasted on the wall right in front of him, and at the bottom of it we read:

"If this work is not completed by Sunday, I swear I shall jump out of the window. Steve Stevens."

Thus far Steve has done some radio skits and many revue skits. He is working on a play. Five satirical skits, written in collaboration with another young Villager, have been accepted by Dwight Deere Wiman for his fourth Little Show. Recently Stevens, whose father is a rear admiral stationed in Moscow as naval attaché, wrote G.B.S. for some advice on saving the world. Shaw, who replies to little correspondence of this type, wrote back:

"Make yourself a good committeeman and an effective public speaker, for without this technique you can only be a nuisance in public affairs. How far you can contribute to the salvation of mankind will depend on your technical skill, without which your gifts and faith will all be mostly wasted."

The hardest working group of young Villagers—bar none—is the modern dancers. They come from all over America to be near their goddess, Martha Graham. There is one thing about dancing—you can't fake it. To dance,

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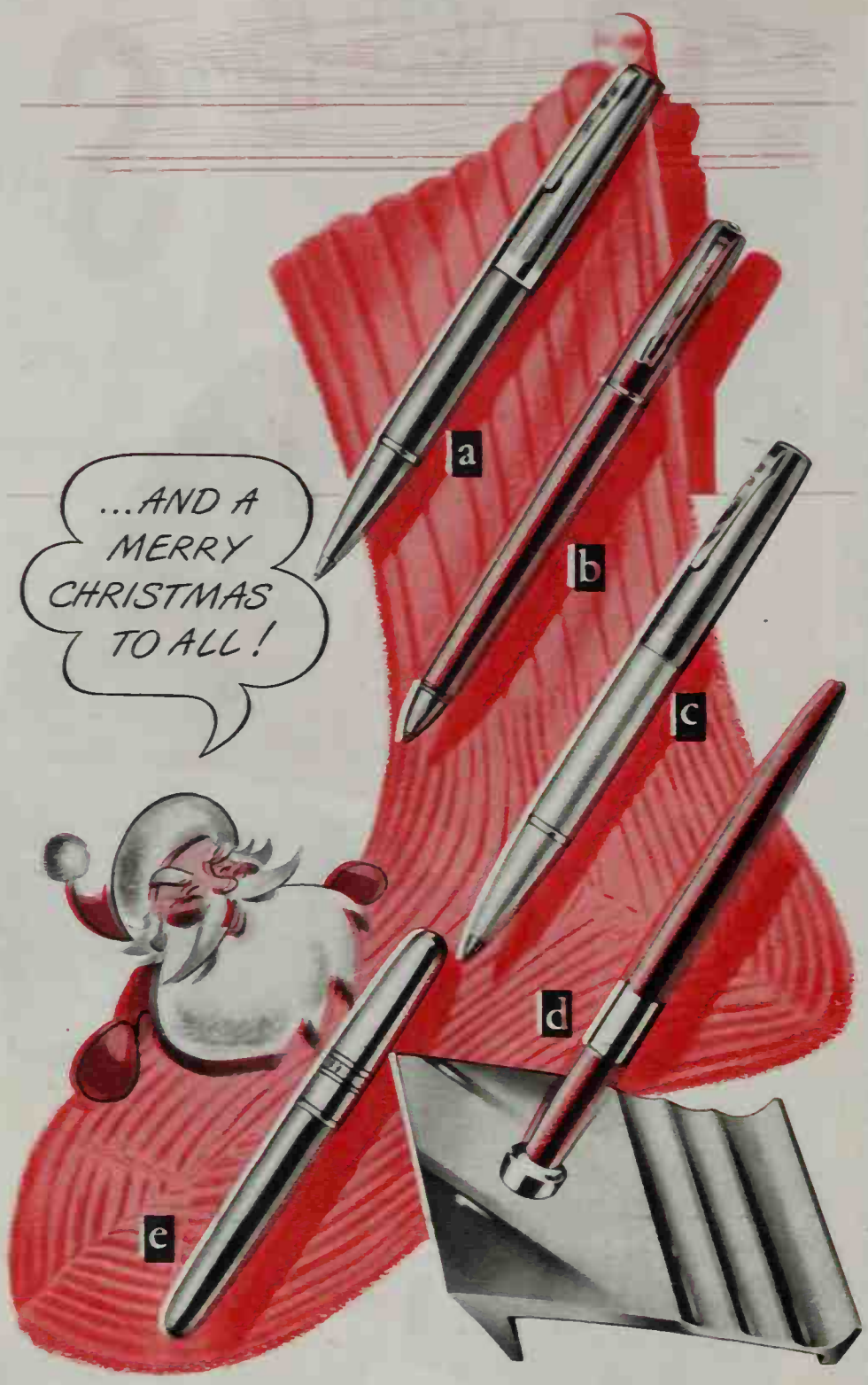

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these girls make almost any sacrifice. None of them can see when she'll ever make a nickel at it, but she's got to dance. They train like athletes, go through strenuous physical exercises hour after hour and, in order to eat, to pay for their lessons at Miss Graham's, Hanya Holm's or the Humphrey-Weidman studios, they work at any job available.

In one respect the Village is dead. Though most of its young writers, artists, dancers and actors are in some phase of revolt, there is none of the steam that years ago generated itself into manifestoes, little magazines, organized groups, surrealism, Dadaism, and much furious unclassified excitement.

In one way or another everyone who likes to eat seems to have made his peace with "commercialism." A young poet from Chicago named Irving Kaufman is an exception. "Work is death" is his slogan. By work he means a job doing anything other than writing his poetry, which is bitterly gloomy and altogether unpublished. This might be put down as a sheer pose if it were not for the fact that, upon questioning, we found nearly everybody agreed with Kaufman's philosophy. But as in the case of existentialism, no one is willing to go the whole way to starve to keep from dying. What everyone in the Village is looking for is part-time death.

THE END

MORNING COFFEE

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

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SINKING OF THE POELAU BRAS

Continued from page 21

Lifeboat Skipper L. A. had been first officer of the shouts orders.

," Seidel yells. "Play dead." ded are already down. The over each other as though eboat drifts aimlessly. Nine ently spray decks, lifeboats rs thrashing wildly in the

umber 2 bearing Colijn and ughters is tossing alongside ers. One of the fall ropes ed to the lifeboat. Someone knife and is sawing through n the last bomb flung at the explodes between the life- ship. Colijn and one daugh- re pitched from the boat tly swamped but not shat- oat floats free. Helen and t just being pulled in when ons strike. One, two, three from stern to stern.

"Take care of my daugh- ."

hen swim away, head for lifeboat Number 3.

s Take Their Strafing

e Poelau Bras passenger seventy people huddle like g planes rake them. Men e women, forming living the bullets. The general's Captain Bozuwa, a Dutch under.

of the general," the aide Beware of the general."

e general?"

. But take care of him. I wife."

ns aft, toward the waters boiling over the Poelau Annah," he shouts. "An-

s not answer. He leaps to the sea.

clutches Bozuwa's arm. lifeboats?"

me. They have been de- wa answers.

e do!"

ound and swim."

"But we will only drown. There is nowhere to swim."

"It is better to die trying than to surrender."

A pistol barks near Bozuwa. He whirls, sees a Dutch officer slumping to the deck, still clinging to the gun with which he ended his life. Others follow suit, shooting themselves rather than waiting to drown. Bracing himself against the rail because the deck is sloping sharply now, Bozuwa looks at the milling crowd, at the suicides, at others who, with pistols in hand, debate their final gesture. Then he vaults over the rail into the sea.

He has been swimming for some time when he comes face to face with the general's aide, screaming hysterically. His eyes are the eyes of a maniac. Bozuwa seizes him, shakes him. The aide is quiet for a moment. Then he shouts again but this time intelligibly.

"Annah! Annah!"

There is no answer. The aide surrenders himself to the sea. Lying forward in his life belt he plunges his face in the water and drinks of death.

Below, in the dining saloon Vanderpool sits brooding, staring into space. Not once has he left his chair since the bombing began. Nor does he intend to leave. He knows why he will not go. So do most of us. Perhaps this is the best way. Sit here and wait for the rising waters. Already the deck is pitched so steeply the table on which his elbows rest would be sliding aft were it not bolted down. The chair in which he sits is slipping forward but it can go no farther. Vanderpool does not care. He is past caring. . . .

To both whites and natives of south Sumatra, Vanderpool for years had been the big white rajah, the lord of oil. Only the biggest of the Indies' big white rajahs rate the title Tuan Besar. Vanderpool was a Tuan Besar. With the snap of his fingers he could make or break any one of the scores of his white underlings, the refinery department chiefs, the engineers, the technicians, all of whom were fighting their way to the top so that they too, someday, could with a snap of their fingers make or break the

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scores of white underlings they hoped to have beneath them.

But here, aboard the Poelau Bras, the Tuans Besar suddenly are no longer Tuans Besar. They are only men fighting for their lives. And Vanderpool does not have any fight left. He was beaten one night when his courage failed him in the city of Palembang. He was responsible for the Royal Dutch Shell oil plant there. When the Japs bore down on the city, he failed to destroy the plant. The Japs got it intact and used it throughout the war.

Across the narrow Soengei Gerong River from the Shell refinery the rival installation of Standard Oil became an inferno of flames and exploding storage tanks. The Americans had stayed to destroy and still had plenty of time to leave. Why did Vanderpool flee without destroying his plant? Only he knows the answer, and he is scheduled to give it—if he can—at a court-martial.

One of his fellow engineers pokes his head into the dining room, shouts at Vanderpool. "Come, it is the end."

But Vanderpool merely shakes his head and stares. His would-be rescuer dashes back to the deck, leaps over the rail and swims hard to clear the sinking ship.

The Poelau Bras is pitched so steeply now that Vanderpool is pressed tightly against the table. Chairs slide toward the door. Already the hungry waters are creeping in. They spread along the wall, lapping at the chairs piled there. He watches them advance. Then he closes his eyes and waits. . . .

On the passenger deck amidships men and women still mill like bewildered sheep. Frequently someone breaks away from the huddle and runs first to the starboard rail then to port looking for a lifeboat in which to jump, then—dodging strafing bullets—they duck back to the huddle.

I'm doing some ducking myself. Each time I reach the rail a plane swoops down. They are like hawks hovering in the sky over a grain field, waiting for a field mouse to dart from its hole.

Looking toward stern I'm aware there won't be a stern much longer. It is going under—disappearing in green foam which is boiling up the deck.

The Lifeboat Half Full of Water

Way down there in the sea is my boat, still hugging the ship's side. Still half full of water. Waiting for me. Another man is in it now. He looks up and I hurl a life preserver at the boat. The man ducks and it splashes into the water beside him.

Suddenly Hancock is beside me. He seems calm, almost nonchalant.

"Can I help you with anything?" he asks.

"No. We'd better go."

We run down the steps to the main deck directly over Number 1 boat.

"Got your insulin?" I ask Hancock.

"Yes, right up here."

"We can toss it from here to that guy in the boat. If he catches it, the vials won't break."

"Right," Hancock agrees.

A plane dives toward us, guns spitting. We flatten on the deck. I roll against the rail and try to ooze into the deck plate seams, feeling nakedly helpless as lead ricochets off steel plates.

Two life rafts are being paddled frantically away from the starboard amidships. That's no place for me. They'll die of thirst on those rafts. I run forward a few steps, in order to jump clear of the lifeboat, and climb up on the rail. Just as I am about to jump a man pops out of nowhere and jumps beside me. I wait for him to swim clear, so I won't land on him, then I jump myself. It seems a long way down.

Bobbing to the surface I strike out for the boat. Now two men are in the boat, a Dutchman and a dark-skin[ned] nesian crew member. The In[do] square-set, husky lad, reach[es] seizes my hands and yanks [me] one powerful sweep of his ar[m] in the boat is knee-deep.

Not until now, standing in t[he] boat, is it apparent how high[ly] running. The half-swamped [boat] bumping against the ship's iro[n] against the Poelau Bras as [by] some evil, invisible suction [to] push it free. We try to pry th[em] with oar blades. No use.

"Bail her out," I yell. "Bail [and] then we can push it away."

Bail with what? I use my [hat]. The others scoop with cupped [hands] work rapidly but not frantical[ly]. need for haste, but not panic[.]

Then occurs the touch fa[n]tastic incredible which makes fictio[n]

Afloat Over the Ship's W[ake]

The Poelau Bras has settle[d] by the stern that she is awash[] ward as the bridge superstru[cture] lifeboat riding the swell is [at] the rail and onto the main [deck] stricken vessel.

We are standing in a wate[r-]boat which is floating on th[e] sinking ship.

Sitting on the gunwale I un[lace] laces, slip off my shoes, he[sitate] ment, wondering where to [go]. doesn't seem right simply to [step] back into the water. But [there's] other place. Then I step ou[t] boat, swim hard to clear th[e] and rail. Clear the ship, ge[t] suction. To my right is a life[boat] persons are on it and others [swim] to it.

"They'll die of thirst," I th[ink] no place for me."

Between me and the raft [are] sons swimming, a man an[d] She is ahead, close to the [raft] closer to me. He is terrifie[d] thrash the water and he sl[ows] ately. The woman turns b[ack] effort to reach the raft. Pr[ies] his wife. She swims back t[o] his hands in hers. Speaks [to] ingly, lovingly. They bob [in] water, upright, talking. [She] quiet. She pulls his face to h[is] him. They float there, h[ead] talking lovingly, desperatel[y] death.

Since childhood I had w[atched] a sinking ship go down. S[uck] around, treading water, to w[atch] lau Bras.

Everything is as childh[ood] tion pictured it. The bow [rises] upward until it is complet[ely] water and there is a patch o[f] the keel and the sea. Figur[e] the steeply sloping deck [to] to the highest point above [the] water.

Then I see Hancock. H[e] the angle where the most [vul]tion of rail joins the forec[astle] no mistaking him. His [hair] shades his face, but I am n[ot] see him plainly. He appear[s] at me, at least looking in n[is] direction.

Whether he sees me o[r] know. Nor do I know wh[at] jump. He might have bee[n] the plane which strafed us.

"Jump, Hancock! Jump[!]"

If he hears me he makes [no] deck tilts more steeply. [The] collapses, crashing onto [the] the bridge, which itself is [now] water.

The ship's bow swings [up] pointing finger until it [is] pendicular. There is a [gurgle] with a long sigh and sub[sides] waters, the Poelau Bras s[lips] and disappears. A black [hole] shoots skyward, as though [it] had erupted from the se[a]

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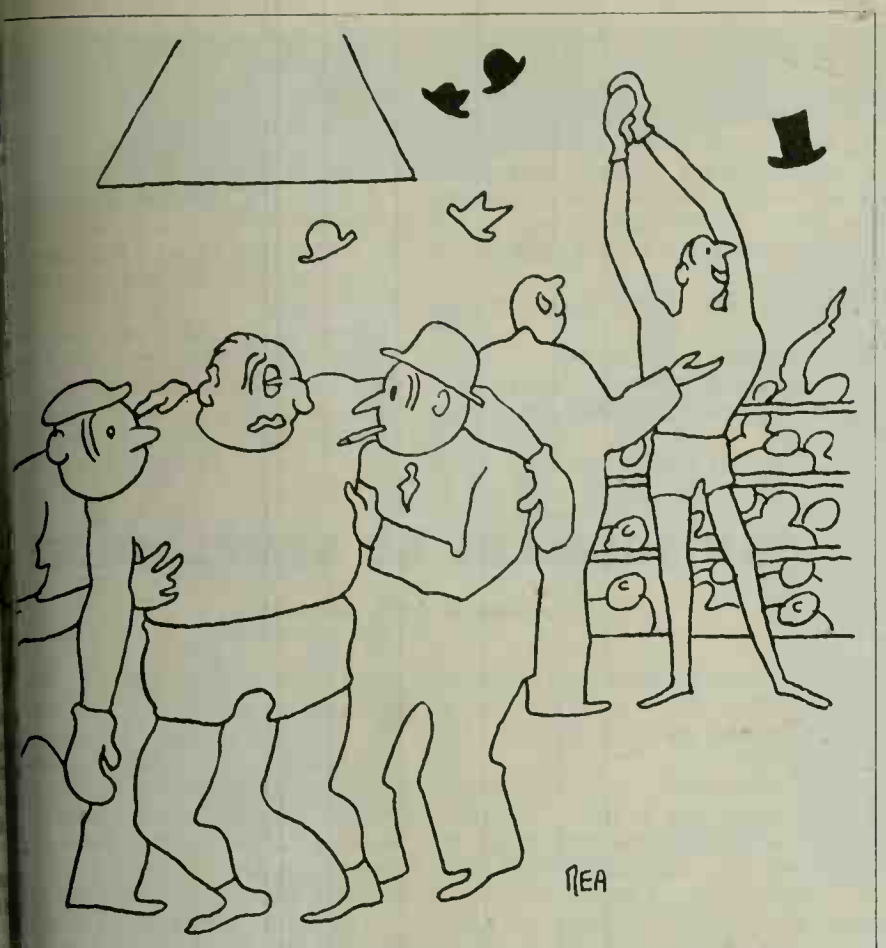

"Anyway, my kid can lick his"

GARDNER REA

turned off. The phenomenon
n column of water suspended
isconnected and without visi-
Then the column collapses.
e I tread water and gaze at
ship had been. The water is
le shouting. The air is full
of pleas for help.
eam at a distant lifeboat, the
t, begging it to return. In-
es away. I'd better hurry. I
ing hard.
oat looms closer, about
to go. Shout.
ease help!"
no attention. They row
at an angle.
ur course to intersect them.
refully. Stroke, breathe,
e, breathe, stroke. Pour it
l.
lp an American!"
e now I'm looking into their
fe. They'll pull me in. Won-
, safety. I'm right alongside
derneath the oarlocks and
ds to be pulled in.
'reaches down to pull me in.
l me in. Please."
stare at me, wooden-faced.
jammed full of white and
n faces. Mrs. Mueller is
other woman. They turn
ay from me. Other white
n away. Only two brown
stern look at me, unblink-

hite face at the tiller. The
ad with him.
break."
an points over my head in
hind me.
is a boat," he says. "We

is no boat over there.
oat anywhere but here.
to get rid of me. If they
n now it's curtains.
d, "Give an American a

."
re full. They are jammed
can't, they won't let me
s they will. They're row-

b for an oar but it is
. Don't try again. They'll
with another oar. They'll
ll with oars. Thrashing
my arms and kicking
legs I try to leap high
enough from the water to grasp the gunwale edge, but my fingers miss. I beg the two brown faces.

"For God's sake, pull me in."

Poker-faced, they stare, unmoved, unblinking. I swim behind the stern in a try for the starboard side. Maybe some one on that side will pull me in. No. They turn away. A rope trails in the water from the stern. I lunge for it. Grab it. Hang on! Some one in the boat yells. The rope is jerked from my fingers, oars bite the sea, the boat leaps forward, away from me. The rope drops back into the water, trailing tantalizingly, just beyond reach. I strain every nerve and muscle to reach it. One extra little burst of speed and I can make it. But there are no extra bursts. I'm done. The boat pulls away.

Exhaustion is a dead weight, dragging down my whole body, arms, legs, neck, head—pulling my face toward the water. For a while I float helpless.

Calm Interlude Follows Horror

Slowly, the drug of exhaustion wears away. Those iron bands around the lungs relax; that dreadful pounding in the ears subsides and the fog of weariness evaporates and vision returns. The air no longer is hideous with screams. Another swimmer drifts into my circle of vision. He is swimming breaststroke, his chin resting on a preserver, pushing that horseshoe shaped monstrosity before him. For a while we drift side by side, then begin moving apart. I feel no need of company, unless it is the company of a lifeboat.

I do a lot of praying. First time I ever realize what prayer really is. The things which used to matter so much now matter not at all.

Odd bits of debris float around me. I must be over the spot where the Poelau Bras sank.

A larger piece of debris with a sharp, broken point protruding above water catches my eye. Hang on to it a while, rest. You can float for days if you have something to cling to. Then I realize that just floating is fatal.

"Let go of that piece of wreckage," something tells me. "It slows progress. You're getting too cocky. Keep swimming in the direction you were going. Don't stand still. Look around!"

I look around. There is a little spike sticking up over the horizon. Wreckage?

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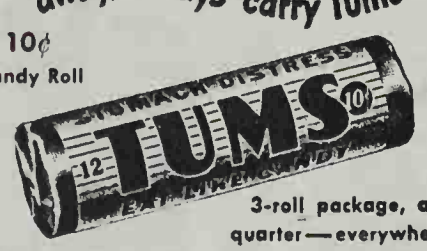

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No. Wait for the next wave. It looks like a stick. It's a submarine periscope! Swim for it. There's another one way off to the left. Something's wrong. Can't be two submarines. Swim closer. They're not periscopes; they're masts. I'm positive they're masts. Lifeboat masts.

"Here's your break, fellow," I tell myself. "Keep your eyes on them. Make time. Discard your life preserver, it's slowing you down. Just swim and pray.

"Swim for a point between them. They seem to be drifting apart. The left boat is disappearing. Make for the right. You're gaining on it. Soon you'll see the boat itself. A sail is rising on the mast. It's in place. It's filling. It has filled. It is moving diagonally to your right. Calculate its course and swim to intersect it. Now the boat itself is visible, a dark line parallel with the water. It gains speed. It is passing your point of intersection. You'll never make it. Yell. Yell! Yell!"

Only the whispering silence of the sea replies. I keep on talking to myself. "Look for the other one. Swim left. There it is. Up a swell, ride the crest, slide down. Steady does it. Steady or you'll crack. Hello. There's your friend of the life preserver. Tell him about the boat."

He's just ahead of me. A couple waves ahead. Swimming slowly, oh, so slowly. Still pushing that huge thing ahead of him. Why doesn't he throw it away? Maybe he can't swim at all. I crawl up to him, break my stroke and with my right hand nudge his shoulder. He twists his head, looks into my eyes. We do not speak. Breath is too precious. Besides, there is no need to speak. I gesture toward the second mast. He nods. He has seen it too. He is trying to make it. He manages the ghost of a smile of thanks. He isn't frightened any more. He is just tired.

Hope Fades as Sail Is Hoisted

I pass him, swimming strongly. Never knew before I could swim like this. Now the boat itself is visible in dark outline on the horizon. The sky is lighter straight ahead of me, kind of reddish gray. The boat is not moving much, just drifting. I can make it if it doesn't move . . . But now they begin to hoist sail. They'll sail away and leave me, just like the other two. I pray! I swim. I shout—wildly. Suddenly, the sail falls down.

I'm gaining on the boat. I can see the people in it outlined against the sky. Figures are working around the mast, trying to hoist sail again. It starts up the mast jerkily.

This is my last chance to live. This *was* my last chance. The sail is hoisted again . . .

"God," I pray, "make that sail go down!"

And again, the sail collapses.

Now yell at them. They will row over and pick you up.

"Help! Please, help!"

Someone in the boat waves an arm. They'll pull me in. Shout again to make sure.

"Help. Save me!"

But the boat doesn't move toward me. No one touches an oar. They only work around the mast. Trying to get that sail in place.

From behind me sounds a shout, faint but unmistakable. My friend of the life preserver. We must be the only swimmers still afloat and alive.

I'm alongside now, choking, gasping, extending both hands. Two men lean over, seize my outstretched hands, haul me in. I'm standing in the boat, trembling, bedraggled, gasping.

"Thanks a million. Thanks."

Then another breath. I tell them about my friend of the life preserver.

"He's over there."

But I can't see him.

"He was there a few minutes ago. Just behind me. Not far. Row over that way."

For a moment there is only silence in the boat, then a husky, red-haired sailor barks an order in Dutch, curls his hands over an oar, leans forward and bends back on the oar with a powerful sweep. Seven other rowers do likewise. The boat moves away from the direction of my friend.

"Hey, that way," I tell them, pointing again.

The red-haired sailor speaks.

"We can't pick him up. We have to think of ourselves. We can't go looking for people."

"But he is only a little way."

"There are too many in this boa

No one else speaks. There is more to say. The oars swing rhyth in long, steady sweeps, sending t northward at right angles from rection of the last surviving swi

I strain my eyes but I cannot anywhere in those restless waste do I hear him shout. Perhaps h far gone to shout, too exhaust the struggle.

He must have seen me rescued he rejoiced at the sight, thinkin they know I'm here too. There thought I hope he didn't have. he didn't think I betrayed him.

THE END

CAN SOLDIERS BE GENTLEMEN?

Continued from page 19

eighteen-year-old charged with being late for guard duty, and was impressed by the dispatch and fairness with which it was conducted.

James McKown, a sandy-haired youngster from San Mateo, California, handled the prosecution and drove his points home by a series of skillful questions. Another boy, Charles Riddell of Canton, Mississippi, was the defendant's counsel, and fought hard for his client. He argued vehemently with the president of the court, and even asked for a recess so he could bring in the whole second platoon as witnesses. But he lost his case. Six smooth-faced boys, comprising the court, decided that the defendant had been late for duty, and he was given three days' extra fatigue. Such sentences are subject to review by the company commander.

"These courts place the responsibility for punishment on the men themselves," said Captain John P. Stafford, Staff Judge Advocate of the Experimental Unit. "The men learn self-government. They exercise their basic right to a trial by their peers . . ."

And, by and large, the Trainee Courts are pretty strict. Of the first 54 cases tried, 50 resulted in convictions.

Another phase of the Experimental Unit's program which has been outstandingly successful is the work of the chaplains; their methods have already been adopted by Army posts throughout the country. Every recruit, as soon as he arrives, is interviewed by Chaplains Maury Hundley of Cedar Bluff, Iowa, and Charles J. Murphy of Middletown, Connecticut. In addition to regular services, the chaplains conduct off-duty classes of religious instruction, choir practice and Sunday-night song fests. On two evenings a week they are available for conferences and counsel.

The morality program is also the responsibility of the chaplains. They give talks and lead discussions on sex morality, and encourage continence as the only sure way to avoid venereal disease. When spokesmen at Fort Knox insisted that the morality program was a big success, and that the behavior of the Unit boys in town was exemplary, I was a little skeptical, for I know soldiers. So I went to the city hall in Louisville for statistics on Unit boys picked up by the police as drunk, disorderly or in trouble. But a lieutenant of the Louisville Police Department said:

"Statistics? There aren't any. To my knowledge we've never had even one of those boys to take care of."

Of course, several things aside from the hard work of the chaplains have contributed to this extraordinary state of affairs. In the first place, the boys training in the Experimental Unit are picked specimens; they are more intelligent than the average youngster and less likely to get into difficulties. Also, every boy who wears the distinctive blue-and-gold shoulder patch of the Unit is under twenty-one years of age. In Ke is illegal to sell liquor to a mi when the Unit began operation Knox, Louisville policemen sh patch to every bartender in t warned them not to sell liquor t wearing it. When, on a Saturda looked for Unit boys in bars k soldiers' hangouts, I found no

The actual military training boys in the Experimental Unit upon the Army's standard me instruction as developed in th devoted to the various bra the service. Training 40 hours a boys are instructed in virtua the subjects that were taught d war; only a few things, such a drill, rough-and-tumble fightin infiltration course, are omitte months they receive two processing and orientation, ei of basic training, eleven weeks training (infantry, artillery, three weeks of Unit training.

But it is the nontraining pha at Fort Knox that are emph the benefit of visitors, and it those phases which will be mo for the Army to reproduce scale. For example, take the Troop Information and Educ gram, headed by Captain Luth ford. In the old Army, e reading matter ordinarily consi Infantry Drill Regulations, a books, and some dog-eared

By the end of World War II the Army had discovered that man had something that re mind, and had introduced mation and Education Progra usually conducted by the lieu ran the Unit theater, supervis and sold the War Bonds. In didn't amount to much. It w job for one man, and there enough money.

All the Comforts of Army

Here at Fort Knox the bo in a well-lighted reading roo with tables and leather-cov fortable chairs. Around th maps, charts and mounted clippings of current events. books are available; so are and newspapers, plenty of th Crawford's staff included a tenant and three noncommis cers who conduct weekly cu discussions; two civilian counselors, two civilian several part-time teachers classes in automobile mech repair, typewriting, Spanish keeping.

"Our program here," s Crawford, "is the same that tried to put over elsewhere. difference is that I have suffi nel to handle it."

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ford's staff, with the addition of a couple of noncoms, could handle the Information and Education Program for a regiment. But—Captain Crawford estimates that to set up his section and operate it for one year would cost $100,000! And in the projected universal service Army it probably would cost more, because at the average Army post it would not be possible to obtain enough part-time teachers.

Each of the 21 divisions of the new Army would require from 30 to 35 full-time instructors, with a total pay roll of well over a million dollars a year. It is very doubtful if the Army will ever have enough money to give the 850,000 men of the universal service Army the same sort of educational setup that is in operation at Fort Knox. Nor provide the officers necessary to run it.

The Experimental Unit's athletic, recreation and special service facilities are likewise on a scale which could never be applied to an army of 850,000 men. At Fort Knox the boys have a two-story building crammed with equipment for woodworking, metalworking, photography, and even fly-tying. There is another building, equally well equipped, which is used as a sports center. A major, two lieutenants, and three noncoms run the athletic program; four other officers and 27 enlisted men arrange entertainments and operate the hobby shop, music department and band. This staff, with the addition of eight more officers and noncoms, could serve one regiment, fewer than one thousand men.

If the Army extended this setup to the universal service Army, it would have to assign 2,700 officers to no other duty than athletics, recreations and special services. And, somewhere, millions of dollars would have to be found to pay for these things.

One of the important factors in the success of the Fort Knox program is the treatment the boys receive when they go into Louisville on pass. Unlike most American cities, the people of Louisville didn't desert the soldier when the war ended; he is still treated as well as when he was a hero. The night I was in Louisville, the half-million-dollar Service Center on Fourth Street was jumping with jive and swing while 150 girls and 200 G.I.s (Unit boys and soldiers) enjoyed themselves. Mrs. Ethel Money was busily dispatching four busloads of girls, suitably chaperoned, to dances at the fort. Her calendar for the coming month listed 75 dances, to each of which about 70 girls would be sent.

"We are very, very particular," she said. "The girls come from carefully selected families. After the dance every one will be delivered directly to her home."

Nice Place to Spend a Week End

Ed Keiley, director of the Service Center, said that the center, formerly the old Knights of Columbus building, had been opened in 1941. It has a hamburger counter, and hundreds of beds where soldiers on week-end pass can sleep if they wish. It has a reading room and pool and Ping-pong tables, all of which, when I was there, were being used by G.I.s and girls.

"Down the street at the Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church," said Keiley, "they have served a free supper to G.I.s every Saturday night since 1942."

There are a good many questions about universal military service for which the Fort Knox experiment doesn't even pretend to provide the answers. Yet eventually these answers must be found if we are to have a real Army. The proposed law would require every young man to take twelve months' training, the first six of them in a camp which would, theoretically at least, imitate the Fort Knox pattern. The second six months would be spent in an advanced universal service camp, as part of a regul[ar] ment, in the National Guard [or] Organized Reserve, in the [Navy] Marine Reserves, as part of an [OTC] course, or in annual one-month [camp] sessions of the Enlisted Reserv[e].

General Devine says that the [draft] service boys should be compl[etely] lated from other soldiers. But [how] that be done? How can such [a boy get] a year's real training if he is s[eparated] from his fellows and from the r[eal] of Army life? It is planned [to take] about 144,000 boys for the [first] every year. Suppose, after six [months] the Fort Knox atmosphere, [they] them sign up for an advanced [unit] service camp, to get their yea[r] out of the way. How are the[y] be trained?

They've got to learn to act lik[e soldiers] and there are many things they [can learn] only as members of an outfit [or] training center. They'll marc[h] maneuver in battalions and [regiments] and maybe in divisions. The[n]

SAVE FOO[D]

carry machine guns up mou[ntains] through swamps and acr[oss] They'll work with experi[enced] sergeants and officers and [non-coms] They'll maneuver with supp[ort] lery and tanks; live shells w[hine] over their heads. They'll m[arch] more. Then they'll get week[ends] and go into town and they['ll] soldiers there, too.

And that goes for other [branches] the service. Men for port ba[ttalions] trained, finally, at the wate[r's edge] in a cloister. Experienced t[roops] are developed by having them[march] all kinds of roads in all kinds [of] Naval recruits will get toug[h] And in all this training you'll [find] the universal service boys [have] memories of the comforts of [home] —with the regular Army m[en] little or none of those comfo[rts].

Here is another question c[oncerning] Experimental Unit at Fort [Knox] no light:

How about the Negro? H[ow] Army train the ten Negroes [per] hundred boys drafted under [the] service law? At Fort Kno[x] has dodged the question b[ut] Negroes in the Experimenta[l] President's Advisory Com[mission] Universal Training recom[mends] there be no segregation in a[ny] I am told that the Army int[ends] by the Gillem Report, whi[ch] separate Negro units of co[mpany] talion and regimental size.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, e[ditor] Christian Herald and a m[ember] President's Advisory Com[mission] spected the Experimenta[l] spring. When he left Fo[rt] said this:

"In setting up this Exper[iment] the Army has made a solem[n] has committed itself to this [pro]ing should Congress pass a [law] can parents won't settle fo[r]

It isn't going to be easy [to] promise.

THE END

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Continued from page 15

with whom she talks," he called, be scorned by real men."

I came up to her at the maree; she was staring dismally river and rubbing herself.

ather would give me to Eboro ke of a gun and a te-e-e-pot," d. "Could you not steal those I give them to my parents?"

Andoki was shocked. "That d."

lso very bad to lust after the f another man," said a harsh nd them.

not another man's woman," d indignantly.

scowling at them over a bush. w twitching over cunning little d like an angry ape.

will soften that tongue," he . "I am a rich man in this en the moon is big you shall house, O Ilumba."

tched him strut on hairy bow- his hut.

ot go to his house," Ilumba scratching the circular tattoo stomach.

while he slept and I put my spear in his belly."

"I dug pits with poisoned stakes," another boasted.

A faint muttering came out of the forest. The old men fell silent to listen to the beat of a signal drum.

"A white man walks in the forest," it said. "He sits down at N'kole M'von. He seeks word of Matiu N'lombo."

"Wah, coward," cackled an elder. "Run to the white man. Perchance he will kill the devil for you."

Andoki marched across the clearing to where Eboro watched his wife arranging trade goods outside his hut.

"Lend me your fine gun," he said. "I would kill an elephant. I will pay for the loan with meat."

"Wah!" hooted Eboro. "The big man would hunt elephants like the white people. Where, O rich man, will you find money to pay license to kill elephants? Where will you find carriers to bear your fine loads? Go, stupid one. The devil who knelt on your father will kill you and then who will pay me for my gun? Go, coward, and scratch your garden

git one of them new-fangled electric milkers, but Nat Frazer says y hob with television reception. Make the pitchers all blurry"

JOHN RUGE

rew an arm across her laid his face against hers. to your father," he whisthat bigmouth make you ill find a way to pay the ."

Her eyes were like brown

now," he said. "But I will to Eboro."

her bustle bounce happily llage. Then he hitched his llow. The men of the vilparing their nets on the omen, most with babies ps, were filing into a fold tend their gardens. Small the warm, red dust playes. In the palaver house, a ithout walls, the old men lean ribs, gossiping over rheumy eyes collected on

s a young man I feared one ancient pointedly. "I gardens like a woman; ts. Meat smoked over the ame to buy the teeth with tes and brass rods." oached them.

e said humbly, "how can nt without a gun?"

young," quavered an ashr, "I walked under him

with the other women. Leave this important person who must make palaver with the chief."

Andoki retreated under Eboro's jeers, collected his hoe and followed the women to the gardens. His own patch was large and tilled after the American fashion; an improvement the women had so far refused to copy.

"Cassava between plantains," they chanted. "Peanuts between cassava; beans between peanuts. Work your garden well, Andoki; perchance a rich husband will come for you."

He ignored their shrieks of laughter to chop morosely at the weeds between his carefully tended rows. . . .

The sun was low when he followed the women back to the village. Eboro, in tight trousers below which his feet stuck out like tree roots, sat in the palaver house talking pompously to the chief. The old men, chased from the fire, squatted in the dust, listening.

"A fine price," they were agreeing. "He will pay the fine gun and the te-e-e-pot as well as iron pots, brass rods, salt, fishhooks and many pieces of cotton cloth. In three days there will be a marriage dance."

Outside Eboro's hut his wife squatted, glowering.

"One woman, two women," she muttered. "I am his woman. He does not thirst for the small one. He wants her because she is the child of a chief; he would be a big man with two wives. What can I do with the small one? She knows nothing but play."

Andoki eyed her.

"If I had a gun I could kill an elephant." He peered inside Eboro's hut.

"If Eboro sees you at his door he will beat you with a stick."

"If I killed an elephant I could pay the marriage price," Andoki said softly.

The woman glanced toward the palaver house. It was growing dark; already the fire glowed red against blue shadows. "The gun is above Eboro's bed," she said. "The black grains are under it. If I see nothing I know nothing."

Andoki stepped over the doorsill. There were two beds, the ashes of the night fire between them. He sighed for the wealth stacked in crates, cases and bundles against the bark wall. He reached for the gun, then lifted the bed and dragged out the keg of powder. Pouring a handful into a scrap of bark cloth he stole out of the hut. Silently he circled the village to his own hut, stripped off his pajama trousers and tucked a bark cloth about his middle. Then he picked up his machete, the short-hafted elephant spear of his father, the gun and powder and stole out of the village.

FOR a mile he trotted through the narrow forest trail, his heart thudding at strange night sounds. He squatted in a moon-filled clearing to examine the gun. He cocked it, as he had seen Eboro do. He pulled the trigger; the flint made a satisfying spark. Rising to his feet, Andoki moved into the darkness.

Four miles from M'bene's village, he came upon an abandoned sugar plantation, choked with undergrowth and cane that had gone to seed. Here Matiu N'lombo was known to feed, resting by day in the shadow of immense iroko trees. He was a mighty solitary, driven from the great herd of South Cameroons years before by a younger, stronger bull. With one tusk snapped off in the terrific battle, the beaten leader had shambled off into the forest. For years he had terrorized the Bulu people, charging their towns, raging and stamping until the fragile huts were tattered shreds. He had killed many. White men had gone in search of him, but he was cunning as well as savage and he had always escaped. The bush people fled from him as from a forest devil.

Andoki took station in the buttressed roots of a cottonwood tree where he would be sheltered from observation while he could see for some distance. But for faint moonlight filtering through the upper branches of the tree, it was black. He settled himself, the gun across his knees, to wait. Luminous sparks moved in the darkness and there were stealthy sounds that made his skin crawl. Once the bark of a gorilla chilled him with fear. But he must have slept for the descending scale of the fever bird roused him to the fact that there was a grayness in the sky. As the light increased he could see to pour powder down the muzzle of the gun. He wadded the bark cloth after it and shoved the wire-bound shaft of his father's spear down the barrel until only the broad-bladed point protruded. Then he cocked the gun and poured a little powder into the priming pan.

Soon he could see across the tangled clearing. The night racket diminished as the sun rose and soon there was silence. Suddenly a pair of waterbuck bounded out of cover, their hides dappled with gold by the sun. Backed against the tree trunk, Andoki crouched motionless.

There was a sound from a depression

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*Energy Quota

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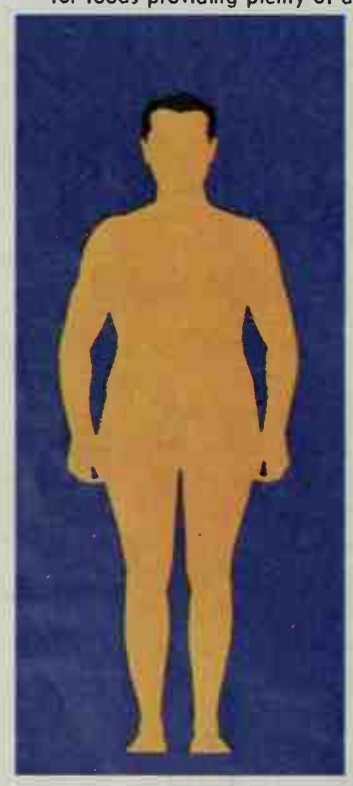
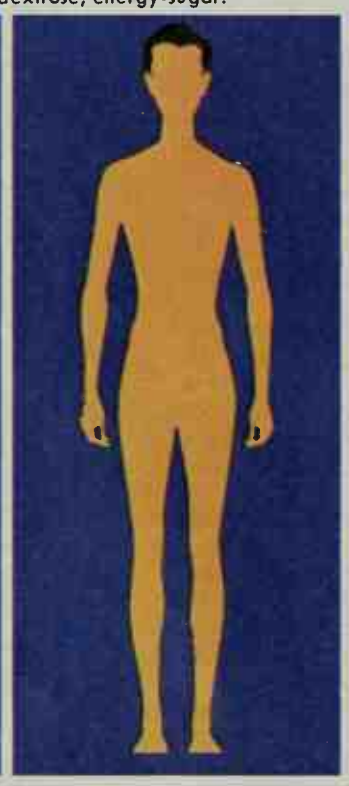


MALE LATERAL TYPE
(endomorph)

Usually genial and affectionate, laterals are generally extroverts. They love company, are generous and trusting, make good salesmen, actors, public speakers (also husbands). They are often excellent swimmers. Their energy requirements are high. They are fond of foods which provide plenty of dextrose sugar to maintain their activity.



MALE LINEAR TYPE
(ectamorph)

Tall, slender people are more often serious, quiet in speech and action. They are predisposed toward the professions; make excellent scientists, teachers and writers. As children, they usually need more food to match the growth of other types. As adults, they prefer protein foods, although foods rich in dextrose provide the major part of their energy.

COMBINATION MALE TYPE

Inheriting their physiques from generations of ancestors, most men are a combination of the three basic types. Physical characteristics may skip from grandparents to grandchildren. A man may get heavy shoulders and a well developed torso from his "muscular" father and thin legs from his maternal side. His energy, however, comes chiefly from the basic "fuel" sugar—dextrose.

FEMALE LATERAL TYPE
(endamorph)

Blessed usually with a lovable, friendly disposition, these women are popular with both men and other women. Liking nice things, they are fine wives and mothers, excellent housekeepers, good cooks. They appreciate fine food, and knaw that in a well-balanced diet, foods rich in dextrose are the most important sources of all mental and physical energy.

FEMALE LINEAR TYPE
(ectamorph)

Characteristic of many tall, slender women is their seriousness of purpose which makes them leaders in church, school and community activities. They seldom talk about their own affairs, nor do they gossip. They have great capacity for public service. They freely expend energy, which is chiefly replaced by foods which provide dextrose, energy-sugar.

COMBINAT

Long legs, n shoulders m iar type. Su inherit wide acter, intel reactions. P ern wame healthier, st than their fa due to mo tion, in wh always plc viding quic

His mouth dry, he crept be-
ee, moving silently, avoiding
f sunshine as he sidled toward
egular rumbling that came
omach of an enormous ele-
ling like a gray rock beside a

beast snorted once, moving
mping softly. His great ears,
wings along his shoulders,
e and were still. A short, stiff
ved his spine to the tail, bare
nch of wire-thick hair at the
his left shoulder oozed a glis-
arge from the tusk socket
ter of decayed ivory was still
head was angular, with deep
ve the eyes, the trunk moved
gering the ground between
ce the head turned and An-
t a splendidly curved, black-
hat reached almost to the
crouched in terror as the
is terrible head and, squeal-
rashed his trunk against the
s were small and white and

is breath, Andoki crept
he great, stinking shoulder
im. Slowly he raised the
t at the point where the
ear crossed the ribs and
trigger. There was a ter-
ndoki was knocked sprawl-
mbled frantically behind a
elephant staggered, then
refeet. Slowly the head
trunk lifted, scenting deli-
at spurt of blood jetted
ear shaft in his side. The
, stretching like a snake. A
lighted the tiny eyes. Sud-
st trumpeted shrilly. The
like sails, the trunk stif-
ched with terrifying speed
ee behind which Andoki
he halted; his head went
l legs buckled. He strug-
nts and then, with a deep,
an, toppled on his side.
wung a little and was still.
nts came out to the great

led warily from cover, his
ke a frightened deer's. He
he single tusk, scrambled
nous carcass and hacked
his machete. Then, grip-
ush, he raced back to the

d him!" he panted. "I,
killed Matiu N'lombo.
or all and a tooth for my
" He halted at the silent
onfronting him.
Eboro bawled. "The
Hold him!"
teal," Andoki protested.
"I borrowed the gun. Here it is, returned. I will pay for its use with meat."

"You will pay," squalled Eboro. "The meat you killed with my gun is mine."

"*E ké!*" gasped Andoki.

"Aye," pronounced M'bene sternly. "You, who have said it is bad to steal, stole Eboro's gun. You have returned it so you will not be punished. But the meat, killed by his gun, is his."

"It was I who held the gun," Andoki faltered.

"Thief!" yelled Eboro. "Could you kill the beast without my gun?"

"I may keep the ivory?" Andoki begged humbly.

"The ivory is mine," Eboro yelled. "And the meat. Make drum talk. Tell all men that there is meat for trade."

"Wah!" shouted the villagers. "Lead us to the dead Matiu N'lombo."

"He lies in the old cane garden," mumbled Andoki.

Men, women and children grabbed baskets, knives and machetes and streamed out of the village. The old men lifted their cracked voices in ancient battle songs and tottered after them. Only Ilumba remained.

"You killed the great devil for me!" Her eyes were soft.

"Aye, for our marriage price. Here is the marriage price," he said bitterly, holding out the bloody tail.

She took it reverently.

"With the strong hair of Matiu N'lombo I shall make bracelets for our arms. They will be finer than silver bracelets, and stronger."

"Yet not strong enough to hold you to me. In two days your father will have the gun, your mother will have the te-e-e-pot, and Eboro will have you. I shall have nothing." He ran to his hut.

ALL day long the people, smeared with blood, dumped baskets of meat in the village and raced back for more until there was a pile higher than a man.

"Make drum talk," Eboro mumbled around a hunk of meat. "Tell the white man at N'kole M'von that there is fine ivory at M'bene's town." He grinned triumphantly at Andoki.

The night rumbled with the news passed by the drums from town to town across the forest. And by morning canoes were pulling in to the riverbank and strangers admired the stacks of meat smoking over great fires. Eboro strutted, gun over shoulder, haggling over the produce offered for meat.

Andoki stared reproachfully at Ilumba who was guiltily gulping a morsel.

"I am a small woman," she said humbly. "And when my father gave me a piece I did eat." She hiccuped apolo-

me what they do with the junk when they get it home"

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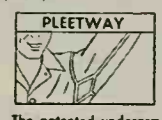

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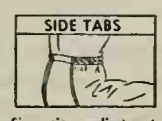

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COLLIER'S "Oh, yeh! If today's the nineteenth, I'll eat my hat"

getically and licked her fingers. "It was very good meat that you killed."

Slowly the pile dwindled and the heap of produce outside Eboro's hut grew larger. That night the trader sat beside the roaring fire guarding his meat, the gun across his knees. His wife wept in their hut.

At dawn the drums spoke of a white man approaching the village.

"Wah!" Eboro rejoiced. "He comes to buy the fine tooth of Matiu N'lombo. Sweep the palaver house. Bring chickens and eggs. Bring bananas and pineapples. I shall make trade with the white man."

"It is the chief who orders in this place," M'bene said coldly. "Take care, Eboro, lest your riches make you too big for this town."

THAT afternoon M'bene waited to salute the white man. Women brought plantains, eggs, fowls and fruit for him. Eboro strutted about the village bawling orders, a too-small helmet teetering on his bullet head.

Then, in the middle of the afternoon, six police with guns walked into the village, followed by a small white man with forked beard and gold bars on the shoulders of his white tunic.

"E ké." Eboro gasped. "Hide the tusk! It is a government man."

But the tusk stood in plain view. Eboro dived into his hut.

"M'bolo, N'tangan." M'bene saluted. The police stood in file behind the white man, who was eying the great tusk outside Eboro's hut.

"I see you, O Chief," he said. "I have come on the matter of Matiu N'lombo. The signal drums spoke saying a man of this town had killed him."

M'bene looked toward Eboro's hut.

"No! No!" Eboro bolted into the open, saluting like an automaton. "No, *sar,* I did not kill the elephant. I am a good man, *sar,* a trader. I would not kill elephant without paying for license to the government. It is a small man of this town who killed him. One Andoki. He killed without paying license money. He went into the forest—"

"Bring this Andoki."

Andoki stepped from his hut.

"I see you." The white man glanced at the sweating Eboro. "This man says you have killed Matiu N'lombo."

"I killed him, *N'tangan."* Andoki pointed at the tusk. "There is his one tooth. The small woman has the tail."

The white man looked with appreciation at Ilumba, peering round-eyed from behind her father.

"He will punish him for not paying," Eboro sniggered in M'bene's ear. "He will reward me for telling his name."

The white man held up h silence.

"For many years," he saic ple of this country have been by the rogue, Matiu N'lomb have been spoiled, huts smashed and many men kill reason the government has outlaw and promised a rewa ever kills him." He held out to Andoki. "What you hav very brave thing," he added. this paper. You shall take it and they will pay you or francs for it."

"Wah!" Eboro snatched a "The money is mine. It was that killed the elephant. O w my fine gun for the white

The white man looked int

"It was said that a spear N'lombo," he said thou Eboro's wife brought out th was a gun that fired the spe

"It said *'Tschang!'* but died," said Andoki shyly.

"And where is the powd it say *'Tschang!'?"* the whit

"E ké." Eboro gasped, f wife was bringing out the

"So," the white man sternly. "You possess po take that powder. And y to Ebolowa with my police The gun is confiscated. Y killed the great rogue, th carry it as a mark of honor He handed the paper to reward is for the man and

"N'tangan," Andoki sai te-e-e-pots will one tho buy?"

"Teapots?" The white "About a hundred. Why

"Wah!" yelled Andoki. with you to Ebolowa and te-e-e-pots for the mothe will buy iron pots and um dines and fine clothes for her I will buy cotton cl bracelets—"

"And I will walk to Eb husband," declared Ilumb

"I will walk with my to buy fine things for the roared M'bene.

"I, too, will walk," sa pick out beautiful te-e-e-p

That night the village meat, danced before the side the hut of Andoki. any tree overlooking th two brown figures sat cl

"Oh, oh, mammy, c Andoki, while Ilumba fa of elephant hair about hi

THE EN

W FRANCE EVADED STALIN'S GRASP

Continued from page 13

Russian relations were very cool. felt it every time he saw Molo- en in such small matters as ac- another building next to the in Moscow for an extension of s, Molotov showed his ill-temper l no. And when Catroux in- t the same time whether Stalin him, the answer was always: no Bidault's feeler had failed com-

Franco-Russia relations in this ension, Bidault left for Moscow the Council of Foreign Minis- ting. But this was not his only General de Gaulle, who had re- om public life on January 20, d suddenly decided to reenter cal ring. Throughout 1946 he d his voice on only one issue-- French constitution, which, he lid not give enough power to the But just before Bidault left Gaulle announced that he ke important political speeches French public opinion behind reater unity among the French fight the Communist party's lominate France. It was De new bid for resuming the of France.

Great Leaders Compared

word is necessary about the lationship—or the lack of one Bidault and General de There was practically no dis- between the two in their ideas political aims for France; only ce in approach. Both are holics, both hate Communism, to significance and leadership for the liberation of France erman yoke.

sically, mentally and senti- they are at opposite poles. Gaulle is tall, military, stiff ssible, mentally stubborn and sentimentally he considers e incarnation of the new dault is short, delicate, almost nodest and shy, a scholar of history and literature. It is said that if Bidault is asked to take issue on a question, he replies, "Yes, but . . ." whereas De Gaulle would answer, "No, because . . ."

Bidault is earth-bound and realistic, but De Gaulle, when once warned that he might be assassinated, replied in his mystic, autocratic manner, "That is unimportant. I shall govern France better dead than alive."

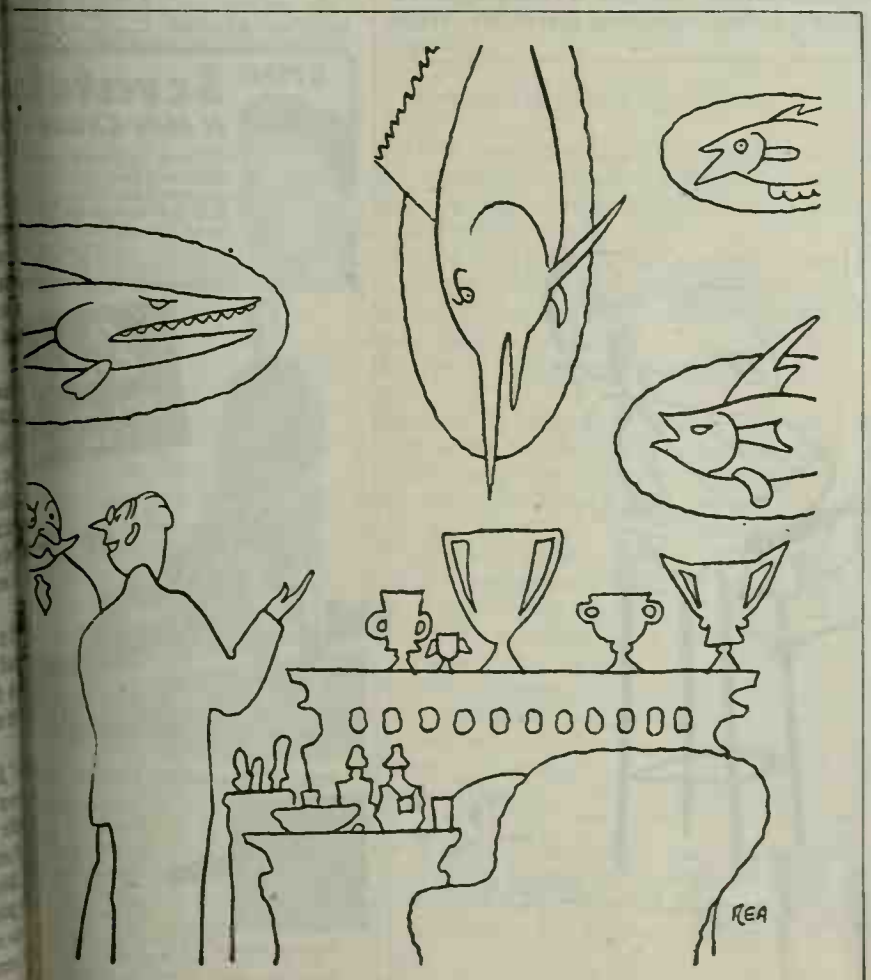
From the very day De Gaulle and Bidault met, they disliked each other. Nevertheless, Bidault became the head of the Popular Republican party, which had originally been founded to support De Gaulle who, in order that he might remain above party politics, was not its avowed leader.

But when De Gaulle turned thumbs down on the French constitution after its second drafting in January, 1946, all major parties, including the Popular Republicans, voted for it. The Popular Republicans, under Bidault, were fed up with the whims of General de Gaulle. They suspected him of aiming at a Napoleonic dictatorship, and decided for the new constitution, which curbed the president's powers.

De Gaulle felt that Bidault had led astray the party that had really been his own, and he was thoroughly angry about it. He retired to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises and became known as the "hermit of Colombey" without a party. For nearly a year he remained in seclusion, and not until late in December, 1946, did the public hear that De Gaulle was preparing to stage his political comeback.

When Bidault heard this he felt that De Gaulle's return to the political scene might mean the crumbling of his own party, which still consisted mainly of De Gaulle's backers.

To prevent this, Bidault sent Pierre-Henri Teitgen, Vice-Premier, secretly to Colombey in February, 1947. Would De Gaulle be prepared to resume contact with the Popular Republican party? Teitgen found De Gaulle still deeply hurt by the fact that the Republican party had



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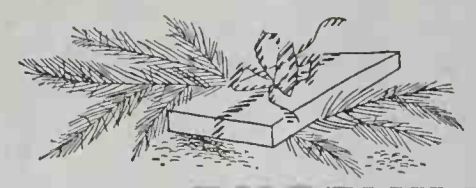

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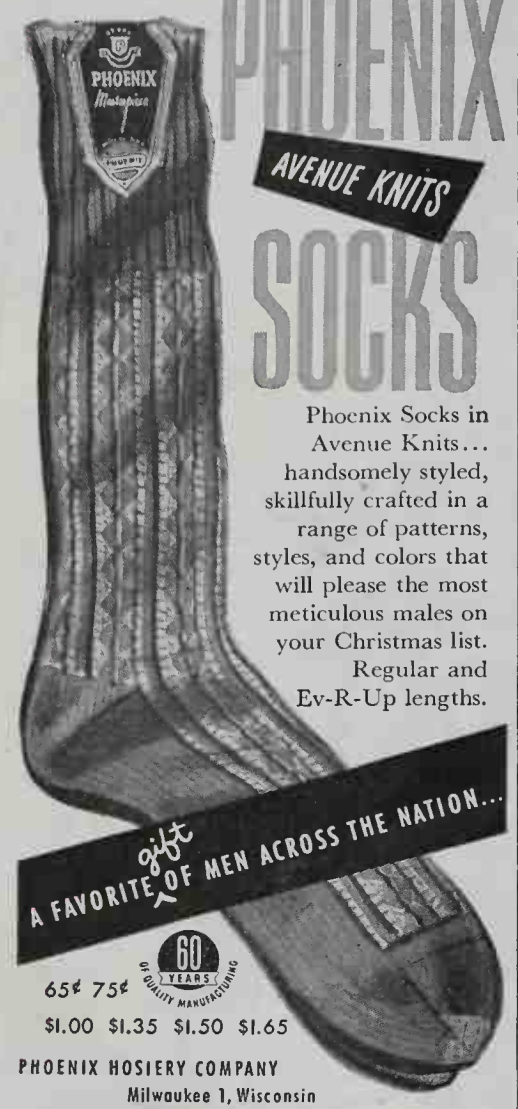

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deserted him and voted for a constitution he had disapproved.

"You are the slave of the Communists!" he shouted in Teitgen's face. "You are letting yourself be maneuvered by the Communists! France's foreign policy, too, must change in the face of tyranny. We must stand together with the United States!"

Teitgen allowed the storm to pass and then asked De Gaulle whether he was willing to let bygones be bygones, and whether he would give his support to the Republican party on his return to politics.

"My conditions," De Gaulle replied sternly, "are, first: The constitution will have to be revised as I requested originally." Second, he wanted the Communists thrown out of the government; and third, the government's foreign policy would have to be orientated more to the West.

Teitgen returned to Paris, and the party leaders went into a huddle. They finally decided they could neither revise the constitution nor expel the Communists at that stage.

After this turndown had been communicated to Colombey, De Gaulle decided to step out of his self-imposed retirement, create his own party and tell the French people what his policies were.

The Premier Pays a Visit

The Socialists were almost as upset as the Popular Republicans by De Gaulle's new activities, and Premier Ramadier himself motored to Colombey to see De Gaulle. News of the visit was made public. As a pretext, however, it was given out that Ramadier had conveyed to De Gaulle the government's refusal of a military guard at his political speechmaking, because he was now a retired general. In reality, though, Ramadier begged De Gaulle not to go back into politics.

"You would play into the Communists' hands," Premier Ramadier pleaded, "because you would weaken the center parties, the Popular Republicans and us Socialists, and you would hand a good argument to the Communists, who will fight you—in the name of the Republic—as aiming at dictatorship."

But De Gaulle was unmoved. He felt the crucial showdown between Communism and the West was close at hand, and that he was the only one who could lead France in that decisive struggle.

Small wonder, then, that Bidault on his special train to Moscow worried over the tactics he would have to adopt toward Russia and toward De Gaulle, who was about to appeal to Bidault's party to support him again. Russia's policy of seeking the centralization of Germany instead of loose federalization, as France and the United States proposed, was incompatible with the security and the aims of the French people, Bidault thought. The prospect of insuring France's future against a rising, militant Germany through close co-operation with Russia had gone aglimmering. France's basic reason for the alliance with Russia seemed to have disappeared.

De Gaulle's strategy, Bidault thought, would be to point scornfully at Bidault's policy of sitting on the fence between East and West.

"Aren't you tired of sitting on the fence?" Britain's Foreign Minister Bevin had once asked Bidault.

Of course, Bidault was tired of it. Furthermore, he recognized that De Gaulle would probably win away the people who had voted for his, Bidault's, party because they were anti-Communist, and preferred Western to Eastern influence.

But it was Generalissimo Stalin himself who finally decided Bidault which way to jump. On March 17, 1947, at 9 P.M., the usual time for audiences with Stalin, Bidault's limousine stopped at the Kremlin gate. The streets and courtyards behind the red, crenelated walls of Stalin's inner sanctum were plunged in darkness. A Kremlin guard auto, as usual, took the lead and guided the French embassy car for a few minutes through a maze of crooked streets; it was like going in circles.

These were customary maneuvers to prevent any foreigner from locating Stalin's residence.

Bidault was the first of the three Foreign Ministers to be invited to call on Stalin. This caused quite a stir among the various delegations, but obviously Stalin did not know just where Bidault stood since he had signed the Anglo-French treaty a few weeks earlier. Obviously Stalin wanted to find out.

Stalin listened intently to Bidault's interpretation of the French government's policy regarding Germany. When

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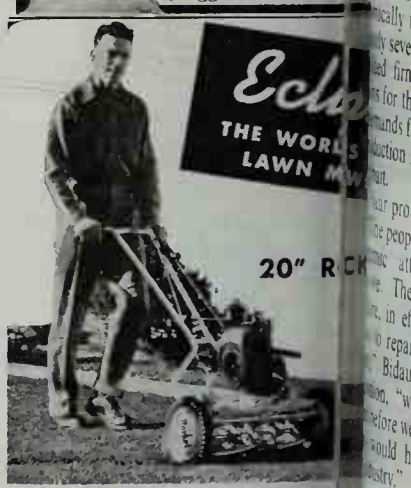

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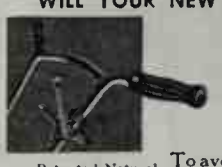

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HAND AND POWER ...

"Why, certainly" VIRGIL PARTCH

e French plan for the inter- n of the Ruhr, Bidault ring to a memorandum on which the French govern- culated among the Big Four previously—what the Rus- would be.

get that memorandum?" Molotov, who was present. alin himself had not seen it. lieve so," Molotov replied

u are!" Stalin burst out parently pleased to have Foreign Minister amiss. n't even read your memo!" this was a well-rehearsed lieve Molotov of replying

matic moment came when sly innocence, said: "Of be necessary for the con- ulate the question of the ce the defeat of Germany, id claims to the important s. She wanted that terri- nomically integrated into finitely severed from Ger- added firmly: "We will laims for the Saar, if you r demands for reparations production in Germany." ing bait.

he Saar problem closed," "The people of the Saar conomic attachment to do we. The question, as refore, in effect, already d as to reparations from tion," Bidault went on, caution, "we can't say hat before we know what ey would have on the industry."

ejected the bait. It was and, because it meant a control over the Saar— ich France badly needed onths, at least, until the the Council of Foreign Stalin did not give up so

quite well," he began e matter of reparations, r problems, the United States and Britain form a bloc. To restore the balance in this conference, it is most important that the line-up be two against two."

Now Stalin had thrown the lasso. It was whirling over Bidault's head. This was an open bid to Bidault to ally himself with Russia. It was Stalin's "Take it or leave it" to France.

Bidault immediately sensed the full meaning of the bargain held out by Stalin. His fingers clutched the armchair angrily, and leaning slightly forward, he said in icy tones, "The only bloc France wants to form is a four-power bloc." This was the end. The bridge between the East and the West had collapsed.

Demand Rejected by Molotov

A few days later, at the conference table, Molotov rejected Bidault's demand for the economic integration of the Saar with France.

France had taken a big gamble. She had cast her lot with the United States, although it was far from certain that she would obtain the financial and material help she so desperately needed for survival.

Bidault once put it plainly to Mr. Byrnes when he said, "You are asking me to jump into the water with you. But what guarantee have I that you will save me?"

France was aware that she would need endless patience and stamina during the long, exasperating period while Congress debated the pros and cons and made up its mind on that help. She had risked civil war between the militant French Communist party and its opposing forces —all this in the absence of any American military guarantees to France, which nowadays is very close to Russia's borders.

Was it a victory for the Socialists' oracle, Leon Blum? Or was it a victory for Bidault? The French voters said it was a victory for General Charles de Gaulle.

It might be called a triumph for the United States.

THE END

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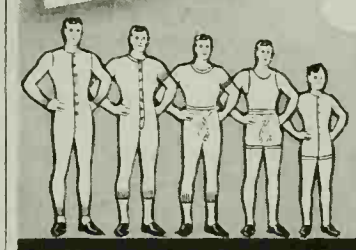

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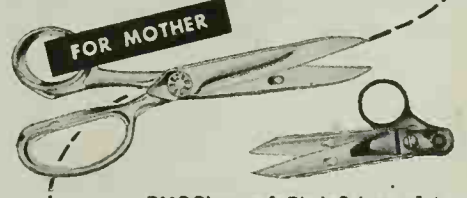

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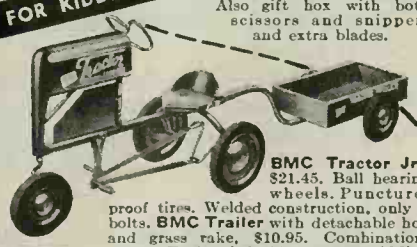

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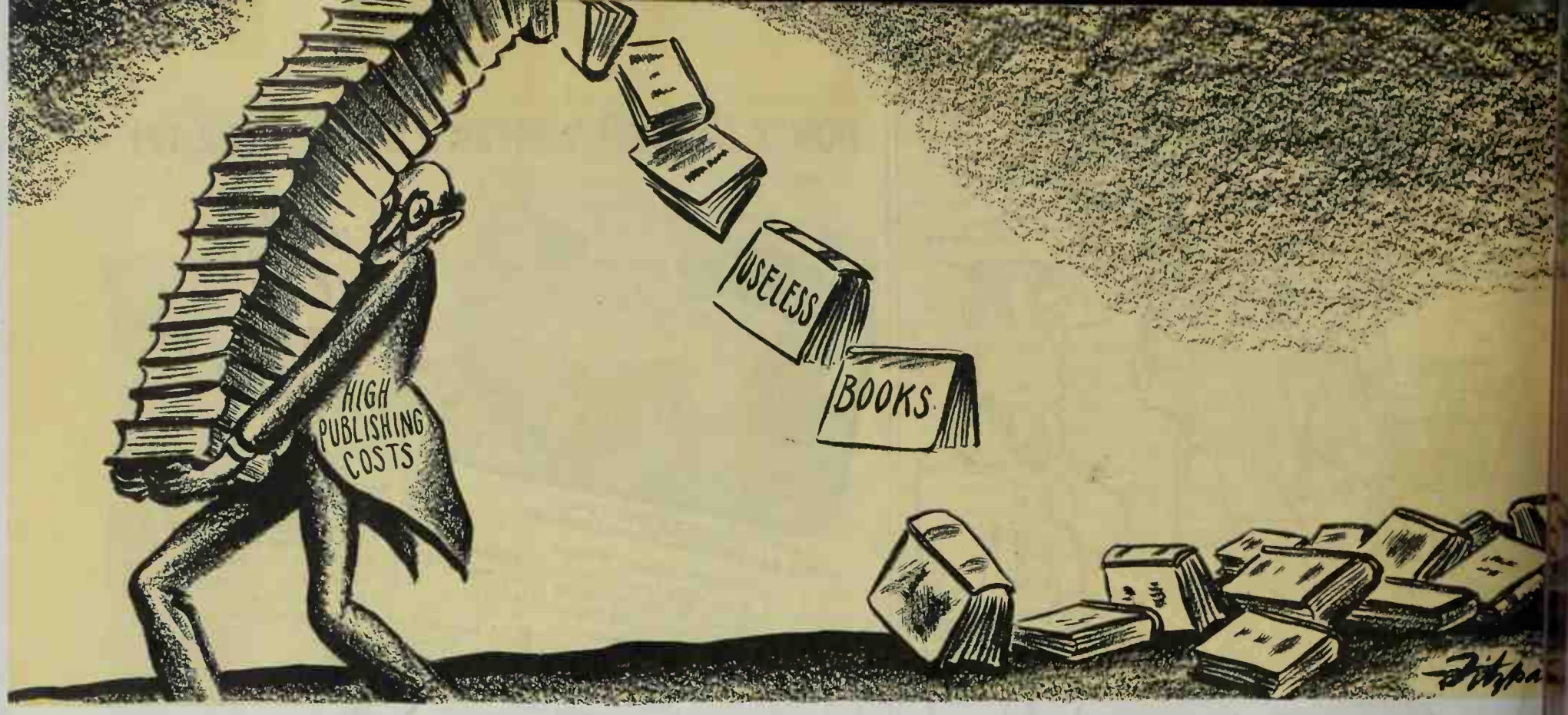

BOOKS THAT WE DON'T NEED

YOU hear many a moan these days from ulcerated book publishers about how paper shortages and soaring labor costs are keeping a lot of desirable books from being printed. Well, how about the needless books that get into print?

For example, do we really need as much as one more book from one more person who has taken a six-week gander at Soviet Russia and considers himself or herself an expert on that subject? Didn't General Marshall tell the essentials of the China tragedy in a report of far less than book length on the failure of his Chinese mission? Do we have to have any more prejudiced blackguardings of General Dwight D. Eisenhower? Must there be further memoirs of World War II, except from persons qualified to write them by virtue of firsthand experience—persons like Eisenhower himself, MacArthur, Nimitz, Churchill, Montgomery, De Gaulle?

Aren't anthologies being overdone? How many novels, hailed as epic masterpieces today, are read six months from today? Do we need any more two-pound tomes on why Marxism is better than democracy or vice versa; or hasn't all b can be said on that subject?

Haven't sufficient books now bee how to live your life pleasantly, and on up children?

And so on. Maybe we're being vu and anticultural in saying such a thing ering the hordes of superfluous books print in this country each year, we t unable to break out the crying towels that publishing costs are cutting sli output. Perchance it's all for the bes

DOUBLING UP IN COMFORT

IT IS reported that 2,800,000 American married couples, or more than 8 per cent of the total number, are doubling up in houses meant for only one family each. Many of them are grating seriously on one another's nerves. Occasionally such a setup erupts in mayhem or homicide. And the housing shortage goes on, on and on.

We happen to know of one case where the problem has been tackled about as effectively, it seems to us, as it can be in any case. This, too, is an instance, not of mere doubling up, but of tripling up.

The parties involved are (1) an elderly lady, (2) one of her daughters and this daughter's husband—no children—and (3) another daughter with an adopted child, a little girl of four or five. They all live in a fairly good-sized but not outsized apartment—and they get along splendidly.

Their system consists in dividing up the available rooms three ways, and in simply never invading one another's allotted domains.

They pretend that they are living in three separate houses, which just happen to have one kitchen and two baths among them; that they friendly neighbors, related to one a no wise roommates, collectivists or w mine people.

They have this advantage: that al the group are persons of uncommon while the little girl is a honey. N should think the underlying prin could be applied by almost any dou with at least fair success. Just tho the tip along.

HERE'S TO JOE CURRAN

AMERICANS in general, we think, owe a vote of thanks to Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union (C.I.O.). Curran, if all goes well, is in process of saving the U.S. Merchant Marine from coming under the domination of Soviet Russia.

For a long time, the NMU chief played along with the strong Communist element in his union; was even suspected of being secretly a Red.

At the NMU's latest convention, in New York City, Curran read the riot act to the Communists, and roared his intention either to return the union to the control of the rank and file or to resign. He won on all major issues.

The NMU isn't all the way out of the woods yet, but it is well started in that direction. If Curran eventually wins, it will be a victory for the American people as well as for him. The reason why that is so is that if the Communist part dominate U.S. merchant shipping it Merchant Marine whenever the Kr finger.

The implications are too serious to tolerate. Anyway, American should back up NMU President Joe possible way, from here on to the ticular struggle.

"THAT COCK WON'T FIGHT"

WHEN a lawyer, working on a case, thinks up some argument that looks nice and shiny but has a fatal weakness somewhere, he often says, "That cock won't fight."

The remark applies, we'd say, to President Truman's recurrent railings against grain speculators as being to blame for high grain prices.

We're holding no brief for the speculators; but it does seem that they simply are not guilty. The true causes of soaring grain prices appear to be a general scarcity of wheat and corn, heavy U.S. government buying for export to hungry countries abroad, and the government's long-standing legal commitment to a policy of supporting farm prices.

The speculators are essentially bettors. They bet that prices will or won't go to such and such a level at such and such a time. Sometimes they win, sometimes they lose. We can't see how these bets can affect prices importantly, any mo money on some horse's nose will either win or lose a race.

Maybe the President would be b to stop trying to make political speculators and attack the real cau prices and of inflation generally. not be a dramatic performer, but up a better long-run fight.

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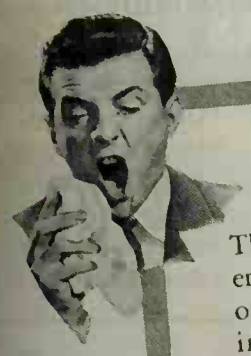
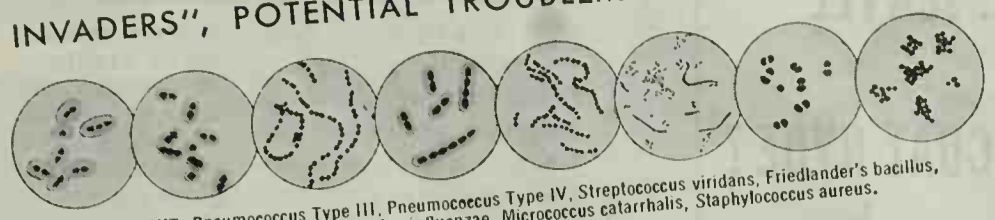
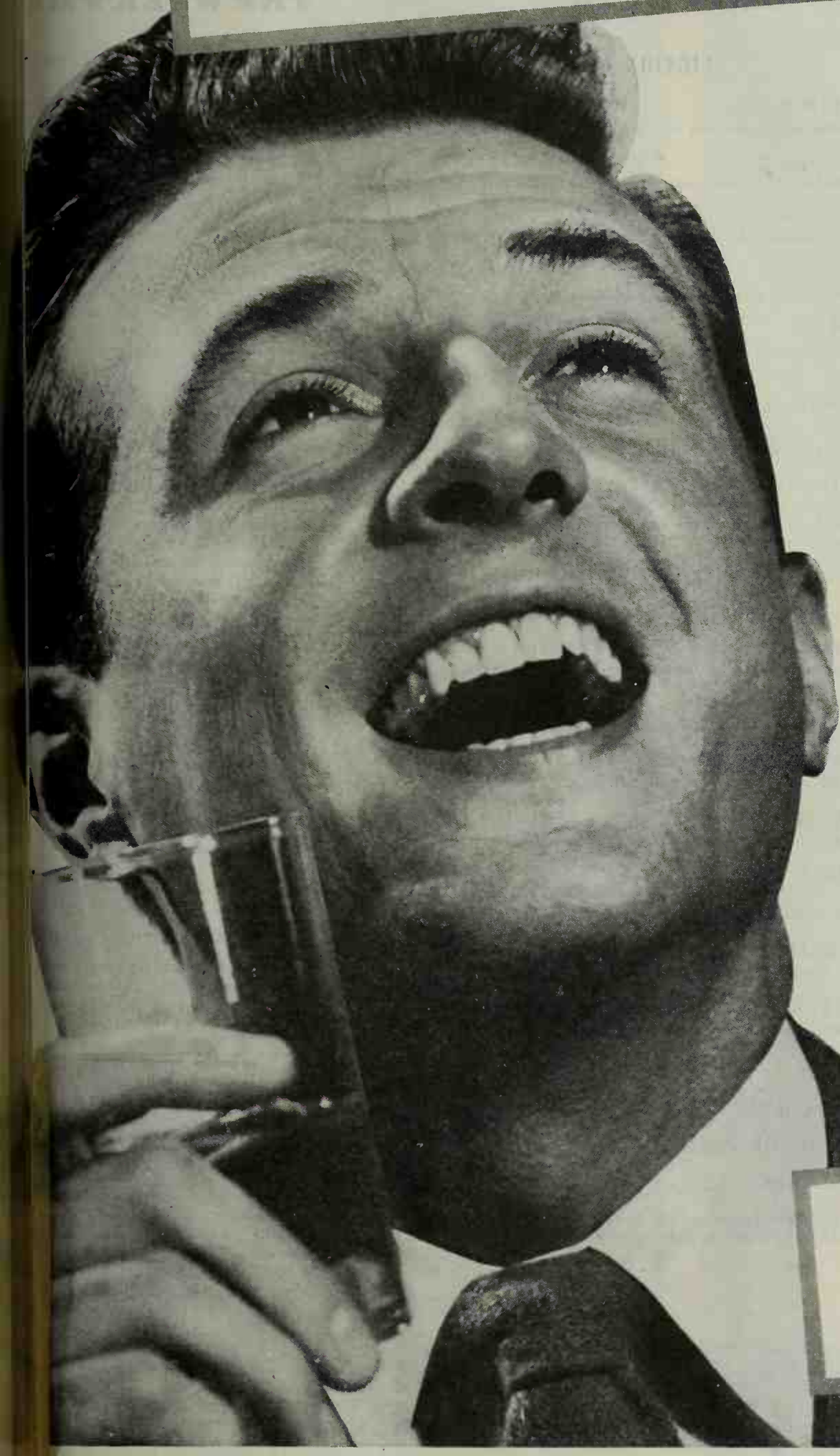


"SECONDARY INVADERS", POTENTIAL TROUBLEMAKERS

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.



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Write for Don Herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

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EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	
		JOHN CONNER	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*		

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THE WEEK'S MA

BIG MONEY IN FICTION

DEAR SIRS: My name is Martha Bet... law and I live at Groesbeck Texas a... one this is a story not a very good ... am going to write storys when I am ... if it is good just put it in your book ... your very much I am 9 years old.

two on the lake

Mary a girl of 21 was very beautif... was on her vacation with her mothe... Father and her dog companion sh... out in a boat but companion was no... her Just then a boy was in another ... he was alone to Just then her boat t... she called for help and the boy hur... rowed over to her and help her in ... boat. thank you she said it is all ri... said I like to help beautiful girls h... with a small well thank you anyw... have I said that to she said you have h... what is your name he said My na... Mary Gray and I am 21, she said and ... is yours if I may ask you may he sa... name is Tom Homes and I am ... mary I love you so much how do you ... you just saw me and just know my ... and age that is all I want to know ... Gray dont call me Miss Gray call me ... she said and just call me Tom he sai...

MARTHA BETH OU...
Groesbeck, ...

Sold! Miss Outlaw has her first ... ance. A check for $10 is being forw... her immediately.

BROWN FOR PRESIDENT!

DEAR EDITOR: Thanks a million f... most concise, honest and brilliant ... I've ever read on any subject: Let ... Germany Off Our Back! by Lev... Brown (Nov. 1st). Our country nee... like Mr. Brown in public office.

A. H. STUBBLEFIELD, Fulton, ...

FMALES OF THE FMUTURE

DEAR SIRS: J. Lawrence Angel has ir... ing theories on the future shape ... average American in his What Shape ... (Oct. 25th), but I see an entirely di... American of the future. He'll have ... flat feet, as the result of walking in ... lines. His knees will be freely hinge ... cushioned with calluses, from knee ... supplication before merchants, pl... for lower prices. His head will b... siderably broader, and will be peak... that he'll be able to provide shelte... sort for himself, to compensate for t... of housing.

With prices going up the way th... nobody will be able to afford clothes ... if they are not wearing dresses or ...

(Continued on page 99)

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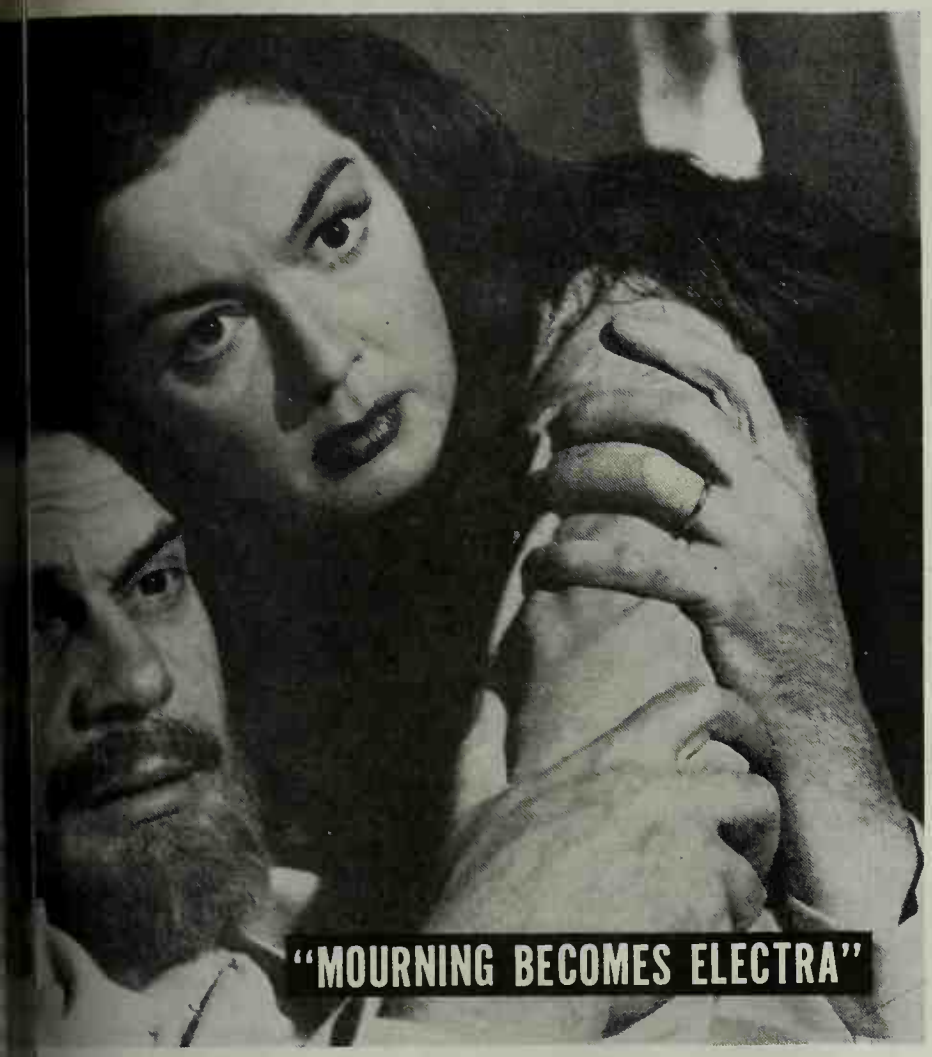
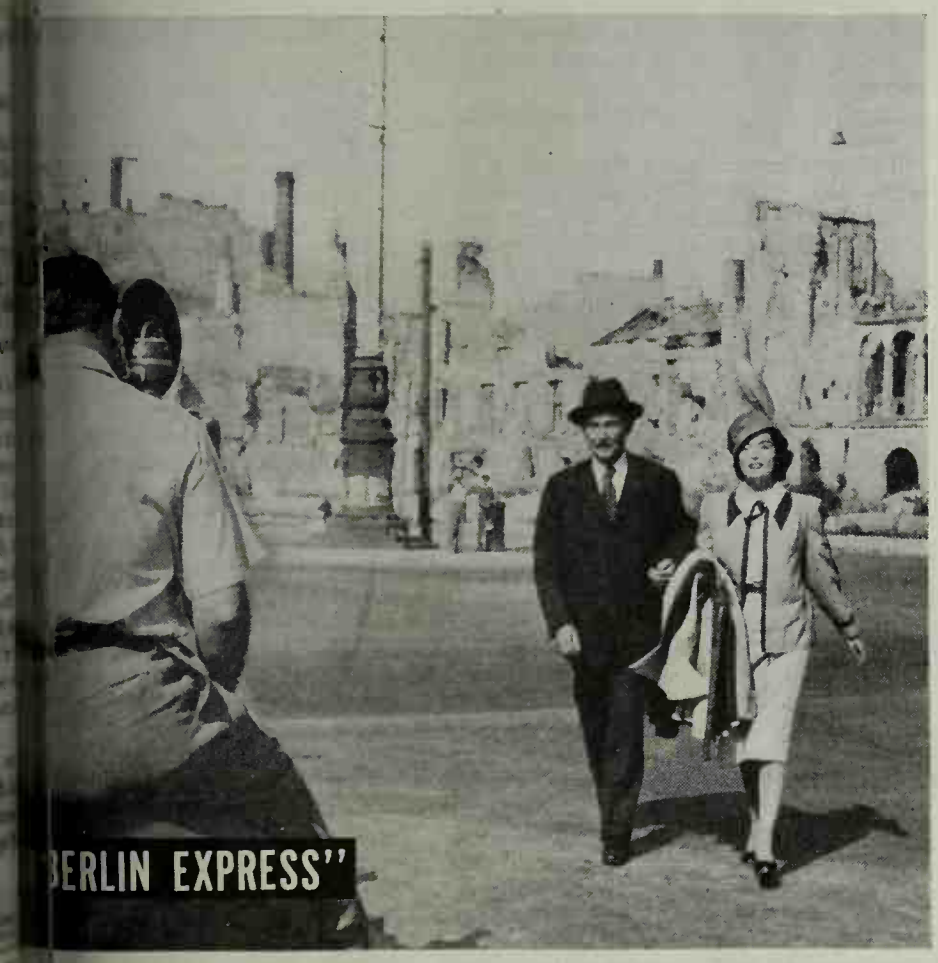
KO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



CHINOUS sounds in room beyond, cause ROSALIND RUSSELL and ailing father, RAYMOND MASSEY, to cling fearfully together in this ne from RKO's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. MICHAEL REDGRAVE, ATINA PAXINOU, LEO GENN and KIRK DOUGLAS also star.

END OF BUSY DAY, on set of RKO's *The Miracle of the Bells*, finds stars FRED MacMURRAY, VALLI and FRANK SINATRA in gay mood. Film version of Russell Janney's best-seller will world premiere during Easter week. Produced by Jesse L. Lasky and Walter MacEwen.



RLIN RUINS form background for filming in Germany of RKO's *Berlin* press. Movie camera follows MERLE OBERON and PAUL LUKAS oss street near Reichstag. This timely drama of British and American cret agents also stars ROBERT RYAN and CHARLES KORVIN.

SAN FRANCISCO children mob IRENE DUNNE for autographs, during filming in Bay City of cable car sequence for George Stevens' production, *I Remember Mama*. Screen version of the Broadway stage hit co-stars BARBARA BEL GEDDES, OSCAR HOMOLKA, PHILIP DORN.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*

BY FRELING FOSTER

As the tusks of an elephant grow throughout its life, many a male in Africa eventually develops a set so heavy that the animal has to place them in forks of trees at short intervals in order to rest its tired neck muscles. Thereafter, these elephants, being unable to keep pace with their herds, lead solitary lives and become easy victims of ivory hunters.

The panic created in this country in 1938 by the broadcasting of a play in which men from Mars landed in New Jersey to destroy the earth was comparable to the panic created in England in 1926 by the radio dramatization of a play in which a mob of unemployed leveled London to the ground. Despite several announcements that the piece was a burlesque, thousands of Britons frantically telephoned newspapers and government offices for more facts, convinced that it was an on-the-spot newscast by the realistic sound effects of exploding bombs and falling buildings.

As certain types of pain are "referred" from one part of the body to another, this sensation is not an infallible guide to the seat of an ailment. Pain caused by gall-bladder inflammation is often felt in the shoulder blade; that produced by hip-joint disease is usually experienced in the knee and that caused by a decaying tooth is sometimes situated in the ear.

For years, one of the world's oddest hotels has been operating in a jungle ten miles from Nyeri in Kenya Colony, Africa. Built in the branches of a giant tree, 40 feet above the ground, Treetops Hotel is for the sole accommodation of guests who wish to watch, in safety, the variety of wild animals that, at dusk and dawn, come to the water hole and salt lick beneath it. The rate is $50 a day which includes transportation to and from the dangerous spot with armed guards.

Although most icebergs are pure white, a number that have been seen and photographed in the North Atlantic were entirely green or black.

During the five years the occupied tiny Alderney Isl the English Channel, they so m the furniture of the 1,400 ev inhabitants that, when the pe turned in 1945, the island au felt obliged to end the confu drastic means. The furnitu taken to a large field where, at signal, the islanders raced as i rush to claim whatever piec could reach first. Since ther once neighborly folks have visiting the homes of one a fearing they might see some cl article that they lost in this fre for-all.

The greatest undertaking of in history is the restoration liamsburg, Virginia, which wa in 1927 and will be completed at a cost of $35,000,000. The comprises the razing of 600 b erected after the year 1800 restoring of nearly 400 houses, shops, schools, churc taverns. Although unfinish town is now attracting 500,0 ists annually who come to se its 4,000 inhabitants living an ing in the environment that p there in the 18th century.

One of the queer tricks pl magnetic storms is to cause a sation on a telephone line to a live radio line near by and b cast without the knowledge of persons talking. This occu New York a short time ago wh a connection caused an phone call to be heard on a coast program.

Few infants of the Mongol ples are born without a "Mo spot," a round patch of dark tation at the lower end of th About one inch in diameter, disappears before the fifth ye

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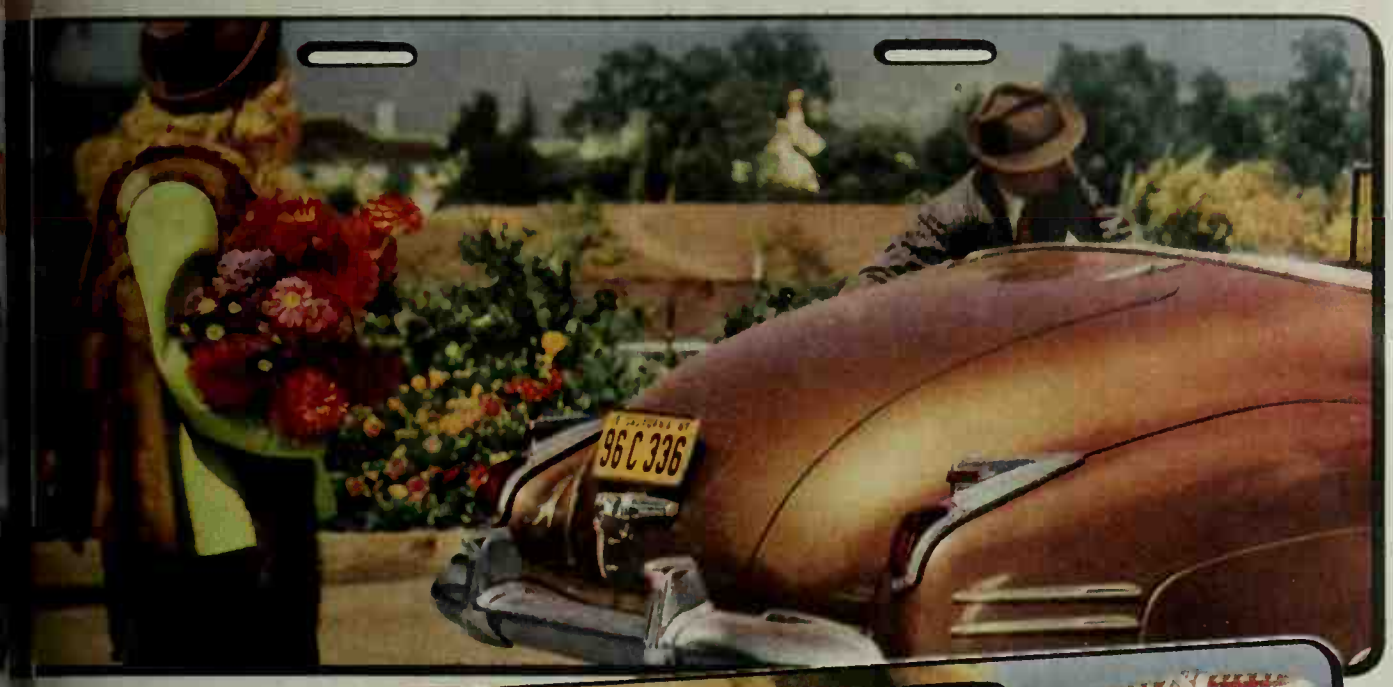
WHOSE LICENSE PLATES ARE THESE?

tags are on the cars of three famous people. Read the clues and see if you can identify them.



1. This California license marks the car of a blue-eyed, golden-haired actress and singer. Though just turned twenty-one, she has been in training for stardom since she was five. (At ten she put on a radio show in her home town of Rock Island, Illinois, for two dollars cash and a gallon of ice cream.)

She is currently being seen in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Coming up is "Summer Lightning." She uses "Ethyl" gasoline in her car because: "My car dealer advised me to always buy 'Ethyl' gasoline."

2. This New York plate identifies the car of a well-known sports announcer. A three-letter man at Pennsylvania Military College, he traveled 50,000 miles last year to broadcast major sports events for NBC. His face and voice are familiar to millions as sports commentator for MGM's "News of the Day."

He was born in Rochester, N. Y., and was a stock company actor in that city. Since 1937 he has been a regular member of the NBC Special Events Staff and since 1940 he has been director of sports for NBC. He is fond of motorboats and high-powered cars. He always uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his cars because: "I like the snap and power that 'Ethyl' gasoline puts into a motor."

3. Here's another California license plate. It identifies the car of a Hollywood star who is tall, dark and handsome. His father and grandfather before him were both famous stage stars of the same name. His performance in "Lloyd's of London" put him on the road to success.

His initial post-war picture was "The Razor's Edge." Twentieth Century-Fox is releasing his twenty-seventh film, "Captain from Castile." He uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his dark gray convertible. He says: "My last name tells you the reason why."

Read this to see how many you got right:

…om we have to thank this month for saying nice things about "Ethyl" gasoline: …ver **2.** Bill Stern **3.** Tyrone Power. …llions of other car owners, these well-…ople know that whether you have a …e car or are trying to coax a little more …t of an old one there's nothing like …soline. They know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means the oil company has improved its best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This famous ingredient steps up power and performance. Try a tankful of "Ethyl" gasoline today and see how much it can do for your car… how much it can add to your driving pleasure. Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

WANTED

In Every State Of The Union

Reward

- Extra Flavor
- Extra Richness
- Extra Goodness

57

HEINZ

Tomato Ketchup

Made from Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes, rare spices and fine vinegar!

THE WEEK'S WORK

Cover man Ren Wicks, Ronnie, 2½, and wife Nancy, this week's co

PICKING Collier's 58th One and Only, Original All-America Football Team (p. 14) gave Grantland Rice, his board of experts and the photograbbers, the Peskins, an eye-back-bottom-and-brain-busting headache. The Peskins alone flew over 20,000 miles to see 15 games, took over 800 color action shots, ate 367 hot dogs and still make tackles in their dreams nightly.

Says Grannie Rice, "I wish we could have picked a hundred players —there was a peacetime surplus this year of All-America material. The backfield was a heartbreaker to pick. We apologize to the left-offs—or do I mean leftbacks!"

"RETURNING to Collier's with Here Come the Pitchmen (p. 90)," Samuel Duff McCoy says, "is like Old Home-coming Week to me. I remember Collier's when the offices were way uptown on West 13th Street. I have never thought of those offices as a place peopled by unapproachable titans known as editors, but as the abode of pals, Warren Barton Blake, Webb Waldron, Thoreau Cronyn, Lucian Cary, with whom one forgathered not in office hours, but after the dust and battle of the day . . .

" 'Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field, or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?'

"As for personages like Walter Davenport and Ken Littauer, why, they are mere children, and in those days not even associated with Collier's! I held Ken's chubby, childish fingers around the badminton handle, instructing him in the mysteries of that game when first he toddled on the court; and there is an anthology named Best News Stories of 1923—that's 25 years ago, son—which included a story by Davenport and one by me. Bill was slaving on the old Herald then, and I on the old World."

HARRY SYLVESTER has published over 130 stories, The Birds (p. 18) being his 42d to appear in Collier's. His third book, Moon Gaffney, a novel about a young Irish politician is doing nicely right now. Harry's a Brooklyn boy (1908) who left newspapering in 1935 to go into the writing business—so he could run down to the tropics winters. In 1938 he invaded the State of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, for an interview with the rebel general Saturnino Cedillo, who thought Sylvester a Communist spy and clapped him into the clink for a day. Sylvester's story, when published, predicted the revolt in whi was killed. "My scoop!" Ha

This winter Harry will s home base on Cape Cod. for his four Jr. Sylvesters, cat, nine hens and auto, Sy been catching cod and flo preparing them for the free

PETER PACKER (Brita Phoenix, p. 20) is a Lon at twelve won first prize R.S.P.C.A. for a story abo cat he'd once booted rathe His ma placed the prize, Flowers of the Field, uncut china closet. It would still b for a bomb dropped on it

At fourteen Packer was shillings a week working don ship broker. Since then gold and copper in Canad pered, labored on farms a New England, written for dian radio and spent four y AAF. He got back to st when a stockholder's son i lieved him of a job, and bered that alley cat. He stories about human alley one. He now lives in Be His first novel, White Croc cently published.

ASIDE from an occasion corn silk or real ciga putting a few slugs in slot Rob Bugg, who illustrated Cowboy (p. 11), confesse youth exemplary, Boy Sc "4-H." His high-schooling marked with grades that scores made by professio and, despite a tendency t senteeism, he got a diploma

After discouraging the for two years at New York dents' League, Bugg quit t kid comic magazines.

Bugg drew Martians an entists for another two though he says he develop cramp and split personali drafted when the Thing c "I enjoyed the distinction o only man on the base who PFC and busted before n same day," he recalls. "I gally in 1946, and have cartoons and illustrations I am twenty-seven, single, ing, and I'm no Proust. B

This week's cover: Rai matter whom he uses as a where he draws them, Wicks' gals always come o wife Nancy. That's she on the cover. T

They'll be so much happier with an ELGIN

...Y AN ELGIN HAS A DURAPOWER MAINSPRING*

...OK FOR THIS SYMBOL ON THE DIAL

MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $65.00 to $5000. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $100.00. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All prices include Federal Tax.

...g—this new mainspring made of "Elgiloy" metal. It eliminates 99% ...repairs due to steel mainspring failures! It completely overcomes the ...st cause of their breaking—rust! And it will retain its "springiness" ...ly for greater accuracy through the years! Now in all the beautiful new Elgins at no extra cost!

...n assurance of satisfaction in the ... you choose for someone you love! ... . . . Elgin timed-to-the-stars accu- ...d this new miracle mainspring, the ...rtant watchmaking development ...bearings were introduced in 1704. ...autiful new Elgin Watches at your jeweler's. They all have the DuraPower Mainspring. And they all have rust-proof Elginite Alloy Hairsprings+, too; are factory adjusted to temperatures and positions.

Yes, indeed. The one you want to surprise with a watch will be so much happier with an Elgin . . . an Elgin with "dp" on the dial. +Patent No. 2,146,231

The most important watchmaking development in over 200 years!

Now to Elgin's famous star-timed accuracy the DuraPower Mainspring adds a permanency of timekeeping performance never before possible in any watch. Elgin observatory time from the stars is the official time of United Air Lines. *Patent Pending

Hear Elgin's **"2 HOURS OF STARS"** *Christmas Day. C.B.S. Network*

A PHILCO for Christmas!

There's a thrill for young and old
in the very thought: *A Philco for Christmas!*
This year, there is no need for compromise
. . . for disappointment . . . because there's
a Philco for everyone in the brilliant
array at your Philco dealer's.

PHILCO *Famous for Quality the World Over*

WEDNESDAY IS BINGSDAY! Listen to Philco Radio Time starring BING CROSBY Wednesdays, 10 P.M. in the East, 9 P. M. everywhere else . . . ABC Network and mony additianal stations.

BLACK-TIE COWBOY

BY ROBERT CARSON

Harry was an easygoing galoot, quick on the draw and tall in the saddle—one of the best catches ever to gallop across the silver screen

IF YOU'LL pardon my horning in, I'd like to tell my little tale. Of course, I know these bull sessions at state bar association meetings are full of strange stories, but I think after you've heard my testimony you'll admit my experience is legally unique. Please don't be disturbed should I occasionally twitch perceptibly during this recital; the events took place fairly recently, and I'm still not myself.

I'll begin with a prologue—which consists of the early lives of Mary Prentis and myself. She was Mary Morgan then, and I met her when I was fourteen. Her age was eight or nine at the time. Even in those days she had blond hair, long straight legs, absolutely the smoothest skin procurable, and a rather unstable temperament. At fourteen you don't particularly notice girls unless they can play baseball awfully well, and Mary couldn't; but I do remember she looked like a little, taffy-headed angel to me. Something about her captured my adolescent fancy.

Well, my parents knew her parents, and I saw a lot of the dizzy child on one occasion or another. When I had grown up and was through college, Mary had become a small, beautiful debutante, with the same long straight legs and perfect complexion. I began taking her out and furtively holding her hand, and I estimate that there were at least fifty other fellows doing likewise. Mary was very charming, affable, easy and gay—yet you never knew exactly where you were with her.

I was going to settle that with a proposal, but I waited too long. Having entered a partnership with ex-Judge James J. Blake—Blake and Edmonds, we were called, even after the judge died—I was pretty busy, and I thought I should delay taking a wife until my practice was large and my reputation established.

You can tell me, as I know you will, that anything as pretty as Mary is a perishable commodity, and I realize

"That's contempt, Mr. Edmonds," the judge said, whamming down his gavel. "Five hundred dollars or five days"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

that now. However, you have to remember this was before the war, and in those days women weren't courted one day, married the next, and then left in San Diego or Norfolk until the fleet came in again. While I was feeling reasonably secure, Mary met Harry. Harry Worth Prentis, in case he ever needs to be sworn. Anyway, how do I know Mary would have accepted me?

PERHAPS I should paint a portrait of Harry for you. No? Very well, he was approximately my age, hair the texture of a red shoebrush, a nose which had been permanently slanted in a football game, and a curious offhand manner that would have militated against him in the legal profession. Since he was an actor who played the hero in Western pictures, it didn't seem to matter. In fact, his careless attitude may have aided him; he faced the imaginary dangers, his wonder horse White Bullet and the various heroines with equal *sang-froid*.

Harry met Mary at a horse show given for charity, where Mary was riding a jumper and Harry was appearing as the principal attraction. I forgot to say that Harry also played a banjo and sang. His repertoire consisted entirely of Western songs, but they seemed to like him at the horse show. What gave me particular pain was that Mary especially liked him. She had won second prize in the jumping contest, and he presented her with the bauble or ribbon or whatever it is you receive for being second in the jumps.

"Miss Mary," Harry drawled, "here's yore second prize, and I wish I had more to give to a little gal that's as pretty as a spotted pup."

"Why, stranger," Mary said, "I reckon this here is enough for me. But I thank yuh for the sweet talk."

"Fergit it," Harry said. "You're purty, Miss Mary—jist plumb purty."

They both appeared strangely amused by their elaborate accents and dead-pan characterizations, though I was rather annoyed by Harry's forward manner. I tried to persuade Mary to leave, but she stayed through the whole show. Somehow we fell in with Harry as we left. He had a station wagon, naturally, with "No Tengo Rancho" painted on the side and two enormous Dalmatian dogs in the back. Mary petted the dogs, which were named Liver Trouble and Vertigo, and introduced me to Harry, who stood with one boot on the running board.

"Lawyer, eh?" Harry said. "Never go lawin', myself. I let my six-guns talk for me."

"In these civilized days," I said, "it hardly seems feasible to resort to violence to—"

"Never mind, Alfred," Mary interrupted. "This waddy jist throws a loose rope."

"I git steely-eyed when I'm crossed, Miss Mary," Harry said.

"You ain't heeled, pardner," Mary said.

"Make yore play," Harry said. "I ain't fixin' to leave this here territory."

"Really," I said, "haven't we had enough of this elaborate dialect joke?"

"I guess we have," Harry said. "It isn't too funny, is it?"

"I'm amused," Mary said.

"Bless your little simple heart," Harry told her. "If you'll write your address and telephone number on this here piece of cigarette paper, I might come over sometime and rescue you from a runaway horse."

It disturbed me to see Mary promptly comply with his request. Worse yet, she hung around until he got in with his damned Dalmatians and drove away.

"That's a silly name for a rancho," I said. "No Tengo—"

"It means he hasn't got one," Mary replied. "I think he's sort of cute, don't you, Alfred? He looks nuts."

"No and yes," I said. "No, I don't think he's sort of cute, and yes, he looks crazy. Do you feel your mother and father are going to be pl your having a movie cowb upon you?"

"I have a dreadful convicti fred," Mary said, "that he's n ing to call upon me."

She was right—he didn't. I most forgotten him when on she asked me to take her to a house in Hollywood that r Westerns. Somewhat suspic took her. Sure enough, a Harr tis feature was part of the bill. entirely just, Harry wasn't a ba ern actor. He appeared to e muscular role, and his engagi sonality showed to advantage luloid. As far as dramatic went, his wonder horse, White was the more talented of the p this was no great handicap vehicles that Harry starred in enough that he could clearly e small bits of the type of dial which I have already given y ples; ride; shoot; and show a toward the heroine and hi After we had left the theate pressed my opinions to Mary

"He's adequate, huh?" she s eyes shone oddly bright. "Did him beat the villain to the dra there cow-poke is mighty han a shootin' 'arn."

"Yes, my dear girl," I said. I also know we could have hear Fritz Kreisler tonigh mighty handy with a violin, a more uplifting."

"Who did Fritz ever outdra frontier?" Mary demanded. I've never been so excited in Suppose the villain had kille the dirty rat! Suppose evil umphed? Would *you* want t living in Logtown with the c shal dead and Bert Slade everything in his ruthless way

"Mary, darling," I said, "m not joking. Can't we change ject to something that would in my line?"

"Certainly," Mary said. "L a soft drink. Turn in at this d

She must have brooded o town and Bert Slade and par the city marshal, because n later she secured Harry's ho phone number from a frien studio and called him.

AS THE legal adviser to bo people, eventually I bece versant with the details of the conversation. Mary said she Miss Mary, formerly of Logt once a good friend of Bert She stated her folks were r stage station over in the Hanc district, and she wondered could fork his cayuse the f Tuesday and ride down to station and have some cold and whisky with them.

It developed that Harry bered neither her, the horse s picture he was in, nor anythi the moment. Nevertheless, kind and polite, and allowed be settin' out coyote traps in cock Park section come Tues was and happened to see th from Mary's chuck wagon, mire to have a flapjack or tw

"Black tie, pard," Mary gave him the address.

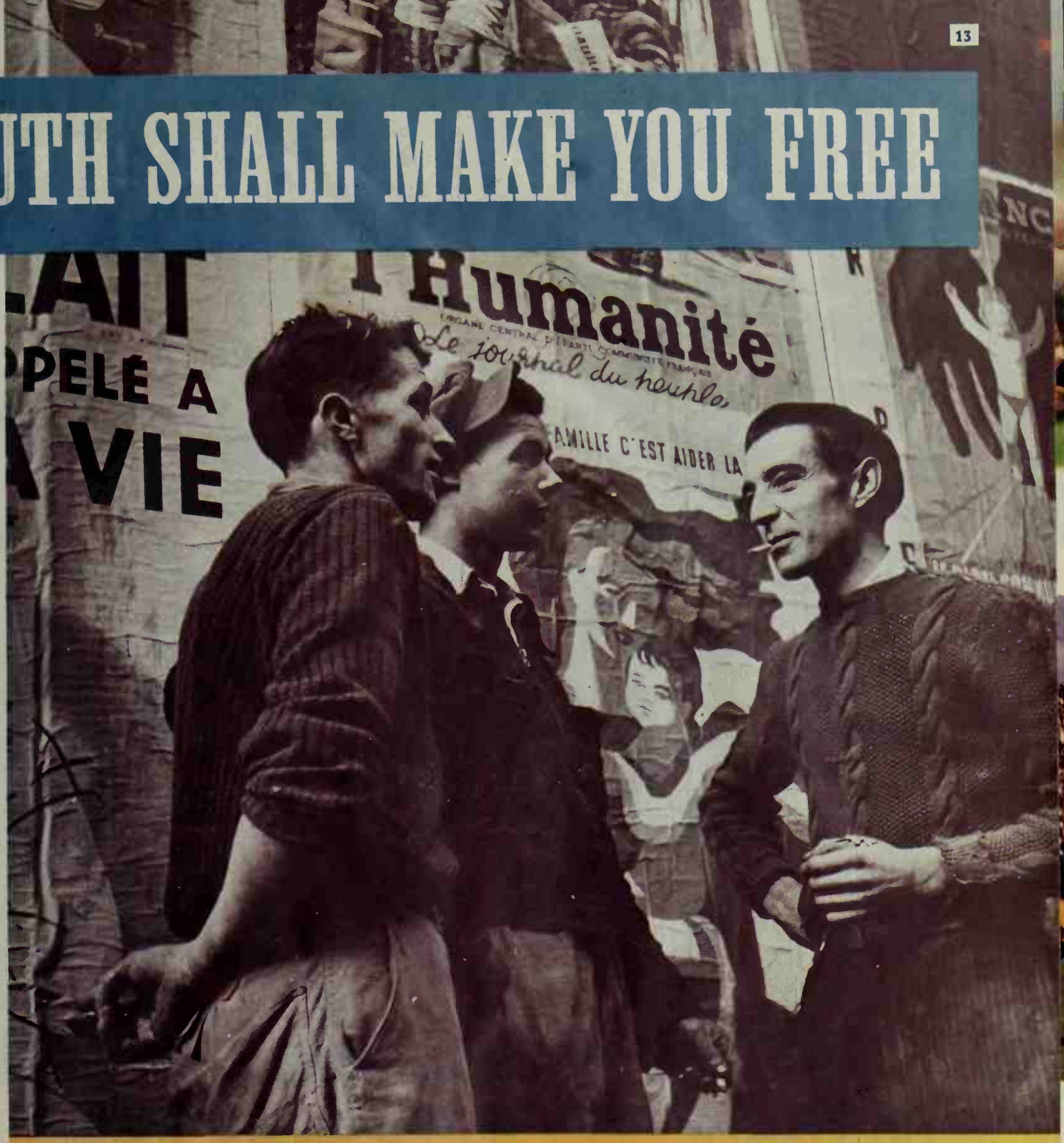
"Why, shore," Harry said. I'll have to wear my forty- shoulder holster that there ni

"I reckon," Mary said. " ing into consideration that recall me, the jumps, or the let daylight through Bert Sl

(Continued on page 1

During the rodeo competition in Calgary, Harry broke his nose and attracted the attention of a director of cowboy pictures

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE



Manual laborers in the 20th arrondissement of Paris, a Communist stronghold. They are easy marks for propagandists

Communist headquarters in Paris, one of the sources of the stream of misinformation and lies being circulated all over Europe today

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

U.S. SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS
(Member Senate Foreign Relations Committee and of subcommittee on information program)

The most unsavory and improbable rumors about America are now being circulated—and unfortunately believed—in Europe. After careful firsthand study of the situation, Senator Lodge suggests a remedy

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

URING the month of August, I visited England, France, Italy and Greece. Before November and December—isited briefly Ireland, France American zone of Germany. ce, last August, I hired a car ve the whole length of the from the Riviera to Nor- I did not remain long in any untries named, but I had been them before, except Greece, vas a newspaperman or in the nd was therefore in a position e comparisons. Wherever I tried to talk with as many as possible in all walks of order to obtain as clear a I could of the state of public

road conclusion is that in Europe we are losing the r men's minds. The most im- and unsavory things about are being widely circulated. nfortunately, they are also dely believed. I give two illus- which are typical:

French doctor of good stand- considerable private means is shocking statement: "We of course, that medical science ica is way ahead of what it is e, but then we also know that re you have all those under- d people on whom your doc- stantly experiment."

deputy of one of the con- French political parties, a al landholder and a compara- ealthy man, said to me: "We at you are trying to build up y industrially faster than you build up France. We can tell eral Clay's speeches that this he reason you do this is be- u intend to have a war with nd you want to get Germany e as your ally."

d him why he thought we ant to fight Russia and he s astonishing reply: "Because as taken away so much of ort trade."

er words, the lies that the ists are spreading about us g repeated so often that, like water wearing away a stone, making a real impression. still deep friendship for us in nd, contrary to some opin- r here, our American Army n grateful memory. But as American officials are inert t, the Russians cannot help and we cannot help but lose. n a debate, but the Russians e debating.

convinced that a govern- ormation program, beneficial is in a limited sense, is only the bucket. To solve the we must start thinking this

the hostilities were in prog- e was only one message to

(Continued on page 88)

COLLIER'S 58TH ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

THE LINE-UP

Name	Age	Height	Weight	Position
RICHARD SCOTT Navy	23	6'2"	202	Center
STEVE SUHEY Penn State	25	5'11"	210	Guard
JOSEPH STEFFY Army	20	5'11"	190	Guard
GEORGE CONNOR Notre Dame	22	6'3"	220	Tackle
ROBERT DAVIS Georgia Tech	20	6'4"	220	Tackle
PAUL CLEARY Southern California	25	6'1"	195	End
WILLIAM SWIACKI Columbia	22	6'2"	198	End
JOHN LUJACK Notre Dame	22	6'	180	Quarterback
ANTHONY MINISI Pennsylvania	21	5'11"	190	Back
ROBERT CHAPPUIS Michigan	24	6'	180	Back
RAY EVANS Kansas	24	6'1½"	195	Back

Anthony "Skippy" Minisi (38 and inset), Pennsylvania's great halfback, is off on one of his slashing end sweeps. Here he runs from the eight-yard line to score Penn's first touchdown in the Columbia game. Also shown are Bednarik (60), Penn's star center, and Savitsky (5), a tackle

This high-jumping pass catcher is Bill Swiacki of Columbia, one of the best ends of this or any other season; perhaps the best since Don Hutson. He's catching a throw from quarterback Gene Rossides, bringing the ball to Columbia's 28-yard line. Yale won the game, however, 17-7

OR-ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS
DAVID AND HY PESKIN

GRANTLAND RICE

MANY years of watching and writing
out college football, I have never seen a
son in which the all-round standard of
all parts of the country, was as high as in
he result was one of the most brilliant cam-
and, some of the closest contests, since
and Rutgers started the ball rolling in

do not recall a season in which interest in
was greater. Attendance records were
verywhere. Almost every important game
out long in advance, with crowds of from
100,000 reported at Los Angeles, Phila-
Ann Arbor, Columbus, New Orleans,
nd, Atlanta, Dallas, and other cities.
r record was broken in 1947, too, and
ectators would have been just as well
f the coaches had let it alone. This was
mber of substitutions. Never have we seen
rade of players from bench to gridiron and
diron to bench. For example, Michigan
d as many as 40 men in a single game, in-
2 to 14 ball carriers. Sometimes Fritz
e Michigan coach, would send in as many
different backs and eight different pass
In the game between Army and Columbia,
e most thrilling of the season, there were
0 substitutions on each side.
ewildering business went on all over the
frequently six or eight men would be
to a game and rushed out a few minutes
parently the old-time Iron Men, stalwarts
d play 60 minutes without relief, are gone
football today is no longer a game of
even of platoons and companies. It's
battalions and regiments.
the reasons that this year produced so
traordinarily good football was that so
the players were men of comparatively
rience; many had played four or five years
ge or service teams. In general the service-
rmed this year as they had been expected
n in 1946. In last year's article on the All-
selections I noted that the veterans had
k to school bigger, older and stronger;
they were expected to wreck the opposi-
, by and large, their work in 1946 was dis-
g; their timing was bad, they were slower

7 BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., AND GRANTLAND
TS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART FORBIDDEN

Steve Suhey (62), Penn State's left guard, rips through the line to break up a West Virginia thrust, with a Mountaineer halfback carrying the ball. Backing up the Penn State line is quarterback Chuck Drazenovich (23). Penn State won the game by a score of 21 to 14

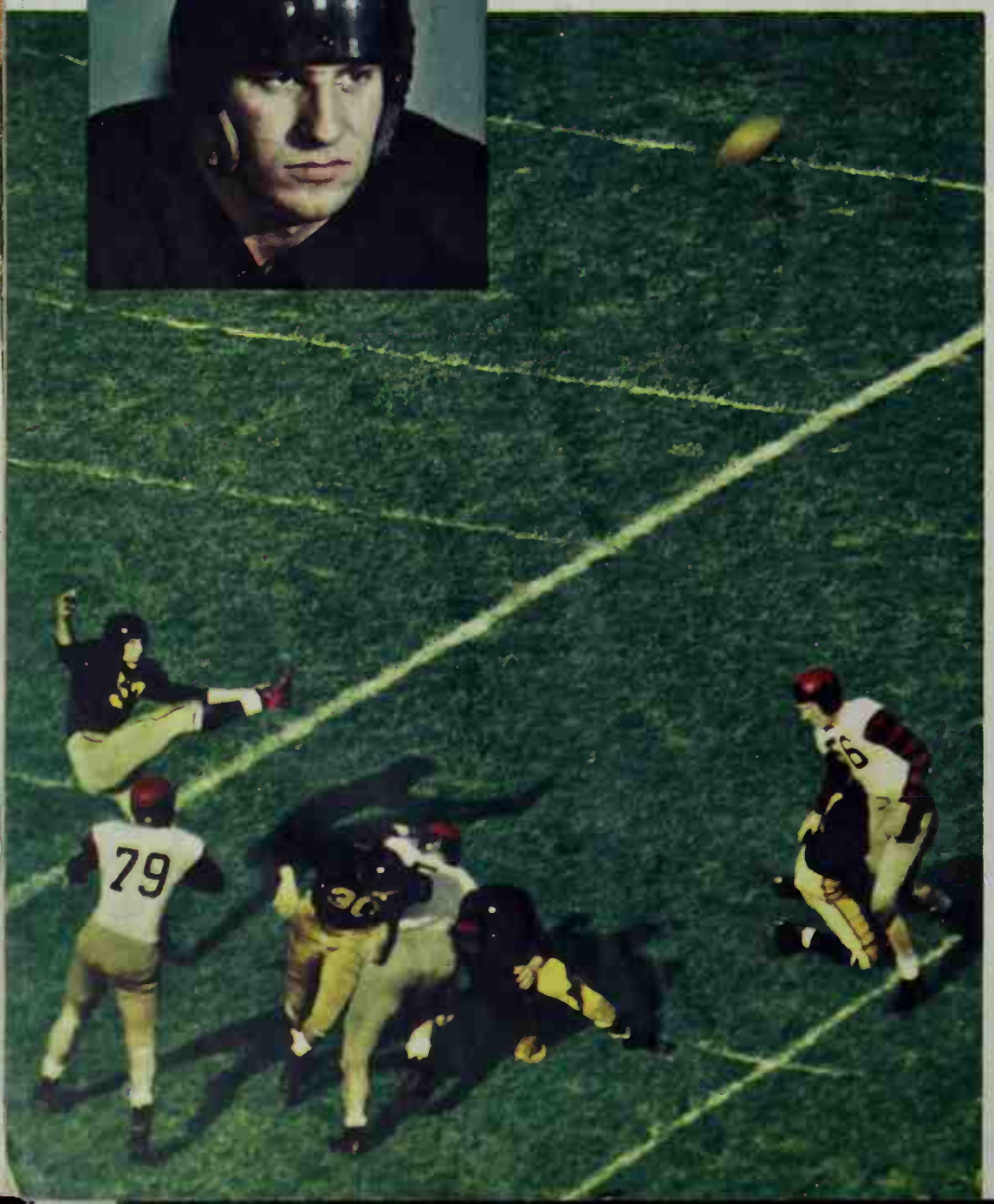
Michigan's star back, Bob Chappuis, with the ball, scored three of his team's touchdowns in the 55-0 rout of Michigan State. Here he twists away from one tackler only to run into Fusi (51) and Gilman (83). Also shown is Pete Elliott (45), Michigan's fine quarterback

The young giant (extreme left), wearing 57, is Robert Davis, Georgia Tech tackle, known as "Earthquake." He's shown in the game against Tennessee, which Tech won 27 to 0. Halfback Bowen is carrying the ball. No. 14 is Ray Drost, Tennessee's star guard

o see COLLIER'S ALL-
CA passing, running,
g, scoring? Want to see
tars close-up in the
that won them this
? COLLIER'S has ar-
it. In your local movie
you may see the thrills
eld thousands spell-
shown exclusively in
ER PATHÉ NEWS

Ray Evans (42), great triple-threat back from the University of Kansas and one of the best ball carriers of the year, fakes a pass and then breaks away for a touchdown against Kansas State. On this play Evans eluded the entire Kansas State team. Kansas U. won by a one-sided score, 55-0

Dick Scott, who not only played a great game at center for Navy but did most of his team's kicking, gets off a punt from his own goal line against Pennsylvania. Scott was also a powerful man on defense; his coach said that as a backer-up he often made 70 per cent of the tackles



and were easier to hurt, they resented discipline and their reflexes were out of focus.

This year the picture was quite different. Most of the ex-servicemen were more amenable to football discipline, had become adjusted to civil life and were in better mental and physical condition. The result was more teams operating on a higher level than ever before—such as Notre Dame, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Georgia Tech, Penn State, Texas, Southern California and Southern Methodist. There was a remarkably equal distribution of strength from the Ivy League to the Pacific Coast Conference; a team could be quite good and still lose three or four games. Only a few managed to survive the weekly shock of contest and remain unbeaten as late as mid-November.

When the 1947 season opened, most of the experts picked, as the probable leading teams in their respective sections, North Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana State in the South and Southeast; Rice in the Southwest; Notre Dame and Michigan in the Middle West; Pennsylvania, Yale and Penn State in the East; Southern California and UCLA on the Pacific Coast. But early reversals took place in the Southern, Southeastern and Southwestern conferences, as North Carolina, Georgia, Rice and LSU were overcome. By November, Virginia, Georgia Tech, Duke, Texas and Southern Methodist had moved to the front. Virginia's crushing defeat of Harvard, 47 to 0, was one of the season's sensations.

In the Southwest it was Texas and SMU that led the way, due to the brilliant work of two great backs, Bobby Layne and Doak Walker. These teams were unbeaten until they met head on on November 1st, with SMU winning 14 to 13 in what was probably the most desperate and evenly fought contest of the year. On the Coast, the great surprise was the showing of California. In the football doldrums for several years, the Bears finally came to life under the coaching of Lynn Waldorf and mowed down all opposition until they were stopped by Southern California, which had better backs.

Army ran its string of victories to 30, with two ties, until Columbia surprised everybody by overthrowing the Cadets 21 to 20, in a game featured by the great pass throwing of Gene Rossides and the extraordinary catching of end Bill Swiacki. In the M... West, Notre Dame and Michiga... the way, performing about a... been expected.

In selecting an All-America ... the greatest problems arise i... backfield. The back is much m... the public eye than the linem... gets most of the headlines and ... of the credit, although often t... serves neither. All this must be ... into consideration, as must the f... fact that there is almost alw... plethora of good backs.

This year was no exception; ... were plenty of first-class bac... men. After the most careful and ... plete checking we made up a list f... leading ball carriers and blo... backs, all of them so good that ... time it looked as if we were go... have too many men on our team ... we finally boiled this list down ... men—John Lujack of Notre ... Anthony "Skippy" Minisi of Pe... vania, Ray Evans of Kansas ... Chappuis of Michigan, Bobby ... of Texas and Doak Walker of S... ern Methodist. From this six w... finally, to select four.

In the final choices, there we... important points to conside... round ability and length of ser... the football wars. Lujack, Min... Evans had each played from f... five hard campaigns. Walker ... questionably a great back, but ... sophomore; he lacks experie... first-flight competition. Layne ... outstanding passer, one of the g... in college football, but he ... come up to Lujack, Minisi and ... in ball carrying, blocking and ... sive strength. Minisi and Eva... fine passers, able ball carriers ... blockers and are brilliant on d... In addition to being a top-r... passer, Lujack is a fine ball carr... one of the best defensive backs ... country.

I put this problem to a vote ... eral professional football coach... of whom keep keen eyes on ... stars. Their three leading sel... were Lujack, Minisi and Evans. ... our selecting board had the sam... ion, in general, our final sel... were Notre Dame's Lujack ... Connellsville, Pa.), Penn's ... (from Newark, N. J.), Kansas' ... (from Kansas City, Kan.) and ... gan's Chappuis (from Toledo, ... Chappuis made the grade beca...

(Continued on page 114)

This stirring action picture was taken at the game between the University of Southern California and Stanford, which the former won by a score of 14 to 0. Paul Cleary (82), Southern California end and All-America selection, is shown in the clear, waiting to catch a pass thrown by quarterback George Murphy (taped hand) on Stanford's 35-yard line. Southern California is doing some extraordinarily fine blocking. Cleary is one of the best college ends developed in a good many years

Three All-America players are shown in this picture of the Notre Dame-Army game, which Notre Dame won 27 to 7. They are Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame quarterback (32 and left inset), George Connor, Notre Dame tackle (81 and center inset), and Joe Steffy, Army guard (right inset). Steffy's head is shown between Connor and Fischer (72), Notre Dame guard. In this play, Lujack is handing the ball to Terry Brennan, who went through Army's left tackle for the second of his two touchdowns

THE BIRDS

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

A story of the tension that can separate a man and a woman when time and distance and memory come between them

THE first heavy snow had come early that fall. Home three weeks, Geoffrey Cowan watched it through windows set in the thick adobe walls and considered in something like amazement that it was the first thing to possess significance since he had returned.

The snow lay two feet thick on the sagebrush desert, ridged high on the evergreen, bending and contorting the branches of the squat piñons and adding a foot to the roof line of the houses. Even the hot sun of the place seemed to make little impression in it this first clear day, and every place he looked except the black road, it lay heavy and almost unmarked. He turned to see how the mountains bore it, but found he had to cross from the western to the southern windows to view them.

Slowly his eye traveled up the slopes of evergreen and sage but had to go beyond even the tree line before the pervasive whiteness ceased and the red which had given the mountains their name became manifest. Seeing the color after so much white, for the first time he considered the meaning of the words of the name, Sangre de Cristo: Blood of Christ. It still meant nothing to him, although he realized it was the first time in the twenty-odd years he had been able to read and write both languages that he had consciously translated the words.

There was something wrong, and the closest he could come to it was to think of himself as having become hard to please. In the time he had been home he had thought of Nina Morley often but had neither gone to the small ranch nor called her. Two days before, when the snow had begun to make the road there impassable, he had considered going to see her; then, when he knew he could probably not push a horse through the drifts, he had for the first time tried to phone. But the rural lines in that region were down and he was left feeling not so much foolish as aware of the nature of man.

With the outer appearance of idleness he turned again to the phone. The operator said she thought they were getting through to Córdoba now, and after a little while he heard Nina's voice.

At first he was not sure; it seemed that he had waited for that hint of an accent and now there was none. But it was she, the voice unchanging even after he had identified himself. She had heard he was home, she said.

"I suppose I should have called you sooner," he told her.

"I guess you know what you are doing," she said.

The answer to that was a little difficult. He was tempted to say that precisely what he did not know. Instead, he said, "How did you kn was home?"

"Oh, I forget," she said. "I some of the hands coming back town heard. Big piece in the Sp section of the paper, too—local returning belatedly but well, or s thing like that."

"But single," he said for some son.

"I hadn't heard to the contr she said. Her voice was quiet, al flat, telling him nothing—a way i never been, he told himself; but was three years ago, and he supp they had both changed in that ti

He realized he was responsibl the pause in their talk. "Look said, "why don't I take a shotgu go out to the creek and work al toward your place. You could the other way. I'm sure ther ducks in it."

Now she hesitated. "You pic good day for it," she said.

"Why, it's the only running around," he said. "The still wa all frozen. There's bound to be in the creek."

"The Army made you just too to bear, Jeff," she said. "Of c there's ducks in the creek. I'm t about the snow. Or haven't looked out the window the las days?"

"Why, that's all I've been d he said. "Just hoping the w would clear enough for me to ge your way or phone you."

eveather was pretty good be-
," she said. He had hoped
ldn't. It made the silence
til he said, "Well, how about

art along the creek," she said.
now how far I'll get. You'll
arrive in time to pull me out
."
ring a Saint Bernard dog
e said, "with a keg of brandy
his neck. Or anyhow, I'll
brandy."
s the one thing I could be
she said.
," he said, "I'll start now and
d start in maybe an hour.
I wouldn't be too far from
ce when we meet. You
have too far to go in the

ght," she said. Her voice, he
red after she had hung up,
flat.

ENT to the closet where the
s and boots stood. Opening it,
d too late, was like opening
s box. Each gun in it, the
leeping bag, the cartridge
e blankets, the fly rod, the
dded saddle—each started a
memory. You were the lad,
ntinued on page 46)

so unresponsive that some-
e panic grew in him. "You act
h you don't love me," he said

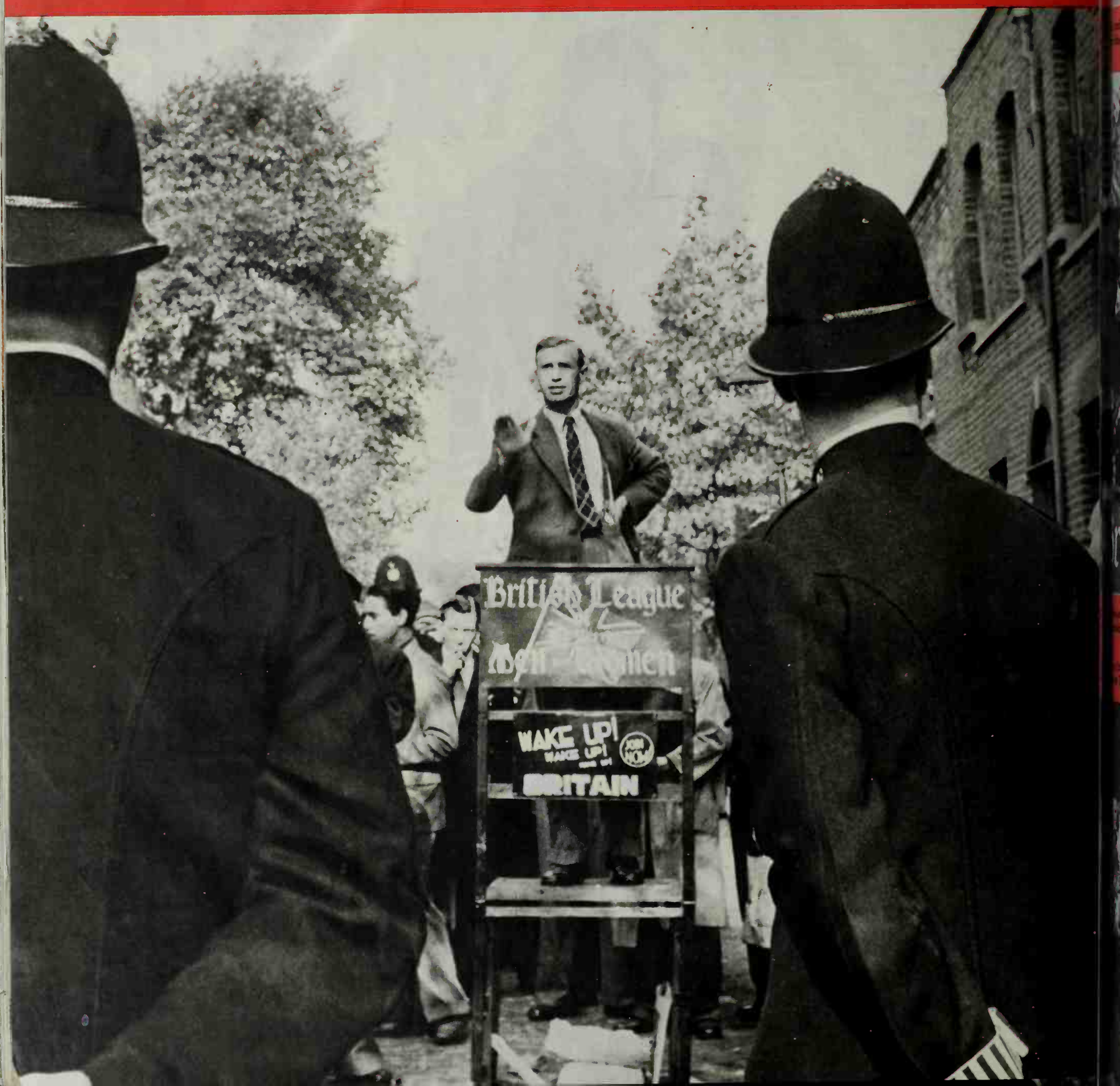
RATED BY RONALD McLEOD

BRITAIN'S FASCIST PHOENIX

BY PETER PACKER

Drab austerity, hopelessness and fear have caused some Britons to listen once more to the empty allure of Fascism. As usual, democracy, by its very nature, is handicapped in the fight against the fanaticism

Jeffrey Hamm, here speaking at a street meeting in Bethnal Green, is one of the loudest supporters of Sir Oswald Mosley. Police usually break up his [illegible]



...rains levied by six years of war against Fascism, you can to-... the Fascist salute in England as you could in this 1939 picture

...mouthed Hamm was not a bit deterred by his trial for preaching ...mitism. This picture was taken while he was awaiting hearing

...truculent youth, whose appearance would have been familiar ... Rome or Berlin, hawks pamphlets picturing "Leader" Mosley

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY is the only man with the genius and determination to lead Britain out of her troubles!"

Speaking is Jeffrey Hamm, policy director of the British League of Ex-Servicemen and Women (a name easily confused with the British Legion), biggest of that group of political organizations which has mushroomed up since the war. All are intensely nationalistic, all warn Britons of the alien menace, the Red spider web, international finance—all sell the Mosley Newsletter and their own special sheets at their meetings. And all use anti-Semitism as the blowtorch with which to weld the general discontent in their audiences.

The place is Ridley Road in the north London borough of Hackney. From Monday to Saturday of each week it is an open-air market. On Sunday evenings, the widened mouth of the road makes it a natural forum. Where once it was just another street-corner meeting place known mainly to local residents, now it is known to everyone in England.

For months it has been the scene of fights, arrests, near riots and bitter struggling for ascendancy between Fascists and Communists, Fascists and Socialists, Fascists and the ordinary men and women who resent the recrudescence of this plague in their midst.

I had listened to a number of Fascist speakers in the past few days. Most of them were shabby little men who murdered the king's English and confused even their own supporters with their indiscriminate abuse. They might convince a few far-gone paranoiacs. But Hamm was different. He spoke grammatically. He had learned the tricks of oratory—knew the art of understatement and overemphasis.

"This is the answer of the British people winning the battle of Ridley Road. We stand here tonight and say we have got to have Britain first and Britain for the British. Down with Jewish Communism. Smash this Jewish Communism. Crush it under your heels. You are winning the battle of Ridley Road! Put up the shout now. We want Mosley! What about it? We want Mosley!"

The Man at the Microphone

The words boom deep and clear from the mouths of loud-speakers on a parked sound truck. Hamm stands on a rostrum high above his audience, his rather pale, introverted face with its deep-set eyes half hidden behind the microphone. A small spotlight, focused upward, warms the red, white and blue of a Union Jack and blotches the speaker's face with eerie shadow. Beyond the weak street lights floats a thin curtain of steely blue autumn fog.

In the front of the crowd a couple of hundred arms shoot up in the Fascist salute. Four times the cry goes up led by Hamm: "We want Mosley! We want Mosley!"

There are five thousand people crowded into the mouth of Ridley Road tonight. They brim over into the main highway. The police push them back in, or keep them moving on the High Street. It is a working-class district. A lot of Jewish people live here, particularly in the vicinity of the meeting. The league asserts that it holds its meetings there because many of its members live in the district. No one has yet troubled to disprove the statement.

Women seem to be in the crowd in equal numbers with the men. Housewives of the working class, the small shopkeeping class. There are a lot of young couples here—stopping during the course of their Sunday evening stroll. A girl clings to the arm of her boy friend. She wears an engagement ring but no wedding ring. She listens intently to the speaker. Perhaps he will tell her how to get married when there are no homes, no decent furniture, and not really enough to eat when you live away from your family.

Teen-agers cluster in small knots—boys and girls. There's a little flirting—but mostly the boys find the meeting much more interesting than the girls. They nudge one another—point to people in the crowd—chuckle over some murmured observation—shift restlessly about. They like the mounting tension—and they're ready for anything.

Hecklers Voice Their Hates

A chanting has begun toward the front of the crowd: "We don't want Jewish Communism here!" From separate islands of hecklers you get the barracking rhythms of "Down—with—Fascism!" and "Germany calling!" a reference to the wartime radio signal of Lord Haw Haw. Hamm's voice is drowned out as the opposing cries beat up into the air. The shouts fuse into a babel of unintelligible chanting. A police shorthand writer stands under a lamppost taking down Hamm's speech. His pencil falters—he looks up confused—stops writing. On the High Street a small sound truck cruises slowly past Ridley Road. "Let's get rid of the Fascists! Come to the Communist party rally next Tuesday!"

The crowd is in flux now—people push aimlessly yet hurriedly from one side to another—groups of young men charge toward the front. A shriek goes up as a woman's foot is stamped on. Suddenly police are filtering into the crowd, elbows linked, herding people into separate pockets. They back the people away from the rostrum, leaving swaths of emptiness in the crowd as though they were cutting off a forest fire. Three teen-agers duck under the cordon and flee toward the rostrum—turning to hurl defiance at the police: "Out with the stinking yids! We want Mosley!"

Two young men break out of the cordon and go after the teen-agers. They're stopped by a mounted policeman with tiny headlights and taillights in the ankles of his riding boots. He backs his horse into their path—then pivots to drive them back.

All at once the spotlight is extinguished, and faintly over the rising hubbub you hear a few voices singing the national anthem. People move uneasily, not sure whether it is safe to stand at attention. The meeting is over—closed by the police inspector in charge. Seemingly from out of nowhere, a score of mounted police are nudging the crowds out of Ridley Road. Scarcely noticed, three men have been arrested and taken to the waiting Black Maria. The crowds stream north and south on the High Street, discussing the meeting.

"The Communists break up all his meetings. They don't know the meaning of free speech," says the stout young woman to her husband. The man lights a cigarette but doesn't answer.

An elderly woman shrieks, "Who's got the big cars? Who's in the black market? The bloody Jews!"

"Come off it, Ma," says a young

(Continued on page 42)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PLANET NEWS, LTD.

"Like a dream rising, up comes the Stella Maris, the beauty. I thought my heart would stop beating in my breast for the agony and silence that fell upo

THE STELLA MARIS

BY EDMUND GIL

FOR a brief while, the little schooner rode lightly amidst the flames and embers, just as if she were a great ship sailing across a sea reddened by a Nova Scotian sunset. Her pretty mainsail filled. The colors on her signal halyard blew straight out until all the tiny stars shone. Leaning in Gloucester fashion against her wheel, the toy helmsman looked aloft, where topmastmen lay on her trees. The toy captain, his face half hidden by a yellow sou'wester, stood straddled near the wheel, one glowing hand raised in a gallant salute to the beholders. His other seemed to point with pride at the letters of her famous name, Stella Maris, set in gold on an old-fashioned nameboard across her stern. Thus, for a little while, she sailed into the rose shadow of that mock sea.

Now the gale that was rising over the Atlantic sent a part of its power down the chimney. Like a whirl of vapor spun across a deck by the Grand Bank squall, the gale stirred a puff of gray smoke and sent it spinning against the whole mainsail. The schooner lurched, pitched into a fiery breaker, and then, abruptly, burst into a thousand pieces. The tiny flag turned into one golden spark and flew up the chimney. All else turned into a charred pattern spread upon the embers. The last thing that the two boys saw was the rousing salute of the tin captain when he melted, without a sigh, and went down with his noble ship.

Neither did the boys sigh when all this beauty perished. They were too tall now for childish betrayal. Indeed, they were almost men, and had already grieved over the loss of more than one real vessel.

Bartley turned to his mother where she stood by the hearth, her arms folded in the pose of sternness, and said, "I'm sorry, Mother, if we displeased you. We shan't do so again."

Even in that mellow light, his long, Irish cheek showed a paleness, brought on by his loss, and his gray eyes were wet. Aye, you could see his father in him then, because his father had the same thatch of black hair, and the same trick of running a hand nervously through it when things were bad. Bartley let his hand fall; and then he did sigh.

Christy never spoke at all, nor would he give the grace of a glance at the woman staring at him out of the shadow beyond the embers. He was a golden young man at the time, Chris was. Where Bartley was black, he was yellow, and his blond hair fell in an odd curl over his forehead and struck out above his ears like wisps of good straw. This was because he couldn't keep it cut. Never. He had no time. Now his brightness dulled a bit. Well, his heart was always for his chum and he couldn't take his eyes off that troubled face.

So now she spoke to them, saying, "Will you never understand, Bartley dear, that the sea is not for you? That is why I forbid you to go to the wharves, except on Sundays when captains and dorymen aren't aboard to beguile you with their stories. Don't you see why I keep asking Christy's mother to keep him away from the schooners? It's because you are both meant for greater things. And you, Christy, you cannot go to sea either. That is why you must never, never make such toys again. You love the Stella Maris too much already, Bartley. You must love your mother more. Do you understand, Bartley? And you, Christy?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Yes, Mrs. Noone, thank you."

She sent them upstairs to their books. They were doing well at the academy and she meant that they should never cease to study until they became great men longshore.

Now it was on the very night at the beginning of the gale that she did this thing, and the fate of the Stella Maris herself was at the hour in doubt. And if you can see any good in what she did, you're a better man than I am by half and more.

Well, it was her love of them that enticed her to the deed. And there was wisdom of a sort in her love, for who will follow the sea if there is another course, a dry one, to pursue? There's an answer to that: Those who will turn from the longshore course are those who must. If a man's genius is fit for the sea only, there he will find himself before the end of matters. This was a truth she couldn't understand.

She had married a man of the sea, one sworn to it by blood and circumstance. But she was no lover of the sea; she hated it. So how could she abide the thought of her only boy going to that sea for his livelihood? And Christian Welch, who was like a second son to Captain Noone since his father had been drowned off the deck of the Stella Maris? She could not abide it. Never. She had a greater love always for things of the longshore world, which was natural in a woman who had been brought up amidst wonders of wealth the other side of Boston. She kept some of those things by her, and every now and then she'd go to the attic of the great house Captain Noone had built for her by the cliffs of Folly Cove, around the head from Gloucester.

If it were a blue day, and the Stella Maris away on the banks, she might open a door in the gable and go out on the captain's walk he had built for her there. Out over the sea she would gaze, striving to make out his mainsail among the others coming home with fares of fish. If it were not a blue day, she wouldn't go out to walk up and down on the height, her skirt blowing. She couldn't stand the sight of a storm at sea. No, at such a time she might go down at once and send her maid out to call Christy's mother for a cup of tea by the fire of logs. Or else she'd listen in the attic and lift the lids of trunks and linger over gowns and pretty petticoats she had worn to dances in the days before love.

This was a thing she kept secret from her son. If not, he never would have chosen that very place for the secret he and Christy had between them: the building of a little Stella Maris, which they made because they loved the Stella Maris. It was there, in the corner beyond the trunks, that they set the little spars and painted her exactly like the other: old-fashioned bottle green for her hull and a rose stain for her inner bulwarks. They did this work in manly hunger for the sea and in joy for the day of their departure, which they believed would come.

There she found it. Up she took the beauty in her arms and down the long stairs she went and flung it onto the blazing logs. In love and wisdom, she did this thing.

Now what difference did all her striving make? The upshot of it must be the same. Nature has her way. We are all in Nature and she is in us. A man may think himself aloof or safe, beyond all disturbance, beyond all harm. Let Nature stir in some remote fastness, according to the universal laws, and presently that man finds himself abruptly flung into a conflict that he never foresaw. Should a requirement of Nature cause the sun not to shine in far Newfoundland for the curing of the cod, then soon enough there's a stir among men well removed in distance and thought. The cod-eating peoples of the earth stir in Paris and London and Madrid; they stir uneasily because there is less food.

IT WAS so on this Cape Ann night here in Captain Noone's home. Hope was strong in all our hearts that season—and there was need of hope and its fulfillment—because for two long, hard-driving seasons the far-spread campaigns against the cod had failed. Little money had been earned and there was need of earnings, especially under Captain Noone's roof. Poor and rich alike were in need. And where were the earners? Hard at it. They lay hove to on Misaine and on the Middle Ground. They slept the night on great Banquereau or fled under whole mainsails, and topsails, too, to the edge of the Grand Bank itself. By the Virgin Rocks and in Whale Deep, they circled and brought up the bottom to learn where cod might be, and flung down well-baited trawls to toll cod to the knife, dollars to the till, bread to the table. Throughout that vast expanse of studied water, from deck to deck passed the anxious cry, "Are you on fish?" and "What would you say to Emerald Bank this time of year?" Yes, if a man would lightly pass in fancy out of the Nova Scotian bait ports and to the last fishery this side of the Labrador, he'd have seen the earners by their bowed thousands doing their best.

Also this is the season of change. It is the season for bergs, made in centuries past on Greenland shores, to come a-wallowing and groaning into our sea pastures. It's also the season of the sun's coming home to us: equinox. Across the equator, the sun returns in its climb, making at last, one day no longer and no shorter than its night. 'Tis a semi-annual rearrangement of the world, old Nature's housekeeping. Hot winds rise in fury down below and rise shining to infinity. Winds of the whole world respond, one to grow hot, one to grow cold, one to go east and one to go west. This is the great affair, a spring dance to which all are invited, none may decline.

The wife of Captain Noone attends. Seated by her fire, she hears the signal, *(Continued on page 30)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

Dick Haymes and Jack Kapp
Al Jolson and Bing Crosby t
a new song before it is rec

Via the phonograph needle Jack Kapp has brought popular music and the spoken classics to millions of listeners. Here is the Horatio Alger story of the man who put new life into the record business

VOCAL BOY MAKES GOO

BY LESTER VELIE

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

JACK KAPP, president of Decca Records, Incorporated, and the biggest man in the record business, got that way by falling in love with the right people.

When Bing Crosby was so little known in 1933 that he was short $500 expense money to come to New York, Kapp was already wooing him wildly with "You are Mr. America, Bing—the Caruso of our generation." When Guy Lombardo made an early appearance in an obscure Chicago café in 1928, an adoring Kapp was on hand night after worshipful night. When Al Jolson went into eclipse with the advent of radio, Kapp never faltered. He importuned Jolson in 1936 to record his old-time hits anew for "the young folks," and wouldn't abate his suit until Jolson yielded a decade later—just in time to permit Kapp to corner the resurgent Jolson record market.

What Kapp loved at first sight the rest of America loves 15 years later. Crosby records have sold 9,000,000 this year netting Bing $600,000-odd in royalties. Jolson's Decca record earnings will approximate $350,000 for the year, and Guy Lombardo has outsold all rival bands and earned some $220,000 during 1947.

Americans bought some 300,000,000 records this year. Yet in 1934, a scant 12,000,000 records crossed the music-shop counters; industry bigwigs said phonograph records were going the way of the piano-player roll and prepared to quit the moribund business. At this melancholy juncture, Jack Kapp, backed by British funds, founded Decca.

Today Decca is a $35,000,000 company selling some 80,000,000 records yearly and ranks second only to RCA Victor.

Some years ago when Kapp was given to assaults on the language he has since outgrown he described his rise with:

"I know how to keep my pulse on the multitude."

Tin Pan Alley stoutly holds that a new tune which can raise Jack pulse is like money in the bar lucky writer can confidentl spending the cash that thous Americans will soon lavish on

Kapp recorded the songs fr son's movie, The Jolson Story. tracks of the movie's leadin were sent to Kapp, who hear made up an album and waited movie's release. Six months the picture was scheduled to Kapp was invited to view t product at a private showing.

"I am sitting there with m Kapp recalls, "and I am cryin a little boy loves, he never All those songs from his old

y're a flash back, too, to the days
n I am courting my wife, and we
onored guests at the Jolson open-
ights. Then, suddenly, I jump up
I run from the projection room.
r my hair. The song Jolson sings
is parents; I don't even know its
e. They didn't think it important
gh to let me hear it on the sound
s!
rush out to the Coast by plane.
at are you doing to me?' I ask the
ie people. 'You've left out the
est song in the picture, and I
n't got it in my album.'"
app hustled Jolson to a recording
io to sing the missing Anniversary
, and more than a million records
were sold in a year.

Sour Notes in a Sweet Polka

musician himself, Kapp's reac-
to a recording is holy writ even
he brightest names in his artist
e, which include Fred Waring,
Andrews Sisters, Carmen Caval-
and others. Several weeks ago
Lombardo and his band recorded
lka from the Broadway show,
Button Shoes, allowing the cor-
t to burlesque four bars of the
dy. When Kapp heard the record
ploded.
ou're noodling around with
thing millions of people love.
isn't Lombardo," he told Lom-
o. The band leader marched his
usicians back to the studio and
yed the tune as Kapp—and mil-
of people—would love it.
cut down any further trifling
his own and the public's emo-
Kapp adorned his recording stu-
with six-foot portraits of an
n maiden. Her hands out-
hed as if in supplication, she is
g in comic-strip style:

"Where is the melody?"

Sometimes a brash piece of talent challenges Kapp's eerie one-man Gallup poll and has to be convinced by Kapp. Thus bested in a studio argument, a music arranger once importuned Kapp:

"If I ever open my big mouth in the studio again, hit me."

Kapp once even held his own in an argument with James C. Petrillo and the American Federation of Musicians. When Petrillo first tangled with the recording companies in 1942 he put his case this way:

The radio stations use records 80,000 hours a week. Nobody gets paid for that, except writers protected by ASCAP. The musicians don't get paid. The record company doesn't get paid. The disk jockeys are making fortunes; the juke boxes are a $500,000,000 industry, and the musicians are being put out of business. The law says that once a record is sold it can be publicly performed, and we can't stop that. But if we can't control the use of the record, we can control you—the record company. We want a royalty on each record.

Petrillo asked for a royalty of 15 cents at a time when records were wholesaling for 21 cents. Kapp told Petrillo that he felt the musicians had a moral right to the royalty, and after a year of "educational campaigning," as Kapp describes it, got Petrillo to accept royalties ranging from ¼ cent to 1 cent per record, depending on its retail price. Competitors accused Kapp of trading with the enemy and taking a run-out powder on the industry, but they made terms with Petrillo 18 months later on the pattern set by Kapp. The recording companies have paid an estimated $2,000,000 into the Musicians Federation treasury to date and are willing to continue the arrangement, but the Taft-Hartley Act outlaws it.

When Petrillo strikes the recording companies again at the turn of the year, his bite will be somewhat less effective than it was in '42. By shunning the studios the striking musicians can stop the recording of new music. But they can't stop a record company with a warehouse full of "mother records" from stamping out as many copies of Jingle Bells, White Christmas, or Smoke Gets in your Eyes as customers will buy. Kapp has been as busy as a beaver building up these "standards" as the long-life tunes are called in the trade, because he's afraid to rely on popular tunes which the radio can kill before a record is published.

Kapp never got beyond high school, and the resulting ignorance has opened up new markets for his phonograph records. Already in love with the right talent and the right melodies, Kapp not long ago fell energetically in love with "the great words, the words of the masters."

Getting a Poet's Opinion

Kapp called in Louis Untermeyer, the anthologist and poet.

"I want to put poetry on records," Kapp said. "What do you think of the idea?"

"It stinks," replied poet Untermeyer. "Nobody will listen."

"You don't understand," Kapp explained. "You've got to do it right. Give it background music, make it appeal to the emotions. Build it up with big names. I want to take the fellow in the movies or on the radio that my child loves, and put the great words in his mouth."

In the mouth of Big Name Ronald Colman, Dickens' Christmas Carol sold 60,000 sets the first Christmas and a total of 125,000 since. With Ginger Rogers, and a supporting cast of Hollywood folk, Alice in Wonderland has sold more than 120,000 sets.

The Oxonian accents of Ronald Colman produced the Tales of the Olympian Gods. The recorded exploits of the god Apollo, the nymph Echo, the youth Narcissus set no prairie fire.

But Kapp, in love with the "great words," is no timid suitor. He plunged into a whirlwind courtship of Shakespeare, read the plays through, then recorded his own impression of Hamlet and Mark Antony. Then Pericles' Oration for the Unknown (Greek) Soldier was duly recorded by Big Name Orson Welles.

The education of Jack Kapp has thus brought a good piece of Hollywood into the service of the great words. Charles Laughton sells Moby Dick and Mr. Pickwick and is portentously employed in recording portions of the Bible. Walter Huston sells Rip van Winkle; Bing Crosby, as narrator, sells The Man Without a Country.

For all these, Kapp wears his love upon his sleeve.

"It sends chills down your back," he says ecstatically.

Some literature, glamorized with Hollywood and Broadway names has caught on in children's records and helps Kapp keep out front in that field which the trade generally credits him with bringing to its present happy $20,000,000-a-year state.

Then the country's leading textbook publisher, the American Book Company, saw in Kapp's formula for "making the great things of the world palatable" a chance to introduce "talking textbooks" into the schools.

(Continued on page 122)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

Kapp (left) holds a business conference in his New York home with three of his leading record makers, Ethel Merman, Charles Laughton and Guy Lombardo

"Confound your hat and veil!" roared Father. "This machine's so powerful it's hard to hold. Come on!"

RIDING HIGH

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

Life with Father Williard was probably easier on the nerves than existence on the rim of Mt. Vesuvius—but not much

THE wheel," said Father, marking his place in Ridpath's History with his finger, "revolutionized the life of man. Before that they'd had to drag things."

"What things?" Mother asked, busy with her crocheting.

"Why, anything at all," Father replied. "Whatever they had. The wheel and then the steam engine between them made us what we are today. When you realize, Nan—now you take those doilies you're making. The modern fabricating plant, based on the two inventions of the wheel and the steam engine, can make them in a hundredth of the time."

"And very shoddily, too," Mother answered. "The more inventions there are, the shoddier life becomes. I hope you're not contemplating an invention, John."

"Well, not exactly," he said, and picked up the Ridpath's and continued reading, while we three boys in the hall, making the trigger for a figure-four sparrow trap, resumed our whittling. We were allowed to whittle in the house, provided we'd spread plenty of newspapers to catch the shavings, which, of course, we hadn't. But nobody was going to notice that until time for us to go to bed and since Father was so busy with his Ridpath and Mother with her doilies—a usual midweek evening in that home of ours near Roebuck Springs, outside of Birmingham—we had a feeling that we might get by for hours yet. And then one of those things that always was happening to us happened. Old Drunken Mary came stiff-legged through the swinging door into the living room.

"Mist' John," she said, then cleared her throat dramatically and stood there.

Father marked his place. It was a full hour after dinner and old Drunken Mary should have finished with the dishes long before. "Yes, Mary?"

"I hates," she said uneasily, "to tell you dis, but my position fo'ces me—"

She paused, and we three boys were instantly aware that this was deadly serious. Old Drunken Mary wasn't one to stall about what she thought, yet here she was hemming and hawing, twisting her skinny fingers painfully and speaking directly to Father who'd brought her with him when he came down from Kentucky to practice criminal law in Birmingham. If it had been a trivial matter she'd have taken it up with Mother, who like ourselves she considered a latecomer and hence treated with formality. But in a crisis, as we sensed this was, only Father would do.

"Since I done seen de Lawd," she was saying tortuously, "and quit out sin, I gotten prominent in Brudder Rapture's church—"

"Oh, yes, old Moses' church," Father cut in.

"Dat's it," old Drunken Mary smirked, "except de Brudder Rapture now he got de edifice built. Well, I'm the Holiness chairman. Got to hold my head particular high—"

"And you're doing fine, Mary. Not in jail for months."

"Dat so. And long's folks say I'm workin' for one of de leadin' families, I keeps my prominence."

"That's fine," purred Father. "Fine!" But we saw Mother's eyes go narrow suddenly.

"Trouble is," old Drunken Mary said, "talk goin' round th'ough Bumminham. Say you gone busted, Mist' John."

The Ridpath smacked on Father's chair arm. "What!"

Old Drunken Mary squirmed defensively. "Elfreda what's been cookin' for de Jenkinses next door say dat. She kind of pityin' me. But she ain't de only one. Hit's all over town. Elfreda say Mist' Jenkins tole Miss Ida you done put a mawgage on dis house. Say you done gambled of birthright, which I know ain't so what I know don't help me out what folks say. So my position f me—"

Mother stood up. "That's enc Mary! If you want to quit, I'll you your pay."

"Well, I sho hate to do it now, Miss Nan, when you ne me, and we been 'sociated fo long—".

Mother swept toward her an Drunken Mary, wilting, turned went skittering toward the kit Both of them disappeared. F just sat there with his teeth p on his lower lip. We heard mumbling. After a while the door closed. When Mother came sailing in, Father slid the path up before his face.

"To think," cried Mother, after all you've done for her, g her out of jail when she gets d bringing her down from that tucky tobacco patch, she'd le pride—her insolence—"

"Nan, she's just riding high, f her oats a little," Father said. she'll come in the first thing morning, begging you to tak back. What is that phrase, goeth before a fall'?"

"Yes," Mother snapped. "W fall? What is this gossip mortgage, John?"

"Oh, that?" He waved his disarmingly. "A little loan—"

"John Williard! You mean really put a mortgage on our

"For business purposes only, A paper transaction. I assur that I'm not broke. It's just—"

"You've actually risked losi children's home for one of yo dreams?"

"Now, Nan. It's nothing Nothing you need fret y about."

"Oh, isn't it? My children less, wandering the streets! Yo sons, John! My sons, that I've gled so hard to bring up decen

"Great Scott!" cried Father. gled? Why, my mother raised sons without one half the mon you've had. And raised then Struggled, when you have lacked a servant—"

"Well, I lack one now. A have recklessly plunged into

"Only four thousand, Nan."

"Four thousand dollars! you've lost your mind."

"I have not lost my mind!"

"Then what in heaven's na you call throwing away four th —oh, what sort of business? fool real estate?"

"Nan, I'm—I'm pioneering This will mean big things for B ham. May make me rich. M and Ned—"

"I knew it!" Mother cried. and that Ned Monckton! Oh. go on—tell me what business. stand anything."

"We're going to manufactu mobiles, Nan."

Mother collapsed. If there man who made her feel ner was Mr. Ned Monckton. Of as Father would sometimes ad Ned was not bright, but eminently congenial and h Monckton coal mine money him up. It was Mr. Ned w persuaded Father, after they'd law at Vanderbilt, that Birm was a coming town. The Mother insisted, was that it r difference to Mr. Ned whethe

(Continued on page 5

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever made—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

For the Christmas season —America's Favorite Gift Whiskey in a beautiful gift carton.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

On the second turn she was practically flying through the air, not practically but actually—

TRY TO FORGET

BY ALLENE CORLISS

CONCLUDING A COMPELLING STORY OF ESCAPE FROM THE PAST

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story:
Hard-bitten young RIDGE HOLBROOK has thrown over LIDA WHIPPLE, the wealthy girl who wants to marry him. He has turned up at his Readsville, Vermont, farm with a new wife, DORCAS BRANCH. Lida, insanely jealous, doesn't believe Ridge's story about knowing Dorcas in London during the war—nor does she believe Ridge and Dorcas are in love.

Lida Whipple is right. Ridge is far from being in love with Dorcas, for Dorcas is the girl with whom Ridge's younger brother, DAVE, had an affair. Dorcas was not enough in love to marry Dave, and he, desperately unhappy, took to drink and was killed in an accident. When Dorcas called Ridge and told him she was to have Dave's baby, Ridge went to her and—though he held her responsible for Dave's death—argued her into marrying him, for the sake of the baby.

Despite the efforts of DR. ALEC LITTLEJOHN, who is treating Lida's neurotic mother, to reconcile Lida to Ridge's marriage, Lida has become a confirmed alcoholic. After failing in her attempts to humiliate Dorcas, Lida goes walking with her one winter day, and without warning, she pushes Dorcas off a cliff.

Dorcas' fall is broken by the snow, but she loses the baby—and her memory; on regaining consciousness, she remembers nothing about being pushed, or about any part of her past.

Ridge's former resentment of Dorcas vanishes with her memory. Their life together, which had been a marriage in name only, suddenly takes on a new status as Ridge realizes that, for the first time since the wedding, he is in love with his wife. And Dorcas, remembering nothing of Dave and the reasons for the marriage, is deeply in love with Ridge.

Conclusion

THE third week in March, Lida Whipple's mother tried, unsuccessfully, to commit suicide. She appropriated one of her husband's razor blades and cut both of her wrists neatly. Fortunately, she cut neither deeply nor accurately enough to do any real damage. But both the servants refused to stay on in the house with what they called a "crazy woman."

Rather than lose one of the most efficient couples in the entire state, Herbert, discussing the situation with Charlie Norton, decided that the only thing to do was send his wife away for a few months. Norton pointed out that she was not a mental case and no one was trying to sell Herbert on the idea that she was; still a few months in some quiet private sanitarium might do her worlds of good.

Effie herself made no fuss going. Her attempt at self-dest had, like everything else she ha tried to do, failed ignominiousl had only succeeded in ruining t room rug and upsetting Herb Frank and Jessie; furthermo had never been happy in thi and she felt no regret at lea She hoped that they would giv pretty room at the sanitariu ruffled curtains and pink-fl wallpaper and white furnitur had had that kind of room w was a girl, and if they did giv room like that, it would seem as good as being young ag back home with Papa and Ma

When the day came for her t only one unpleasant thing ha She refused to say goodby t

(Continued on page 60

Your Winter Warmth

r home is warm and comfortable—even the thermometer skids to zero. Your chil- lay contentedly, sheltered and safe from 's blasts. Yes, your winter warmth means thy home for your family.

e fuel that feeds your home fire is gas or traveled at least part of the way to you in hes that criss-cross the nation. Thousands s of these pipelines were laid by Interna- Crawler Tractors. Rugged, obstacle-wreck- ernationals crossed mountains and deserts, s and prairies, bearing the pipe that be- ansport tubes for oil and gas. These mighty es help to make pipelines a practical, all- r transportation system for your fuel.

as you read these words, International ial tractors and engines are at work on e projects—powering trenching machines, g pipe, laying it in trenches and covering it with earth. When the job is done the valves are opened and fuel starts on its way to you.

Your winter warmth! In bringing it to you, International Industrial Power makes one more contribution to better living in your family circle.

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NTERNATIONAL *Industrial Power*

And My Sister Wants a Mister!
COURSE, SIS IS PARTICULAR—SHE WANTS ONLY DON. BUT DON DOESN'T COME TO OUR HOUSE ANY MORE
WELL, I KNOW DON, AND YOUR SISTER. AND IF SHE'LL JUST SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH—I'LL PROMISE TO HAVE DON AT YOUR HOUSE BY CHRISTMAS!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
SANTA CLAUS DID IT, ALL RIGHT! SIS GOT HER MISTER—AND THE RIGHT ONE, TOO!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

THE STELLA MARIS

Continued from page 23

the opening phrases of musicians tuning up: one limb of an elm whirring and two knocking. Out of the quarried hills beyond, where the gulls watch vanishing stars, a squall whirls, shouts, blows a breath down her chimney, and breaks into ashes the charred pattern of the tiny Stella Maris.

Above her, in his chamber and behind its locked door, young Bartley attends. He lifts his head drowsily from the blueprint of the true Stella Maris and listens. The stars in their companies vanish from the upper panes. He whispers to himself, whispers in a pretense that he is yonder, where the whitecaps rise, where he longs to be.

"I don't like this!" It is the immemorial observation of the doryman.

So also young Christian; he attends. In the cottage near the shore, in a dream that makes him laugh, he stirs to the stirring of trees, wind and water. His eyes open quickly. Like a man of the sea, he is awake at once, measuring by ear and gleaming eye the meaning of this tall music.

"I don't like this! Don't like the look of it."

Just the same, Christy falls asleep. He knows what to do—heave her to, make her snug, turn in and leave word: "Call Captain Welch if the wind changes."

AND Christy's mother? Will she attend? Aye, indeed. And whereabouts? Not in her bed on this memorial night. Isn't this March? The month in which he died in Whale Deep? Well, then, how should she be lying abed? She would not. She is here, close to the heaving sea, to attend the sun in darkness.

All of these, and many more, attended the growth and fury of the gale. In the first dark night and the dark day that followed, no visible change came to the faces of those concerned. A shortness of speech, perhaps, and a hurry to get work done, and children off to school, that there might be time to gaze through streaming window panes at the black sky and the whitecaps blowing as far as the eye could see. A day and its night and another day passed before the first question passed from cottage to cottage, mouth to mouth:

"Is there any news? Anyth… ported?"

Nothing. Nothing until the te… began in the Nova Scotian port… lumbia and Agamemnon here. … Pilgrim and Purchaser gone fo… Have you heard from them?" Fro… mouth: "Mary Murphy here. … Pennypacker, Adventurer, Stell… Wander: all on Banks. Have … ported?" From Sable Island: "… wrecked on outer bar. Crew save… tain O'Brien dead. Telegraph … wishes."

The family's wishes? It wishe… gone, too.

From St. Pierre: "Mary E… Woman of the Glen. Pilgrim an… Brown here. Eight men adrift i… No hope held. Telegraph one t… dollars." The captain of an Irish … hove to east of Fortune Head, r… "Found schooner Adventure … down. Took off captain and ni… Twelve lost. Bergs. Field ice. … can vessels in vicinity please in…

And the gale? Whatever the … had to do, it wasn't done yet. Fo… world to hear, the men who wer… ing the gale's work sent abroad: … extending from west of Iceland to… Azores moving very slowly. … forecast for next twenty-four h… northeast winds gale force. R… sleet spreading west and north." … forth, one more night and a day … with the step of a tired man.

The meaning of it to those as … this: "Give up your hope now." … dred more captains reported the … safe. Two by two and three by … words of comfort came from th… Canso and from Halifax, from … d'Or Passage and the lakes wind … The lists of the living grew lo… list of the dead grew short. Na… name was joyfully struck from … framed in black and added to t… ing in light.

This was a season in which d… dorymen showed what kind of v… were carved out of: oak and c… thorn. The twelve men of th… turer, who had thrown a dory … side before her spars lay flat on … appeared four days after the …

BUTCH by LARRY REY

"Phee-yooie!"

DLELIGHT—An exquisitely styled occasional clock he finest General Electric tradition. Beautifully in sparkling black glass, ground and polished to nering elegance. $19.50, plus retail tax.

CANDLELIGHT—The same clock, but with a different ease. Your choice of velvety, glowing, brown East India lambskin, *or* pigskin, bordered by white saddle-stitching. A superb gift! $19.50, plus retail tax.

this Christmas—Give the clocks most people want most!

General Electric "Gift Clocks"—from $535.00 to $4.95.
A clock for every purse and purpose!

ch General Electric Clock shown here is a *-fect gift clock* . . . an enduring source of hap- iess . . . a chronicler of time and the giver.

Each of these clocks has these *wanted-and- ited-for* General Electric features:

1. *No need to wind*—runs electrically.

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NG GLORY—Beauty wedded ty! This attractive General Alarm Clock's flawlessly cast ase has a soft, satiny butler nish and gold-colored fluted t. Its bell alarm is melodious, itive! $17.95, plus retail tax.

GAY HOUR—A beautiful alarm clock with the General Electric feature—"Select-A-Larm." This gives the user the choice of personal *volume control.* Alarm can be set to ring "soft," "medium," "loud" . . . or any volume in between. $7.95, plus retail tax.

HERALDER—An *especially acceptable* LOW-COST GIFT ITEM is The Heralder, with "Select-A-Larm" feature! One of our most popular alarm clocks, and only $4.95, plus retail tax. Available with luminous hands and hour dots at $5.95, plus retail tax.

THE ADAMS—A truly magnificent grandfather clock of 18th century design—even to weights and pendulum. The superb mahogany case is authentically styled. There is a special "moon dial," and the Westminster chimes sound each quarter hour on 5 tubular bells. $535.00, plus retail tax.

RIDGEFIELD—A beautiful mantel strike clock. This Colonial reproduction brings a note of graciousness into every room. Faithfully accurate in design, it strikes both the hour and half-hour on a deep-toned spiral gong. $32.00, plus retail tax.

RHAPSODY—Elegant in form, this new General Electric mantel chime clock has a diagonally grained mahogany case burnished to a rich, satiny sheen. Full Westminster chimes, in all their subtle beauty of tone, strike the quarter hours. $55.00, plus retail tax.

Why wind a clock *today*? Get a General Electric Clock and FORGET IT!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"Get ready, Chuck— it's almost time!"

CHUCK: Time for what? Oh yes—good resolutions for '48! WOW! There go the bells! I hereby resolve to look *neater*—as my loving wife wishes. To wear *only* Arrow Shirts with those wonderful Arrow Collars and—

ANNE: Er-ah—darling. Forget shirts! It's MIDNIGHT. You know, M-I-D-N-I—

CHUCK: Yes, my love—I know. I also resolve to be more *generous*. When your brother Pete wants to trim up his repulsive torso with the MITOGA—that marvelous "body line" design—I'll *loan* them to him! I'll be BIG! I'll—

ANNE: Chuck! There's *one* New Year's custom that *doesn't* include a shirt!

CHUCK: I'm reading your mind, darling! And I hereby swear that my love for you will never shrink—any more than Arrow Shirts! You might say that BOTH my love *and* my Arrow Shirt fabrics bear the Sanforized trade-mark so I know they can't ever shrink more than 1%. And *that* clears me up for '48. Dance, darling?

ANNE: DANCE! I'll beat your ears off with this mistletoe unless you kiss me—*this instant!* Kiss me Happy New Year, you shirt-crazy old thing!

CHUCK: Oh—THAT! Sure, it's a *pleasure!* You know, there must be some truth to all those "Absent-minded Professor" jokes, after all! Anyway—HAP-PY NEW YEAR, HONEY! HAP-PY NEW YEAR!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Arrow—Mitoga—Sanforized: Reg. trade-marks

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.25 • $3.95 • $4.75

"Darling! It's just as we planned it"

died. They rowed smartly into Spanish Room at Newfoundland, ate heartily, drank, slept, and marched across the land to report to their captain. The captain of the Purchaser, alone on his deck and all dories out when the gale lurched up the lane, lost every dory and every dory-man, according to the first report. According to the last report, he fought it out by himself and found every dory and slapped right into Shelburne with every man hale.

"There's no word yet of the Stella Maris, Captain?"

"No word, Mrs. Noone, and it's late. Late, indeed, for such a word."

THE sun appeared, much nearer home than when the gales rolled under it. Masses were said for the dead. In the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, the Portuguese skippers knelt at the rail before her image and repeated the vows which they had made to her when all hope was lost and only that one compassionate hand could reach down from the lanes of heaven and lift spars out of white water.

"To Thee, O Compassionate and Merciful Lady of Light, to Thee in my fear of death and the loss of salvation, I pledged the gift of Christmas dinners to the poor in every household and every cabin between the Fort and Cherry Lane. Before Thy blessed image, Lady of Light, and safe amongst my children and my schooner safe and my men unc roofs tonight, and in the presenc pastor, I repeat my vow, Holy M

Among these suppliants, so will remember, was Captain Codona, skipper of the Theres was hove down on Western B no hope for her or for her men at that hour, direst of all, that tain made his vow of a silver cr the image and a woolen coat f poor child in Gloucester. The wo no sooner passionately said tha wave (he said the very blue of h rose amongst the black, cleaved all, and righted his schooner, s two hours he had a sail on her hove to. He sent all the way t for the silver crown to be made worshiper there; and he him Christmas Day the next, trudg foot through the snow, follow wagon piled with pretty woolen c jackets. To the poor and fath gave them, and to each receive peated his vow and told the sto deliverance.

This same captain was the fir in the wisdom of his heart, Stella Maris had gone down ar Sable Island which had destroy

At his request, a solemn High requiem was celebrated in the P church for the souls of Capta Noone and his twenty men. T place on the tenth day of April.

"It's a new way of handling delinquent children. We let them work out their frustrations freely—then tan their hides"

COLLIER'S JOHN

People are saying—

"It's got *everything* . . . and it's a money-saver, too!"

You'll be mighty pleased with the way Chevrolet satisfies your desires and spares your ...s. It gives you Big-Car styling, Big-Car comfort, Big-Car performance. It gives you ...AR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST, saving you money on all items of purchase price, ...tion and upkeep!

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...ample, *Unisteel Body by Fisher*—the symbol of smart, safe coachcraft. *Fisher No Draft Ventilation*—for healthful, comfortable air circulation. The *Knee-Action Gliding Ride*—smoothest, steadiest ride known. *Valve-in-Head Engine*—holder of records for performance and dependability on land and sea and in the air. And additional Big-Car features which may occur to you.

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CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

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A FULL INCH

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PIONEER U·S·A·

ing the day on which the last hope among the seamen was put aside. Mrs. Noone sat in the first pew with her son and by her sat Christy and his mother. In the pews behind them sat the widows and children of the men who had died in the death of the Stella Maris.

On the day following, Mrs. Noone sold the schooner Clare and paid all the debts and mortgages of the Stella Maris and the Clare both. To every widow and to each fatherless family she gave a share amounting to a year's earnings aboard the Stella Maris. This made her a poor woman.

There was something she kept: her hope. When all others had grieved and donned the black, she held up her handsome head and said, "Wasn't he driven clear to the Labrador four seasons ago? And didn't he return? He will come back to us."

What was this? Her pride in him holding out against the fact of silence? No, I should say not. It was hope, rising and maintaining itself on a strong human foundation: It's better to live in hope than not to live at all. There was only the barest little bit of provender to nourish her hope, and that was our knowledge that strange things can happen on our sea.

"Well, yes, a miracle can happen."

That was what the old men might give out in a grudging sort of way when she was seen of a morning standing on the thrust of granite at the edge of the infinite sea, and Christian's mother by her side, saying no word of reproach or caution for the valor of such hope. All morning they might stand there, or seat themselves in the lee of a jut of rock to be blessed by the sun of spring. How many times did their hearts raise themselves in passing joy? Many times, indeed. Because often enough in the course of days, and especially in the gray of twilight, a topsail would appear on the far rim of our world, and there would be something in the style of sailing that would bring Mrs. Noone to her feet again.

"Isn't it the Stella Maris, Clare?"

"I think not, Mary. See now how she bears away."

Now it was Mrs. Welch herself who said the wisest thing: that nothing would kill the hope in Mrs. Noone except a sign from the sea itself that the Stella Maris had foundered.

ONE night, Bartley and Christy were at work in Bartley's room, books and pencils scattered around them, and there came a cry from the mother, who was holding her vigil on the walk above them. They were used to this by now, but they went to the window. Steering straight for Folly Cove, there was a schooner in the sparkling mist of evening, her green and red showing in such a way that it was clear she was bound for our haven.

"What's that ship?" asked Bartley. "A Lunenberger, is she?"

"No," said Christy, "it's no Lunenberger. It's one of ours."

"Can you make her out clear?"

"I can't. But she has a familiar style of going." He waited a bit and said, "Whoever she is, she's bound in for us."

"I wonder what this might be, Christy."

Seeing hope rise in such strength against reason until the blood was out of Bartley's cheek, Christian said that yonder vessel could not be what was so long hoped for. Nevertheless, he willingly followed Bartley down the broad stairs, where they soon stopped, because there, before the cold fireplace, stood Mrs. Noone, a look of such bright, terrible, foolish hope on her face that neither eye nor heart could stand it. Plain as anything could be, her eyes and upright bearing said: "There! Didn't I say, 'I am the wife of a hero whose heart no gale could break.'? Was it Bartley Noone and the Stella Maris you doubted?"

There came a rattle of boots outside the door and then there came a loud knock, the knock of a stranger to that house. Knock and knock.

"Come in!" cried Bartley.

The door opened and in stepped Captain Pat O'Malley, skipper of the Wanderer, then sailing out of Boston, and his eyes dark with a sadness not often seen there, he being a resolute man and a genial one, even in the midst of all common woe. (He's the man, you may remember, who searched twenty days in the field ice and bergs for the dorymen of the Puritan and found them gnawing a seal's rib.) And now he stood before them, a burden in his heart—and a burden in his two hands, a thing wrapped in a bit of sailcloth which he laid on a table near the hearth.

He took off his hat then and said, "My respects to you, ma'am." He took a swipe at the red hair falling over his forehead, saying, "The son of Bartley Noone?"

"Aye!"

"My respects to you, young man," and he also greeted Christy in a solemn manner, giving his name politely, though it was known to them.

"It was your vessel, Captain O'Malley," asked young Bartley, "that we saw coming in just now?"

"It was, Bartley. The Wanderer it is. Home from Misaine tonight with a hundred and fifty thousand cod and haddock and all well aboard, thanks be to God." To this, he added in a simple way: "My duty brings me here, even before we take the fish out of the pens. My duty to you, ma'am, and to my cousin, John O'Malley —known to you—who bids me since the gale to keep an eye peeled and a sharp watch always for any sign or word concerning your great husband and his vessel."

Now the set of his face and the tenderness of his voice gave them all beforehand the contents of his heart and its heaviness.

No triumph had he to report. No happiness to pour into them.

"Is he alive or dead?"

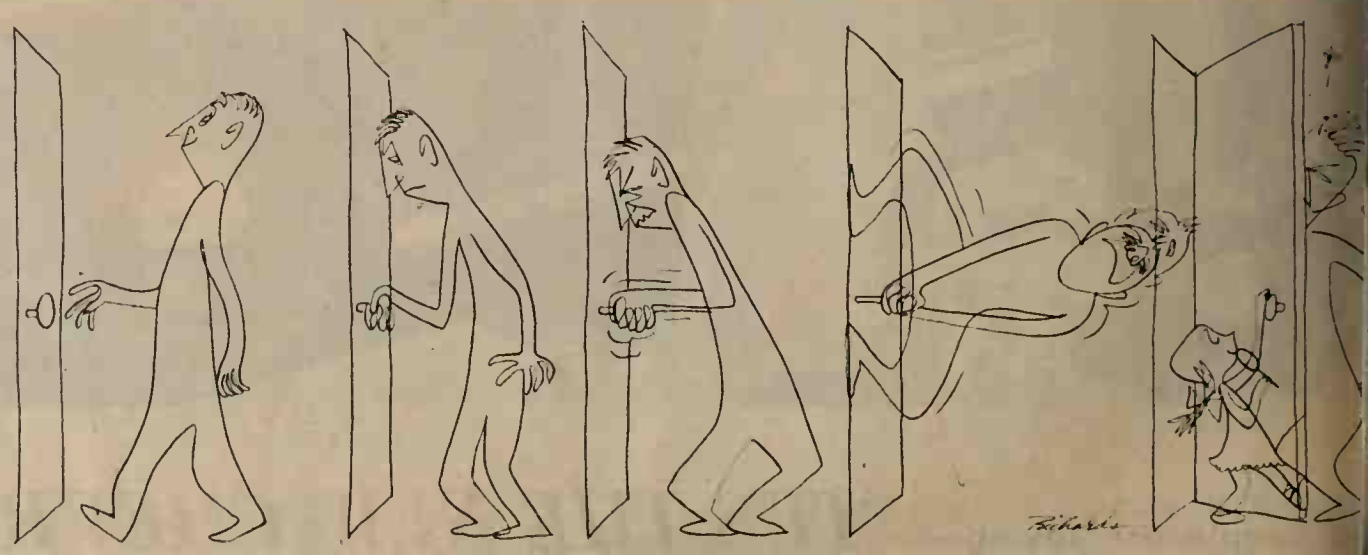
"Mrs. Noone," he replied in a voice that held steady and true, "I am t to answer you, God help me, I am great and good husband is gone f and his vessel gone from under hir all his men are gone. Neither m malt will they taste again, save m malt are the rations of Heaven."

Thus repeating our old ritual c and death's messengers from our stepped forward and cast aside th sailcloth covering the thing he h ried across the sea. And what v beaten and scarred and eaten by t Ah, what should it be but the nam of the Stella Maris, her white and name plate, laid out in wan beaut where her name had been so oft in joy. There were her letters carved in a wood like ivory, an the name lay the name of old Gl spun in gold, and at the borders of gold, its ornaments two golde crosses.

O'MALLEY said, "I sailed th derer out of Shelburne and for Sable Island, it being my ex that after such a gale there is goo on Sable Island Bank. I came smartly and ran into a fog so th you could hardly make out the c her nests. I took off everything foresail and went creeping along heard the racket of the surf aro island, a sound that can be heard twenty miles on such a day. So we were safe enough. Then up co of the watch and says, 'Do you h Captain? And what might it be, that?' So I listened a trifle shar I had been listening and I heard a sion like the bang of a warship g

"I put my watch on it and in utes flat there comes another ban answered him, saying, 'It's the g of Sable Island firing off bomb beach to give a bearing to some the way with supplies or come off the dead from a wreck for home.' So I changed course ag time a little to the west, and down the island and came aroun easterly side late in the night. I quiet and the stars came out f good style and I had a feelin was natural to me, that we were So I heaves her to.

"Lucky for me I heaves her to! there suddenly comes, without t of a moment's warning, a squall size of a gale and takes a tre whack at us. Breaking seas, o the other, and half of them down on our deck, each one lik sand of brick. One squall co ming in from the east, and the ne in from the west—blowing all compass the wind was. 'Tw enough, Mrs. Noone, I tell you, her clear of water, without thi more trouble into the bargain. God in Heaven knows what c gale makes in bars and currer that terrible shore, so it was no



COLLIER'S

STICKY DOOR

Gillette

offers you four easy ways to please a man at Christmas

To say "Merry Christmas" with a flair, and dash through a big share of your list *presto,* send Gillette gift sets to the men on your Christmas roster . . . kinfolk, friends and business associates. Every man enjoys having an extra Gillette razor or two for his traveling kit, club locker or the place he works . . . and a bountiful supply of smooth-shaving Gillette Blue Blades is always welcome. There's a Gillette present to fit each budget, too . . . whether you plan to spend $1.00 or $5.00. Your local store is freshly stocked with these attractive, practical gifts. Buy yours now . . . then, on Christmas day, listen to the menfolks say, "Thanks so much!" . . . and really mean it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.

Gillette One-Piece Milord Razor, gold-plated, with five Gillette Blue Blades in handsome metal case covered with simulated alligator leather, plus four extra packages each containing five Gillette Blue Blades **$3.50**

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Delco AUTO RADIO

NO PUSH-BUTTONS!
—NO DIAL FUMBLING!

with Exclusive

ELECTRO-TUNER Control

It's almost *uncanny* . . . each time you touch the Electro-Tuner with a finger tip, a new station is "trapped" and tuned in for you!

The Electro-Tuner—exclusive to Delco—is a remarkable achievement in postwar electronics. It brings to auto radio its first truly *automatic* tuning . . . it makes obsolete the very latest types of *push-button* tuning, and even makes *manual* tuning unnecessary.

No Dial Fumbling

With the new Delco auto radio there is no dangerous fumbling with dials or push-buttons . . . no taking your eyes off the road—even for a second! The Delco way is the *safety* way—you do nothing but drive and enjoy yourself.

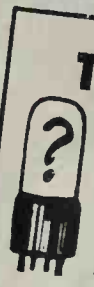
Transfer from Car to Car

Here's another feature of the new Delco auto radio: it is easily installed on any make of car or truck. And it is easily transferable when you get a new car.

Enjoy the *Best!*

This is your opportunity to get an eight-tube superheterodyne auto radio in which there is no presetting of stations and no push-button tuning—in fact, *no tuning of any kind,* because the tuning is done for you, *automatically!* Ask for a demonstration of the new Delco auto radio at your nearest United Motors Service station.

THIS DOES IT!



This is the magic "trigger tube" which sets up a separate sensitivity field and tunes in the stations for you, one by one!

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to me—though it near broke my heart—when I suddenly become aware that a queer devil of a tide has us in a firm grip and is pushing us against our will and wish right up to the outer bar. It was a calamity, Mrs. Noone, and the more so because we might have been safe out of there if I'd remembered half the things concerning Sable Island that my father taught me."

Here he faltered over his words and then said, "But then I'd not be here to tell you what I have to tell, if I had remembered his ten thousand words of caution."

He stretched out his right hand and touched the nameboard of the Stella Maris. "Now I come to this, ma'am."

He said, "We were facing the same deal and circumstances that left the Priscilla dead on that bar in the weeks past and her captain dead, too. There was no escape for us unless she could hold herself off with her own iron. So the moment I could swing her into the wind, I took my life in my hands and let go both her anchors with a prayer to God that they would hold us there until the wind blew herself out. Down they went and we paid out a good scope and as we paid out, clinging to the life ropes all the time, I heard the breakers louder than ever on the island. I was never so close to that godforsaken place in my life and never want to be closer.

"Now, for a little while, the anchors dragged and then they caught on and it seemed to me we were safe for the time being. Which we were. Aye, we were safe for all time and by morning there was enough blue in the sky to make a pair of breeches for a Dutchman, and by noon the cook could keep his pots on the stove and we ate a dinner with thanks be.

"Aye, there we lay. Safe as a church and the black ruin of Sable showing clear every time a sea lifted us. I said to myself that never again would I try to kill a cod on that bank or near it. 'Once I have my anchors back,' I said, 'I'll clear out and stay out for all the days left to me on this earth and water.' So we goes to work on our anchors, Mrs. Noone, but for the life of us we can neither budge nor stir them.

"We nagged at them all day and half the night and spent ourselves over the winch we did and tried every trick in the bag known to men. I might have saved breath and sweat! I was all for leaving the iron there and good riddance, but Darby Dolan—he would have none of that. He kept saying that maybe we'd be needing them again for all we knew. Now we had tugged on the flood and on the ebb, and at flood and ebb agai wind hauled around to the westwa I figured if it held till flood, and w the last hard blow at it, we could t trick, even if our anchors were fo something down there, which wa enough by this time. It could no our strength forever.

"This we did and, at last, I hear rible shout forward—I was in the —and the dorymen at the winch out that the first anchor was com And up she did come. And we to We went to work on the second. it came, up the same slow way. God is my judge, Mrs. Noon right hand went up to his eyes shield him from an image—"as my judge, there came up at th time, whole and entire and not missing—"

"The Stella Maris!" shouted his face in anguish.

"Aye! Like a dream rising, up the Stella Maris, the beauty. God! I thought my heart wou beating in my breast for the ago silence that fell upon us. It wa than a man could bear. God bet and all harm."

NOW, actually, the tongue in h failed him and only by the look in his eyes could they see w in image saw: the pride of our lifted from her grave. And the s had abandoned her, shining now o topmasts and on dripping shrou on the paltry shapes of men lashe Twenty-three men and a bold men not easily matched in our world for common sense and c stood spellbound by this dear g if our lost great man had hail from yonder tipping deck.

It was a dread borne in sile finally continued, for who coul even the manly word at such Against the mainmast of the Stell and straddled still upon the gaff lashings held him, the figure of gazed at the Wanderer. A sea pa der the Wanderer, let her fall, an came from her men when a gre rose between them and those ruin Yet the Wanderer's eyes were bound, even when the deck und tilted higher and they saw, beyond parition, a herd of wild horses out of the dunes of Sable, thei arched toward the mystery of the Out of the dunes and hollows, lion and his mares advanced, a-trembling by a meaning spille the wind for their flaring nostrils

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For the full color of Christmas outdoors, Kodacolor Film makes all the difference.

All of the cameras shown here take both black-and-white and full-color pictures...day or night

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nie is always a *buy*. For a child or r. For anybody who wants to get good ts the easiest way. The Brownie Flash ets them day or night . . . and, with lor Film, in full color.

Kodak Reflex Camera, $120

Price includes Field Case . . . Flasholder extra. For the reflex-camera "fan" who appreciates these superior features—twin *f*/3.5 lenses, both *Lumenized* . . . Flash Kodamatic Shutter, 7 speeds to 1/200 . . . rigid cast-aluminum body. A superb camera for color, flash—all modern picture making.

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Illustrated: Kodak Vigilant *f*/4.5, $53.
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These famous favorites, providing 2¼ x 3¼ negatives in a camera that is compact, easy-to-carry, now make full-color snapshots (with Kodacolor Film) as well as black-and-white, and most of them may be equipped with flash for night shots.

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Kodak Flash Bantam *f*/4.5, $50 **Kodak 35 *f*/4.5, $50**

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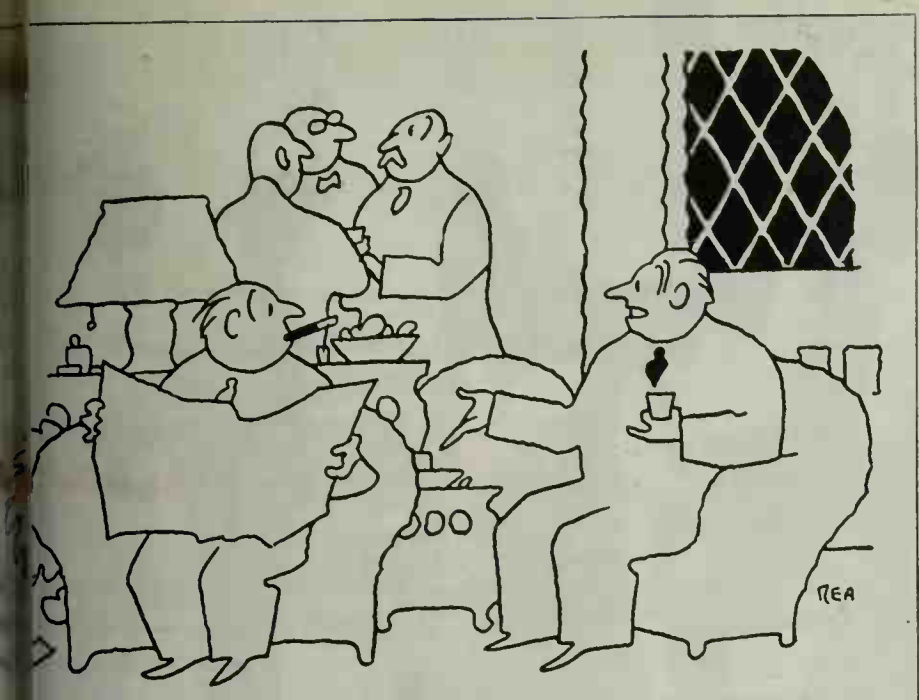

"Well, it's rather a long story. You see, for some reason the radio went on the blink last night—and so, for the first time in years, the wife and I just sat and talked. And now she's at her mother's, and I'm staying here at the club" GARDNER REA

ing could stir the Wanderer's of their enthrallment. No, not that flowing beauty of yellow d tails, cavorting golden colts, s of shapely heads above the

te and valuable are the horses Island!" said Captain O'Malley. s called for by his plain attempt saying what could not be put ng. Could he not help knowing e provoked by his words con- he man straddled in death be- green wall of water? He could knowing, for it is the duty of o stand watch on the gaff when seas are to be countered. In an, there could only be one d that a cherished one. In the there could be only the same

tella Maris!" How young Bart- ound his words. Like the rasp iron, that's how he let them go. they signify? You won't be far truth if you think: Even at this he yearned with hope that the still lived. Yes, pride in her beauty made the heir speak so t inheritance.

oung Bartley, I'll tell you! Our y fouled in her main riggings— ard—and the strain we had on r rail down so that the water— l sand and God knows what else through over the rail and use part of the rail had carried e cleared herself. Aye, she did as I've seen her do it many a n the squalls filled her. In do- e let our anchor go just as if isible hands had lifted it. And r came away easily.

when she had cast away our e Stella Maris rose up a fair a sea and for a moment—her held herself 'twixt sea and sky, ember that the figure of a man her spring stay like a bound- horn of a boy. And that one us from the main gaff, he and then—Holy Mother in the Stella Maris burst into a pieces and one gray cloud of foam!"

Burst, you say?"

oung Bartley!"

thousand pieces, Captain?"

sand pieces and one gray cloud nd foam. The gas within her t her. The gas off her fish."

nce more, the captain stretched nd until it touched the name- he said, "I put over a dory and myself and picked this up to e to you as everlasting witness h. And so God help you."

He swung on his heel in his haste and went out the door.

Before ever the door had time to close, Bartley Noone reached out with both his hands and seized the nameboard. In tenderness at first, and then in a pulse of nothing less than frenzy, he pulled the name of her to him. One tender word he let loose from his lips, "You!" And next, with his manhood strong within him for the first time ever, he cried out the oath and vow that bound him to his fate.

"Live forever, Stella Maris!"

By that he meant that he would never rest until the lost vessel once again lay water-borne. Water-borne, wind-driven, and this her golden name, once more renewed, gleaming among the green waves and the black.

THE words of his mother, a white statue in the shadows, made this clear. "Is that your meaning, my son? That you will build a new Stella Maris?"

"It is."

"That and no other?"

"That and no other."

"You shall not have my blessing."

"I must do without it, Mother."

"The house is to be sold over our heads tomorrow and all in it, Bartley dear," she reminded him.

"Someday all will be taken back again, Mother. I swear that, too."

"Ah," said Christy, taking Bartley by one hand and drawing him close to his mother, "the house will not be sold over your heads because you'll not be in it. Come now, Bartley, kiss your mother before I take her to my mother, who's waiting for you both and looking forward to the day. Which is now." He put on a merry look for her. "Didn't you know it would come to this? Aye! And you wouldn't have my mother waiting all alone for word of me, would you?"

"You, too, Christy?"

"Aye, Mrs. Noone, me, too. I am for the sea. And glad of it. Come now, Bartley, a kiss for her and from you, ma'am, for the two of us—a blessing to divide between us. To divide between two fine dorymen who will stand in need of it."

Thereupon, Bartley kissed his mother's cheek, where there were no tears yet. and to him and to Christian she gave our old blessing: "God bless you and keep you two at sea. Come home safe and come home soon."

Now, at the end, while her tears began to fall, she took up the nameboard and gave it to him, saying, "Go where he went, Bartley, and come home one day the captain of the Stella Maris."

This he did accomplish in the years to come.

THE END

No Wonder Fleischmann's makes America's Finest Holiday Gift

NOT JUST DRY ...IT'S "DRY" DRY

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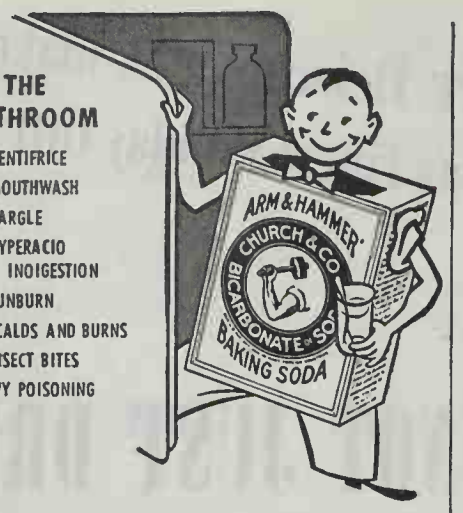

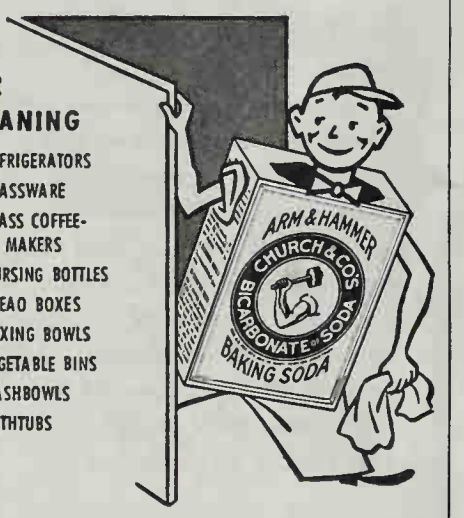

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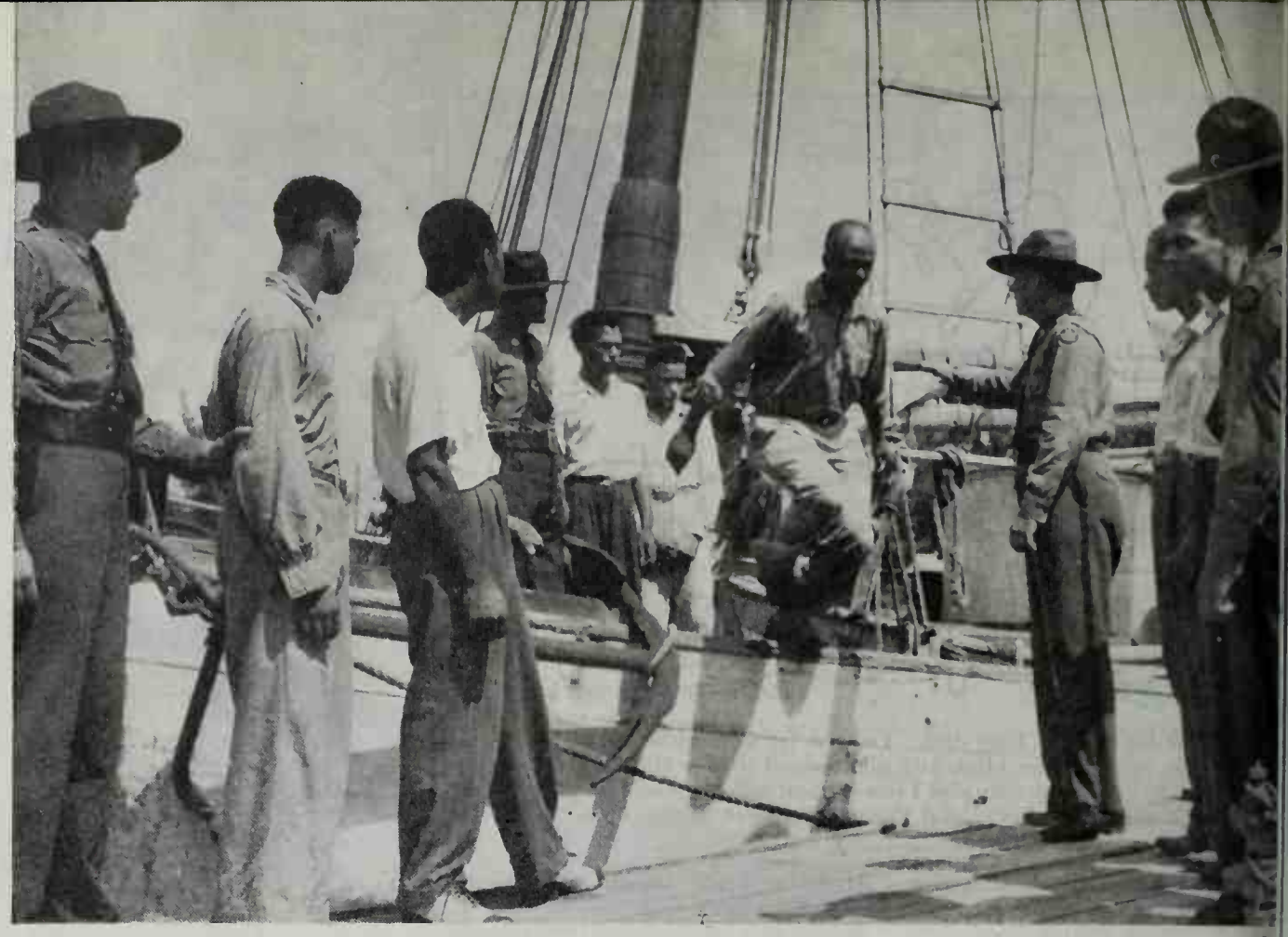

The largest single haul of smuggled aliens was made recently at Tampa, Florida, when eight West Indians were

UNCLE SAM'S GATE CRASHERS

By fishing boat, freighter or plane, unwanted aliens attempt to break into the promised land. Some are murdered, some are captured, a few succeed. The story of the Border Patrol's fight on a vicious racket

BY JOHN MALONEY

THE policeman directing traffic at a street corner in downtown Akron, Ohio, saw the car coming, and noted that it carried Florida license plates and had obviously been driven hard. He paid little attention to it though, until the machine ran through a red light and almost knocked him down. He blew his whistle and waved the car to the curb, and when he got nearer he saw that two frightened Chinese were huddled in the back seat.

"Don't you have red lights in Florida?" he asked.

"Now don't put on no act, copper," said the driver. "If we're gettin' a ticket let's have it without the talk."

"Where you boys going?" the policeman asked.

"Cleveland," the driver said, "and we're in a hurry."

The policeman had no intention of holding the driver or of handing out a ticket, but he wanted to impress upon the Floridian that in Akron a red light means stop. And that a motorist gets nowhere talking back to a traffic cop. So he continued to ask questions. He asked the two Chinese if they lived in Cleveland; they replied with shrugs and a flood of excited Chinese.

"Don't these boys speak English?" the policeman asked.

"Why should they?" said the driver, irritably. "Is there a law?"

Finally the policeman told the driver to go on, and returned to his post. Then he began to think, and the more he thought the more suspicious he became. He recalled that some months before, he had seen a circular sent out by the Border Patrol of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, asking police departments to co-operate in the apprehension of aliens illegally in this country. And the circular, he remembered, had said that most of them had come in by way of Florida.

So the policeman telephoned the immigration authorities at Cleveland, and the Cleveland police stopped the Florida car as it was entering the city. The driver refused to say anything except that he had been hired to drive the two Chinese to Cleveland; he wouldn't even say where he had started from, although he admitted that he had picked up his passengers in Miami. The Chinese had no passports or other identification; they finally agreed to talk, through an interpreter, after they had been convinced that in any event they would be deported.

As a result of information obtained from them, the Border Patrol was able to break up the largest and most active gang of smugglers that has operated between Cuba and Florida since the rumrunning days of prohibition.

This gang was led by "Head" Revels and his two brothers of Homestead, Florida, who have fished the Florida waters for years and every inlet and cove along th Agents of the Revels openly s aliens in Havana, promising liver them to any point in the States for from $500 to $2.0 pending upon where they wa go and how much money the raise.

When an alien had paid the was taken to the gang's jum place at Cárdenas, Cuba, a across in a fast boat to Elliott thin strip of sand in Biscay Once on the key the aliens w den under baskets of mullet snapper, and taken in small boats to the Florida mainlan hide-out of the gang less than from Border Patrol headqua Miami. After the arrest of t border patrolmen learned t Revels for more than a year h paying fishermen and truck along the highways leading keys, to tip them off when t was clear. The immigration ties never learned how many a Revels had smuggled into the States, but ten boatloads we nitely traced to them. And 2 whom members of the gang ha ported to various parts of the have been arrested and depo

Federal officials estimate th are at least 300,000 aliens in C other Latin-American count

(Continued on page 10

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE (neighborhood)

When a new Dodge comes to its permanent home the whole neighborhood is often its reception committee. People troop out from doors, peer out from windows, pop up from nowhere—full of excited admiration and noisy congratulations. Each new Dodge delivery becomes a little local triumph shared and enjoyed by all.

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● Tune in Du Pont "Cavalcade of America"—Mondays, 8 P. M. EST, NBC

BRITAIN'S FASCIST PHOENIX

Continued from page 21

man good-naturedly. "Why don't you go home and get a good night's sleep?"

On the next corner a discussion simmers and bubbles. A burly man with a thick Ol' Bill mustache who looks like the licensee of a pub, says, "If you'd all stay away from these meetings, there wouldn't be any trouble."

The young Jew with the angry eyes retorts, "How can I stay away? I live on the next street. You think I can sit there and listen to that Hitler talk blaring into my house? You can't discourage those fellows by staying away. We've got to stop them!"

"He'll stop *you* first!" screams the sharp-featured woman with the baby slung across her right shoulder. "Getting all the living accommodations in this neighborhood while me and my husband and the baby live in one room!" She keeps patting the whimpering child's buttocks as she speaks. The raw violet light of the arc lamps on the High Street freezes her features into a greeny-blue mask. "Four years I've been waiting for a decent place to live."

"And you think that's the fault of the Jews?"

"Yes I do! I don't see any of *them* living in one room." She begins a recital of facts about her own street where a house was let to Jews while the gentiles were ignored. The young Jew stares at her, shrugs hopelessly, and walks away.

As a matter of curiosity I checked into the allegation that the Jews were hogging living accommodations. It was completely false.

A group of men, all in their late twenties, strut southward glaring impudently into the faces of passers-by. Two wear G.I. battle jackets—another a leather flight jacket with the imprint of the U.S. Air Forces still distinguishable on the left sleeve. One wears an old Army trench coat. His face looks familiar. An elderly Jew walks by. "P.J.," growls the young man in the flight jacket. If you ask him he will say it means "People's Justice." But everyone knows the initials stand for "Perish Judah."

On the trolley bus, there are three youths who, judging by their excited talk, have also been to the meeting. None of them is over eighteen. They turn to stare at my clothes. When they rise to leave the bus a few blocks farther on, one hurries past me muttering, "Wake up, England! We're in pawn to America!"

High Lights on Sir Oswald

Suddenly I remember where I have seen the fellow in the old Army trench coat. He is the smiling young man to whom I had spoken when I went to Sir Oswald Mosley's apartment to learn about the erstwhile Fuehrer's present activities.

"Sir Oswald spends his time farming and writing now," the young man told me then. "He's hardly ever in London. He doesn't have anything to do with politics."

On a coffee table lay some books and pamphlets. My Answer by Oswald Mosley. The Alternative, by Mosley. Mosley—What He Is . . . all fresh and shiny with printer's ink—all published within the past year.

The smiling young man said, "The only connection Sir Oswald has with any of these groups is that of publisher to customer. He wouldn't even have that much connection if it weren't for the bookshops. They won't handle his works and the trade-union men won't print them. We do it all ourselves—amateurs." He handed me a copy of Mosley's latest book, The Alternative—three hundred pages of close print. On the red and black jacket there was a drawing of a length of white thread, inextric eled at one end—neatly unravel other. "Not so bad for amateu he said. "You can have it—fo If the booksellers would take t we'd sell thousands—*millions!*"

He liked the word *millions.* fiercely from his lips, and his g eyes flashed. But as soon as it he withdrew again into a half- ingratiating smile.

What about Mosley himself of a group of questions put to London newspaper he was aske he would come forward to lead ent groups who were clamorin return, when their strength v ciently established.

Echoing Hitler's Phras

His answer was, "That is no If and when I decide to re-ent I shall say so clearly and openly only do so if it appears to me absolute duty to undertake a which I have no desire. It is concept that my experience thirst for politics in preference ture and agriculture. If I felt duty had to be undertaken it w no difference to my conduct was alone or with a million m

These were familiar words. to me that I had heard be phrases as *absolute duty—a which I have no desire—hard* ler had used them often.

"Would you like to see Mos I asked that question of a people during the next few day

"Only in a hearse," said the engineer who was sitting in a paulin shelter, splicing some telephone cable.

"He's a back number—comp credited," said the young bank the guards' mustache.

The teamster who worked London parcel-delivery servic looking man in his fifties, said would like to see him back And in his black shirt 'n' all forgot what he was like. Ma saw him again, they wouldn't as to listen to those blokes wh ing for him."

Yet last year, Lord Vansitta House of Commons that the number of registered Fascis country numbered about 5,0 common knowledge," he adde all totalitarian movements th of inscribed party members is a passed by the unregistered adh

Today it is estimated that 10,000 in London alone, and many in the provinces. The h the prewar British Union of was told by a London news ed in existence. Most of these me tained during the war in Brix and in detention barracks on Man under Regulation 18B c ernment's emergency power spent five years in prison and rest during the war "on acco litical opposition to that w himself declares.

None of these men calls hi cist now. One of them, arres ing "certain abusive words," by the magistrate whether he cist. He said he could not an he did not know what Fascism

The list of groups operati land today reads like a cross covey of mystics and a hor Briton sects. Besides the Briti there is the Union for British the League of Christian Refo Sons of St. George, the Britis party, the Britons' Action part

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says NORMAN SAKSVIG . . .

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(signed) *Norman Saksvig*

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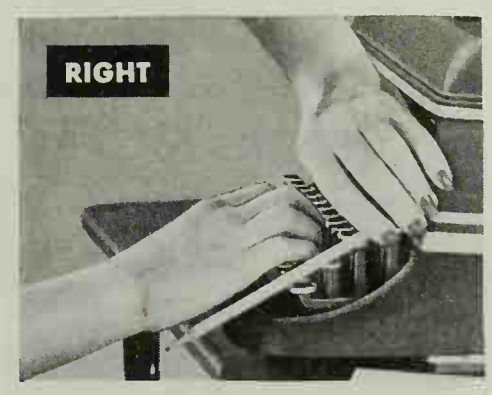
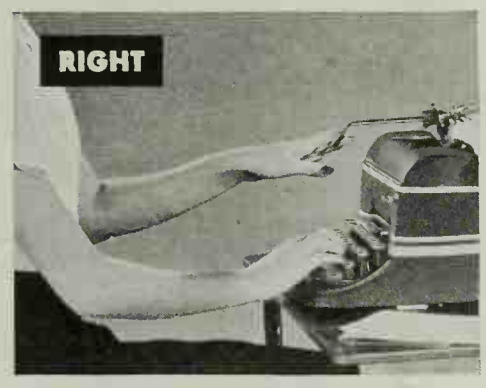


Correct fingering means "hugging the keys"—fingers always on keyboard, pivoting from the guide keys as required.

More time and effort are lost this way than you imagine. Keep your hands *down*—and watch speed go *up!*

urelaxed, and slanted about paral- o keyboard; fingers should be curved ting lightly on the guide keys.

Wrists far too high, and fingers much too straight. This position produces excessive fatigue, and increases typing errors.



Start the carriage with a quick firm throw, drop lever before it's half way across, let momentum do the rest.

Don't *lean,* don't "follow through" as you return the carriage, don't hold hand on lever all the way across.

MATIC MARGIN SET . . . A SMITH-CORONA "EXCLUSIVE"

tographed a light on Saksvig's nd timed him with a stop-watch. aves keyboard, finger sets right margin and left margin, then returns to keyboard. Time . . . *one second!* Figure *that* saving in a day's typing!

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People's party, the Northwest Task roup, the Ku Klux Klan (British Sec- n), the British Vigilantes Action ague . . . with headquarters in London, rby, Manchester, Bristol and Brighton. me come out openly for the return of osley. Others talk vaguely about the ader. All incorporate a juicy chunk of ti-Semitic provender in their speeches, mphlets and newspapers.

Unity, the organ of the Union for Brit- Freedom, makes no bones about its ns. "Cast into prison without charge trial by those who feared him," it s, "Oswald Mosley is still inspired by patriotic fervor that has always im- led him to put principle before party. We invite our readers to put aside the judices built up by wartime propa- da . . . for this is not the time to ge a man by the color of the shirt he e before the war." Mosley's picture a Homburg hat and a white collar rns the front page of the paper.

Discontent Bred of Privation

Austerity, controls, and still more con- s, are the fertilizers which have given e groups a chance to flourish in the of England's political battleground. n-agers among the poorer and lower- dle classes are drawn to them by the mise of leadership and action. Too ng to have seen action in the war f, half illiterate as a result of spend- years in the air-raid shelters, they ond like iron filings to the dubious netism of Mosley's phraseology.

the smaller towns, like St. Albans, hampsted and Cambridge, meetings held in the homes of supporters or in private meeting rooms of local inns. Hampstead, a Literary Society has been formed "to promote the sale of s by Mosley Publications and bring ors and readers into direct contact." ar as is known, the only author be- published under the aegis of Mosley lications is Sir Oswald Mosley.

ecently, and all in one evening, seven e Mosley Book Clubs and Discus- Groups in the London area were santly stimulated by the shy author's pected appearance in their midst. ne of these groups which he visited Chelsea apartment, he is said to flung open the door, raised his arm e Fascist salute, while the thirty or members who were present sprang eir feet and heiled their leader in approved style. The Fuehrer had ered their call. If he was older—so they. Sickness and imprisonment not changed him. He was the old ley—the man for whom they were to die—since no one else wanted lives.

e hanging of the two British ser- ts in Palestine by the Irgun Zvai ni in retaliation for the execution of Jews in Acre Gaol on July 29th, he anti-Jewish riots which followed ngland, gave a tremendous fillip to nti-Semitic propaganda of these rs. One of the British League speak- eclared that the only way to stop sort of terrorism was to take out e families—Jewish families—in Pal- —put them against a wall and them. Then he added, "If we had vernment of men, we would do the here." He was arrested and bound not to attend public meetings in the End of London for a year. He is referred to in martyred terms by eakers who have taken his place.

ere were repercussions of this at the t Conservative party conference, a sponsor of an antisubversive dment to a motion on imperial pol- ied out that while twenty British sol- were murdered in Palestine every h, the only action taken by the nment was to ensure that there d not be any undue anti-Semitic eaks in this country.

ere is no doubt that among the Con- servative middle classes who hate Socialism and Communism as much as they despise Fascism, there has been a big upsurge of anti-Jewish feeling in the past year. The defeat of the Conservatives at the last election has left these people high and dry, and anti-Semitism is one way of discharging their frustration.

"If British Jewry is today suffering from the righteous wrath of British citizens, then they have only themselves to blame for their passive inactivity. Violence may be the only way of bringing them to the sense of their responsibility to the country in which they live."

These are words taken from an editorial in an old-established Lancashire newspaper published at Morecambe near Liverpool in early August. Arraigned on a charge of seditious libel before a full bench of eight magistrates on a summons issued by the Director of Public Prosecutions, the editor, Mr. James Caunt, declared that in his nine years of editorship he had never before written an anti-Semitic article.

Mr. Caunt was committed for trial at the Lancaster assizes, but not before counsel for the defense had reminded the bench that the charge against his client was the thin edge of the wedge and that the whole case was an insidious attempt to restrict the freedom of speech . . . a point which the Fascists are exploiting.

To a deputation of the London Trades Council who had asked him to ban all Fascist meetings in London, the Home Secretary, Mr. J. Chuter Ede, replied that a difficulty about banning lay in the problem of defining the doctrines peculiar to Fascism without making other political associations unlawful. At least half of the London boroughs, as well as the London County Council, have made similar appeals to the Home Office, but so far only two cases have been made the subject of criminal proceedings by the Home Secretary.

One is the case of the Morecambe editor, which has not yet come to trial. The other is the case of Jeffrey Hamm, policy director of the British League of Ex-Servicemen and Women.

With Reporters at the Trial

I had attended the opening session of Hamm's trial at the North London Magistrates Court a week earlier. Now, as I sat in the tiny reporters' pen that Saturday morning and waited for Hamm's case to be called, it seemed to me that this might be a historic moment. Here, in a small suburban courtroom, listed on a charge sheet with petty thieves, pitchmen charged with obstructing traffic, small-fry receivers of stolen goods and blackmarket chow hounds, postwar Fascism in England would perhaps receive its quietus.

On a bench beneath a wood canopy bearing the royal coat of arms, sits the learned magistrate, Mr. W. Blake Odgers, king's counsel. He is a frail, benevolent-looking old gentleman with a shiny bald head and very pale blue eyes. His voice is beautifully modulated, save when he chides a defendant for interruption. In the public gallery, a hundred people stand huddled together in a space intended for thirty.

On the witness stand, Jeffrey Hamm answers questions put to him by counsel for the defense. He speaks softly, with a mildness totally in contrast to his ebullience on the platform.

"Racialism," he tells the court, "is not part of our policy."

A derisive snickering begins in the public gallery but is immediately silenced by the bailiff.

"There is no foundation in the allegation that we support Nazi doctrines . . . I do not know what Fascism means . . ."

"You were seen to give the Fascist salute," from the prosecution.

"I was waving to the crowd."

The magistrate asks a question: "Does

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Shelves left empty by the overwhelming swing to *brand buying* have accentuated the shortage. Actually, buyers . . . still bitter over shoddy substitutes shoved their way during the shortage of brands . . . have learned that *brand buying is best.*

Today, "shortage" means only a *short wait.* Because of its popularity the best may be hard to get, *but it's always worth the effort.* At most, your favorite brand asks of you only a "short wait."

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Please send descriptive material on Bostitch time- and money-saving machines.....

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Sir Oswald Mosley know what Fascism means? You are a supporter of his."

"It is rather difficult for me to answer questions on Sir Oswald Mosley. If you are interested I think he would like to be represented himself."

Almost unnoticed, the case seems to have deteriorated into an argument as to whether the words brought out in evidence against the defendant were likely to have caused a breach of the peace. The words are scarcely fit matter for a serious charge. On several occasions, Hamm had called his hecklers, "pale, pink, palpitating pansies with long hair and painted toenails."

"Hardly as offensive," observes defending counsel, "as a former minister's reference to 'the bloody baboons of Russia sitting on a throne of skulls.'"

The moment is no longer historic. The Home Secretary's reference to the difficulties of banning Fascist organizations is here made manifest in all its anticlimactic futility.

Hamm is bound over in the sum of twenty-five pounds for twelve months and warned to be careful in discriminating between attacks on Jews as Jews and Jews as Communists—a fine distinction which, to judge by his smile, will give him very little trouble.

Outside the court, the crowds line the entrance and pack the sidewalk across the street.

"Six years of war with Hitler and they haven't learned their lesson yet," says a thin, black-haired woman.

A grandmotherly woman croaks, "Thank Gawd, he's free! I'd pawn my last piece of jewelry to pay that K.C., Gawd bless him."

Members of the British League parade Indian file near the curb, ready for any disturbance which might break out when their leader appears. Hamm, however, has slipped out through the back way.

Emboldened by the verdict and by the fact that The Listener, official weekly of the British Broadcasting Corporation, had accepted a display advertisement of Sir Oswald Mosley's book, The Alternative, some thirty of his supporters showed up that night on the busy corners of downtown Tottenham Court Road, offering his books for sale . . .

The following evening when the members of the British League arrived at Ridley Road, they found their stand preempted by the Socialist party (a Norman Thomas variety). They moved two blocks north, and within minutes Hamm was speaking to an audience of almost four thousand people.

"Sir Oswald Mosley is the greatest Englishman who ever lived. . . . The war with Germany was a terrible mistake. . . . Britain and Germany fight for their existence against Asiatic, Mongolian and Oriental Communism, and the stranglehold of American finance. . . . Britain first and Britain for the British!"

For the first time in months, Hamm has carefully avoided all anti-Semitic attacks —and his audience is strangely quiet.

THE END

THE BIRDS

Continued from page 19

he told himself with that new and savage irony for which he had no name, you were the lad who wasn't going to bring back any souvenirs from the Pacific because they might remind you of how it had been there.

Cowan looked at them in the half shadow of the closet. Most of the memories were good ones—brave, exciting or quiet, but it seemed that some part of his mind, morbidly eclectic, remembered the bad ones most clearly.

There was the time when he had been lost in the mountains alone and had felt how vain and unnecessary the silver saddle had been. And the time when with the .30-30 he had drawn a bead on Jim Mowbray, thinking him a calf elk. He had not shot, but that did not seem important now to Cowan; what possessed meaning was the error, the evidence of a shocking failure, even one he alone knew of. Several times, around campfires, he had been tempted to tell Mowbray of it, but never had.

MOTION would break thought, stem the flood of memory. He moved one hand and took the double-barreled .16-gauge. Taking the corks out of the barrels, he glanced down them. The oil he had poured in them four years ago had turned to gum and he took down a wooden cleaning rod and pushed it through the barrels. Held to the window, the polished interiors took the light in pale, glancing convolutions.

He dressed in the moleskin hunting clothes, the rubber pacs for his feet and, after a moment of hesitation, took the leather cartridge pouch. His grandfather had used it: he supposed that fact was both his own justification and his reproach for using it.

Al might have used the pouch better, with more right, Cowan thought. It was as close as he could come to knowing what bothered him. Al was the younger brother who had been taken—like so many New Mexico boys—on Bataan and had died in the prison camp. Their mother had died about a year later. Cowan had not seen either of them, either after death or for months before.

Feeling things he didn't want to think about begin to come up in him, he started to go quickly through the kitchen where Tía Ana, the old Spanish housekeeper, stood over the range. *"Va, va,"* she said, as he passed. *"Esta bueno muchacho.* Go, go, you're a good boy. Bring back some big ones."

"If I don't get lost, tell my father when he comes back that I went along the creek to see if any ducks were in," he said.

Back of the house, he could smell the horses and would have saddled one of them but didn't know how they were shod, nor how the weather would turn. He got into the old coupé with the snow tires on it and drove south to town. The road was good here, for the macadam ran straight north to Colorado, but south and west after he had passed through the Plaza the ruts in the snow were stained by clay. It took him half an hour to go the few miles across the brook-laced plain to the little wooden bridge that crossed Pojoaque Creek. Willow thickets, Chinese red now in winter, grew heavily in every meander of the stream; they almost hid the narrow wooden bridge. Magpies, black and white, fluttered from trees to fence and back again.

Getting out, Cowan closed the car door quietly and slipped two shells into the chambers. He moved his arms in old gestures to be sure the cartridge bag did not get in the way of their rising; then, slipping through the barbed wire, he stood for a moment briefly on the other side of the fence. Trying to peer through the willows and lower branches of the cottonwoods, to see if any birds lay in the first widening of the creek, he knew that he should not have paused. The moleskin of his breeches had caught momentarily in the barbed wire and he was reminded that it was barbed wire and where he had seen it in the islands and even what had often been on it. Once, because the man had been hopelessly mangled and in pain, he had shot one of his own men; and twice he had shot the enemy in it, also wounded, thinking that somehow it would make up

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Alka-Seltzer

s death. But it hadn't helped any-
ot even himself.
it was only by physical effort, an
n that made him gasp, that he was
make himself stretch his neck and
until through the edge of the
nearest the stream he could see
k shapes of the birds against the
the open water. They were about
yards away and gradually, like
es meeting in him, the inbound
vailing, he felt the old excitement
ight of any game always brought
Watching, gratefully he felt the
f the wire on the islands leaving
Only the birds held his attention
tried to identify them against the
They were smallish and were
y teal; not many other small
lew in the region. Aimlessly, he
hey were green-winged teal. It
necessary that he see the jewel-
n wing bar rather than the dusty
the blue-winged teal.
gan a stalk of the birds behind
ows. With care, the softening
ade almost no sound under his
t the end of the line of willows
pared to step into view and flush
s, he remembered that teal might
ead of fly and he was tempted to
them where they sat. But he
hadn't reached a stage where he
hoot game birds other than on
. Yet, as he moved into view, he
d why it had suddenly become
tant to kill these particular birds.
were about a dozen of them in
between beds of water cress and
rass, and more than half of them
t of the water in the long, low
of ducks getting up. Cowan
rise until they were clear of the
d silhouetted against the sky.
as the sense of annoyance as
fell after the first shot; then he
next bird a little more and
the wings crumple and the body
straight line.
looked for a shallow spot to ford
., he raised his head and saw that
am a pair of mallard had got
out of gun range. There was al-
t risk, he knew, of getting the
ds up, but if they flew down-
s they well might with so little
en, he would come on them
Across the water, he picked up
teal. It lay warm in his hand,
ald band on one wing, a single
blood on the neck, like jewels
it. It seemed valuable and he
the hand a little while, wonder-
t did. The memory of the wire seemed to lack sharpness now, to be without horror—and this change seemed related to the dead bird. He put the teal in a game pocket in the back of his hunting jacket and moved downstream again.

Near the water, cattle had trampled the snow in many places and the walking was better in these. Cattails moved in a rising wind, and Cowan saw that he was approaching the first swamp in the stream, from which the mallard had flown. He was not expecting others to be there. As three more rose heavily and flew squawking toward the southwest he wasn't ready. When the gun came up, they were forty yards away. Two drakes, their green heads bright in the sun, flew before a lone hen. Cowan led them carefully and saw the drakes fall, one dead, the second in a short glide that told him it was only wounded.

NOT wanting to lose the wounded bird, Cowan started to run through the snow. It seemed to rise up around him and he had to struggle, almost fight his way through the deeper drifts. Ice broke under one foot and he was in water to the top of his pacs. The snow had drifted out over the edge of the stream here. There was a time, he thought, when he knew the stream edge so well that he would never have done that.

The dead bird lay in the snow but the wounded one was not in sight. In that much snow, he thought, it must have left a trail. He was panting and the sweat had started on him. It hadn't been necessary to run through the snow, he told himself. In the stillness he listened, thinking he had heard the sound of Nina's gun to the west. But there was nothing. Turning east to get away from the wind, against foothills of the Sangre de Cristo he could see the small, dark blocks that were cattle standing. When he turned back again, something moved in a clump of cattails and he saw the second mallard. It was caught there as men had been caught in that wire. When he picked it up and killed it against the gun barrels it seemed that he had killed the memory, too. . .

There was a relationship, somehow randomly established, between thought, memory and the birds. There was a lot of talk in the hospitals about psychotherapy and he had been pretty scornful of most of it. He even had had an idea that the scorn had kept him from entering one of the hospitals. . . . but what had happened here, now and today, seemed clear-cut, definite enough to convince even himself.

He began to walk again, following

vanna go to the movies, ask your mother as soon as they start whispering"

CORKA

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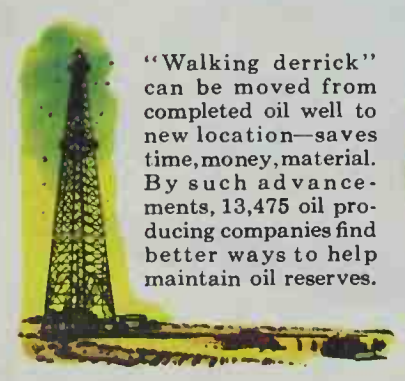

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neander, although where willows nick the cattle had not trampled e soft crust broke under him. had begun to gather again and he ed if he should turn back. The s ridiculous, although he knew dden and terrible could be the the weather here. The upper Rio lay to the west, and if the weather ng to turn bad, he knew the birds e leaving the river and coming in naller streams before sundown.

ng his head, he saw birds coming The quick wing beat was that of he banking flight as they planed hat of teal. He stood motionless attails and they came down low, e again to go over his head. It ard shot, the *coup de roi*, and re too close for the pellets to uch of a pattern, but he dropped the second shot.

the green band seemed a jewel, the duller light. Putting it in the ith the others, Cowan began to rough the edge of the willows, the stream where it narrowed to he side where the willows were

rds flushed for the next half mile lthough a number passed over- wos and threes and fives, coming river. They were just out of e and even those that he might ched with a long, careful shot, et go. It had become urgent to , to have even some hint of her . Pausing often, he still could her gun.

s near a region where the creek ceptibly downhill, forking out mber of smaller streams before gain. The ground was swampy were potholes in it, their water darkly against the snow. Where water cress lay, the snow had an ocher tint.

burst from under his feet, their eering flight and shrill cries hem seem creatures of another The gun was to his shoulder, but d it, deciding not to shoot them. wanted to, Cowan thought, he nk of the snipe as the unim- thoughts and matters that one, the thoughts that a bal- rson had learned to ignore. . . . tood there, made uneasy by the relation and reference of the is thought, he heard faintly, and rst time, a gun sound down- It was easy to identify as the the .20-gauge Nina used, too hy, there must be others out today, too, he thought; then vasn't likely in the weather.

s he picked his way around the feeling the spongy ground quiver beneath his feet, he began to think more consciously of Nina and why he had waited so long to call her. Of those he had felt close to, he supposed that she was the last one left. And although he had no logical reason for supposing she would ever consciously do anything to hurt him, he had perhaps thought that he should not risk the possibility. Al's death and their mother's had changed him, he knew, and the change had not been good. There had been enough other girls, too, in the last few years, but the forgetting they brought—he saw that they had been a romantic convention—had been of short duration. He had forgotten them, too, but Nina had stayed in memory—perhaps because he had known her a longer time than they; but that did not seem to account for it.

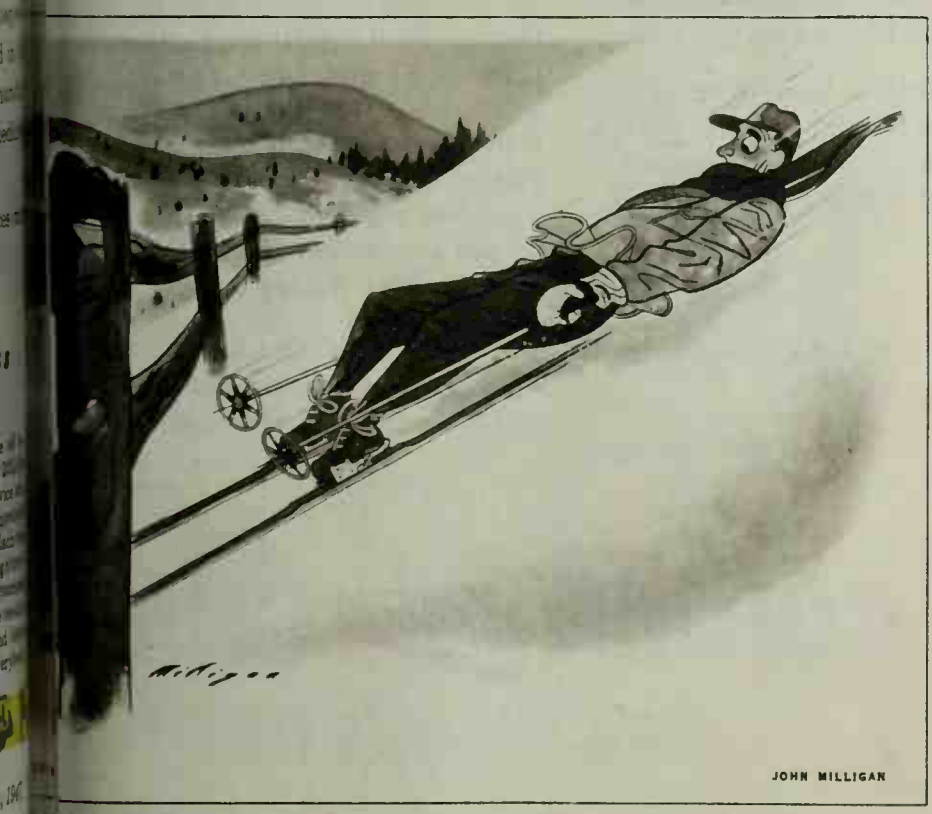
He supposed, too, that he had feared some change in her, not perhaps as violent as the change in himself, but devastating enough. Still, it had been no reason to hurt her as he had by letting the news of his return come to her through someone else.

THERE were more cottonwoods ahead where the divided stream became once more whole again. It was under those particular trees that usually they had met, and almost always they spent some time there. Today, he would meet her farther on, Cowan knew, but now the sight of the trees moved him. He thought it strange that he had never before noted that they grew where the divided waters became entire once more.

Her gun sounded again, nearer, but he could not see her—although peering through the darkening air, he saw that the number of birds in it had increased. The duck streamed from the river, and to either side on the wire fences, the black and white fluttering magpies moved restlessly. Every place, it seemed, there was movement and preparation for another storm.

Snow was falling. Noting the few large scattered flakes, Cowan wondered when it had begun. There were more birds too. He could see them settling, whole flocks of them through the gray air, dropping into the dark masses of willow shoots, into the irrigation ditches whose tops ran flush with the ground, dropping from sight, almost without sound. He had kept moving downstream, the heavy drifts like an enemy clutching at his feet. He kept watching the birds coming in; there were so many of them that he had almost lost interest in shooting them, but was fascinated by the mass flight.

Now Nina's gun sounded again, almost directly ahead of him, and he saw one of the birds stop in mid-air, tumble in a



JOHN MILLIGAN

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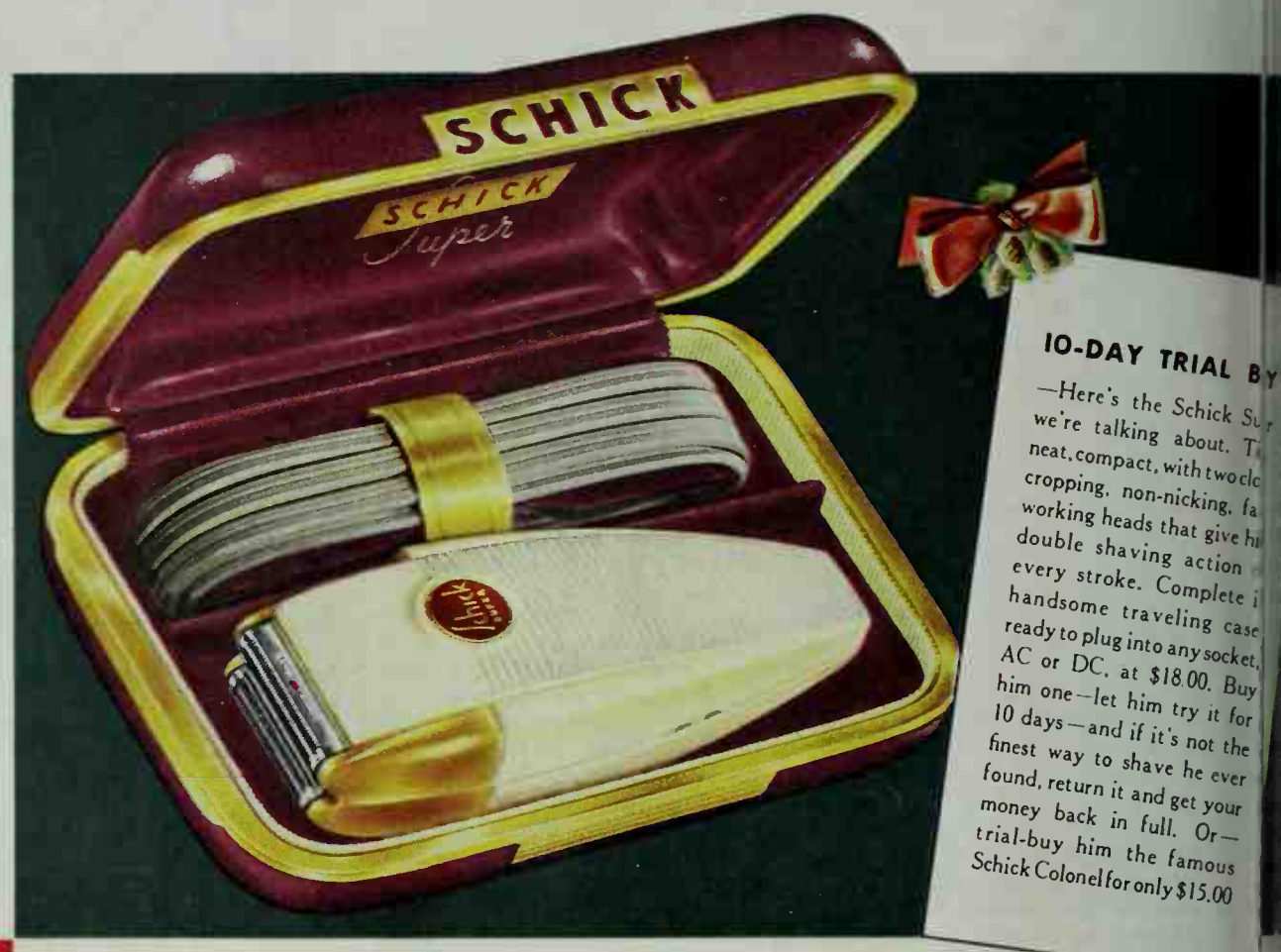

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to it and get that Schick *quick.*

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ght line. It fell not much over hdred yards from him and he hesi- peering through the snow, but not see Nina. He laughed that she hot a bird, for she was proud that as a bad shot.

now he was on land of her father's . It reminded him that he had met here for the first time, a girl of n, indignant that he was hunting on and. He had been nineteen then thought her a great deal younger himself. He had even been a little nizing, then, about her being half sh.

found that he was trembling a little stood, but why he did not know. It older but not cold enough to affect so. He began to move again, in would have been a run but for the He saw a slender, dark figure from the willows and toward the bird had fallen and he called

vaved to him, or rather started to, dropped the arm quickly as though ng better of it. Then it began to slowly toward his haste. He sup- later that he had been going to ce her, but when they were two or feet apart, they both stopped mov- nd stood there. He searched her as though for change or perhaps hing more vital. But it was little nt from the way he remembered it. es perhaps a little older, the mouth grave. His eyes lingered briefly on outh as though expecting or wish- r it to become tremulous, but it ed unbroken.

nembering the intensity of other gs, even when their parting had or only a few days, he realized how e it was now for him to say, "You t changed?"

shrugged. It was a gesture they ten joked about, for she did it with ddenly bland face and pouting lip the Spaniards of the region "What did you expect?" she said. knew but could not have told her. e unwillingly broke in slow laugh- Honest," he said, "when you shrug, ill look like a Spanish *ranchera*." ved toward her.

ll, I am," she said.

n he embraced her she did not re- Holding her so unresponsive, he vare of the snow against his face, night and coldness that had been for so many months. Something anic grew in him: Nothing was mportant than that she give some lon all was as it had been, that love rmth yet remained in her for him. ok," he said. "Look—you act as you don't love me."

did look at him, with a scorn he ver seen in her before. "You fool," she said. "It's two years since you wrote me and you've been home three weeks without acknowledging I existed until today, and now you want to know if I still love you."

He tried to laugh but felt only a curious and uncertain distortion in his face. How to tell her that he had done away with the things he had felt stood between them, between himself and, so to speak, the world. There seemed nothing to do but tell her of the birds, of what they and the killing of them had come to stand for. Holding her there in the snow, for only an instant he felt ridiculous as he began to tell her. Gradually her face did change, the new gravity passed from it, the lower lip drew in.

The snow was thicker now, the air still light enough for them to see the details of the other's face. Only to the west did a brighter light remain and against it, he saw, looking up, the ducks still came in. When he had finished she moved suddenly closer to him. It was as though the pressure of their meeting bodies had forced her head up and the lips were warm in that snow against his own as often he had remembered them. They, or their memory, had come often between himself and a lot of things, even those of other girls. It was, he supposed, one of the reasons he had finally come to her today.

AFTER a time, he said, "Look, we're going to have trouble finding our way to your place if we don't start soon."

"Oh, sure," she said. "You would start to get practical now."

As they turned and began to walk toward the western light, he stopped and made a formless exclamation. Birds flocked toward them, passing low overhead, dropping into the darkness that almost hid the creek. She watched him as he raised the gun again. Even in that light it was an easy shot as the birds came toward them. A mallard crumpled in light and fell into darkness.

"You'll never get it in this light," Nina said.

"That's all right, too," Cowan told her. "I had to kill one more of them."

"What was that one for?" she said.

"That was for my fear you had changed, too, and no longer loved me."

"All right, fool," she said. "And now are you all right?"

"Now I'm all right," he said.

They had begun to trudge through the snow again and when they came to a little rise over a swamp, they could look down and see the lights of her father's house. As they began to go down toward it, Cowan said, "My lord, I never thought I was going to make it."

Nina didn't ask him what he meant.

THE END

"He always the first one in the class with the answer—but he's always wrong"

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Plus Federal tax on jewelry

RIDING HIGH

Continued from page 26

He had all he would ever need, er lived on what he made at criminal law.

nobiles!" gasped Mother finally. he harebrained ideas, that's the Nobody but the village idiot t in them. Why, just the other y King was trapped in her Duryea when it caught fire. She ump—broke both her ankles. u couldn't sell one of those Birmingham—"

lay will come," said Father, Birmingham will ride in them. ess, Nan. Progress, that's all. l, the steam engine and now ine engine. Explosive power! n see you in your Monckton- ow, you and the boys riding

d the poorhouse," Mother "You get your money back. hat fool Ned Monckton that I

do that, Nan, it's impossible." n give Mary a reference, which one, nothing's impossible. You oney back or—or—"

s lighted on us three boys gap- he hall. Her mouth shut tight. say a word, but as she started we got up, forgetting all about gs from our whittling on the for a long time after we were upstairs, we heard the rumble ices. Then, at last:

t! All right! It doesn't matter kinses are pitying us. It makes ce that the servants now look s. I can bear shame. I'll hold igh under any humiliation that n me, but if you lose our home, ard—"

AT note, we drifted off to trou- leep. But we three boys could rouble through the night. In re like Father, whose enthusi- w ventures took no stock of The world was bright and new ng for the four of us. But not r.

ckerel?" Father inquired at

id Mother.

eat Scott, Nan, I'm used to For the ten years that Mary's us—"

said Mother, "isn't cooking . I am."

Nan, this isn't necessary. her pout. She'll be back here ne—"

ithful old retainer!" Mother You think I'd take her back?" n, she's like a legacy. You've e her back if she is willing.

my foot! I'll find an Irish girl oon. I've had enough of perament. And if there are rls, I'll cook myself. I might used to it. If we are going to —"

ried Father, jumping up, and mped up angrily like that, he es to his six feet two. To us he seemed to soar. But some- naged to speak without ex- an, you run your house the ish. But I intend to run my ll borrow, I'll lend, I'll sell, I'll ctice law and I'll be blasted if e how to do it. Let's not dis- atters any more!"

illiard! Where do you think g now?"

n," he snapped. "To my law my factory. And—yes, by o the Witwiller Café for a de- ast. With salt mackerel!"

ed out.

ch looked bad to us. And might have been, if Mother hadn't gone into that chicken yard of hers, next to the Jenkinses' fence. With Mary gone, Mother remembered that her Dominiques must be fed, a fact she'd lost sight of since Mary had become so diligently obsessed with Holiness. It was late afternoon before Mother remembered it. She took a pan of chicken feed and went out there. And that was when Miss Ida Jenkins saw her through the pickets of the fence.

"Oh, hello, Nan, dear," called Miss Ida, sounding too solicitous. "How are things going for the Williards?"

MOTHER'S jaw set. She slashed a handful of chicken feed about. "Things might not be so bad if other people minded their own business."

"Why, Nan! Something gone wrong?"

"Nothing," snapped Mother, "that I want you discussing with Elfreda."

"Oh!"

"And as for John's putting a mortgage on this house, if you must have a tidbit for the Altar Guild which I cannot attend because you drove my cook away, you might mention that John's been offered seven thousand dollars for his automobile stock."

"And who was imbecile enough to offer that?"

"The Stevens-Duryea people," Mother blurted out.

"Not really, Nan?"

"Ask Ed," said Mother. "He's first with the latest gossip, isn't he?"

"Indeed!" Miss Ida snorted. "Oh, indeed!" She left the picket fence indignantly, bustling toward her house.

Mother dumped chicken feed, perhaps not savagely but with an underlying wrath. It did not matter to the Dominiques much.

What mattered was that old Drunken Mary, legacy or not, didn't return. In spite of Mother's talk of Irish girls, she waited two full days, doing the cooking and the cleaning by herself, and building up—we could detect it by the feverish martyred way she worked—toward a grand capitulation scene. "Very well, Mary—this time I am going to take you back. But just this once. Never again!" The truth was, Mother knew she'd never find a better cook. Old Drunken Mary, when she wasn't suffering too much from miseries or an overdose of paregoric—helpful for almost anything from headaches to the blues—worked twice as fast and much more skillfully than any other cook in Birmingham. She did not even have to think while doing it. She had a knack—no recipes, ever. A pinch of this and just enough of that, and there you were. Hot rolls that melted on your tongue. biscuits and soups and spicy, juicy meats and steaming rice and succulent green vegetables and those desserts —and this was where she climbed right up and plopped her skinny haunches among the kitchen gods—desserts that only countless man-hours and a wood range and a queen's taste could compose.

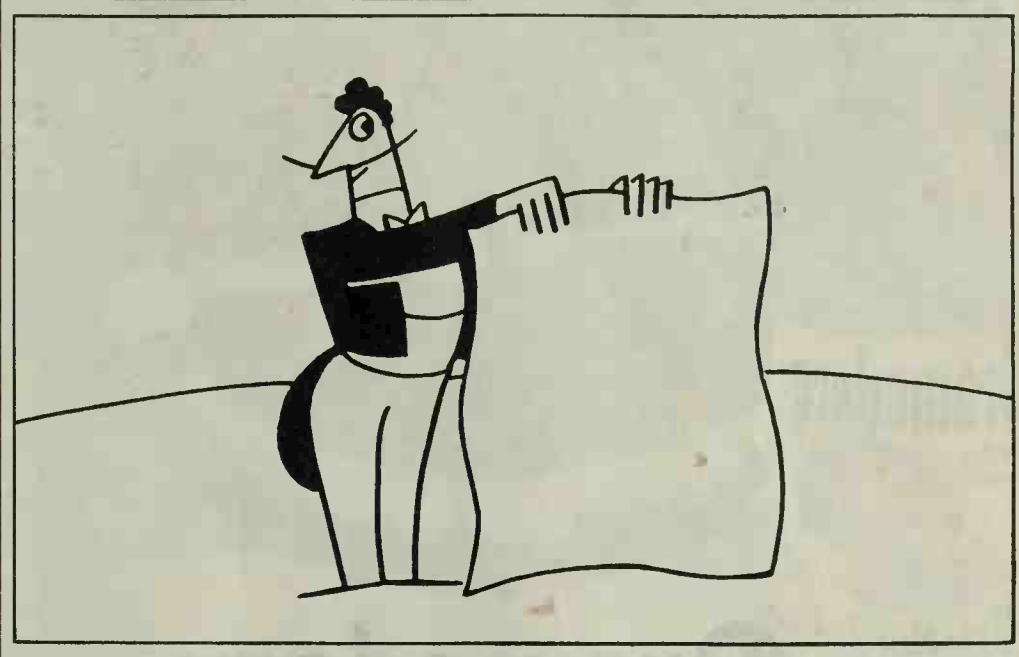
Mother, we three boys knew instinctively, was set to take old Drunken Mary back, and then at four o'clock that third day the telephone rang and it was Mrs. Tibley, president of the Altar Guild.

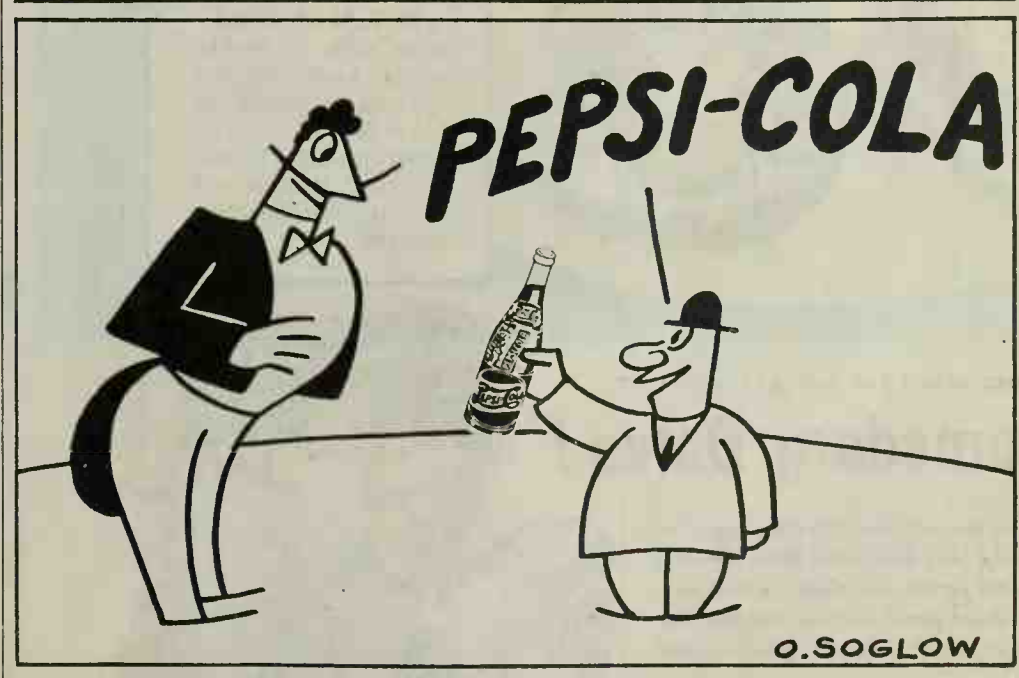
"Oh, Mrs. Tibley," Mother said, brushing the hair out of her eyes with fingers gooey from her kitchen work, but using her bridge-luncheon voice. "How nice of you to call."

"My dear," Mrs. Tibley said—she always said my dear, doing it patronizingly—"a woman who once cooked for you has just applied—"

"Mary!" gasped Mother.

"Yes. I wanted to confirm this reference. You say that she's industrious?"





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DELICIOUS WITH
cream cheese or cheddar, peanut butter, egg salad, jam! They all blend lusciously with those crunchy walnuts, fruity dates. Have 'em for lunch, snacks, parties. *Wholesome for kids!*

Dromedary Date-Nut Roll!

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★ SAME LOW PRICE AS IN 1942
★ THE ONLY DATES PASTEURIZED FOR PURITY, SAFETY!

"A little bee!" snapped Mother.

"Temperate?"

"Did I write that?"

"Well, no, but you know Mr. Tibley's attitude on excessive drink—"

"She's wonderful with charlotte russe," said Mother bitterly. "Well, goodby, Mrs. Tibley. Always sweet to hear your voice."

And the next morning Mother hired another cook. A Sister Classie, young, ambitious, earnest, a teetotaler, but too lavish with her use of lard. Things swam in it. Lift up a bite and it would drip. Or it would lie there on our plates and ooze.

The week end saw us with a creature whose experience, we learned, was limited to collards and sowbelly. Then came Emma, not too bad at grits. Then went Emma.

FATHER growled one morning. "Call this stuff soufflé?"

"Yes, I call it soufflé," said Mother, "and it is soufflé. Children, eat that up. Every single bite. I made it myself."

"If you'll excuse me," Father said, "think I'll drop by the factory."

"And how is everything down at the factory?" Mother asked.

"Well—"

"Nobody blown to bits? No lawsuits yet? Still a big thing for Birmingham?"

"We've built a car," said Father. "Fancy job. Door at the rear and stands up higher than the average victoria. Trouble is, we're finding that it costs too much to build, the way we're doing it, one at a time. Ned Monckton thinks—"

"If so, you have accomplished something tangible."

"Now, Nan. Ned's really got a good idea this time. He thinks that maybe we should build wheelbarrows as a side line. Might do that—we've got a lot of steel that Ned bought cheap. Of course, we won't get rich on wheelbarrows but it might tide us over. Oh, by the way, Ed Jenkins asked me what I wanted for my stock. Said he wasn't interested personally, but he'd heard rumors that the Stevens-Duryea people—"

Mother's eyes popped. For just a second she looked as if she might sputter soufflé in her napkin. Then she coughed, patted her lips and asked, "Did you quote him a price?"

Father was going toward the hatrack in the hall. "Certainly not! If there is anything in this Stevens-Duryea rumor I'll hold on a while. Might get a very fancy bid—"

"But, John! Suppose Ed Jenkins makes an offer."

"Then we'll see. Just between the two of us—though maybe not. Wheelbarrows might go well at that."

Mother was following anxiously behind him in the hall. She wanted to say something more, then changed her mind, adding offhandedly, "Mrs. Tibley telephoned today."

"I hope you didn't accept an invitation," Father growled. "The Tibleys are the stuffiest two people in all Birmingham, living in that fancy mausoleum of theirs."

"Mrs. Tibley," Mother sniffed, "is the unquestioned leader of society—"

"Bellwether for a flock of crows. You didn't accept?"

"She only wanted to tell me that your Mary had proved wonderful. So happy there."

Father just gave a snort.

"And don't you dare," Mother called after him, "go down to the Ditwiller Café!"

That was Tuesday night. It was Friday when Mrs. Tibley telephoned again. By then, Mother was frazzling with our rapid fire of cooks, and when Mrs. Tibley called, it didn't sound to us three boys as if Mother achieved her true bridge-luncheon graciousness on the phone. Her answers had a snappish quality.

"Yes, Mrs. Tibley. Yes, I did say that. No, Mrs. Tibley, I did *not* s... only said—"

She listened grimly. Then: "... Must have been distressing, ... And hasn't showed up since? ... Tibley, that is possible. Why, ... though sometimes on Saturda... But never in the middle of the ... when she worked for us. Oh, s... back. Unless, of course, they' ... locked up in the jail."

She'd hardly got the phone ... hook before it rang again, and ... ther, calling from his law offic...

"Nan, Mary's showed up he... me Bubber like she used to do ... growing up and I—"

"Good old Marse Williard ... snapped. "John, don't you da... a cent!"

"She only wants to see the ... Father said. "She's crying, ... she gets lonesome for them in ... mausoleum. Can she come ou...

"Certainly not! I've troub... raising three boys, without ... them to a paregoric-drinking-...

"It's not paregoric, Nan. It'... Mary—a tonic for some kind ... trouble."

"That's not what Mrs. Tibl... on the telephone just now. C... deed—Mrs. Tibley herself, r... me for giving references to a c... spill coal oil in the gravy. Oh, ... an accident! But by now it's ... over town what kind of house ...

"Now, Nan—"

"Besides, Mrs. Tibley's got ... back. She's got a dinner party ... row night and it's too late to fi... cook. You sober her up, the ... back!"

The truth was, Mother's fe... been ruffled by Mrs. Tibley t... her. And if she realized that th... of coal-oil gravy and of toni... might be the first crumbli... Drunken Mary's new-found H... she still could not have possib... where this would lead.

Perhaps Elfreda, hanging ... wash next door, beyond the ... fence, gave us a clue to it. Th... urday afternoon and we three ... lobbing mud balls at the pic... fence. One of them passed th...

"You boys!" The way Elfre... solidified the marrow in ... "Look what you done—mu... Ida's petticoat what she gwi... ole Miz Tibley's house tonigh... a special kind of bizness party. ... Ain't no surprise to me dat S... quit out workin' for yo' folks ...

WE THOUGHT it best ... the pine woods back ... lot. We weren't sure that Elf... to tell on us, but if she did, the ... would delay the reckoning. ... there until nearly six o'clock. T... was going down by then, and I ... we heard a low, explosive ro... where toward East Lake. It g... closer and more explosive. ... yell. We thought we knew.

And we were right. Fath... ting in the Monckton-Williar... arrived. We'd never seen a sig... unless it was when Halley's c... across the sky. Sparks and s... billowing out of it, and F... duster, sat there undismaye... the quaking of the whole ... seemed to threaten him wit... memberment. Mother was s... the fence out front, both of ... clapped tight upon her ears, ... fence next door the Jenkinse ... and Mr. Ed, looked on in ... tonishment, while from thei... freda peered, her eyes lik... onions.

"Never believed," yelled ... "you'd get the thing to run."

"Didn't?" roared Fathe... watch this!"

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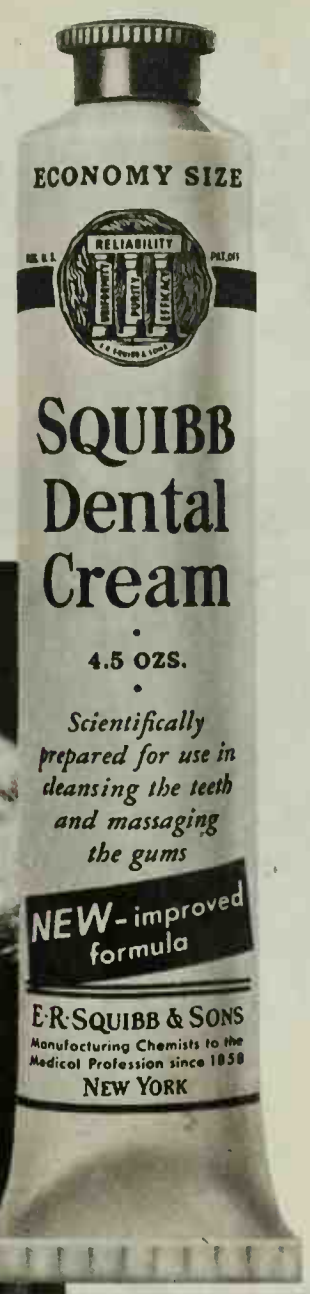

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Williard!" cried Mother. "Care-
eful! Don't—"
, Nan, it's safe. Perfectly safe!"
of explosions drowned his voice
nentarily. But when the smoke
he was grinning down at her.
or a spin?"
hat? Why,—" And then she
Miss Ida's stare. "Indeed, I will!
ne get a hat and veil."
ound your hat and veil!" roared
"This machine's so powerful it's
nold. Horsepower galore. Come

HER got in. And off they
ired toward Roebuck Springs,
ering explosions slowly fading

d Jenkins shook his head. "Looks
've stumbled onto something
od. A high-class job. I tell you,
the Stevens-Duryea people—
He motioned silencingly toward
oys. "We'd better dress for Tib-
ner. Let's go in."
had departed for the Tibleys'
re the Monckton-Williard came
back. Mother got out and
dust from her dress, then Father
vitch and listened proudly while
r sneezed and died.
sir," he said. "The Monckton-
Mighty fine car. And ought to
st us sixteen thousand dollars."
John!"
ot me, Nan," Father protested
The syndicate, the four of us—
n and me, and two of Monck-
tsins. Just the four thousand
I told you about, plus what
ged to scrape up in personal

very cent of it's in this one car?"
hat's the hitch. Don't think that
uild another of them. But the
ow line—"
Williard, how many wheelbar-
it take to raise the mortgage on
"
und it, Nan, must we go over
? I'll work it out. I always
e matters out."
ok his head, slowly, "It's pos-
this time I've bitten off more
n chew—just possible—but a
—and brains—"
!" said Mother. "Ha! It'll take
brains to set our roof back on

e." His jaw set tight. "But let's
ying about all this now, Nan.
ng."
t have been. He cleaned up all
en and rice that Mother had
nished two bowls of blackberry
d three cups of steaming coffee
before he finally pushed back. "Nan, that dinner was one of the best—"

The telephone was ringing. He got up and answered it.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Tibley," he said. "How are—what? She what?" He gripped the phone. "Now, look here, Tibley, even if she is your cook— She told you that? She must have been completely— Hold the line a minute, will you?"

He reached his long leg out and kicked the hall door shut. We couldn't understand what he was saying then, but we could catch the angry tone of it, and then surprise and finally a crispness that somehow seemed good to us. We heard a click. He came back into the dining room. He pinched his nostrils thoughtfully and gradually a grin of triumph spread across his face.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Brains. That's what it takes, every time. And maybe a little loyalty!" He sat down at the table again, and looked at Mother gleefully.

"Don't be smug," Mother exclaimed. "Who's been so brainy? Or loyal?"

But Father wasn't to be hurried into this. "It seems," he said, "that Mary went back to the Tibleys' pretty tight, bragging about a twenty-dollar raise I'd offered her—"

"John Williard! You didn't—"

"Now, Nan— She just made it up. But Tibley thought I must have struck it rich. Somehow he'd heard that Stevens-Duryea rumor, so putting two and two together—well, to make this short, he's just offered me ten thousand dollars for my quarter of the syndicate. I've accepted. Tibley is in the wheelbarrow business, Nan. I'm out."

Mother lifted her coffee cup and drank. She set it down. She sighed. "That shows that gossip works both ways," she said at last. "Thank heaven for that!"

"Mary," Father said, "is back in jail. Tibley did that. I put an extra thousand on my price for that, and in the morning I'll spend ten of it to get her out."

Next morning, just before we left for school, the Monckton-Williard came roaring to our gate out front. Father was at the wheel, and in the back, stiffly erect, old Drunken Mary leered down at Elfreda leaning on the Jenkinses' fence.

"Hi, Sister Mary, hi!" Elfreda called.

Old Drunken Mary climbed down arrogantly, switching her coattails as she started for our house, wobbling a little as she mumbled, "Trash! Jest trash! Who dat Elfreda think she yellin' at? Why, ain't no ordinary folks gets took home from de jail in they own car! Takes high-toned prominence for dat."

And in, her head held high, she went.

THE END

"I got sent home from school, Mother. I'm sick" DON TOBIN

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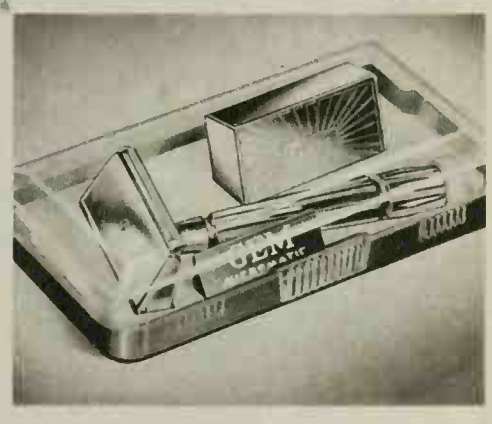

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TOUGH GUY

BY NORMAN KATKOV

EN TRENTON walked into the reporters' room at police headquarters as I was the city desk for a good night. d him into the other chair in the watching him as he sat down in, sloping-shouldered, black- middleweight with long fingers ng as steel and as supple as

tched him wrap the trench coat him as he sat down, careful of sers. He was the pretty boy of ce, this Trenton, the chief's able homicide detective at wo who could wear a dinner hen the party-protection calls own from the Hill.

he was the most arrogant man r known.

d him because he was my age; , like myself, he was a bache- ause he could always get two . I liked him because he'd ll the way up himself, and, nough. I liked him because he childishly pleased whenever I name in a story.

ked at the clock on the wall. ter two and I was hungry. doing, Ken?" I asked.

estured with his hat. "You t. Paul after midnight. Quiet ea."

get some food," I suggested, up and reaching for my coat. ate are you working?"

' he said as he rose.

ere down the steps walking the black sedan when he took , turning me to him. "You

ok my head. "Let's stop by hampeen's for a drink," he d. "Just one—I got the night f me."

ot into the sedan and drove Tenth Street and then down ast the Y.M.C.A., through the inkled streets. . . .

Champeen was really Henry . He'd been raised in St. Paul, ght for a long time as a good vyweight and had been for s now in that punch-drunk ich borders on incompetence. married to one of the most g women in town, Belle, who n, took care of him, and ran loon efficiently, wisely and y.

rs close at one in St. Paul, but ur always there were a dozen n and women in Champeen's ty officials, cops, newspaper- men, those playboys the city sported.

We parked behind the saloon and pushed through the back door. I saw Tommy Malone from the county attorney's office; Jack Winters, the paper's sports editor, and his wife; and Bert Billings, inspector of detectives and Ken's boss. We were greeted warmly. I walked behind the bar to kiss Belle's cheek and then was held from behind by two huge arms.

Harry breathed in my ear. "Think you're a tough guy, Joe?"

"Not me, Champ," I said. He squeezed once and let go, throwing one arm around my shoulders. "What'ya drinkin', Joe? Scotch, huh? Best inna house for Joe, you said it. What's Tough Guy want?" He nodded at Ken, who was sitting between Jack and his wife.

"Same," I said. I looked around the darkened room with its enlarged pictures of Harry 15 years ago—thinner, his stomach flat, his legs almost spindly, wearing boxing trunks.

SQUARE above the center of the bar was the blow-up of Harry standing over Patsy Corona at Lexington ball park, the Californian on one knee looking toward his corner. That had been in 1930 before Corona went on to lose to Schmeling in the Garden. Harry saw me looking at it and turned also.

" 'Member, Joey?" he said. " 'Member Harry that night? Shoulda been me in that there Garden with Schmelin'. Harry shoulda been champeen a the worl'."

"You said it, Champ," I agreed. I'd sold papers that night, watched Corona take a nine count and come up to clinch and hold and run while his head cleared. Harry had been too dumb to step away and measure Corona.

I'd heard Harry mention it 10,000 times since and I'd never disagreed. In his mind now he'd been jobbed on that fight and in his head he was the champion, *really* the champion.

He poured my drink, dropped the ice into it and copied it for Ken. Then he picked up the glass and set it before the detective. "Here, Tough Guy," he sneered. "Here's that drink you ordered, Tough Guy."

Ken didn't even look at him.

Harry poured himself a stiff bourbon and drank it neat. "What's the matter with that guy, Joey?" he asked. "Think he's too tough for the Champ?"

"Take it easy, Champ," I said. He was breathing like a fighter now, looking down the bar at Ken.

"Harry can break him in two," he warned. "The Champ could kill a guy like that."

I didn't think he could.

Belle came over from the cash register, poured herself a glass of ginger ale and stood there with us, one hand caressing the Champ's neck. "How's my baby?" she asked.

"Tough Guy thinks he's too big for the Champ," Harry complained.

"Nobody's too big for my Champ," Belle assured him, talking soft now. "Right, Joe?" she asked.

"Nobody," I said.

"We'll see," the Champ announced. He shook his head and pounded on the bar. When everybody was looking at him, he rolled the sleeve of his right arm high up on the biceps. Then he set it, elbow on the bar, fingers moving. "Who thinks he's stronger than the Champ?" he asked. "C'mon, who's tough round here?"

I saw Ken push the drink from him and I said, "Me, Champ, try me."

The Champ grinned and waited for me to give him my hand. I put my elbow to his and my knuckles were touching the bar within two seconds.

"Who else?" asked the Champ, happy now. This was his game, he *was* the Champ now, for he had never been beaten at it. He looked at Ken. "Who else?"

Jack Winters came over. "I'll take you on, Champ."

Harry grinned sympathetically and dropped Winters' arm within seconds. He held Winters' hand down and looked at Ken. "Who's challengin' the Champ?" he asked. I turned and winked at Tommy Malone who got off his stool and came toward us. Tommy was a top wrestler at St. Thomas.

Harry dropped him in eight seconds. I timed it.

I was trying to catch Bert Billings' eye when Harry released Tommy's hand and moved three steps so he was standing before Ken. I saw Belle's hand go to her mouth.

"All right, Tough Guy," the Champ said. "You," he said. "You, Tough Guy."

I MOVED over so I was standing next to Ken, pushing in between him and Winters. Ken got off the stool and spread his legs. I saw him rubbing his right hand on the trench coat and I looked at Belle. I touched Ken with my shoulder and when his eyes moved I nodded slightly toward Belle. Ken looked at her, at me, and then back to Belle. Her lips were moving unconsciously and she was afraid now.

"Come on," said Harry impatiently and he thumped his elbow on the bar. "Come on, Tough Guy."

Ken moved his elbow forward and he clasped hands with Harry. He was watching Belle and I was watching the Champ, watching the sweat breaking out on his forehead.

Ken held him solid for 10 seconds. There wasn't a sound in the room. *Ken,* I said to myself. *For Pete's sake, Ken! Ken, for Pete's sake!*

His face didn't change expression. He moved his eyes from Belle to the Champ.

Please, Ken, I said to myself.

He had the Champ solid still and then I saw his eyes and the big vein in his forehead, and very slowly now the Champ began to move Ken's arm down. Down and down and down and at last making Ken's knuckles touch wood.

The Champ released Ken's hand and sprang back. He kissed Belle and yelled: "Nobody's tough as the Champ." He poured drinks for everyone and patted Ken's shoulder sympathetically, and he drank another stiff bourbon.

He was telling about the Corona fight when Belle came over and pressed Ken's hand and went back to the cash register.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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TRY TO FORGET

Continued from page 28

"She's been a bad girl," she told Herbert ealmly, "and I refuse to say goodby to her. When she is ready to be good and stop doing eruel, wicked things to perfectly innocent people, she ean come to see me. Until then I don't want to have anything to do with her."

Completely baffled, Herbert for the first time thought that perhaps Effie *was* a little—well, a little off her trolley. As a girl she'd never been especially bright and for years now she'd allowed herself to go steadily downhill, not earing how she looked or taking any interest in the house or in him or in Lida. Recently she had taken to wandering around the house, talking to herself. This wasn't pleasant; in fact, at times it had been definitely annoying. But now she would be safely out of the way, and exeept for writing out a eheek every week and making a monthly visit upstate, he could forget about her.

As for Lida, if she were upset by either her mother's attempted suicide or her removal to á private sanitarium for nervous disorders, no one was allowed to know it. She refused absolutely tó discuss it with anyone.

"I've known she wasn't right for some time," she told Alee, "but it never oeeurred to me she'd try to kill herself." And after that, when he tried to talk to her about it, she said, "I'm sorry, Alec, but I find the subject extremely depressing. She may get better but the chanees are she won't; either way, I don't want to talk about it."

SO AFTER that they never discussed the subject again, but it was perfeetly apparent to Alee that Lida was definitely relieved that her mother had been sent away.

Aetually, her relief at having her mother safely out of the house was so acute that for a few days she even cut down drastieally on her drinking. But gradually the tension built up again, the strain came back into her face, and the drinking began again, in earnest.

The first week in April, Ridge and Dorcas deeided to go to Pico for a week end of skiing. Skiing was one of the few things Ridge really loved and he got very little of it now, but each year he managed to get away for at least one week end. Usually he went in February, but in February Doreas had still been in the hospital; in March she had been reeuperating swiftly at the farm, and now it was the first week in April. There was still good skiing on the upp

The night before they were t The Razor's Edge was playing a the theaters in town, and Dor gested that they eall Alec and l all go together. Lida puzzled turbed her, but during her long the hospital she had grown very Alec and for his sake she tried Lida. Or at least be friendly wit

Lida, when she called her, saic yes, I think it would be fun—but meet first at the Inn for a drink.

When Doreas called Alec and where they were to meet, he tho bad idea and by the time they ha several rounds of drinks and l insisting upon still another, he had been.

"If we're going to the movies," tested quickly, "there isn't time other drink."

"Then let's not go to the movi Lida. She was still smiling but smile was a little less polite tha been a few moments before.

"Of eourse, we're going to the he said firmly. "Dorcas and Ri driven all the way in from the pressly to see this movie and going to see it . . ." They're goi it, and so, my sweet, he though are you, even if you would pre here drinking one Scotch and s after another.

"As a matter of fact," said "we can all have another drink not miss anything but the n feature doesn't go on until nine-

She had no sooner spoken was sorry. Alec obviously did Lida to have anything more to d

But it was too late now to do about it. Ridge was already "Well, in that ease, let's all have round—"

He ordered four more hight when they came, Lida foreed h leave hers standing untouched ir her for at least five minutes. terrifie amount of will power b it. She'd be damned if she'd let how mueh she wanted it: furt it was perfeetly obvious that sl going to get another one until t through that damned movie. S a fool to say she'd eome. Every eneountered Ridge and Dorc days was like a dentist's dril down hard on an exposed n Ridge hadn't been in love wit before her aecident, and God

"See? I told you he couldn't go three rounds"

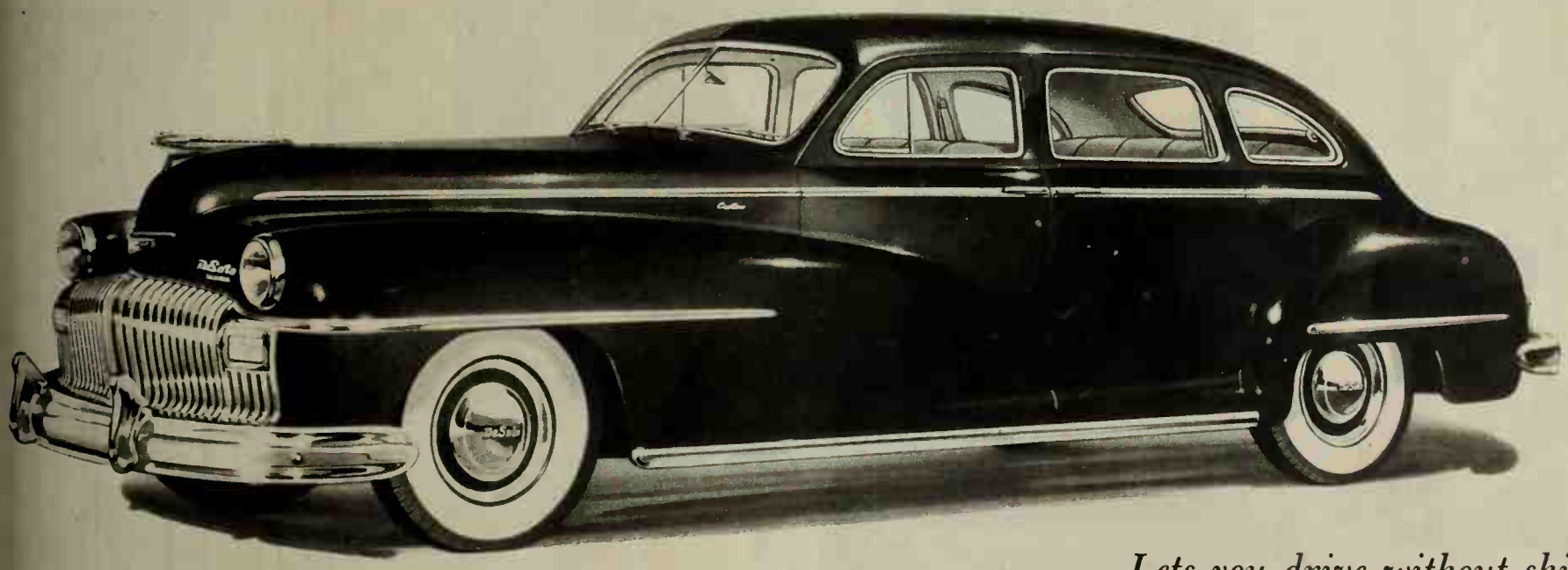
f you own a new DESOTO

ank you for spreading its fame so far and so

de. Chances are you were one of the sweeping

ajority who said, in a nationwide poll, "It's the

st car I ever owned, *regardless of price.*"



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You like it... it likes you!

been, he was in love with her now
t—he was in love with her and
in love with him.
happiness, their delight in each
was so alive, so tangible a thing
u could almost reach out and
. It enveloped and surrounded
e a nimbus.
icked up her highball and swal-
alf of it savagely. By every law
ges known to man, Dorcas Hol-
hould be dead instead of sitting
this bar in a new spring suit and
mous black off-the-face hat. A
simply couldn't fall off a sixty-
f and still live—but Dorcas had
actly that. She not only wasn't
xcept for the fact that she could
ember anything about her past,
no longer going to have a child
as as well as she had ever been
h better-looking.
said she must have been uncon-
uring her entire fall, they said
doubt explained why she hadn't
ed—but of course she'd been un-
s; *that was why she had fallen,*
? She had stood too close to the
he cliff and she had fainted. As
of fact, she, Lida, had put out
to pull her back. She could see
way her hand had looked—but
d meant to pull her back *why*
fingers been spread apart like
And why had they moved not to-
arm but toward her back?
nted to finish her highball, she
lesperately to finish it, but her
ere shaking so badly, all of a
that she didn't dare attempt to
he glass. They would all notice
ing, unsteady hand and they
ink: This is really dreadful—
n her way to becoming an out-
lcoholic. . . .
's this I hear," said Dr. Little-
out you and Dorcas taking off
rning for a spot of skiing?"
s looking directly at Ridge but
ntensely aware of Lida. She
e hell. Beautiful but damned.
housandth time he asked himself
bothered, why he went on with
he didn't just admit straight out
as failing with Lida as patheti-
e had failed with her mother.
in April," said Dorcas; "it
solutely crazy, doesn't it?"
e got a guy down there at Pico,"
," a Swiss named Karl Acker,
thout doubt the finest ski—"
ped talking and got abruptly to
A man had come into the bar,
sit down at a table opposite
n suddenly had changed his
l come directly over to their

d now with his eyes fastened
on Dorcas.

Ridge had never seen him before and if Dorcas knew him, she didn't, of course, remember.

But he obviously remembered her. He was calling her by name, holding out his hand to her.

"I'm sorry," she said, her face flushing warmly, her eyes quite honestly dismayed, "but I'm afraid I—"

Ridge decided to act quickly. If this man had known Dorcas in Boston or New York, he could, with a casual word, discredit all that business about her having been in England during the war.

"I beg your pardon," he said, his voice polite but deliberately formal, "but it's obvious you've made a mistake. My wife, as you can see, doesn't know you—"

"Your wife! But—"

FOR a moment the tableau held: Alec Littlejohn and Ridge on their feet, their eyes fastened on the man in the gray suit. The man in the gray suit, standing also, his eyes fastened with fast-growing incredulity on Dorcas, who was staring back, unhappily, with great embarrassment, at him. Only Lida Whipple's eyes moved; green, slightly tilted, they darted from one face to another, with quick, malicious, alcoholic inquiry. Something funny was going on here: this man knew Dorcas, and Ridge *knew* he knew her but he was determined to end the thing, to let it go no further. . . .

The man in the gray suit being a particularly quick and perceptive person was aware of all this, and being also a sensitive, civilized person, he accepted it. Lida saw him accepting it. It was as if he said, "Very well, if for some reason, unknown at the moment to me, you prefer to pretend that I don't know this girl and that she doesn't know me, I will abide by your decision; it really isn't important. . . .

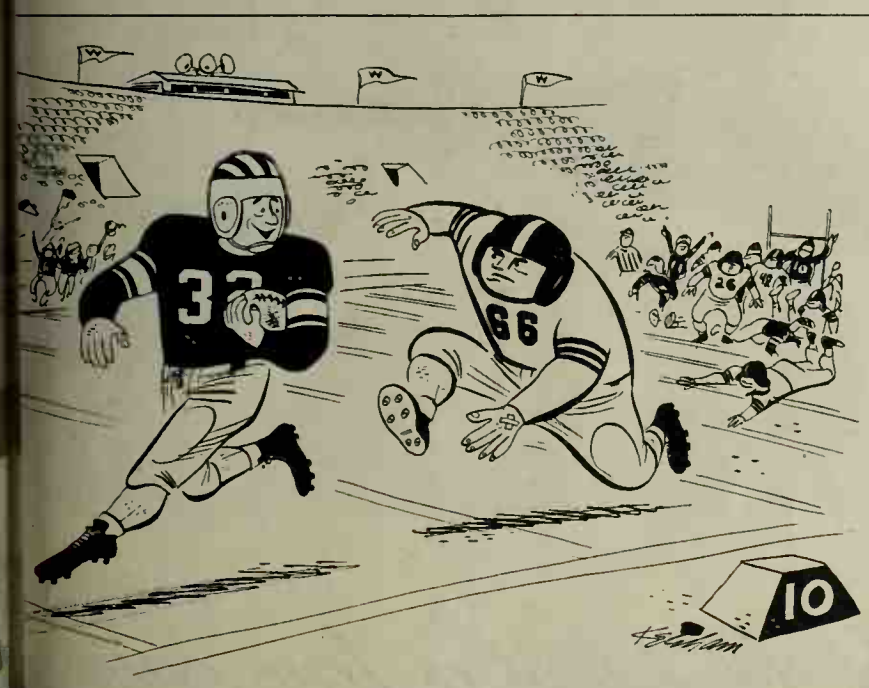
"I beg your pardon," he said, and stopped looking at Dorcas and looked at Ridge, "for a moment I thought your wife was someone I knew—but I see I was mistaken. I hope you will forgive me."

He left them then as abruptly as he had interrupted them, and Dorcas said, watching his retreating back, "He knows me, of course; it's just that I can't remember him. Perhaps we should have made some attempt to explain—"

"It's not the sort of thing," said Ridge brusquely, "that you can explain in a few well-chosen words. I thought it better just to leave it lay."

"I agree with Ridge, Dorcas," said Alec. "The whole thing is much too complicated for a casual explanation." He said then, "Let's get out of here; if we hurry we can still see the end of the news."

Ridge had been right. The man in the



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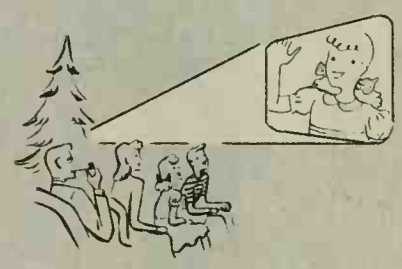

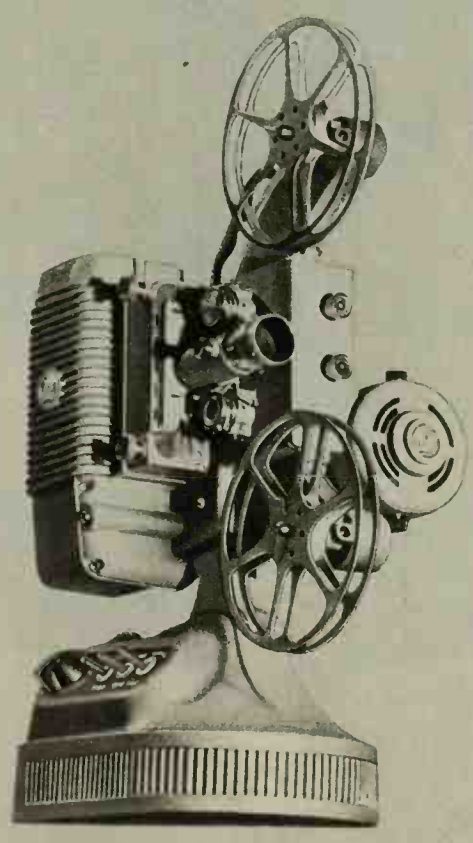

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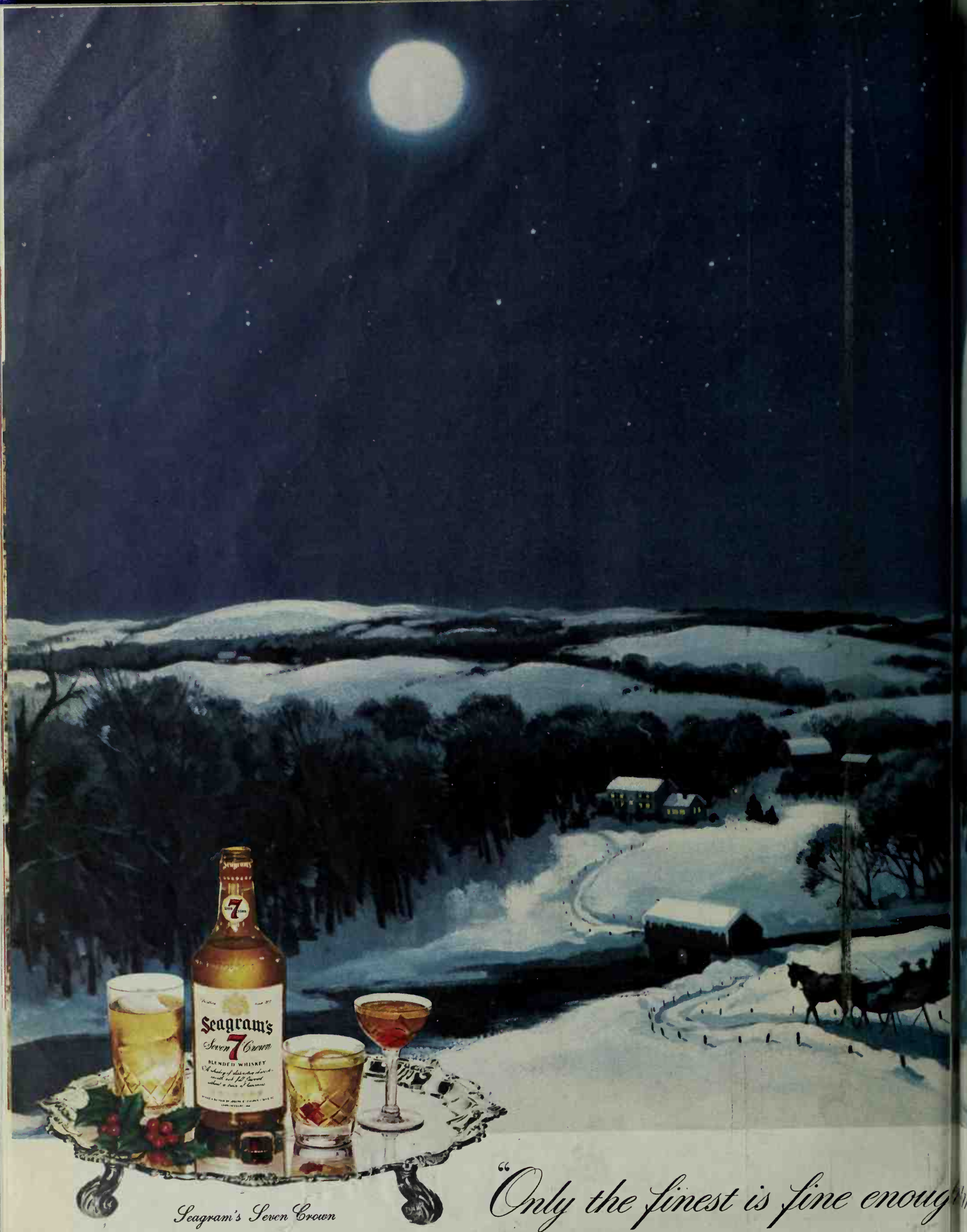

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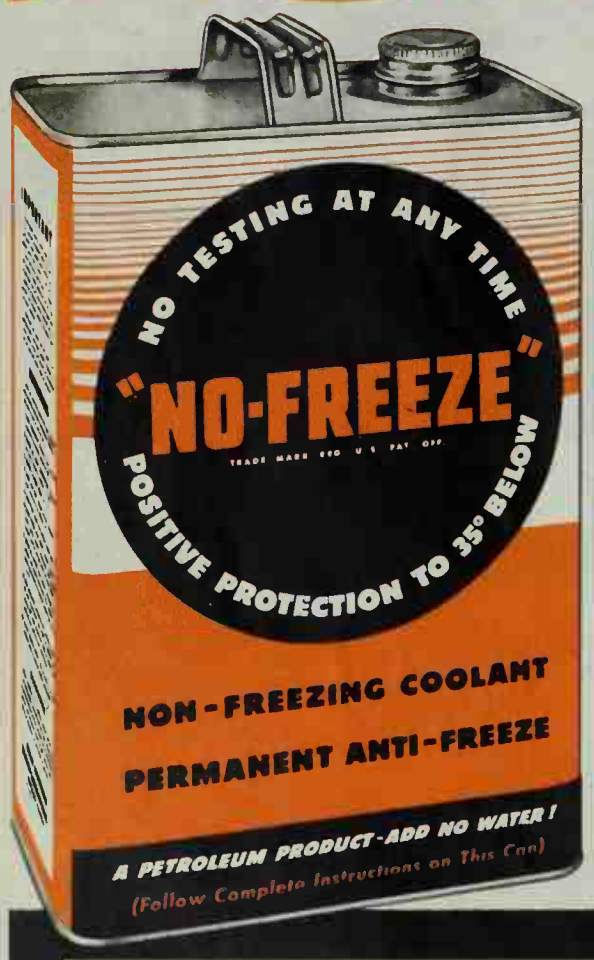
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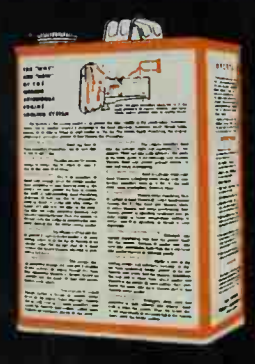


gray suit had known Dorcas, not in Boston, but in New York. He had known her extremely well. In fact he had given her a job. He had not only given her a job, he had introduced her to numerous attractive and unattached young men. Among others, Dave Holbrook.

The man in the gray suit was Dave's publisher, Ben Graves.

Driving through to Montreal to see a best-selling novelist, who for some inexplicable reason refused to come to New York, he had reached Readsville just before dinner and had decided to spend the night there and go on the following morning. He had registered, had dinner, remembered that this had been Dave Holbrook's home town and that Dave's brother Ridge still lived here, and feeling a little guilty at not having made the effort to come to Dave's funeral, had called the brother. He had never seen Ridge Holbrook, but he had written to him and from things Dave had told him, he had always thought he would like the guy. A housekeeper had answered the telephone, informed him that Ridge was out for the evening, and that had been that.

He'd come in here to have a couple of drinks before turning in with what he had every reason to believe would be a dull and overwritten script of a first novel, and who should he find sitting at a corner table, looking very pretty and glowing, in a little gray wool suit, but Dorcas Branch. . . .

That it had been Dorcas he had no slightest doubt; he was equally sure that she had been quite honest in not recognizing him. It would have taken more histrionic ability than she possessed to have put on such a convincing performance. Furthermore, and this he found quite as puzzling, the man who said he was her husband had wanted no part of him, had been anxious, *determined,* that he should not be allowed to tell her who he was or in any way attempt to identify himself. The entire episode was ridiculous and confusing. Dorcas had left New York shortly after Dave Holbrook's fatal accident, and Ben Graves had not thought of her a half-dozen times since. He shrugged now to himself and finished his first highball. He was ordering a second when Lida Whipple came into the bar, and came directly toward him.

He didn't know, of course, that she was Lida Whipple. All he knew was that there had been a second girl at Dorcas' table and that this was the girl.

"I beg your pardon," Lida said, "but I would like to talk to you a few minutes."

"In that case," he said smiling easily, "why don't you sit down and let me order you a drink."

She sat down. She said she'd like a Scotch and soda. But for the first time in weeks, months, really, she was not interested in having a drink. I first time in weeks, liquor had ce be important to her. For the n her mind, her emotions, were tensely occupied with something

She had had quite a time gettir from the others, especially Ale had waited until they were all s the darkened theater and the pict gotten underway; then she had ir Alec that she had a terrific heada that she was going home. He course, offered, insisted, upon go her, but she had said no, she wo a taxi, and when he still insisted, threatened to make a scene unle her go quietly and alone.

She looked at the man oppo Crisp, well-brushed brown ha maturely gray at the temples. clipped mustache. Slightly under height. Compactly built. Fortyi man had known Dorcas. She find out *where* he had known her

"That girl you spoke to, toni said slowly. "You seemed so v that you knew her."

"I do know her," said Ben Gr fact, she used to work for me."

"Work for you?"

"Yes. My name is Graves. books—"

"Of course," said Lida. "Gr Schyler, Incorporated. You p Dave Holbrook's stuff."

"Yes," he said, "I did."

"Then you knew Dave?"

"I knew him extremely well. said, "did Dorcas."

SO THAT was it, thought I heart beating rapidly. *Do Dave.* Why hadn't she guessed that business about Boston thrown her off so completely; sh connected Dave with Boston.

"How well?" she said, not l him, looking carefully down at h so that he wouldn't see how an was, how beside herself with e and discovery—

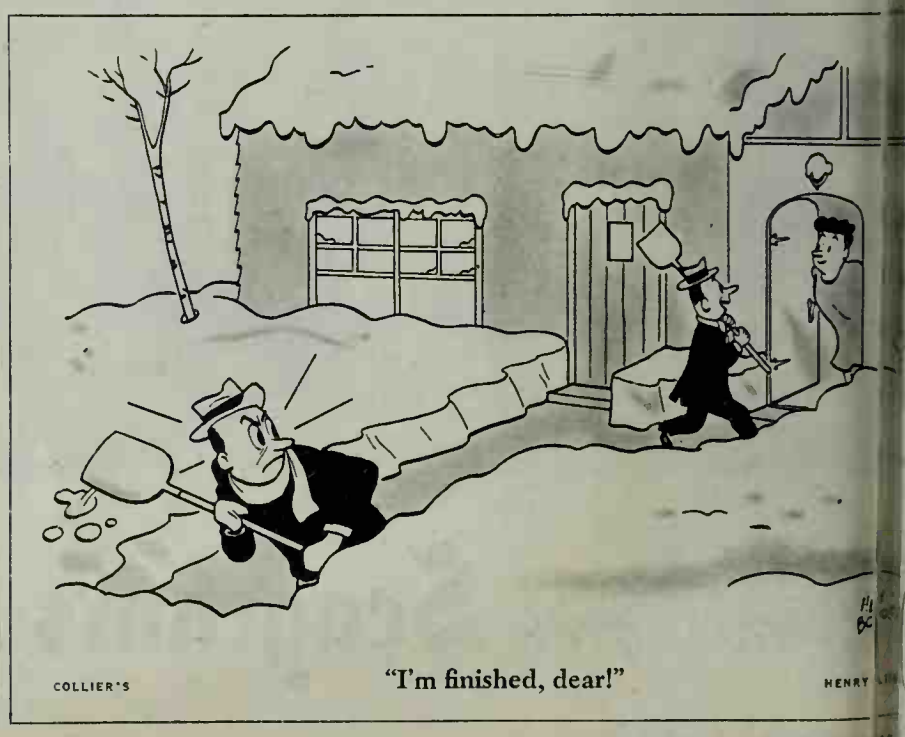
"As well as is possible, I guess Ben Graves. "He was crazy and wanted to marry her, but reason none of us who knew th figure out, she wouldn't marry began to drink and—well, y what happened, of course."

"Yes," she said, "it was Tragic. We all knew there was none of us knew that it was Ridge told us some fantastic st having met her in London—"

"Ridge?"

"Ridge Holbrook. She mar you know. About five months

"But *why?"* demanded Ber "Why in heaven's name shoul have refused to marry Dave married his brother—?"



"I'm finished, dear!"

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"I don't know," said Lida, smiling sweetly. "I can't tell you why. All I know is that she did."

But she did know. She could have told him why. And the knowledge was filling her with a sweet, dark, unholy excitement. An excitement, a satisfaction, more heady than any she had ever known before in her entire life. She thought: With what I know about her now I can ruin her. She'll have to leave town, she'll never be able to face people. This isn't New York, this is Vermont; she'll never be able to live this down in a thousand years. Pregnant, carrying Dave's child, she married Ridge. . . .

For the first time since the accident she felt a quick regret that Dorcas had lost the baby. It would have made a better, juicier scandal if she hadn't. But it was sensational enough as it was. Readsville would recoil from the girl as it would recoil from a poisonous snake.

Watching her, watching her white, tense face with its brilliant green eyes, watching her hands clench and unclench themselves nervously on the polished top of the table, Ben Graves thought: I've talked too much. This girl is dangerous. I've given her a certain amount of fairly innocent information and she means to make some diabolical use of it. . . .

But it was too late now to save the situation. The damage, if any, had been done. Perhaps, she would explain why Dorcas had stared at him like that, blankly, with no recognition in her eyes.

She told him; that is, she told him about the accident. She left out the part about Dorcas being pregnant. Her drink came and she drank it and thanked him for it and left it. Watching her walk out of the bar, a slim girl in an expensive pale fur jacket, he was more convinced than ever that he had done Dorcas some irreparable harm. And suddenly, fed up with the town, with the whole situation, he decided to drive on through to Montreal that night instead of waiting until morning.

"WELL," said Lida, "why don't you say something? Why don't you ask me why I lied to you? Why I said I had a headache and walked out on that damned movie so I could go back to the Inn and find out something I had to know—"

"All right," said Alec Littlejohn, "why did you lie to me? Why did you go back to the Inn? What was it you were trying to find out?"

She had come out of the bar and started to telephone for a taxi, and he had appeared suddenly at her elbow and said quietly, "Never mind a taxi, I take you home."

Suspicious of her, sure she w some deviltry, he had followed to the Inn, and waited for her her conversation with Ben Gra come out of the bar.

She'd walked out of the hotel and he had driven her back he house and during the entire driv one of them had spoken, had sai It was as if they had agreed to w they got here, until they were this room with the matching wh

"I was trying to find out t about Dorcas and Ridge. married her, I mean. Well," sh found out and I assure you, reason wasn't pretty—"

She walked over to the por and got out a bottle of Scotch an two stiff highballs. Now that heady excitement had worn off nerves had begun jumping agai would fix that, and Alec certainl as if he could use one too. P He was so fond of Dorcas—wel in for a shock.

She walked over to the firepla Alec was standing and handed of the highballs and, still car other, she sat down on one of th white sofas and smiled at hi calm, deliberately maddening s was her moment, or rather it wa of many such moments, bec would tell this story often and she would enjoy it more, each would squeeze even more satisf of each separate, shocking det

"Look," she said, "I may much, I *do* drink too much—b sleep with men to whom I'm no —and get myself pregnant an marry the first person who co in this case it just so happens to the man's *brother*—"

"Lida, what in God's nam trying to tell me?"

"I'm trying to tell you," s "that Dorcas had an affair w Holbrook, Ridge Holbrook's Dave got himself killed, she c she was pregnant and Ridge her. . . . Well," she said, "why say something? Why don't yo crazy, or drunk—why don't it?"

Alec thought: Why *don't* l And knew why. He couldn't s and deny it, because he knew i He had known for a long ti the night of Dorcas' accident, t —that the child she had lost ha Ridge Holbrook's. The only

"Where else could they go? Oh, boy, could I answer that one!

COLLIER'S

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MANAGEMENT IN THE BELL SYSTEM

o be that the owners of practically every were themselves the managers of the Today, as far as large businesses are con- rofound change has taken place. In the n, for instance, employee management, he ranks, and not owner management, ble for running the business.

nagement has been trained for its job in can ideal of respect for the individual opportunity for each to develop his the fullest. A little thought will bring portant significance of these facts.

nent is, of course, vitally interested in ; of the enterprise it manages, for if it ceed, it will lose its job.

the Bell System is concerned, the suc- enterprise depends upon the ability of nt to carry on an essential nation-wide service in the public interest.

ponsibility requires that management stee for the interest of all concerned: s of telephone users, the hundreds of of employees, and the hundreds of of stockholders. Management neces- sarily must do the best it can to reconcile the interests of these groups.

Of course, management is not infallible; but with its intimate knowledge of all the factors, management is in a better position than anybody else to consider intelligently and act equitably for each of these groups — and in the Bell System there is every incentive for it to wish to do so.

Certainly in the Bell System there is no reason either to underpay labor or overcharge customers in order to increase the "private profits of private employers," for its profits are limited by regulation. In fact, there is no reason whatever for management to exploit or to favor any one of the three great groups as against the others and to do so would be plain stupid on the part of management.

The business cannot succeed in the long run without well-paid employees with good working conditions, without adequate returns to investors who have put their savings in the enterprise, and without reasonable prices to the customers who buy its services. On the whole, these conditions have been well-met over the years in the Bell System.

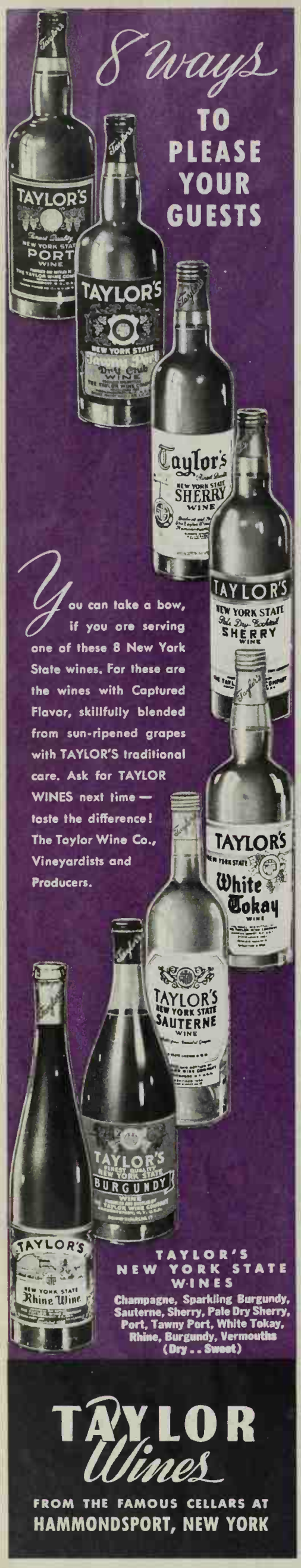
Admittedly, this has not been and is not an easy problem to solve fairly for all concerned. However, collective bargaining with labor means that labor's point of view is forcibly presented. What the investor must have is determined quite definitely by what is required to attract the needed additional capital, which can only be obtained in competition with other industries.

And in our regulated business, management has the responsibility, together with regulatory authorities, to see to it that the rates to the public are such as to assure the money, credit and plant that will give the best possible telephone service at all times.

More and better telephone service at a cost as low as fair treatment of employees and a reasonable return to stockholders will permit is the aim and responsibility of management in the Bell System.

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, *President*
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY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hadn't known was whose it had been. Ridge had tried to tell him, and he had said, quite truthfully, that he didn't want to know. But now Lida knew and the important thing was to keep her from talking. If she once started to talk, God only knew where this thing would end. Dorcas, her past a complete blank, honestly believed that Ridge had met her in London. Dave Holbrook was just a name to her. He, Alec, wouldn't want to be responsible for what the truth, forced upon her suddenly, brutally, might do to her.

Well, *neither she nor anyone else must be told the truth.* Someday she might regain her memory. When that time came she and Ridge, if allowed to do so with no outside interference, would undoubtedly be able to save the marriage from going on the rocks. But if Lida went to Dorcas with this thing now, there was no telling how much damage she might do.

"The man at the Inn," she said, her hands caressing the cold, wet sides of her highball glass, "was Ben Graves, Dave Holbrook's publisher. Dorcas worked for him. He knew her and he knew Dave and he knew what went on between them. He didn't know about her being pregnant and I didn't tell him." She smiled suddenly. That swift, flashing smile that always reminded him of someone else, someone he had known sometime, somewhere, but he could never think quite when or where. . . . "That was nice of me, don't you think?" she asked. "Not to tell?"

She's drunk, thought Alec: All this talk of hers about drinking too much but not getting drunk is rubbish. She's drunk now.

"Lida," he said, "listen to me. Everything you say may be true. Frankly, I think it is true. But I want you to promise me that you'll keep your mouth shut, that you won't talk as you have talked to me just now to another living human being. . . ."

She finished her highball and tipped her head back and began to laugh. She began to laugh, and suddenly he knew whom she reminded him of. All these months it had eluded him, all these months he had known there was someone but he hadn't been able to think who it was—and now he knew. She reminded him of a girl in Africa, in Casablanca—a dancer. Her name had been Myra and she had had that same narrow, provocative face, those same slightly tilted green eyes, that same swift, flashing, wholly enchanting smile—and when she was up to something particularly outrageous and infamous, she would tip her head back and laugh like that.

SUDDENLY Lida stopped laughing and looked at him. "Don't be a fool," she said evenly. "Naturally, I shall tell everyone—including Dorcas, herself. Look," she said, "because of her I have been living for months in an exquisite little hell. Now I'm going to plunge her into an exquisite little hell all her own."

"You hate her, don't you?" said Alec.

You hate her and you tried to kill her. She didn't fall off that cliff—you pushed her. He had known all the time, really. She had come running down that path, those horrible screams tearing up out of her throat and he had known, even before she told them what had happened—known that Dorcas hadn't fallen, that Lida had pushed her. Yes, he told himself, wearily, *of course he had known.* . . .

"Yes," she said, "I hate her. And nothing you can say or do will stop me from talking—nothing, Alec."

"No," he said, "I can see that."

He walked out of the room then, and out of the house and afterward she could never remember exactly when he had gone. One minute he had been standing there in front of the fireplace and then, when she'd looked again, she was alone.

The highball glass in her hand was empty. She stared at it, first reproachfully and then impatiently. No matter how often she got up and walked across the room and filled it, a moment later it was always empty. It wasn't fair. Someone, she told herself, must be playing a stupid trick on her.

She stood up and started toward the portable bar, swaying lightly from side to side, a little as if she were on roller skates. Halfway across the room she fell down and for a moment she lay there, her face buried against the thick, velvety pile of the Oriental rug. For a moment it seemed too much trouble to get up. Why should she get up? She was tired and it might be nice just to lie here and sleep for a little while. But nice girls didn't sleep on the floor. Well, for that matter, nice girls didn't push other girls off cliffs. But that was ridiculous. She hadn't pushed her. Of course she hadn't. . . .

She got slowly to her feet and pulled down her skirt, smoothing it carefully, meticulously over her slim hips. She walked much better now. Much more steadily. Perhaps it would be better if she didn't drink any more. Perhaps the thing to do was go straight upstairs to bed . . . Alec must have been pretty disgusted with her to have walked out like that. Well, he'd been disgusted with her before. He'd walked out before. But he always came back. He'd come back this time. Not, she told herself, that it mattered whether he did or not. When your life had narrowed down to where it included only two other people besides yourself, what a fourth person did or didn't do was of very little importance to you. Ridge, Dorcas, herself—drunk or sober, that was her world. . . .

IT HAD been spring down below in the valley, but up here on Little Pico it was still winter. They had arrived only that morning, but already the crystal-clear air, the exercise, the sheer exhilaration of pure motion which you achieved only on skis had worked its magic. Ridge felt like a different person and, looking at Dorcas, slim and straight in her ski suit, the sun shining down on her bare head, he decided she had never looked more carefree, more relaxed, more completely desirable than she did at this moment.

What a fool he had been to think this thing might not work out. It couldn't have worked out better. Dave, the baby, none of these things mattered any more. No matter how hard he tried to reach back into his memory, reconstruct the ghosts of that old resentment he had once felt for her, he couldn't do it. He had hated her, then he had stopped hating her, and now he loved her. It was as simple, as uncomplicated as that.

Yet less than a month ago, he had hesitated, had searched desperately fo
to keep their relationship uninvo
had been her courage, not his, wh
carried them safely over that firs
—and she had been brave bec
had not known how high that hu
been, how almost insurmountabl
I love you," she had said. For h
been as simple as that.

And she did love him. As
never loved Dave. As she ha
loved Denny St. George.

With Ridge she was complete
he made her happy, if he gave he
of well-being, of spiritual and
fulfillment it was nothing to v
gave him.

FUNNY how he couldn't
words how he felt about he
was there about this one partic
which set her apart from all th
made her a special girl, *his* girl,
girl he could possibly conceive
with, in that most intimate of
ships, marriage, day in and day
rest of his life? Was it that two
ities had met and fused and bec
But this wasn't true. He want
be always herself—inviolate,
perfect—standing as she was
right now, with the sun on her

"Darling," she said, half laug
frowning, "what's wrong? Is m
on crooked or something? Yo
ing at me in the most peculiar

"No," he said, "there's nothi
with your lipstick. There's nothi
with you. Nothing whatsoever

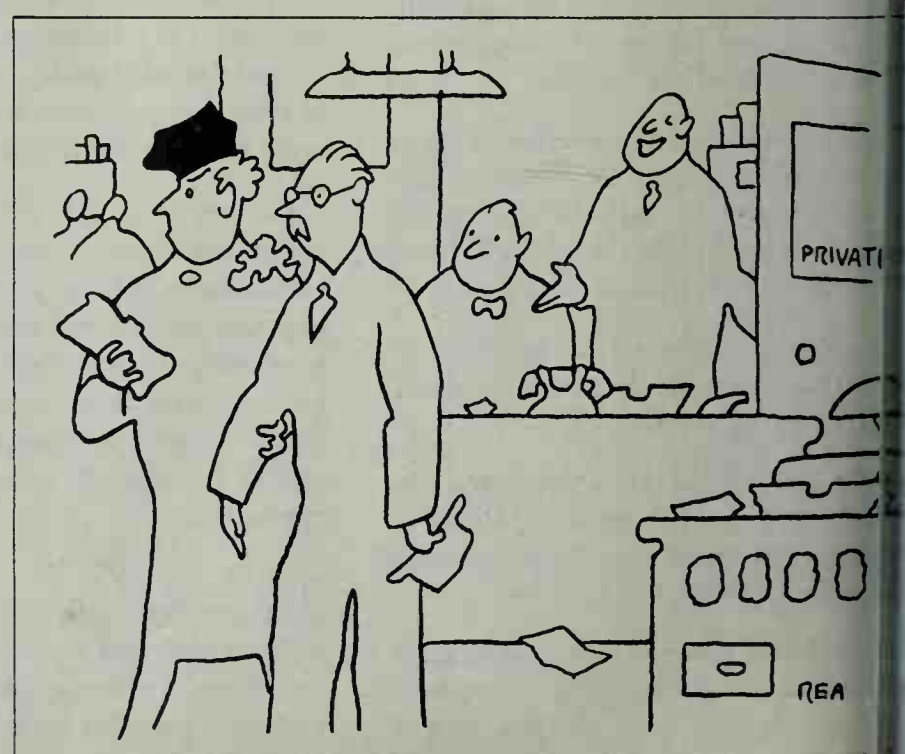
He got abruptly to his feet,
his sun goggles, and said, "Let's
shall we? I could do with a h
and some food. We've bee
strenuous for the first day."

"You mean," she correc
quickly, *"you've* been pretty s
I've taken it easy."

She had. Ridge was an excell
but she was only fair. She'
around on the lower practic
earlier in the afternoon, only acc
ing him up here on the lift this
In other words, this was her
down anything approaching a
and although she would have d
than admit it, she was terrified.

She pulled on her helmet, n
her ski straps were secure an
swift, mock-brave smile at Ri
off . . .

She made the first turn and so
courage returned to her. This
bad, in fact it wasn't bad at all,
to do was relax and not get par
took another turn and now she
tically flying through the air.
suddenly, she *was* flying throu



"Poor Esperson came up the hard way. Married the boss' daugh

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not practically but actually—for a moment, long as eternity in its intensity, she had a crazy picture of herself, wrong end up, the polished wood of her skis creating a fantastic geometric pattern against the polished blue of the sky. Her heart seemed to grow and grow until it filled her whole body, and the noise it made, beating against her ribs, sounded like the exaggerated ticking of a cheap alarm clock. Then she plunged headfirst into a snowbank and her mind went completely blank.

After a few minutes, seconds, she never knew exactly how long, it began to fill again. Her first thought was: I must be dead, no one could fall far and still be alive. But then she opened her eyes and saw the snow and the sky and knew she couldn't be dead, that she must be alive, so then her second thought was: I'm four months pregnant. Does this mean I'll lose the baby? Her third and last thought was: *Where* is everyone? Why doesn't someone come? Alec is a doctor. He'll know what to do—why doesn't he come?

She struggled to sit up and suddenly someone was bending over her. It was Ridge. He was laughing, his teeth a flash of white in his thin, hard-bitten, sharply angled face. He was laughing and his eyes didn't look worried as they should have; after all, people didn't fall off sixty-foot cliffs every day in the week. Neither did they look angry and resentful as they often did when he looked at her and, instead of seeing her, saw Dave. They looked, incredible as it seemed, they looked as if they liked her and as if they were finding what had just happened to her extremely funny.

As a matter of fact, although it was not to seem so for long, at the moment that was exactly what he was finding it.

"Well," he said, "that was quite a spill you took, my sweet. Here," he said, "give me your hands and I'll help you up!"

THE room was low, with a sloping white ceiling and dormer windows. The walls were covered with a gay plaid wallpaper, and there were the usual maple reproductions—a spool bed with a hand-woven wool coverlet, a chest of drawers, a night table, two chairs.

Dorcas was sitting on the bed, and Ridge was sitting in one of the chairs. He had always known that sometime this would happen—that someday she would regain her memory. He had realized that she might not be able to accept the more intimate aspects of their new relationship, that it might take her some time to make the necessary emotional adjustments. In other words he had been prepared to move carefully, to let her take her time, not to force things. But he had not been prepared for this other this completely monstrous, unb other thing. . . .

"Look," he said now, "are yo pushed you—are you sure you d faint—?"

His voice pleaded with her sure—but it was no use.

"I fainted all right," she sai fell first and I fell because sh me."

She said then, "It was my be nant that she couldn't take, Rid she knew about that she was She was in love with you and sh thing, you and me, our marria on and on, and because the Dave's, she knew you'd never

"But she didn't know the Dave's, she had no idea it wasn'

Dorcas stared at him bewild

"You mean you didn't tell Dave and me?"

"No! I merely told her that going to have a baby. She wa was a difficult situation. I th if I told her you were goin a baby it would fix things onc all."

"It fixed things all right."

"Yes," said Ridge grimly, "i did."

He got up and began wal ously up and down the s Finally he came and sat do Dorcas on the bed. He wante out and put his arms around her close and kiss her face. afraid even to touch her ha was a pack of cigarettes on the and he picked it up, shook lighted it, and inhaled quickl

"Just how much," he aske his voice deliberately impers emotional, "do you remembe last three months?"

She looked at him and t away swiftly, her heart racin "Exactly nothing," she said. it's April, so it must be April. it's still January."

She got up and now she w who was pacing nervously u the room. "The whole thin ridiculous, isn't it, Ridge? A about the baby. That day You and me shouting at each absurd marriage service—by she said, "do you think the decide these things will consi that I am no longer going to good and sufficient reason f a divorce?"

"Are you sure you want a

She was still walking nervo down the room.

"Well," she said, "there' point in going on together,

COLLIER'S

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mean—" She made a futile little gesture with her hands.

"Look," said Ridge, "this is all pretty difficult, pretty complicated. Can't you remember anything? Can't you. . . ." Good God, he thought, fear rising in him, closing coldly about his heart, she's *got* to remember, she can't just dismiss the last three months as if they had never happened. "But to me it's still January," she had said. And in January they had not even been friends. . . .

"You must remember *something,*" he said desperately. "You must—"

"No," she said, "I don't. I don't remember anything, Ridge. Perhaps after a while it will come back to me, but right now it's just a—well, it's just a blank."

He leaned forward, his heart pounding violently. To hell with being careful, with being cautious—

"Then will you take my word for it that the last three months have been—Look," he said, "we started from scratch. You didn't remember anything about Dave, so it was as if Dave had never existed. We've had—damn it, Dorcas, these three months have been pretty tremendous."

NOW he'd said it. Now there was no going back.

He waited, his heart knocking against his ribs, for her to speak.

She was staring at him, her eyes wide and dark, her own heart pounding painfully. There was no mistaking what he meant, what he was trying to tell her—but feeling the way he did about her, how could a thing like this have happened? Well, he'd just told her how it had happened. "We started from scratch . . ." Not remembering, she'd expected Ridge to behave like any normal, happily married young man, and he had.

Furthermore, his eyes, his voice, everything about him was implying that, if it was all right with her, there was no reason why they couldn't continue this way. Certain things had happened between them, things that he remembered but that she didn't. Obviously so far as he was concerned these things had been pleasant, satisfactory; this being the case, he was trying to tell her that he was perfectly willing to continue the relationship—that is, if it was agreeable to her.

Her hands began to tremble and she clenched them together hard and tried desperately to say something, something casual and offhand that would not give her away, that would not betray her—something that would make him think she was taking this thing right in her stride, that none of it was proving any more shattering, any more demoralizing to her than it was, apparently, to him . . .

But try as she would, no words came.

"Dorcas," he said, "don't look like that."

Now was the time to tell her the truth. Now was the time to say to her, "Everything is all right. Everything is fine. I'm in love with you and you're in love with me and there's nothing to worry about, nothing to be upset about."

But he didn't say it, and the fact remained that she *was* upset, horribly upset. To go on now might throw her completely. Better to leave it alone. Change the subject. Talk about something else.

"Look," he said, "never mind what you can or can't remember for the moment, Dorcas. Never mind how you feel about me or how I feel about you. Or what we are going to do about this marriage. That can wait. Let's get back to Lida. Let's decide what we're going to do about her."

Lida. Dorcas repeated the name wearily, silently. But there was nothing they could do about Lida. Surely he must see that? She said, "But we're not going to do anything about her, Ridge. There's nothing we can do."

He stared at her, his face a curious mixture of impatience and incredulity.

"But good God, Dorcas, we can't let her get away with a thing like this. It's a miracle that you're even alive! She tried to—damn it, darling, she tried to murder you . . ."

Murder was an ugly word. Funny then, that it was that word "darling" that leaped out at her, which caught her by the throat. He had said it quite naturally, as if he were used to saying it. Well, he probably was used to saying it. Calling someone darling became a habit—a pleasant habit like making casual and lighthearted love to them. Oh, Lord, why did she have to care so much? Why was that dull, obscure ache in her growing and growing, why was she feeling so torn apart? Why couldn't she accept the whole thing casually the way he was accepting it? Oh, *stop it!* she told herself hysterically, stop it before you lose control of yourself.

She deliberately wrenched her mind back to Lida.

"I know she did," she said evenly. "But what can we do about it? She's bound to deny it, and in that case it would be my word against hers. We couldn't *prove* anything."

Ridge stared at her. She was right, of course. They couldn't prove anything.

He said, "But it burns me up to think she's going to get away with a thing like this and not be punished for it."

"Perhaps she is being punished," said Dorcas. "After all, she has to live with herself; it can't be pleasant."

"It's so unpleasant," he said grimly, "that she's rapidly drinking herself to death. Alec is worried sick about it."

He got abruptly to his feet.

"We've talked long enough," he said, "you look absolutely exhausted. Climb into bed and I'll have them send up some food. Then the thing to do is try to get a good night's sleep." He walked over to the chest of drawers and began gathering up his toilet articles. "I'll ask them to give me another room and we'll have breakfast together in the morning.". . .

Walking into the lounge the next morning he was surprised to find Do
ing for him.

She was sitting in front o
dressed in a gray skirt and a
pull-over sweater, and when sh
she got quickly to her feet and
ward him. They met halfway
room and Ridge thought: It'
day in Boston, the day she step
the elevator and came toward
that day I wasn't in love wit
now I am. He took her arm
went on into the dining room.

RIDGE waited until the w
taken their order and gon
then he said, "How did you sle

"Not too well—but then I
pect to."

As a matter of fact, she had
for hours and just before dav
finally reached a decision
marriage. She had decided t
drift, at least for a while.
with Ridge, feeling the way sh
him would be agony—but to
to go away by herself, wou
greater agony. Lying there i
she had tried to imagine herse
to Boston or New York,
to make a new life for herse
which he had no part, and she
suddenly that she simply cou
that she had neither the stren
acter nor the moral courage
cut herself off from him co
long as he was willing for he

She smiled at him now and
about you?"

"After I left you last nig
Alec. I wanted to find out
would be before you started
ing things."

Dorcas moved her glass
fraction of an inch to the ri
what did he say? Did he
he have any idea?"

"No idea at all. He said
start coming back to you g
then again they might not

"We won't stay out late, Mother. Ralph's allowance has been cut a

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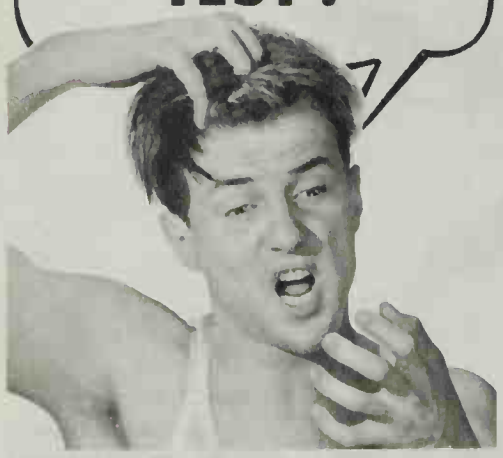

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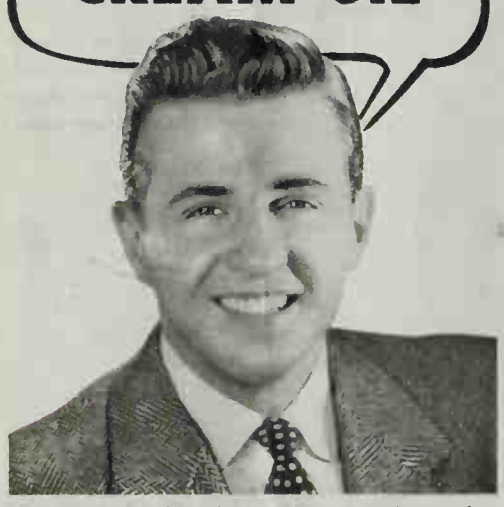

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wasn't what kept me awake most of the night."

The waitress came back with their orange juice, and Ridge picked his up and drank it quickly. Putting the glass back down, he said, "Lida has finally managed to find out about us, Dorcas, about why we got married the way we did. She's not only found out, she intends to talk—spread it all over town."

"Oh, *no*, Ridge!" All the color had drained out of Dorcas' face and she was staring at him, her eyes wide and dark and horribly shocked. "But how did she find out? Who told her?"

"The man you used to work for in New York—Ben Graves."

"Ben Graves!"

"Yes. It happened the night before we came down here. We were sitting in the bar at the Inn—Alec and Lida and you and I. Graves came in. He recognized you immediately and came up and spoke to you. You didn't know him, of course, and I got rid of him. But Lida was suspicious and later she went back and talked to him."

"Just what did he tell her?"

"Enough," said Ridge, "so that it didn't take much imagination on her part to fill in the details. The only thing she isn't absolutely positive about, I imagine, is why you called me from Boston that day instead of from New York."

"How did he happen to be in Readsville? Ben, I mean?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. I imagine he was driving through and stopped at the Inn for dinner."

ONE night, thought Dorcas bitterly, and I had to be there. He could just as well have stopped the night before or the night after. And I had to be there with Lida. Poor Alec. Alec likes me. He likes Ridge. He'd do anything to save us from this but there is nothing he can do. There is nothing anyone can do.

"What a field day she'll have batting this around," said Ridge. "It's made to order for her! She'll tell one or two people first, swearing them to secrecy—then she'll tell one or two more."

"But surely," said Dorcas, "there must be some way we can stop her? Can't you, can't Alec, appeal to her sense of honor, her sense of decency?"

"What makes you think that she has either? After all, where you're concerned, Dorcas, she's shown very little evidence of either. No," he said, "she's been determined to liquidate you from the beginning. I can see that now. All that talk of hers about being a good loser—it was just talk. All the time she's meant to get you out of the picture. If not by fair means, well then, by foul. She tried to kill you but that didn't work. She thinks this will."

"You mean—"

"I mean that knowing Lida the way I do, knowing the way her mind works, that I think she will come to you and make you a proposition. If you leave, she won't talk, she'll keep her mouth shut."

"I see," said Dorcas.

So this was the answer. Last night, lying awake, utterly unable to sleep, or even relax, she had thought she had a choice. She could go or she could stay. But it seemed she didn't have a choice. Suddenly the whole thing had been taken out of her hands, decided for her. If Ridge loved her it might, it *would* be different. But she had caused him enough trouble as it was; she couldn't drag him through any more.

"Well," she said, forcing a bright, ghastly little smile to her lips, "it's very simple then, isn't it? I mean, we haven't anything, really, to worry about. All I have to do is leave—go back to Boston or New York."

Ridge was staring at her oddly, a little pulse beating hard in his jaw.

"That's a very neat solution," he agreed bitterly, "except for one thing, one minor detail. You see," he said, his mouth setting grimly, "I happen to be very much in love with you. Furthermore, and although this will be even harder for you to believe—for two, nearly three months, you have been very much in love with me."

"I know," she said.

At first he thought he couldn't have heard right—that he'd just imagined that she'd said those two short words—but he wasn't imagining the way her face looked, the way it had suddenly come alive. Neither was he imagining those shining gray eyes, those softly parted lips, that little pulse pounding hard at the base of her slim throat. This girl, sitting there opposite him, was absolutely glowing with happiness. . . .

"You *know?*" he said softly, unsteadily, "you mean you can *remember?*"

She shook her head, smiled at him tremulously. "If you mean do I remember the last three months, no, I don't remember them. But I loved you long before that."

"You mean—" Ridge was staring at her incredulously.

"That day in New York, that day in Boston—oh, I don't know when it began, it doesn't matter; it just seems as if there never was a time when I didn't love you. . . ." She said then, "But why did you wait so long to tell me all this? *Why didn't you tell me last night?*"

"I wanted to tell you last night," he said, "I started to tell you but then I—well, then I lost my nerve. I was afraid. Damn it, darling, I thought that if I waited, didn't rush you—"

"So you tell me at eight o'clock in the morning in a public dining room."

"This place is pretty public, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Shall we leave?"

"Won't the waitress think it funny—if we just get up and walk out, I mean?"

"Do you care a little damn what the waitress thinks?"

"No."

"Well then. . . ."

They got up and walked out of the dining room. . . .

"Cigarette?"

"Thank you."

"This room is a little chilly. I'd better light the fire."

"No, don't bother. I'm only going to stay a few minutes." Just long enough to put this marriage of yours on the skids, Dorcas, send it slipping and sliding down the chute. . . .

It was eleven o'clock on Monday morning. Dorcas was sitting on the flowered linen sofa and Lida was sitting in the blue wing chair at the right of the fireplace. Thanks to Ella Wells the room was in perfect order. On the coffee table a pot of African violets picked that morning repeated the clear, springlike color of Dorcas' thin cashmere sweater.

Funny how sure Ridge had been that Lida would strike and strike quickly. Even he would be surprised that she had lost so little time getting out her knife. That night he had said, "Remember, darling, when she does come, all you have to do is sit tight and let her talk herself out."

Striking a match, Lida thought that Ridge would be proud of me. For the first time in months my hands aren't shaking.

He hated that most of all. "You have beautiful hands, Lida," he had said once, "but when they shake so badly that you can hardly light a cigarette with them one gets the impression not of beauty but of decadence."

Decadence. A disturbing word. A definitely unpleasant word. We had it with Alec and his twenty-five-cent words. And his always trying to save Lida from herself. "You're always trying to save someone from their baser instincts," she'd told him once, "you ought to join the Salvation Army and wear a bonnet. Then you'd look very touching wearing a uniform and standing on a street corner trying to save people from themselves."

She'd said that and a lot of other things to Alec and he'd always come right back for more. Funny he hadn't come around once over the week end or tried to call. Funny that at last he'd simply walked out on her and not come back. Disappointing and a little disconcerting. He

"Remember the little girl next door with freckles and pigtails?"

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nothing to her; he annoyed, and at times, infuriated her. Still, it would seem odd not to have him around . . .

She stopped thinking about Alec and brought her mind back to Dorcas.

"Well," she said, "how was the week end? Did you have a good time? Did you do a lot of skiing?"

Dorcas said, truthfully, that she had had a wonderful time. She said she had done quite a little skiing. She said, "As a matter of fact, I got a little too ambitious the first afternoon and landed headfirst in a snowbank; but fortunately, all I did was get my eyes and ears full of snow . . ." Well, I got my memory back, of course, but we'll let that ride for the moment.

You may have enjoyed your week end, thought Lida bitterly, but I sure as hell didn't enjoy mine.

She hadn't. Tapering off on her drinking had been sheer agony. But she hadn't wanted to come out here today tight or with a hang-over. She'd wanted to be clear-eyed and clearheaded and, thanks to the fact that she had had very little to drink during the past forty-eight hours, she was both.

She rubbed out her cigarette in a silver ash tray, lighted another, filled her lungs with smoke and exhaled slowly. Then she said, "Dorcas, doesn't it ever bother you that you can't remember anything about your past?"

"Of course," said Dorcas. "At times it has bothered me terribly." Well, that was true. At times it had bothered her terribly—but it never would again.

"Hasn't it also bothered you that there is a possibility that what you do know about it, that is, what you have been told about it, isn't true?"

"What, exactly," asked Dorcas, her heart beating rapidly, "do you mean?"

"Well, that business about you and Ridge meeting in London for instance."

"You mean we didn't meet in London?"

"No," said Lida, "you didn't meet in London." She took a deep breath, and now her eyes, fastened relentlessly on Dorcas' face, were shining exultantly. "You met him in Boston or possibly in New York. I'm not quite sure. At any rate, last fall, last October, you were living in New York, working for a man named Ben Graves. You had been having an affair with Ridge's younger brother, Dave Holbrook. But Dave had managed to get himself killed, and suddenly you found yourself in a jam. To put it simply, Dave was dead and you were going to have a baby. You called Ridge from Boston. Just why you called him from Boston and not from New York, I'm sure I don't know—"

"I'll tell you why I called hi
Boston," Dorcas said, speakir
clearly, very distinctly. "I cal
from Boston because I have an a
lives in Boston. I had gone to be
ing she would help me."

Lida stared at her with narrow

"*So that's it,*" she said slowly, t
draining out of her face, leav
queer ashen hue, "you landed
in that snowbank and suddenly
membered everything."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "everythi
placed a subtle emphasis on
word.

FOR a moment they continu
there, staring at each other, t
oddly still, oddly impassive. T
forced herself to lean back in h
to relax.

"The day of the accident," s
speaking very fast in a nervo
pitched, unnatural voice, "I told
to go so near the edge, I *warne*

"You warned me," said Dor
then you pushed me."

"What in God's name are yo
about? You must be mad! Y
very well I didn't push you—
walking closer and closer to
For a moment I even had the c
you might be going to jump.
out to you, I—"

"I expected you to deny it, o
said Dorcas. "I told Ridge y
deny it. I told him we had to ex

Ridge. So she had told Rid
else had she told? How many
ple? *How many other peopl
intend to tell?* Well, ask her-
the worst.

Lida asked her. She said, "
have you told this fantastic st
sides Ridge?"

"No one else," said Dorcas
intend to tell anyone else."

Lida felt her whole body go
relief. If she hadn't been sitt
her knees would certainly h
much too weak to have held h

She took a deep breath. Co
back into her cheeks, her li
you're smart, of course. It wo
your word against mine. Yo
prove anything. Even if I h
you could never prove anythi

"No."

Lida laughed shortly, a har
trolled little laugh.

"For a moment I thought
going to try to bargain with

"Bargain with you?"

"Yes. If I wouldn't talk, s
story about you and Dave all
you wouldn't tell this fantasti

COLLIER'S

"Gerald! Another woman looked at you!"

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my pushing you. For a moment I thought that was what you had up your sleeve. But it wouldn't work, you know. I can prove my story and you can't prove yours."

"I realize that. It would never occur to me to bargain with you."

"On the other hand," said Lida, "I *am* in a position to bargain with you."

"I'm afraid I don't understand." Play stupid, make her say it, make her say it in so many words. And then watch her face when she realizes that once more she has tried to liquidate you and failed.

Suddenly Lida leaned forward. "Listen to me," she said. "All my life I have wanted something I couldn't have All my life I have wanted one man, Ridge Holbrook. Well, I can't have him. But I've made up my mind to one thing. If I can't have him, you can't have him, either."

"You seem to forget," said Dorcas, her voice clear and light and sure, "that I *do* have him—regardless of how he happened to marry me, I *am* married to him." And, she thought, her heart racing furiously, exultantly, regardless of you and anything you may do or say, Lida, I am going to *stay* married to him.

"I know," said Lida, "you're not only married to him, you're in love with him. Nevertheless, you are going to leave him, you are going to give him up. You are going to do this because if you do go, if you promise me to walk out of here and never come back, I'll keep still about you and Dave. I'll keep my mouth shut. If you don't, I'll talk. And if I talk what chance will you two have of being happy? You might ride along for a while but in the end it would spoil everything for you. This isn't New York, remember: this is Vermont. This is a small town. A small town can be cruel. If you don't believe it just wait until they start kicking this thing around. It will be tough for you but it will be even worse for Ridge. Because this is *his* town and Dave was *his* brother. It's going to be hell for him having this scandal dragged out into the open, discussed in every bar and barbershop and at every Rotary Club luncheon and bridge party and church social. You and Ridge will grow to hate each other. You'll try not to but you will." She paused for breath. "Well," she said, "there it is. In a nutshell. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Dorcas.

"Nothing?"

"That's right."

"You mean," said Lida, "that you're going to stay?"

"Yes," said Dorcas, "I'm going to stay."

FOR a moment Lida's face looked just the way Dorcas had wanted it to look, had expected it would look—but only for a moment. Almost at once the dismay, the utter disbelief slid out of it and it became composed and smiling and sure of itself again.

"No," she said, "you're not. You're going to go. You don't think so now. You honestly think you are going to stay. But that's because you're thinking with your heart, your emotions and not with your head. Right at the moment it seems very brave of you, very courageous to take this purely romantic attitude. But that's because you aren't thinking straight. Once you have a chance to think this thing through you'll change your mind. Three days," said Lida. "I'll give you three days to decide."

She got up and walked across the room. When she reached the door she paused and leaned against the painted doorjamb just as she had that first day.

"Three days," she repeated softly. "In three days you'll see this differently, you'll realize it would never work, and you'll go. You don't think so now but you will."

She went then, leaving Dorcas quite alone in that room in which a fire had been carefully laid but not lighted.

Shivering suddenly, Dorcas walked across the room and touched a match to it. It blazed up reassuringly and she knelt before it in her gray skirt and pale, soft sweater, holding out her hands to its warmth. But no matter how close she held her hands to those leaping, scarlet-tongued flames, she couldn't seem to get them warm. It was as if now that Lida had left her, now that she was alone, the blood in her veins had turned suddenly to liquid ice.

She wished suddenly that Ridge would hurry back from wherever he had gone. Perhaps when he came back everything would be all right; perhaps, once she saw him, once she looked at him, she would be reassured . . . She hoped so, she hoped desperately that she would be. . . .

"DARLING, you're being very quiet; you've hardly spoken a word all evening."

"I'm sorry—I don't mean to be such bad company," said Dorcas.

"Look, you're not letting this Lida business throw you, are you? Because you mustn't."

"It's the real thing, too. They make it just like they do down in Sea

COLLIER'S CHARLES A

"I'm not letting it throw me exactly. But I'm afraid I have been thinking about it."

"Well, stop thinking about it and start thinking about something else. Me, for instance—"

They had finished dinner and were having their coffee in the living room. She had changed into a simple silvery green dress with a high, round neckline and long, full sleeves. She had brushed her hair for a long time and turned the ends under and she was wearing the ring he had given her at Christmastime—that fragile, blazing hoop of emeralds and diamonds that had once been his mother's.

He spoke again, his voice changing ever so slightly. "Whatever happens, darling, you musn't let yourself get morbid about this situation."

"I know," she said, "and I don't intend to get morbid about it. On the other hand," she said, "there's no use closing our eyes and sticking our fingers in our ears and pretending we have nothing to be upset, to be concerned about."

She had thought, she had hoped that when she saw him again all her fears and uncertainties would vanish—but it hadn't worked out that way. It hadn't worked out that way at all. Now that she was with him, all she could think of was whatever happened, she mustn't hurt him, humiliate him, destroy him. . . .

"The only thing I'm concerned about," said Ridge, "is how we feel about each other. Now that we've got that ironed out, I refuse to worry about Lida thing else."

"But that," said Dorcas, "is you aren't thinking straight. That's because you're thinking w heart, your emotions and not you

"Okay," said Ridge, "so I'm with my heart and not my head I'm going right on thinking w heart. It's nicer this way, less cated."

"The thing you don't understan Dorcas, and now a definite note peration had crept into her voice, the situation *is* complicated, horri

Her hand had begun to shake set her own coffee cup down on ble in front of her.

"Okay," agreed Ridge, "so it's cated. It's also ugly. I'm going having everyone know that I h seen you but once in my life w called me that day from Boston the only reason I married you cause you were going to have baby. And before she gets thr eryone in town *will* know. I'm n to like it—neither are you going But that doesn't mean we can' it."

"We can survive it," said Do don't think it won't do someth something frightening and d cause it will. You will change I. We won't want to, we won' but we will."

"I don't know what you about," said Ridge quickly, "and I don't think you know e

"Yes," she said, "I do kno perfectly. And it isn't what it do to me that's worrying me it's what it's going to do to yo

"And just what," said Ridge setting in a hard line, "do yo going to do to me?"

"For one thing," said Dor up very straight, very tens sofa, "it's going to make you Of everyone. Even your b *Particularly* of your best fri time you go into a room and tion breaks off abruptly you be sure they were talking abo you and me and Dave. You get so you dread to go into t business or into the barbers your hair cut. You'll try not way, you'll try to laugh it off, *will* be pointing you out, about you, and you won't laugh it off. You'll withdra more into yourself, you'll de hell-with-everyone attitude— people are nice to you, y they're doing it not because t but because they're sorry fo you'll hate their being sor

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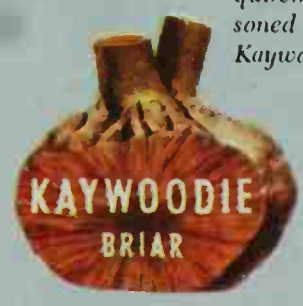

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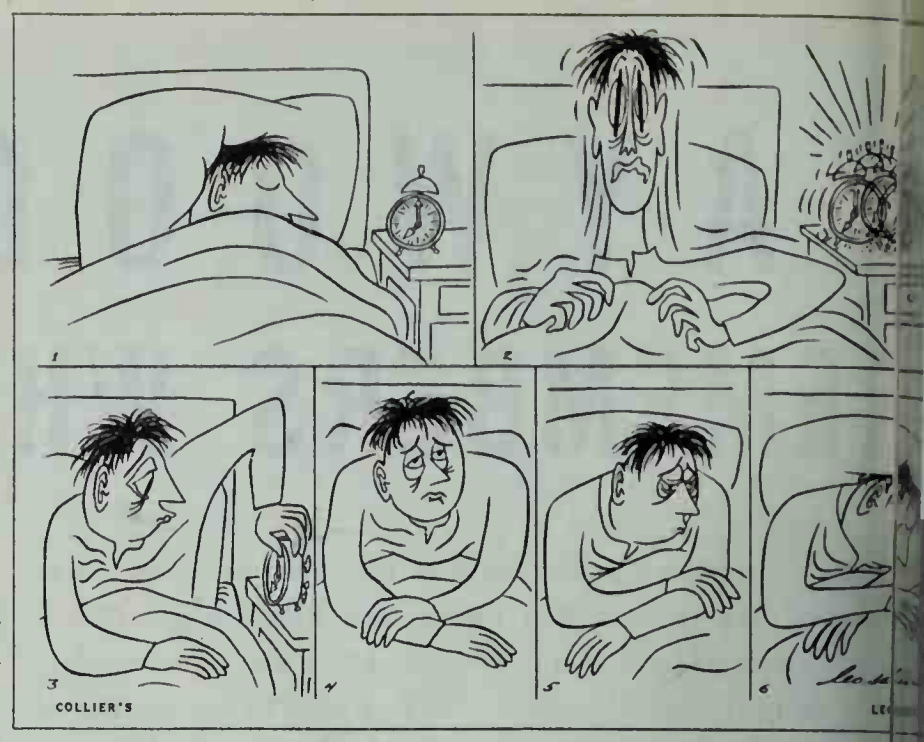

Ridge, you'll hate that most of all . . .

"And that," she said, "isn't the worst of it. There's what it will do to us. To you and me, darling. You won't blame me for any of this, but I'll blame myself. I'll blame myself bitterly and that, in turn, will do something to me, something unpleasant and grim."

"What are you trying to do—talk yourself, talk *me,* into believing this thing can lick us?"

"It's quite possible," said Dorcas slowly, painfully, "that it can lick us. In fact, it's very possible that it can."

"And you're the girl," said Ridge, "that I thought had courage, guts. That day in Boston, telling me you were going to go ahead and have Dave's baby and to hell with me, to hell with everyone—that night we went dancing at the Red Barn and quarreled about Alec, telling me you didn't want this thing to be easy, that you wanted it to be hard. And now suddenly it *is* hard and what happens? Instead of standing your ground and taking your beating you want to start running like a scared rabbit for cover—even when it means leaving me, busting up our marriage."

"The thing you don't understand," said Dorcas, "is that, loving you the way I do, it would take far more courage, far more guts to go, to leave you, than it would to stay."

He stared at her and a cold little wind danced across his heart and something happened to his breathing. He hadn't seen where all this was leading but suddenly he did see—and what he saw filled him with terror. All her life she had been the sort of girl who had done things the hard way, the different way. If she were once to become convinced that it would be better for him if she were to walk out and leave him, she would go, and nothing he could say or do would stop her. She would go, not because she was weak, but because she was strong; not because she lacked courage but because she had too much of it.

He thrust his shaking hands into his pockets, and for the first time that evening, he didn't answer her. He didn't answer her, because suddenly he was afraid that anything he might say would only send her rushing headlong in the wrong direction—and God knows, she had traveled much too far along that lost and desolate road already. Another step or two and she would be absolutely out of sight, completely lost to him forever.

ALEC LITTLEJOHN shared a suite of offices maintained by his chief, Charles Norton, on the second floor of the Medical Building on Center Street.

The nurse on duty in the outside office admitted he was in, but it was late, it was after office hours, and she wasn't sure whether or not he could see any[one] that evening.

Lida smiled at her. "He'll see [you]," said, and she walked past t[he] opened the door of Alec's priv[ate] closed it behind her and leaned [against]

Alec was sitting at his desk. [He] up but he didn't get up. H[e] stopped doing whatever it wa[s] doing and fastened his eyes on [her].

LIDA waited for him to spe[ak] something. But he didn't s[peak] simply sat there and continued [to] her with no particular expressi[on] eyes. She was there, his eyes ac[cept] fact, but for the moment he was [not] to do anything more about it, [one] the other.

"Well," she said, straighten[ing] shoulders defensively, "I have [to] cas and told her what you sai[d] to tell her—what you said I w[ould] anyone."

"I know," said Alec.

"You mean you've seen he[r] to her?"

"No. But I've talked to Ri[dge]."

"Then you know what happ[ened] she was away? You know abo[ut] ting her damned memory bac[k]."

"I knew about that two [days]. Ridge called me from Pico t[he] happened."

"You knew," said Lida, [and] didn't tell me. Why didn't y[ou]? Why did you let me go out [there] knowing—"

"I hoped," said Alec, [that] wouldn't go there at all. If y[ou] member, I begged you not to [go]."

"And I laughed at you. A[nd] went and she sat there and let [me] that stuff about herself and Da[ve] never batted an eye—and th[en] me. That is, she said somet[hing] gave the whole thing away. I [was] telling you it was pretty r[ough] shock."

"It must have been."

"But wait until you hear [what]." Lida braced herself against [the] the planes of her face taut, h[er] naturally large and brilliant [eyes] oval of her face. "She's r[egained] memory only to lose her mi[nd]. you believe it, Alec, she's got [an] insane idea that I pushed h[im] cliff. She actually sat there a[nd] me of pushing her—"

"Well," said Alec, in a com[fort]able tone of voice, "you did, of c[ourse]."

She stared at him. First [at] then Dorcas, now Alec. Sh[e] hands into the pockets of h[er] hair coat and sunk her fing[ers] into her soft, trembling pal[m]. pulse began throbbing pain[fully] right temple and her knees w[ere] But they can't prove it, [they]

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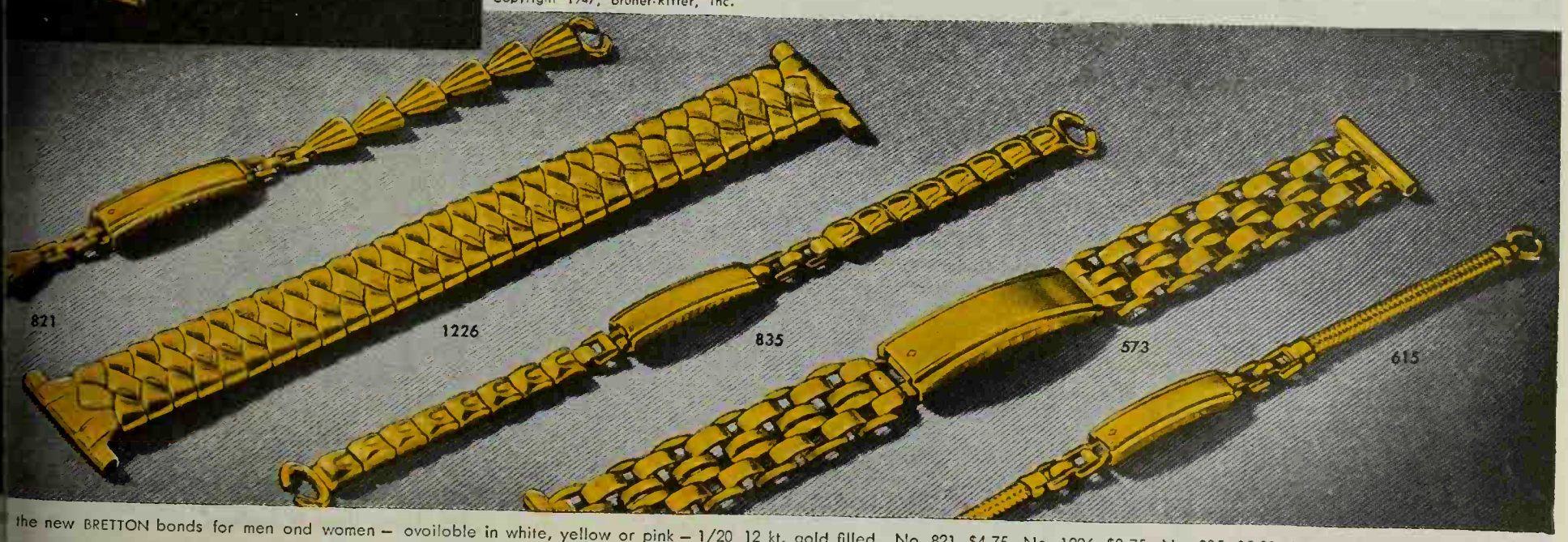

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wildly, none of them can prove it. . . .

None of them can prove it but they know you did it—you know you did it. For weeks you have tried to deny it, for weeks you have refused to admit it, you have told yourself, "I wanted to do it, but I didn't do it; she fainted and then she fell . . ." But she didn't faint; you pushed her—you put your hand out to pull her back but you didn't pull her back; you hated her, you wanted her to die. Now you can't run away from it any longer, you're caught, trapped, the truth is closing in on you and no matter which way you turn, you can't escape it . . .

ALEC was talking. He was looking at her and he was telling her exactly what she was thinking precisely as if he could look right into her mind and read her every thought.

He was saying, "You didn't mean to do it, you didn't *plan* to do it, you just did it. And afterward you refused to admit you had done it—you refused to admit it, Lida, even to yourself. Even before you knew that Dorcas wasn't going to be able to accuse you of attempted murder, you had closed your mind to the fact that it *was* attempted murder. In other words you had sold yourself a bill of goods and your very sanity depended upon your believing something that wasn't true. Once you faced the truth, once you admitted it to yourself, you were finished, you were done for."

Lida pressed her shoulder blades harder against the smooth, dark paneling of the door. There was a funny rushing noise in her ears, and her breath was coming in quick, shallow little gasps. But she *was* admitting it to herself, she *was* facing it. I pushed her; I, Lida Whipple, tried to kill someone—but I'm not done for. I've faced other things, I can face this.

"It must be wonderful," she said, speaking above that noise in her ears, the painful racing of her heart, "sitting there behind that desk getting me confused with someone else."

"No," said Alec, "I'm not. Mentally, Lida, you're a desperately sick girl. Your mind is completely twisted, warped; your entire emotional approach to life is confused, hysterical and potentially dangerous."

"This is a funny time to be telling me all this—I mean, why have you waited, why haven't you said all this before—?"

"Because," said Alec wearily, "it wouldn't have done any good to have said it before. No good at all."

"And you think it will do some good now?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure. Tell me one thing—you told Dorcas about your conversation with Ben Graves. Did you also threaten to spread the story all ... town unless—?"

"Unless she left, yes."

"And did she agree to leave?"

"No. In fact she said she wo... leave. But don't worry, she'll lea... right. Once she's had time really to ... about it, realize what she's letting h... in for, what she's letting Ridge in ... once this happens, she'll go. You ... and see—"

"Months ago," said Alec, "you ... up your mind to get rid of Dorcas. ... tried once and due to a crazy co... tion of circumstances, you failed. ... time you're going to succeed." H... then, "So in the end everything is ... ing out just as you wanted it to, is ... Lida?"

"Yes," she said, "everything is wo... out just as I wanted it to."

"*Then why,*" said Alec, st... swiftly, unexpectedly, "*are* you so ... able? You should be happy, you ... You should be exultant. You sho... standing there with stars in your ey...

"I am happy," said Lida. "I a... ultant. I am—"

"No," said Alec, "you're not. ... wretchedly unhappy. You're mo... happy, more confused, more lost ... you have ever been before in yo... If you weren't, *you wouldn't ev... here.*"

"Damn you!" said Lida, "that ... true! I'm not ill, I'm not unhapp... not confused, I'm not lost—"

"Yes," said Alec, "you are. A... can stand there and deny it unt... freezes over and it won't help ... won't change anything. You've r... the end of your rope, Lida, and you ... it."

The end of her rope—a rope was ... thing you hanged yourself with, ... it? People were always saying, ... him enough rope and he will han... self . . ."

Was Alec telling her that that wa... she should do? Or was he telling h... *that was what she had already* ... Was he telling her that as far as I ... concerned, as far as she, herself, w... cerned, she was already hanging, ... ing, from that rope—a grotesque ... in a hundred-and-fifty-dollar su... sheer nylon stockings and forty ... shoes—hanging from a rope.

She found a crumpled package o... rettes in her coat pocket, extracte... and put it between her lips. She f... folder of matches and tore one loo... tried to light the cigarette, but it ... use. Her hands were shaking to... lently, she was shaking all ove... dropped the cigarettes, the fol... matches; she covered her face w...

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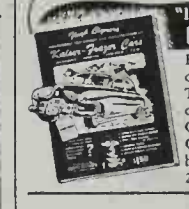

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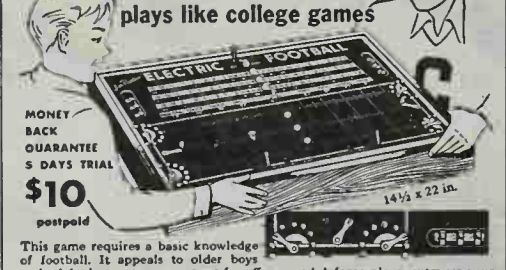

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

shaking hands, and then in that split second before that scream that had been building up in her throat tore across her lips, Alec Littlejohn moved swiftly across the room and put his arms around her.

At first he didn't say anything. At first he simply held her and waited. Waited for those cruel, punishing sobs to wear themselves out. Waited for her to speak, to say something. Finally she did. Finally she said, "This is awful, Alec. I want to die and I'm afraid to die—but I'm even more afraid to live. What am I going to do?" she said. *"What is going to become of me?"*

"You're going to be all right," said Alec. "You're going to be fine now. You've been ill, terribly ill, but now you're going to start getting well and I'm going to help you."

SHE stopped sobbing and began to laugh hysterically, her slim body crumpled against him limply like the boneless, bloodless body of a rag doll. "Poor Alec. Always helping people. Always standing around on street corners trying to save people from themselves. Dear Alec. I'm not worth it. I'm no good. I've never been any good. So why should you bother, Alec? Why should you *care?"*

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know why I should care, but I do care. Maybe," he said, "it's simply that I'm fool enough to think, to believe, that you *are* worth saving."

For a moment, her face, flung back against his shoulder, continued to be the scoffing, bitter, disbelieving face of a frightened, terror-stricken child. Then somewhere in the depths of her eyes something warm and young and hopeful flickered and caught fire. In her moment of greatest need, of greatest extremity, he had thrown her a life line. At the moment it was a frail one and her clutch on it was even frailer but she wasn't like her mother, she wasn't weak; she was strong, and little by little, that life line would strengthen and her grasp on it would tighten, and she would pull herself, inch by painful inch, up and out of that black hell of despair in which she was now floundering. And he would be there to help her do it.

Taking a handkerchief out of his breast pocket, he began systematically wiping away her tears. . . .

You were afraid to say the wrong thing, so you sat and said nothing and listened to the sound of your own heart beating and it was a terrifying sound, a lonely sound . . . and then there was another sound, the sound of a telephone ringing. You got up and answered because you gave a damn who it w because if you didn't answer it, it keep on ringing until it drove you

You picked up the receiver an hello and it was Alec; it was Alec first what he said didn't make sen cause you were a big boy now an didn't believe in miracles—but Ale on talking and after a while you lieve him.

You believed him and you wen into that room where Dorcas was on that flowered linen sofa. You say anything at first. You simply and looked at her. The way you h first day in New York. You remem how nothing about her that day ted your preconceived idea of he hadn't known she would be so yo had you been prepared for the ele sullied gray of her eyes, nor the f her hair, cut neither long nor would be such an innocent sh brown.

You had waited and in the end broken the silence between you; spoken first. "How do you d had said. "Won't you come in, p

Had he loved her in that very fi ment of seeing her, of hearing her And because of Dave had he translate that love quickly int Was the dividing line between th emotions so small, sometimes, s tesimal, that the human heart c betrayed into mistaking the one other? Not that it mattered n that anything mattered now exc facing a death sentence, he h given a reprieve, a full pardon.

"Don't worry," Alec had said won't talk—now or at any othe You said, "How can you be sure and Alec said, "These things ar bad case of pneumonia—the pa ther survives the crisis or she doe vive it. Lida has survived it; fr on she will begin to get well . . .

It didn't make any sense to y seemed to make perfect sense and if it made sense to him, w that was good enough for you .

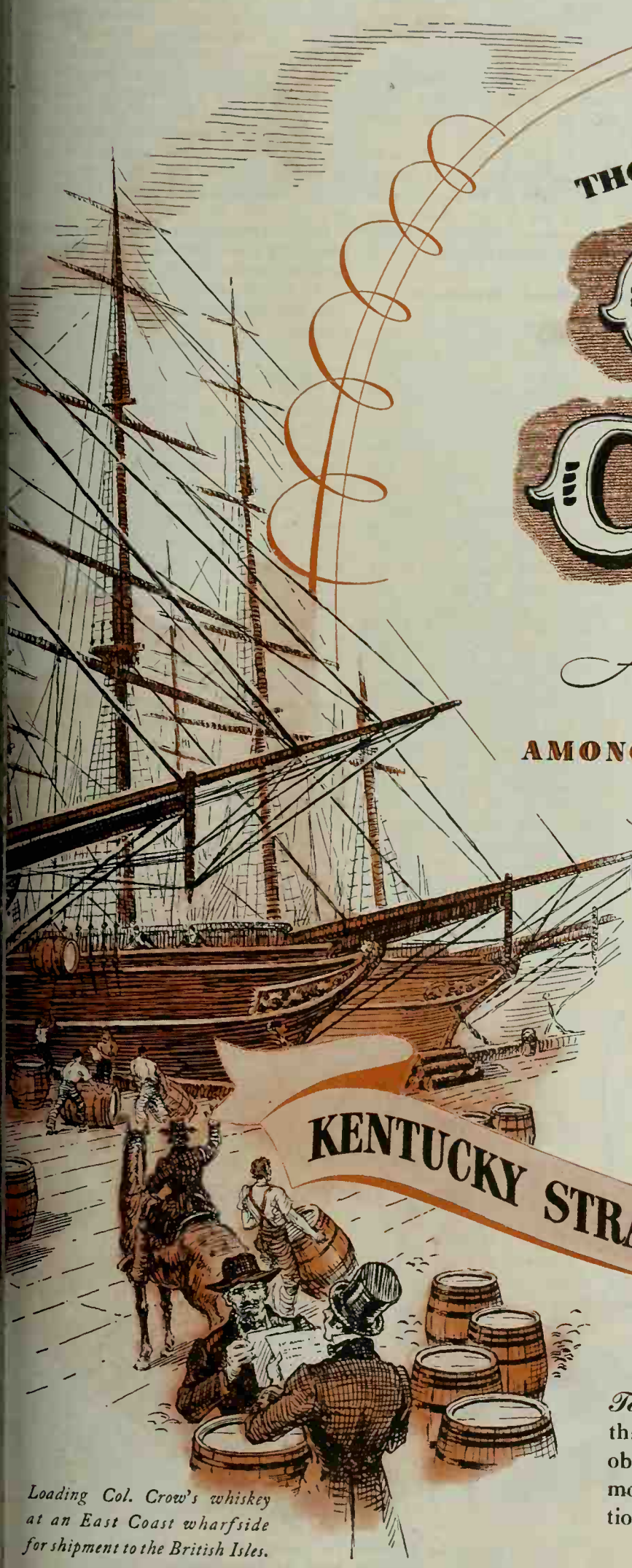
Dorcas was looking at you couldn't go on standing here in —so you crossed the room and in your arms and told her; and reached around behind you an off the light on the table and a there was just firelight in the r it was nice—it was wonderful— ther one of you would ever for cause this was the beginning, things being right between you, being perfect. . . .

THE END

"Awfully sorry we couldn't dig up something more comfortable for yo

COLLIER'S

Early in its history *Col. James Crow's* Kentucky whiskey crossed the ocean on clipper ships to England



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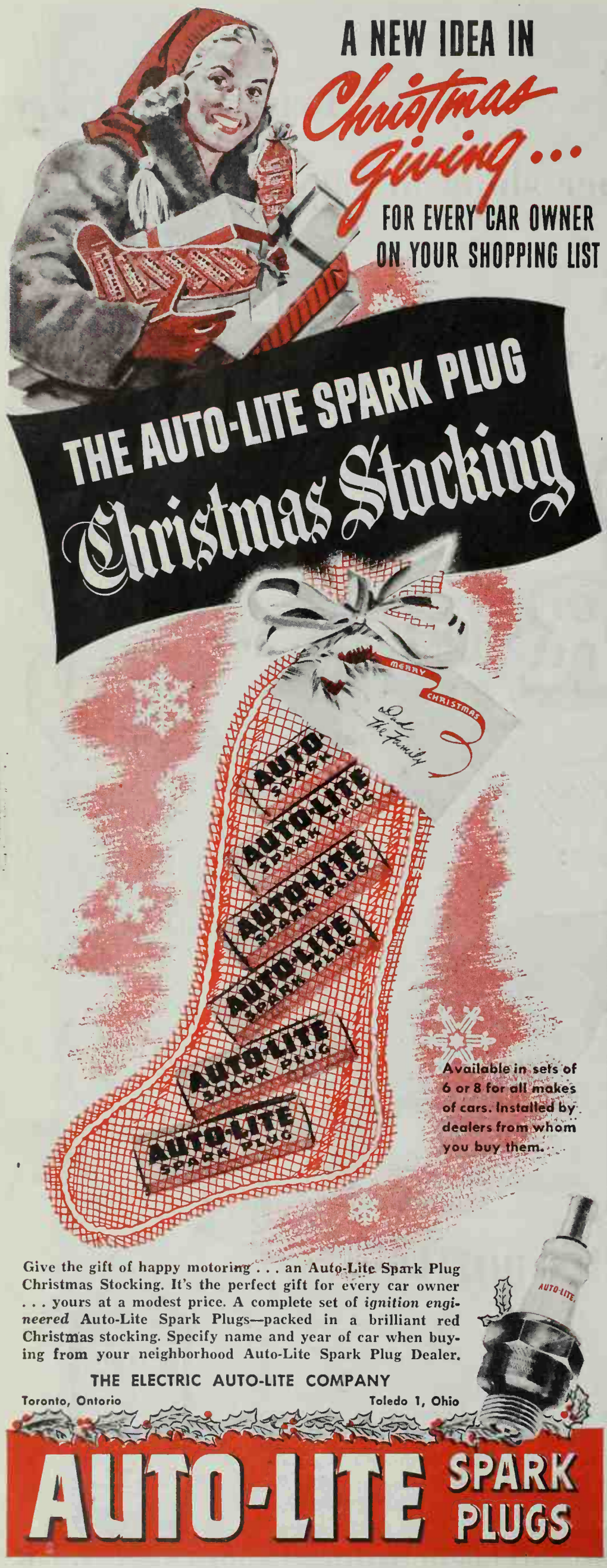
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THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

Continued from page 13

proclaim: Win the war. Due to the war and to enemy activity, the great problem at that time was how to get the message abroad. Now that hostilities have ceased, the transmission of messages has become quite easy. The difficult task now is devising, for world-wide publication, a continuing message which will effectively meet the needs of changing situations.

For example, during hostilities the people in France would listen eagerly to the foreign short-wave broadcasts because they supplied their only means of keeping in touch with patriotic French activities. But now that the shooting war is over, the people listen to their own broadcasts. Why should they bother with short-wave?

Our problem is not to find a broadcasting station to which they will listen. Our problem is rather to think out our message and then get it into those mediums—whatever they may be—which the French people normally use.

Mistrust "Official" Broadcasts

In the case of the French, all information which has its source in an embassy or government bureau is automatically suspect. For years the German embassy in France used to issue so-called "information" and the French instinctively remember that. Imagine, for example, the result if the situation were reversed and the French or the Dutch or the Italian consul in Boston or Detroit set up a library of information, issued press releases and statements to the newspapers and tried to get people to listen to short-wave broadcasts from Paris or Amsterdam or Rome. How much of an impression would it make on a sheep rancher in Idaho, a steelworker in Pennsylvania or a wheat grower in Kansas?

The true voice of America in the eyes of the world is the President of the United States and, only to a slightly lesser degree, the Secretary of State. The President does not need to have his own private American broadcasting station. The world radio and the world press are open to him. In fact, the representative of the President of the United States abroad, the American ambassador, can get his views into the foreign press quite often if he is energetic and active and goes around the country saying things and doing things.

Our government information services are all right as far as they go, but we must face the fact that they are limited in their appeal and reach chiefly a minority of intellectuals. Our motion pictures get into schools and local chambers of commerce, but there again the mass mind where public opinion is made, is not reached at all.

To assert that our information program can be left in the hands of press agents is completely to misunderstand its nature and importance. Would a candidate for senator or governor or President leave the basic strategy of his campaign in the hands of a public-relations man? This is certainly not to say that press agents and public-relations men do not perform very useful functions indeed, but they are not and do not pretend to be policy makers, and it is not fair to them to treat them as such.

Here are some specific recommendations of a few steps which should receive careful consideration:

(1) The President of the United States and the Secretary of State should coordinate their public pronouncements and activities. I am informed by veteran newsmen that on the day when Secretary Marshall made his speech at Harvard outlining the Marshall Plan, President Truman gave out an interview denouncing the Russian "outrages" in Hungary. He therefore took the front page away from the Secretary of State.

(2) Instead of having the government directly distribute educational movies, why not have Hollywood block-book our government films along with their own? This would get our films into the best theaters before the mass audiences.

(3) We should not try to beat the Russians at their own game of lying. Each time they tell a lie, we ought to counter it with a truth. We must recognize that there is a world debate going on, and, whether we like it or not, we are the spokesman for one of the two sides. We should take part in the debate. I realize that in the conduct of our foreign affairs we have few men who have had experience in the art of debate or who have had any real political experience, although luckily we have officials who are experienced and informed in other fields which are of great importance. We have, however, learned a great many new things in the past few

"I don't know yet whether I'm going to dinner, movies and dancing. Call me back in ten minutes, Joe!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"I never even dreamed of having the money to own a place like this. Then in the fall we decided to follow the President's request to start eating less and . . ." SCOTT BROWN

OLLIER'S

s and we had better start developing e system for getting Americans who skilled in debate and in politics into day-to-day conduct of our foreign ions.

) Every possible encouragement ld be given to those American activi- abroad which are of a benevolent re, such as medical or educational ions. The good which American rs and nurses have done to our ige abroad is tremendous. That is true, I am sure, in the case of an ational institution like Roberts Col- in the Near East.

Foreign-born American citizens t be carefully selected with a view to g them tell the people, via tran- ed radio interviews in the countries eir origin, about America, what it s for and what it means to them.

Funds should be made available to le the United States to use foreign and press for the publication of messages, our music, our news lcasts and all our radio features.

Washington news items which are imary interest abroad ought to be ed abroad. For example, if we are g thirty old ships to Italy, the story d be released in Rome where it will a real punch, instead of in Wash- n. When a story like that is released ashington, the wire services simply a few hundred words to the local s in Italy. Of course, this will re- overcoming some bureaucratic dices in Washington, but it should ne and would cost nothing.

Earnest consideration should be to the proposition of translating the Herald into French or the Rome ican into Italian. Very few Euro- have seen a real newspaper. All ver see are the little sheets of po- opinion. If the Paris Herald were d in French, it might well have a ation of about 200,000. To be sure, ld be read by many who are pro- ican anyway, but it would be worth if it could be done without violat- e principle of keeping the United press free and independent of the l States government.

If newsprint could be made availa- the French press, much of its anti- can tone could be weakened. I ld that at the present time there is rnment body which allocates news- nd which is not generous to those n newspapers which fail to hew to nti-American line. This has the extraordinary result that Commu- octrine is found in newspapers are not Communist papers at all. ench reader is caught off guard.

(10) We should appropriate sufficient funds to enable American officials abroad to get the news firsthand. An American consul or vice-consul cannot be expected to afford to subscribe out of his own pocket to the Paris Herald and our well-known magazines.

(11) Our people abroad should be "on the ball" and get the United States into as many fairs and expositions as possible.

(12) There certainly must be some co-ordination of speeches by American officials. It is not enough to co-ordinate the remarks of American diplomats. All statements made by admirals, generals or other appointed officials should be carefully co-ordinated. One prominent American official in country A is making speeches which are doing incalculable harm to the American position in country B. I do not doubt that what he says is well suited to the situation in the country where he is stationed, but there is no reason why our diplomacy cannot be intelligent enough to achieve its ends in both country A and country B. One should not be required to exclude the other.

(13) The United States is being very well served in the conduct of its foreign relations by men of real ability whose experience in the fields of military science, economics and orthodox diplomacy are of the very greatest value to us in these stormy days. We are, however, also suffering from a lack of men whose experience has been in the field of public opinion, i.e., journalism, politics, etc. Now that we are fighting the battle for people's minds, we especially need men who are really political-minded—men whose lives have been spent in the exercise of the arts of persuasion in the field of public affairs and who, of course, have some real familiarity with conditions abroad, with mastery of a foreign language a most desirable added tribute.

A few such men would be more effective than a host of so-called "information programs," useful as such programs undoubtedly are in a limited sense. I am, of course, referring primarily to Western Europe, although I am quite prepared to believe that some really political-minded men could get a great deal accomplished behind the Iron Curtain, often without benefit of publicity.

We Americans have a great story to tell—a story of accomplishment and of constructive endeavor. To be sure, we make mistakes, but they are never sinister mistakes and our belief in a competitive economy, representative government and the right of the individual hold out the "last best hope" of rescuing man from his misery.

THE END

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* *Every drop* of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS IMPORT DIVISION Austin Nichols & Co Inc. Brooklyn-New York

"Stop the sale!" shouted a burly individual in a blue uniform with brass buttons

HERE COME THE PITCHMEN

Smallest of all small businessmen, these vendors of "miracle" merchandise use the sidewalk as a salesroom and human susceptibility as their chief capital. And they're doing very nicely, thank you

BY SAMUEL MC COY

BOUGHT any gummy or med, lately? Have you recently purchased a sniffer? Have you paid out any cash in the last week or two for corn punk, glim paste, slum or flookum?

No need to be ashamed of yourself, if you have. A million other good citizens, young and old, from Maine to California, have done the same thing. You're in good company.

Therefore the pipes are encouraging. The passouts are red. The hermans have been rolling in. Get your reader, make your pitch, set up the tripes, open the keister, make the flash, turn your tip—and the mooches fairly fight one another to get at the larry. In short, business was never better, and there isn't a blue spot between N'Awleens and the Canada border.

Which is to say, the smallest of all small businessmen—the pitchman—has not vanished from the North American continent like his contemporary, the dinosaur, but on the contrary is still going strong. The pitchman seems to be headed for the most prosperous year in a decade. Last year he is estimated to have grossed a couple of million dollars. Chicken feed, but still—.

Just what is a pitchman? You've seen him, of course, time and time again, for there isn't a city or town in the United States into which his wanderings have not led him. But perhaps you never heard him called by his proper title of pitchman, a title of which he is inordinately proud. Broadly speaking, he's the fellow who takes up his stand on the sidewalk to sell cheap merchandise to passers-by.

But your true pitchman will resent any such classification. He thinks of himself as no mere peddler, but as an artist. He is not just a huckster, peddling shoddy goods, factory leftovers. He is a profound student of human nature, a supersalesman, a comedian, a manufacturer, an artist, philosopher and businessman all rolled into one. His hands and his brain must both work like lightning, or he's no true pitchman.

The word itself simply means a street vendor who works at a "pitch"; and the word "pitch" here means merely the spot at which the man takes up his stand. It derives, of course, from the expression "to pitch a tent," but in the pitchman's case he hasn't any tent, or even an umbrella. All that he carries is his tripes and his keister. The tripes (slang for "tripod") is the folding easel on which he sets up his keister (pronounced "keester") or satchelful of merchandise. The tripes, originally three-legged, is now generally made with four legs, the better to support the suitcase or keister.

The antiquity of the profession is indicated by the word, which comes from the Greek word *kistè*, meaning a chest, or container for merchandise. "Tripes and keister" go back 3,000 years.

The pitchman, having set up his tripes on the sidewalk, catches the attention of passers-by by means of a few card tricks or handkerchief tricks. On a busy street, the crowd, or "tip" will form almost immediately. Then, opening his keister, he "makes the flash," or, in other words, displays his merchandise.

Old-time pitchmen referred to their stock as a "joint." One who made his own merchandise was said to "frame his own joint." Those who order merchandise to be sent them by mail from the jobber or wholesale distributor are known to the old-timer as "lifters," because the shipment comes to the post office C.O.D. and the pitchman must produce the cash called for, before he can "lift" it.

Sad to say, the old-time pitchman who framed his own joint often concocted merchandise which co never meet the standards of a Better Busir Bureau, and which usually made it imperative the pitchman to get out of town before his custo ers discovered its shortcomings. There were a l dozen or more of these joints which were ea framed and were great favorites—gummy, c punk, and the rest—and every old-timer knew formula for each one of them. He didn't even h to carry them from town to town. All he nee was a few cents' worth of merchandise from village drugstore, and the seclusion of his board house bedroom.

Magic Spot Remover or Miracle Ink Eradic is an old stand-by with the pitchman. Having m his pitch and called in his tip, he demonstrates magic cleaner. It will positively remove, he decla fruit stains, ink spots, dirt, grease, paint or any o stain. "Why, it will even remove iodine, one of hardest stains in the world to remove, as you kr and remove it instantly, and without injuring garment in the least!"

He puts a drop of iodine on his shirt sleeve holds it up for the crowd to see. "After you rubbed the spot with the Magic Remover, all have to do is to rinse it out with water," he sh

He lifts a pint flask of water from his ke "Clear, pure water," he says, holding it up fo to see. "And I need a drink of it right now!"

He takes a swig from the flask and puts it in the keister.

"Now," he says, "I rub on the Magic Spot mover."

From one of the hundreds of little pillboxes which his keister is filled—each one labeled M Spot Remover—he takes a tiny cube of some

THE PITCHMAN'S LINGO

Gummy: bottled glue
Sniffer: cure for colds
Corn punk: paste for corns and bunions
Glim paste: preparation for cleaning eyeglasses
Med: patent medicine
Flookum: nickel-plating fluid
Pipes: letters or communications from other pitchmen
Passouts: actual sales (*red* passouts are good; *blue* ones bad)
Hermans: dollars
Reader: license to peddle
Tripes: folding easel, set up to hold the
Keister: satchel of merchandise
Tip: crowd
Mooches: customers, suckers
Larry: merchandise
Slum: cheap merchandise

The "magic" fluid transfers pictures to clo

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

the gift most likely to please the person you want to please, give Waterman's. Exciting new on display at your dealer's now! Finest of e famous Waterman's—each has a 14 kt. gold , *ground by hand* for writing smoothness, plus important style and performance features found other pens! Pens $3.50 to $90. Sets to $125.

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The Crusader . . . Waterman's newest Taperite. Many "expensive pen" features, including hand-ground hooded point and tarnish-proof Lumalloy Cap. 4 colors. Styles for men or women. Pen, $5; Set, $8.

other pen writes like a **Waterman's**

Tune in Gang Busters Saturday nights, ABC, 9 E. T., 8 C. T., 7 M. T., 9 P. T.
L. E. Waterman Co., N.Y. 13, N.Y. UNION MADE

Make this an extra-special Christmas

(Below are some extra-special people in your life who deserve an extra-special gift this Christmas—a fine, accurate Hamilton Watch)

MOTHER. Does she always think of everyone at Christmas— except herself? Take her breath away this Christmas with an exquisitely designed, amazingly accurate Hamilton Watch. The CLARA (below) has 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case . . . . . **$60.50.**

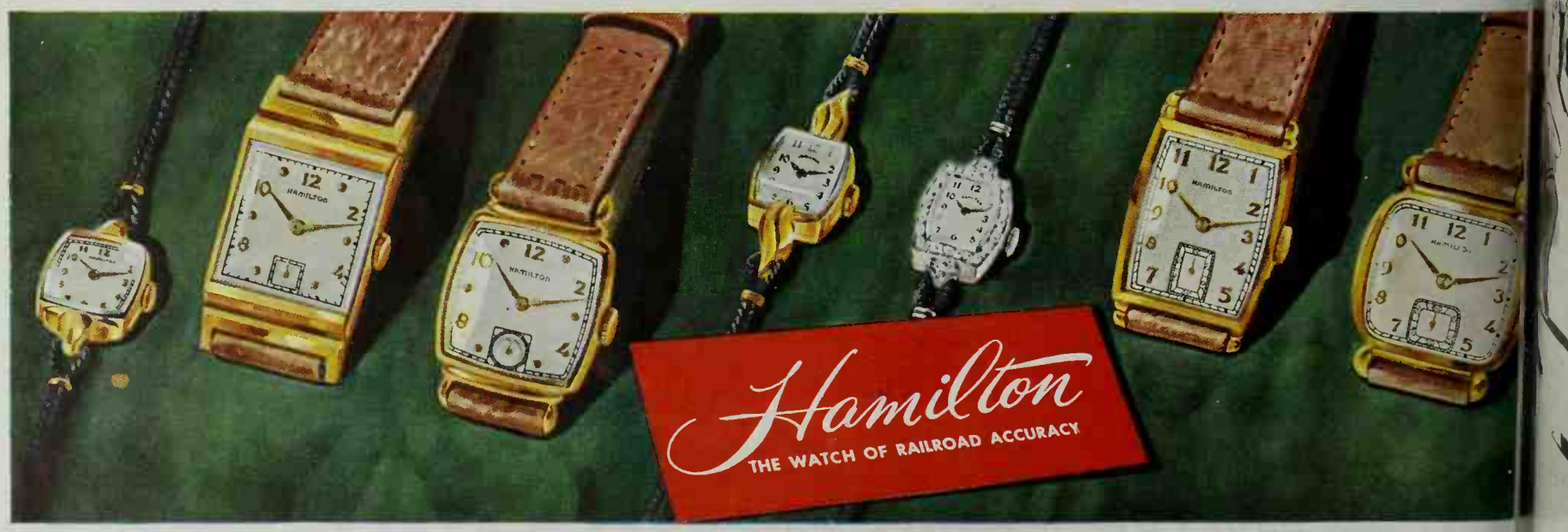
FATHER. Want to tell him how thrilled you are about his promotion? Give him a Hamilton —the Fine American Watch. Below (left), the WESLEY—19 jewels, 14K gold case, *Medallion* movement . . . **$180.** Below (right), the NORMAN—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case. **$66.**

DAUGHTER. Did she make the Honor Roll her very first term at college? She deserves something super special this Christmas—a precious Hamilton Watch. The lovely LANA (shown below) is a suggestion —17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case . . . . . **$71.50.**

GRANDMOTHER. Ever since you can remember, has she had a way of picking the one gift your heart was set on? Give her the gift *her* heart is set on —a beautiful Hamilton. "Diamond set" Hamiltons such as the one below are priced from **$120** to **$5,000.**

SON. Is he making good in first job? Show him how pr you are by putting a good-lo ing Hamilton in his stocki Below (left), the MYRON— jewels, 10K gold-filled case **$55.** Below (right), the MA —17 jewels, 10K gold-fil case . . . . . **$52.**

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's wide variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from $52.25 up. Prices include Fed. Tax.



The finest hairspring ever developed! It's the exclusive *Hamilton Elinvar Extra*—anti-magnetic, rust-resisting, true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Ham timepieces, it now assures greatest accuracy in every Hamilton made. Send for FREE catalog and revealing booklet, "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-8, Lancaste

cs like brown soap. With it he
th spot on his sleeve. Every eye in
p on him.
n now," he shouts, "we rinse it out
th pure water!"
ai he lifts the flask from the keister.
: uncaps it. But this time, in-
c taking a swig, he douses some
he iodine spot.
the spot has disappeared!
are gasps from those who have
niracle with their very own eyes.
he time to turn the tip—to size
ectators ready to buy, and to
king the passout, handing out
andise.
ir, ladeez and gentlemen, only
e cents for a box of this mir-
spot remover. Don't push,
wd, pul-lease! One for you,
Thank you! Take one home
ife, mister? Thank you! Here's
y!"

Trade Secret Exposed

tip begins to melt away, the
moves on to another pitch and
over again. If he is lucky, by
the day he has sold a hundred
f the pillboxes full of Magic
over, and has $25 in coins and
ney weighting down his pants
The whole lot hasn't cost him
five. The contents of the pill-
stuff that looked like a cube of
p, was exactly that—a cube of
p, which he himself had sliced
gger bar. The water that he
n the flask was actually water.
uid in the second flask which
ctly like the first, and which he
the iodine, was water in which
viously dissolved a spoonful
yposulphite crystals.
y not explain the gimmick to
er, give him the formula, and
ke the stuff himself? What's
with you, are you crazy, or
Where would the pitchman's
hen? The late W. C. Fields
than that. It is not good busi-
inted out, ever to give the
ven break.

One of the oldest of all joints in the pitchman's repertoire is a liquid known as transferene. The first transferene worker must have begun his benevolent labors shortly after the invention of printer's ink. Transferene is so easy to make that it is a favorite joint with the novice pitchman, the Johnny-come-lately. Furthermore, it has a wide appeal to women and children.

The transferene worker carries in his keister, in addition to the hundreds of little bottles of the stuff, a sheaf of pictures from newspapers and Sunday supplements—pictures both in black and in colored inks. Some squares of white cloth, an ordinary spoon, and a bit of flat, smooth board complete his equipment.

"Now, folks," he cries, when his tip has gathered, "this magic fluid that I have here in this little bottle enables you to become the owner of any beautiful picture you see in the papers, in permanent form! With this magic fluid you can transfer any picture you like, to wood, cloth, cardboard or leather, in its original colors! Girls, you can make sofa pillows on which you can have a picture of Van Johnson, Frankie Sinatra or your favorite movie star! Boys, with this magic fluid you can make your own collection of comics, in permanent form, remember! Now, folks, just watch me and I'll show you how it works!"

He holds up one of the newspaper pictures for all to see. Then, placing it on the board, face up, he applies a few drops of the fluid to it evenly, and removes the excess moisture with a blotter. Over it he spreads the white cloth, and then, with the teaspoon or any other hard, smooth object, carefully rubs the back of the cloth.

"And there you have it!" he cries, holding the cloth up with all the pride of an artist. "Lo and behold, folks, an exact reproduction of any picture you want, color and all! Only twenty-five cents, folks, for a bottle that will give you a hundred dollars' worth of beautiful pictures!"

It really works. The gimmick is that it costs the pitchman practically nothing to frame, the magic fluid consisting merely of soap and water with a few cents' worth of pure gum spirits of turpentine. The mixture, rubbed into the newspaper, loosens and softens the printing ink so that it adheres to the material to which it is to be transferred. Old pitchmen confide that occasionally a spectator in the crowd becomes so interested that he will draw the pitchman aside after the tip is turned and offer him fifty dollars for the secret formula. The pitchman, of course, refuses to take his money . . .

In recent years, chain stores and novelty stores have more or less undermined the transferene worker's business by putting out a picture-copying outfit in the form of waxed paper. But the old pitchman insists that the "magic fluid" produced better results.

In the winter months, when head colds are prevalent, the pitchman often turns his talents to working "sniffers." The sniffer is another easy joint to frame. It consists of a small glass bottle or cardboard tube stripped with absorbent cotton which has been saturated with a few drops of oil of eucalyptus and liquefied menthol crystals. Making his pitch, the sniffer worker gathers in a crowd by performing a few card tricks, then lays aside the cards and confides that he is there to bestow upon his listeners an infallible remedy for head colds, sinus colds, asthma and any other ailments of the throat and chest.

"You don't have to take my word for it, gentlemen," he shouts. "Before I ask you for a single penny, I'm going to give you a free sample of this marvelous remedy, and let you see for yourself! Just hold out your hands and it's yours!"

Into each outstretched palm he pours a few drops from a bottle which contains, not eucalyptus oil or menthol, but oil of mustard.

"Now, when I count three, folks," he continues, "I want you all to cup your hands like this and hold them up to your nostrils, and when I give the word I want you all to take a big deep breath of this wonderful oil, Nature's gift to mankind, taken from the eucalyptus trees of far-off Australia and blended with herbs picked by the Yaqui Indians of Arizona! One! Two! Three! Sniff!"

Curing a Cold—the Sneezy Way

The resulting burst of sneezes will make the explosion of a two-ton bomb sound like a whisper. By the time his victims have assured themselves that the tops of their heads haven't blown off and have wiped the tears streaming from their eyes, the pitchman is yelling exultantly, "Now, how do you feel, folks? Tell me the truth—hasn't that cleared your head, don't you feel fine?"

The violent sneeze has, in fact, driven out that stuffy feeling—momentarily. And in that golden moment the pitchman finds eager takers for his innocent sniffers.

Oil of mustard is also the pitchman's friend when he is working corn punk, the name by which he disrespectfully refers (in private) to his magical paste for the instant relief of aching corns and bunions. Oil of mustard doesn't even have to be put directly on the corn—just drop a little on the shoe and it will work right through the leather and make the sufferer think his toe has been suddenly set on fire by a blow torch. He forgets all about the aching corn. But when he buys a packet of the Miracle Korn Kure, on the assurance that it contains the same powerful ingredient, he will discover eventually that he has bought nothing but a small cube of laundry soap.

Gummy, or gummy gahoo, is the pitchman's word for bottled household glue. The old pitchman makes it himself. He buys a pound or two of the solidified fish-flake glue sold in hard-

I suppose you ski people just hibernate all summer long—"

BARNEY TOBEY

Here's a gift that *every* man will appreciate! For he'll wear his Plymouth Weatherproof throughout the year . . . because it doubles handsomely both as raincoat or topcoat.

And what an impression a smart Plymouth makes! Its *extra touches* in skilled tailoring spell *top quality* to every man. Yes, give him the gift he'll really use — Plymouth Weatherproof for Christmas!

Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS

PLYMOUTH
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
495 Albany St., Boston, Mass.

Three rings wherever you go...

one ring for **purity**

a second for **body**

a third for **flavor**

Next time try

BALLANTINE ALE

America's largest selling Ale

P. Ballantine & Sons

res and takes it to the seclusion om, where, with the help of an urner, he melts the flake glue in vater, lets the slab cool, cuts it ttle cubes, and wraps each cube il, for sale. Making his pitch favorable spot on the street, he m his keister the portable heater ms up a sample of the glue. up a cheap china saucer or plate, rately breaks it with a hammer. worry, folks," he says jovially, cer will be stronger than new, fix it with this Miracle Mender " He smears a little of the on the broken edges of the resses the two edges together, st instantly the glue has hard- he holds the mended plate up

he continues, "when you've a plate with this marvelous n, the place that's been stronger than all the rest of plate should happen to fall off and break again, the break e at the place where it broke t at some new spot. Throw it ewalk if you want to. You'll ling you the truth!"

ically, he breaks the mended l, sure enough, the crack is at , and not at the edges that have together!

only one point that the pitch- lt it unnecessary to mention to ser of the miracle glue—in umid weather the glue gathers oisture in the air, and the ate falls apart.

or less innocent joint, the glim otherwise eyeglass cleansing t a phony or harmful article, s the pitchman to profit by his ignorance of a simple scien- Having assembled his crowd, an proclaims that he has a reparation (miraculous, of ich will keep eyeglasses free ure even on a rainy day or earer's face is bathed in per- nd asks one of his audience to s eyeglasses for an immediate ion.

g a small cube of what seems rdened and semitransparent he pitchman avers that this is the "magical" preparation. He rubs it on one of the two lenses, leaving the other untouched, and then carefully rubs the first one clean with a soft handkerchief. He then breathes on both lenses in turn and hands the pair back to its owner. "You will notice that the one that I rubbed with the Magic Cleaner is perfectly clear," he says triumphantly, "while the other one is so misted up that you can't see through it!"

Rich Return from Small Outlay

Simple as it is, the demonstration has resulted in numberless sales. The magic preparation is, of course, nothing but clear glycerine soap, cut up into cubes that bring a dime or even a quarter apiece. Any motorist knows that if his windshield wiper isn't working in rainy weather, a little glycerine will help, if put on the glass and then wiped dry with a clean rag. But lots of people don't know it, and this simple bit of information has started many a pitchman up in business. The only capital needed is a ten-cent bar of soap, a handkerchief—and a glib tongue.

Razor-blade sharpening paste is quite another matter. There is out-and-out deception here. The pitchman holds up a safety-razor blade, announces that he will dull its cutting edges, and then, by using the miracle (again that word "miracle") paste on the strop, will sharpen them until they can split hairs. He proceeds to dull one edge by hacking it against a chunk of hard wood, or even against a piece of lead pipe.

"And now, gentlemen, as you can plainly see, I turn the blade over and dull the other side, too. What your eyes see, the heart is bound to believe." He continues to hack at the wood or the lead pipe, and soon announces that both edges of the blade are now so dull that they wouldn't cut butter. He demonstrates this by drawing one of the edges against a hair that he yanks from his own head. It won't cut.

Now he puts some of his magic paste on the strop and strops the blade briskly. "Just rubbing a little of it on the strop will do the trick!" he shouts. "A little of this magic dressing goes a long way, and just one stick of it will last you a lifetime,

"...o out of touch with young people—what shall we talk about?"

BARNET TOBEY

Research says "Hotter!" Tests by recognized laundering authorities show you the quick, easy way to whiter wash.

"*The hotter the water*," say these authorities, "*The whiter the wash.*"

New Temperature Dial Control Sends It Hotter. Ruud, the Gas water-heater with the Monel* tank, introduces the amazing new Ruud Temperature Dial Control. Ruud, Gas and Monel, plus Dial Temperature Control give you *hotter* water—*faster*, *cleaner* and *cheaper!* They add up to perfect hot water service, 24 hours a day, year after year after year.

1. HOTTER! The new Ruud Temperature Dial Control lets you "dial" the *hotter* water you need for whiter wash; then delivers *all* you need, *fast* as you need it! Just set the dial for the temperatures you need.

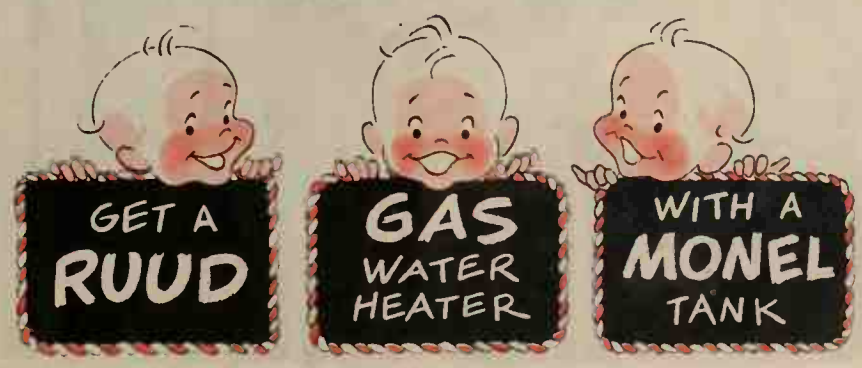
3. CLEANER! No dirty, rusty water, no ugly, brown streaks on linens from the Monel tank of your Ruud. It's completely *rustproof* because it's solid Monel. It sends you water that's crystal-clear and clean!

2. FASTER! You needn't try to "save" the water! Or waste time watching and waiting. *Gas* heats fast . . . quickly replaces the hot water you use.

4. CHEAPER! From basement to attic, Ruud-Gas-Monel delivers hot water cheaper. You get Ruud Thtift-design and the new Ruud Temperature Dial Control. You heat with *Gas*, the economy fuel. And your solid Monel tank lasts longer, costs less per year.

HOT NEWS! The new automatic washing machines are designed to give you the full benefit of *hotter* water. And Ruud, Gas and Monel work together to deliver this hotter water.

In a national survey 99 out of 100 of our customers say they would recommend Ruud-Gas-Monel to their friends. Built for all types of gas including LP-gas. See your Gas Company, Plumber or Dealer today. Wtite for free literature now!



RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Pittsburgh 1, Pa.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHE: A dozen rehearsals for every take! Why do I have to work for a perfectionist?

HE: Perfection makes stars . . . or did I read that somewhere?

SHE: And my clothes! . . . I probably look as glamorous as a ragbag by now.

HE: You look mighty good to me, sweetie pie.

SHE: You know, your suit seems to take it okay.

HE: Does it? There really must be something in this Balanced Tailoring.

SHE: Balanced Tailoring . . . ?

HE: That's what it says in the Timely Clothes ads. "Balanced Tailoring is a scientific blending of fine needlework for supple softness — machine sewing for stamina." How's that for remembering lines?

SHE: Sold! Say, maybe *I* ought to do a male role!

"One more rehearsal and I quit!"

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer

TIMELY CLOTHES ARE MODERATELY PRICED, TOO . . . AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TIMELY CLOTHES, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

gentlemen, if you don't lose it! There! Now this blade is even better than a new one. It's so sharp now that it would shave the eyebrows off a New Jersey mosquito! Let's just watch and see!"

Sure enough, the hair that he blows gently against the blade is snicked off as clean as a whistle. He sells the paste hand over fist. And he's gone with the wind. . . .

There's no virtue in the paste. It's only petroleum jelly or plain soap. The gimmick is in the pitchman's sleight of hand. He has not dulled both edges of the blade, but only one, dulling that edge *twice*. The other edge has been left with its original sharpness. Simple, huh? Try and do it!

Most sadly reprehensible of all the joints is flookum, or, as some spell it, flukem.

Flookum is a harmless-looking concoction, blended by the old pitchman in the dark of the moon, whose chief ingredients are metallic mercury, nitric acid and water. Bottled and flashily labeled, it sold for whatever the traffic would bear. It was supposed to nickel-plate any tarnished metal surface, and was sometimes known as Plato. In this case it was the customer who had to be a philosopher.

Promises of What Plato Will Do

Listen to the chant of the pitchman: "Plato, the magic worker, nickel-plates your tarnished kitchen faucets, your doorknobs, your bathroom fixtures, the headlamps of your automobile, so that they gleam like polished silver! It will nickel-plate anything whatever, that is made of brass or copper! And it takes no time or trouble whatsoever! All you have to do is to apply a small amount of Plato to the article you wish to turn into gleaming silver, then take a dry rag and rub it off! And not *almost* instantly, but *instantly* you have a bright new shiny object that can't be told from pure silver, in place of the thing that just a half minute ago was nothing but a rusty, ugly piece of tarnished junk metal!

"You don't have to take my word for it! You, there, and you—just lend me a copper penny for a second and I'll hand it back to you looking like a silver dime! Is there any gentleman here with a brass key ring, or a brass chain, that he would like to have turned into solid silver? Ah, thank you, sir! And you, too, sir! Here I have a penny, a brass key ring, a brass chain! Now, just one second!"

And he is as good as his word. No sooner has he put the magical stuff on the tarnished metal and rubbed it for a moment than the tarnished article has been transformed into gleaming silver. Is it any wonder that the flookum sells as rapidly as he can hand out the bottles and take in the real silver?

But there is one cardinal rule which the flookum worker must never forget, if he values his future at all: He must get out of that town that night, and put as much geography between that town and his next stopping place as he possibly can.

Old pitchmen tell a mournful tale of one of their number, a gentleman known as One-Eye Willie, who forgot this essential procedure. One-Eye arrived one bright morning in a little California town, his keister bulging with bottles of flookum, set up his tripes on a promising spot, and began his spiel. The crowd that gathered was fascinated by the demonstration which One-Eye made. Gasps of admiration came from all sides as Willie held up to view one glistening example after another of his nickel-plating. Just as he was on the point of turning the tip and making the passout, a voice from the fringe of the crowd bellowed:

"Stop the sale!"

A burly individual pushed his way through the crowd, and One-Eye noted with dismay that he was wearing a blue uniform with brass buttons. In his agitation, One-Eye mistook the man f town's chief of police.

"How many bottles of that stu you got there?" the big man bel "And what do you git fer them?"

"One gross," quavered One-Ey hun'erd and forty-four bottles. cents a bottle is what I usually as I ain't sold a single one yet, Chief, I ain't!"

"That's fine!" boomed the bi "Here's your seventy-two bucks, the lot! I'm the chief of the fire ment of this here town and I'm g have every piece of apparatus in partment shined up with this s yours if it takes the boys all day! the most wonderful stuff I ever eye on! Doggone if we don't hav only silver-plated outfit in th U-nited States!"

He held out a roll of bills. O Willie took it and collapsed in a f

When he came to, with the mo clutched in his hand, he headed for the nearest saloon. When h

One bottle contains wa ter, the other chemical

up on Monday morning, two d he was in the city jail.

On the previous Saturday, th had nickel-plated every square brass that the fire department fire engines, hose carts, hose even the brass buttons and bras By Saturday evening every inch was gleaming silver and the ch to bed that night in blissful pric

By Sunday morning, everythi with the flookum had turne That's the only trouble with flo turns things black within tw hours. One-Eye Willie had ov that point.

They gave him thirty day clink. . . .

But the pitchman, the pitc coming back, and is manfully share in warding off inflation b the public into spending mon estimated by old-timers that now fully 2,000 pitchmen scatt the continent. Wherever crow with money in their pockets—a carnivals, and county fairs—t eroo is to be seen. If he ca reader—the license issued by t police department—he operat If pitching is banned, as it i York City, the pitcheroo takes anyway, but must be ready to f tripes and keister in the twink eye, and like the Arabs, "sile away" when he sees the law ap He follows the sun—North in mer, South in the winter. An sun, or like the chirp of the of the spring, his voice warms

"Step up closer, ladeez and g so that you can carefully ex marvelous and miraculous—"

Who that hears him can res mooch?

THE END

TH CHIPPENDALE CHAIRSIDE • Relax next to this superbly styled phonograph-radio and enjoy hours of broadcast entertainment ur recorded moving from your easy chair. All controls at your finger-tips. Cabinet also provides ample record storage space. Richly finished in mahogany.

Farnsworth Fidelity

To brighten your Holidays and the years ahead

Small-home owners will find Farnsworth phonngraph-radin space requirements. Offering tone from records and wide- eption, this superb console is gany or blonde prima vera.

MODEL GT-051 • A handsome table radio to entertain the children in their own room, or tn brighten Mother's kitchen or Dad's den. Built-in antenna. Automatic volume contrnl. Sturdy, thnroughly dependable in nperation. Large airplane-type dial assures easy, accurate tuning.

MODEL GK-086 • Exquisitely proportioned—fits neatly under a window, along a wall, wherever desired—ideal for today's modern apartment. AM-FM radio. Precision-built changer stops automatically after last record. Finished in rich walnut ur blonde prima vera.

Let a Farnsworth fill your home with festive Holiday music—now and throughout the coming years. For this brilliant new phonograph-radio—with the exclusive Farnsworth Tone Clarifier—is your lasting guarantee of musical pleasure. The Tone Clarifier at last makes possible the *unblemished* reproduction of recorded music. Surface noise and needle scratch disappear. Even scratched records reproduce flawlessly, musically complete. Farnsworth phonograph-radios are available in a wide choice of period and modern cabinets. Luxurious AM-FM consoles with the celebrated Farnsworth automatic record-changer and Tone Clarifier . . . compact table models for your individual use. When you see a Farnsworth—hear its tonal beauty—compare its cost, you will agree that it truly represents musical perfection, modestly priced ($24.95 to $425). See your Farnsworth dealer today. He has been chosen for his integrity and will arrange for Holiday delivery of the Farnsworth you select.

N WORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION, FORT WAYNE 1, INDIANA

"that's for you, pop!"

don't try it on for size, Pop! It's only a smart idea—a ticket to style and comfort in a hat. You can do the picking yourself. There's a real expert way to fit you with the right hat—right style, right color, right shape for the head man. You always did go for a successful appearance. Now go to a Recognized Hatter, and choose the hat that fits your head and makes the most of your personality!

give him a hat
this delightful easy way

Give your favorite man a double thrill this Christmas. First, he gets this handsome certificate in a miniature hat box that's virtually a gift in itself. Later, when he uses the certificate at a Recognized Hatter's—wherever the plaque at the right is featured—he gets the hat that's right for him!

RECOGNIZED
Hat Research Foundation
1910-17
HATTER

this plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

will be able to tell by their clothes they're men or women. Soon, in ests of tolerance and equality, the will consolidate into one master e know as fmales, or mimmen.
MIKE LEFCOURT, Woodbine, N. Y.

CYCLOTRONIC CENSURE

MEN: It is with regret that I find in wholehearted agreement with avda quote in Mr. Weisinger's nickel amusement devices (Mister , Nov. 1st), calling us barbaric for ntile enjoyment in operating the Bomber. Why do our high priests ity seem impelled to dub "atomic" and everything from cocktails to ar torsos? There is a certain hallowness in a national character le to such blandishments.
cans, with apparently small ca- r such a position, have had world l leadership thrust upon them. ld have reached a point at which he jack pot" is less important than bility of radioactive children.
ID B. WILSON, Cambridge, Mass.

HORSE SENSE

TOR: In Poor Man's Race Horse,), Vivien B. Keatley says, "With nal exception, the thoroughbred nothing but racing or the stud." atement is ridiculous, also what says about polo ponies. Anyone layed polo knows that a quarter pretty good mount on a polo ot up to sustained speed with a red or near thoroughbred. Also , not draft, that are good must ve thoroughbred blood; even the rse owes his good qualities to the for nothing but racing."
S P. NEWBEGIN, Danvers, Mass.

RESTIMATED ART FORM

N: Did it ever occur to anyone s the most widely distorted, mis- and underestimated art form in ..? Most music stories present as a group of misfits. Either is a zoot-suited, jive-talking ver without a gross of reefers k or two of narcotics, or he's a ky found in an abandoned mine ing his heart out on a fifth-hand d living solely on memorics. y a wealthy lover of music, he national prominence overnight n, they'se too commercial nowa- se g'wan back to de ole mine." Porter's sad Blow Me Blue was one of the most ludicrous. quote: "He blew the first chorus lues, blew it slow and easy, be- p was rusty." After a little lay- nty years or so any horn man's e a bit rusty. So after all this turns his back on the Big Time, ck to the houseboat and "the blew was like a razor blade, world wide open. He took the hit a fine A-flat"—and dropped w fantastic can you get?
E ANDERSON, Ludington, Mich.

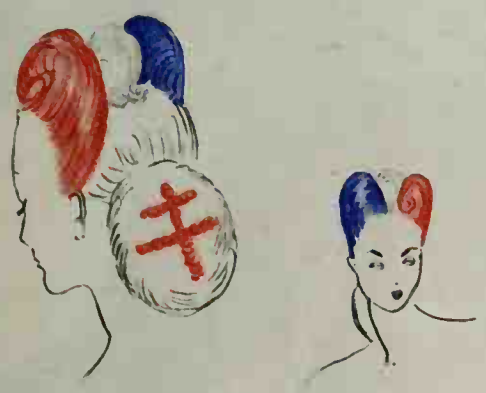
WHEN YOU SAY THAT!

In Jr's Diary by Henry Morgen- 25th) a picture caption of Wal- with Morgenthau says, "When erred to a $300,000,000 loan as r loss, Morgenthau said, 'You our own home that way.' "
Morgenthau disagrees with Mr. he evidently does, why does he eraman to take his picture with irk on his face? To show his his same "smile for the camera, seems to be in all our pictures n these days. The more seri- estion under discussion, the country goes into debt, the t to war, the bigger the smiles on the faces of the men who represent us. It makes us feel that perhaps they are not treating matters seriously enough.
MRS. LEO E. SUTLIFF, Camp Hill, Penn.

They're probably laughing through tears.

RED, WHITE & BLUE HAIR, LONG MAY IT WAVE!

DEAR SIR: Jon Whitcomb's white-streaked hair-do cover (Oct. 11th) is nothing to the French girl. In 1944 a well-known *coiffeur* presented a style where the hair was colored with a dark blue paint and sprayed with silver dust, to be worn with a fancy evening dress. I have seen a girl with her hair up in tresses, one tress was her own red hair and the other dyed black.



A famous songstress named Yolanda had black hair with one side bleached blond. But the best I have seen was at a party to celebrate the first anniversary of the Liberation of Paris. A girl had a hair-do that was swept up in three big curls, one was blue, the middle one white and the other side bright red. In the back on the white chignon were some red curls applied in the form of the *"Croix de Lorraine."* The sketch which I have made explains it.
MME. DANIELLE BRAUER

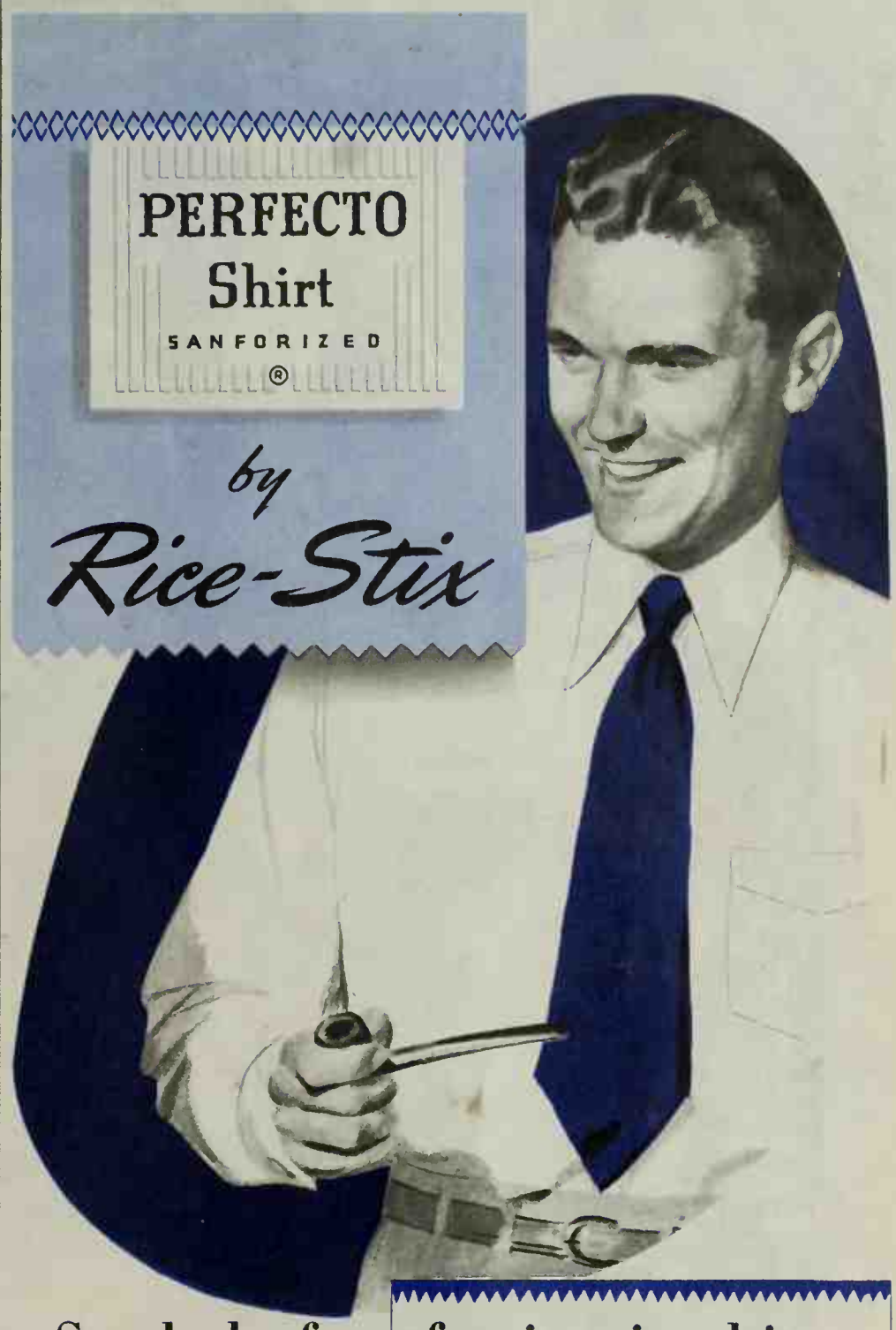
POTTY OF THE FIRST POT

GENTLEMEN: Let me be the first of the thousands of mothers who undoubtedly will send in critical comments on the story and illustration of Bernie and Me (Oct. 25th). Someone should tell Fuller and Cooper the facts of life. A potty chair such as the one pictured has no hinge in the seat, or even bolts. The seat is made of a piece of solid wood, curved to fit the—er—contours. A folding back—and armrest is *screwed* on, true enough, but not even Herman could get his head under the top railing of either one. Furthermore, a boy's potty chair is equipped with a deflector—if you know what I mean.
MRS. JOHN RANDOLPH,
Redwood City, Cal.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIRS: I wonder if many of your readers realize how incredible life is in Europe at this moment. In England we blame our government for everything from the price of food to the weather, but at least Collier's in London costs only 6d; in Paris yesterday I paid 20 francs (10d or 20 cents), whilst today I ventured to the Champs Elysées and to my great delight saw American candy, a 5-cent candy bar (reminiscent of my Wren life!). I pounced and then the blow: 60 francs (60 cents) for this 5-cent bar, simply outrageous.
EILEEN M. CARROLL, Paris, France

. . . I have just received a copy of the Sept. 20th issue from the Red Cross. It seems that a Mrs. McDonald (The Week's Mail) would like to have more American blood shed on this war-torn earth. I wonder if she knows how it feels to lie in a foxhole and wonder what the next second will bring—"death or life." If she does want a war, please pay her passage to Russia.
THE PATIENTS OF WARD 21D,
49th General Hospital, Tokyo, Japan



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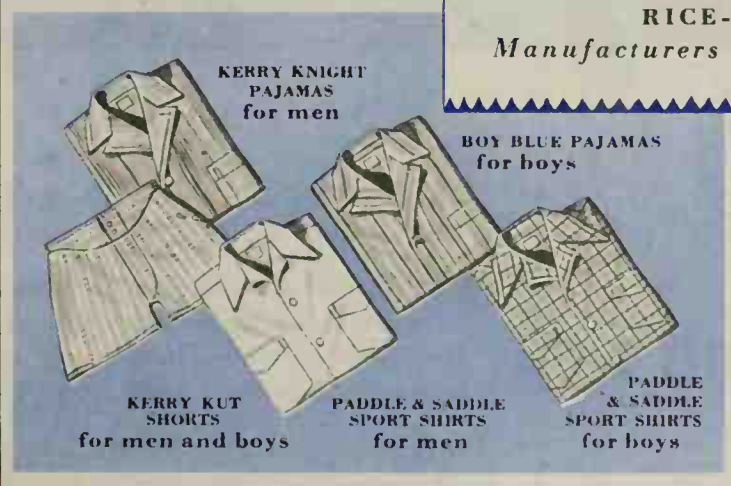
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BLACK-TIE COWBOY

Continued from page 12

you're going to remember to Tuesday?"
lary," Harry said, "you got the ne. I ain't real good at recol- owsomever, I'll do my durned-

ll and remind you Tuesday " Mary said. "Goodby, Wild

NED to attend that dinner; trepidation. Mary's parents lthy—her father owned the Nevada department store l represented the older society geles. To say that Los Angeles society is erroneous; some of stablished families go back thirty years. The Morgans f this group, which didn't wel- ie people or fly-by-nighters. ers were done in style, and d that their guests have rec- ncestors and a claim to civi- ers. I suspected Harry would ther, and soon make himself le.

ised me, both in his choice of language. As I was now the ttorney for Mr. Morgan and , I was later solicited for an Harry by Mr. and Mrs. Mor- und myself incapable—from t of strict justice—of animad- on either his breeding or his

, he was employed in motion t he gave the impression that nly an amusing side line, and ither his interest nor loyalty. ad been a senator from Penn- d died incorruptible, if rela- His mother was a Broderick chusetts. Harry received his Harvard, though he avoided y spending every summer on anch in Wyoming. I did not ck of a broad A as a serious d he had traded it for great ty, superb horsemanship and slipping easily into a dialect Western dramas.

od his entrance into the act- n stemmed from giving up into the diplomatic service aduation, going to the an- y Stampede on a bet, and rodeo competition there, he broke his nose and at- tention of a director of cow-

I didn't know all that when I ith the Morgans in the pan- of their home; most of the is the result of an investiga- tion I conducted on my own behalf during the succeeding two months.

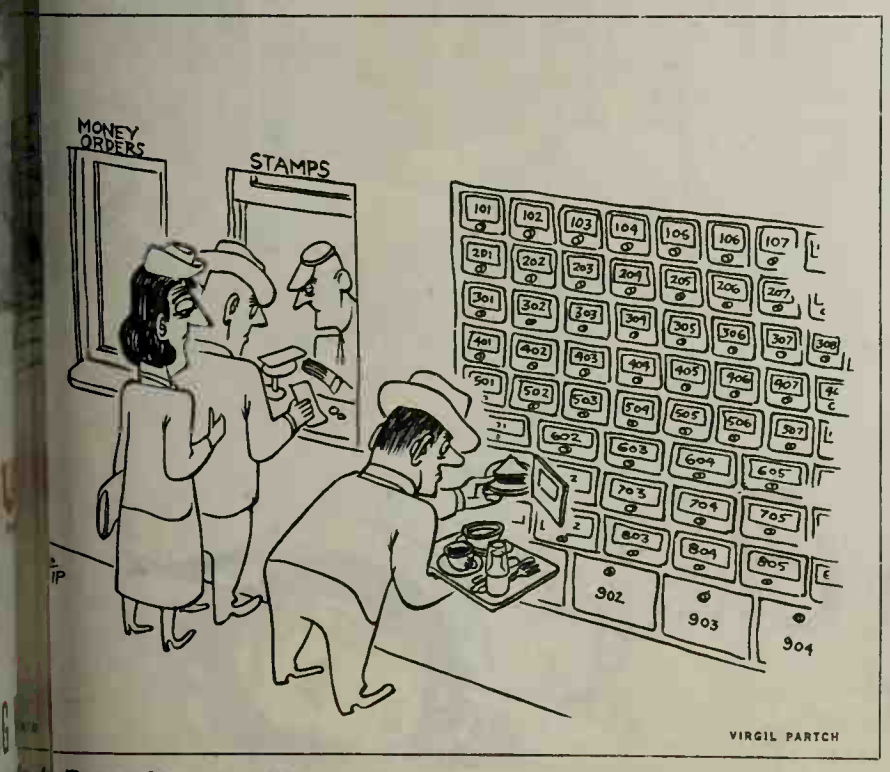
The investigation was performed for the best possible reasons. Mr. Morgan, upon my advice, was already making gifts or establishing trusts for a large part of his holdings in order to escape death taxes when he was deceased, and Mary had become a woman of property. I had been selected as her counsel, and I felt it was incumbent upon me to know all I could of anyone who might capture her affections. That is how I happened to "case"—if you'll pardon the expression —Harry.

Well, as I said, Harry made a good impression during his initial visit. He wasn't a drinker, and his language was well chosen. His dinner jacket was old and of a Bond Street cut. He could talk wines with Mr. Morgan, music with Mrs. Morgan and politics with everyone. Mary was disappointed that he hadn't brought his banjo, but he wouldn't discuss it with her. I found him exceedingly compatible myself, and he requested me to telephone him later in the week regarding some legal work. Expressing himself as satisfied with my services on his behalf shortly after, he engaged me as his lawyer. Old Judge Blake, I remember, was much pleased at the business I was bringing into the firm, though he dropped dead along about that time while having a beer across from the city hall, so he didn't have long to enjoy my success.

MARY must have had a couple of dates with Harry of which I wasn't cognizant. Then one night he phoned me to rush right over to his Sunset Boulevard apartment for a party. It was characteristic of him to apprise his guests at the last minute. They needed gals at the hoedown, he said, and urged me to bring a date.

I hurriedly called Mary, but learned that she had already left for somewhere, and I was forced to go alone. When I got to Harry's apartment, I found her there with him, helping to entertain a mixed lot —cowboys, producers, female movie stars and others. A night club from across the street was supplying food and champagne, brought up on trays by waiters who were forced to duck through traffic to deliver their burdens. The party seemed to go on forever, amid much loud talk and music, and eventually the night club closed and the management, floor show and musicians crossed the perilous boulevard to join our gathering.

I had intended to leave early because I had a morning in court ahead of me, but I had a few too many glasses of cham-



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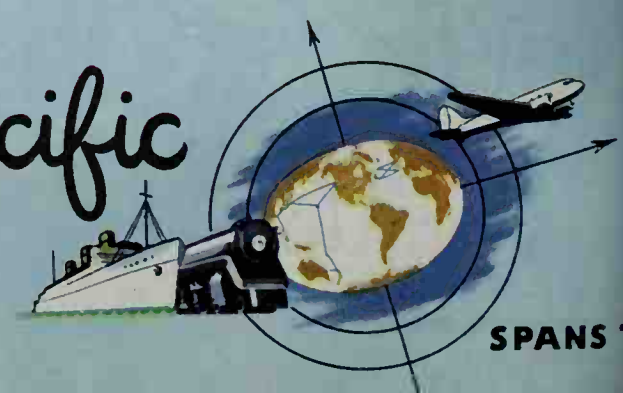


SPANS TH

d couldn't tear myself away, par- when the girls from the night an doing their act. Also, I Mary would bear watching. dy at the party who was terribly ed on the foot of the Dalmatian n as Liver Trouble, and the lat- r in the leg. The lady thereupon ack. They were separated with st difficulty and given first aid. ng a client of mine. I leaped im- into action and took every pre- gainst a damage suit, including a signed release from the lady, reliminary draft of a letter to surance company.

N that was all concluded, I ed the first opportunity to get ne. "My dear," I said, "it is y five in the morning. Though rom a Mr. Grundy—"

not too far, Alfred," Mary w's Mrs. Grundy?"

kes, please," I said. "You ve been home long ago. What parents think?"

ults of the poll, Senator, follows: Three per cent ou to run for President; rest just want you to run"

BILL KING

they'd come tonight," Mary oh, boy, did you ever have n? Isn't Harry a character?" 'discuss the personalities of I said.

ite right, too," Mary said. day I went to a rodeo with he only boy friend I ever had y threw the bull. Not a bull was a steer. But he threw it, ot right out there in the am- nd—"

alking too loud, Mary," I

s me so excited," Mary said. I think I'm going completely e other night we were danc- and he decided to join the hey lent him a banjo, and the orchestra was playing square dances and Harry was . It practically wrecked the

manager of the club say any- aking action against Harry?"

ry said. "Should he have?" nply asking," I said. "Harry a man painfully vulnerable I'm worried concerning this t with the Dalmatian."

im, didn't she?" Mary said. he fight. I think Liver Trou- ommendable restraint. If it rtigo, now—"

ouble," I said. "Vertigo. e call his dogs by ordinary illy."

Mary said. "They have spots on them, don't they? When you have liver trouble or vertigo, you have spots before your eyes. Don't you see the connection? Because they are spotted dogs—"

"I perceive the joke, Mary," I said, "but, as you may recall, jesting is not my long suit. By the way, do your parents know you have been out several times with Harry?"

"Yes," Mary said. "Shouldn't they?"

"Mary," I said, "you are a wealthy young woman. Your youth and beauty, plus even more tangible assets, are apt to cause you to be the target of designing men. As your lawyer, I strongly urge you to watch out for them."

"You mean Harry?" Mary said.

"Yes," I said. "I mean no. I'm Harry's counsel, and I'd do less than my duty to a client if I impugned his motives. No, I have the utmost confidence in Harry."

"Who do you mean then?" Mary said. "Yourself?"

"My dear girl," I said, "I have searched my conscience time and again in connection with our relationship, and I'm prepared to testify under oath—"

At that moment Harry came up. He had glued a crepe mustache to his lip and wore a sheriff's star pinned to the lapel of his dinner jacket.

"We're goin' to have law in Hollywood," he said, "and nothin' but the law. Justice has penetrated west of the Los Angeles River. Speak up, Judge Edmonds."

"Well—" I started to say.

"Sheriff," Mary said, "me and the judge here been talkin' about you. Have you ever considered runnin' in double harness?"

"Why, not rightly hard," Harry replied. "A man's got no call to bring a woman out here on this here lone frontier. I admit I've considered writin' to one of them Eastern matrimonial bureaus and seein' if they had a girl that knew a plow from an ax handle."

"I ain't hitched, Sheriff," Mary said, "but I'm aimin' to find myself a cowboy. I want to get out of this here honky-tonk district."

"Mary!" I said.

"I'm makin' this play, Judge," Mary said. She looked at Harry. "How would I strike you as a woman to curry your hoss and clean your shootin' 'arns?"

"A little dance-hall gal like you, Miss Mary?" Harry said. "You know that wouldn't work out at all. I need something steadier—maybe an Indian squaw. I figger to become a nester in the San Fernando Valley pretty soon."

"You're a plain-talkin' man, Sheriff," Mary said, "and I'm a plain-talkin' gal. One of these days we'll be ridin' your buckboard out to Encino as man and wife or the judge here'll take you into court on a breach-of-promise suit."

"Wait," I said. "This joking has gone far enough. We must have no discussion of suits between clients—"

"Did I propose to you, Miss Mary?" Harry asked.

"You did, pardner," Mary said. "Night before last."

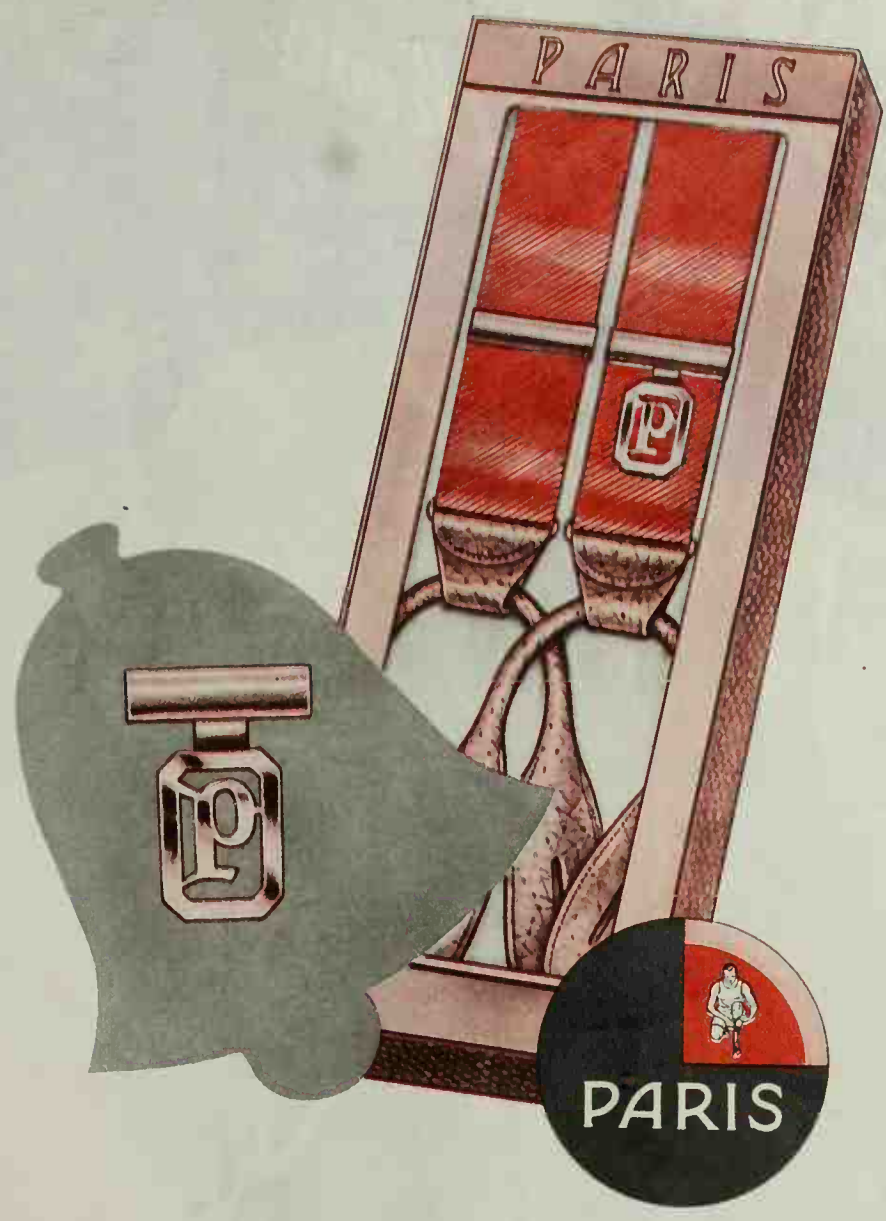
"I'll be durned," Harry said. "Must've slipped my mind."

"I'm going home," I said. "I have a hang-over."

I SHOULD have known then that I was dwelling in a fool's paradise, emotionally and legally. But my sagacity failed me completely; Harry and Mary talked so casually, in such a joking fashion, that I didn't take them seriously. Besides, I was worried concerning Liver Trouble's battle with the lady guest, and the champagne wasn't agreeing with me.

A week passed, and Harry came to my office downtown. He announced that he was takin' on Miss Mary as a lifetime pardner. I must have looked sick.

"What's the matter, Judge?" Harry said. "I mean to make it legal—we're getting married. Isn't that all right?"



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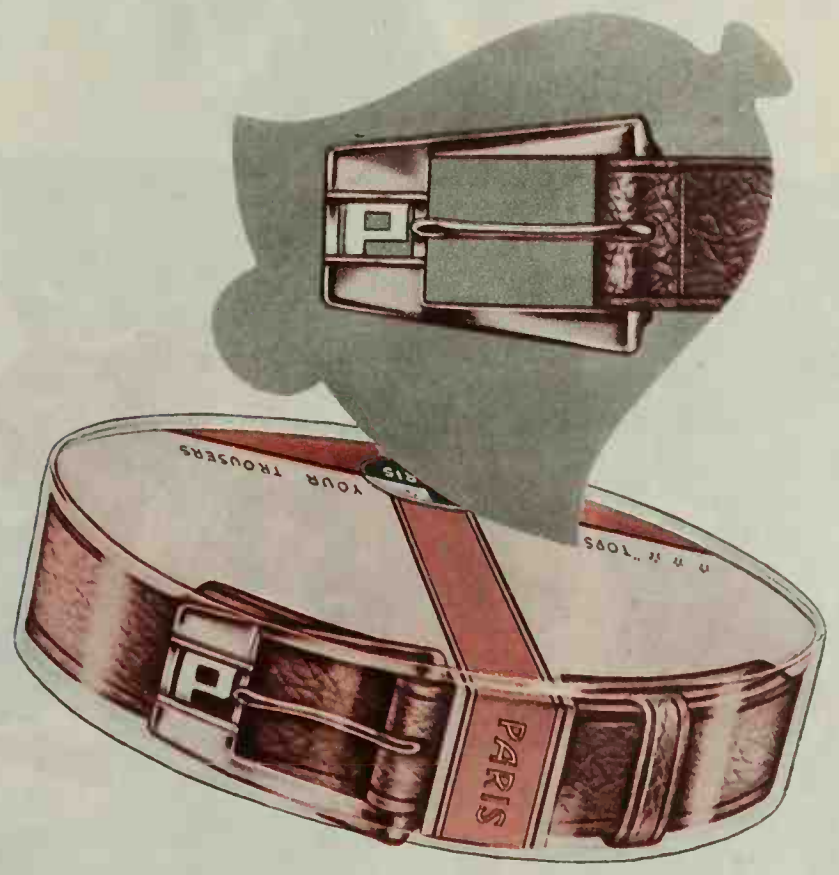

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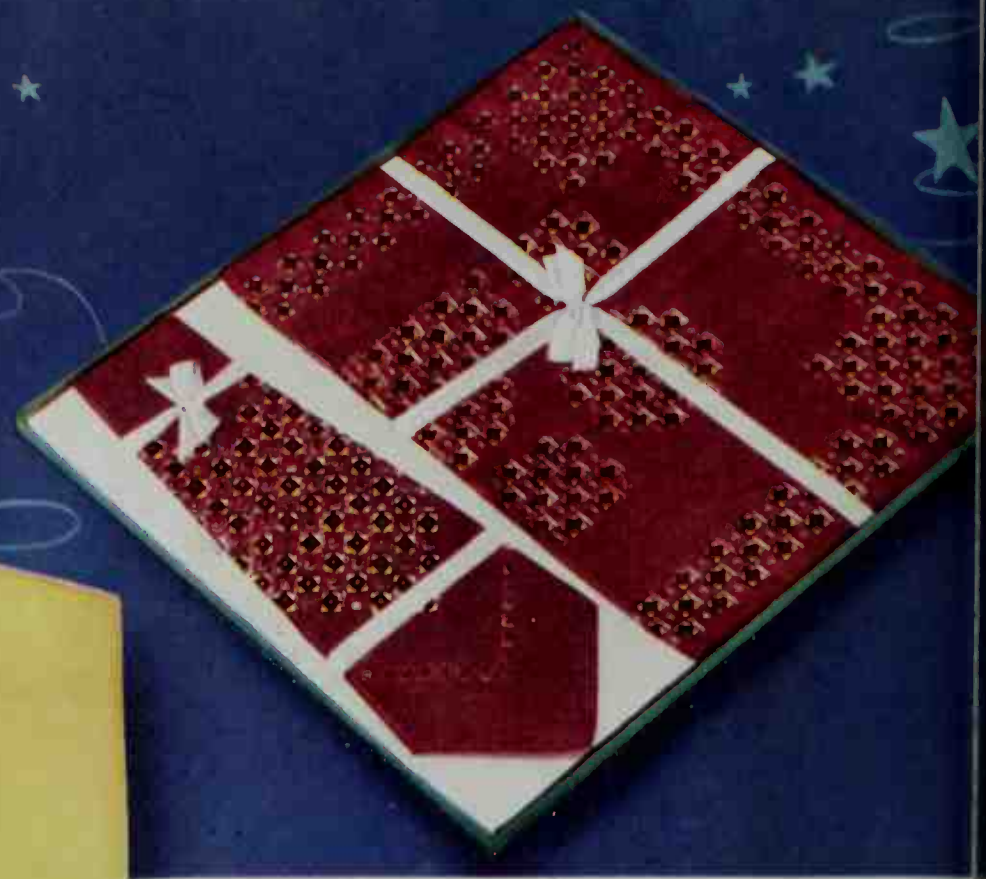

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, it's fine from a law standpoint," "My difficulty is personal. I meant ry her myself."
e, I'm sorry," Harry said. "I sup- ou told me and I forgot."
. no," I said. "I didn't tell you. quite within your rights in marry- ."
t's a relief to know," Harry said, hed. "I don't want any difficulties e law. Alfred, will you draw up essary papers or whatever you do narried?"
quested an interview with Mary, rried out to visit her. Since I rep- d both people in this union, cer- ifficulties in my position were iately apparent to me. Just one, mple, was whether or not I should from Harry a disclaimer of any o the dower Mary was bringing r marriage. Obviously I ought to otected Mary, yet I owed an obli- o Harry, too. I never did solve oblem, and nothing was finally

told me she was terribly happy. her parents, who were perfectly and helpful during the whole I conferred with them the fol- day, and they only asked that I ure that Mary signed nothing the application for the marriage

vever," Mary said, "you seem kind it, Alfred. Is there a smell of il- in this here transaction?"
e whatever," I assured her. "I highest respect and devotion for you, and you may be sure that ful aspects of your new life are in order. But, Mary—I've grown you through the years—very you. To put it briefly, I have ed to make you Mrs. Edmonds."
e durned," Mary said. "A little ll gal like me? Alfred, I'm and surprised. You should have ne with a document or some-

s remiss in my protestations of ," I said. "I admit that. But the ration of your affairs came first. re's no use crying over spilled

's a lovely phrase," Mary said, ns it up neatly. Alfred, I'll tell —if anybody ever beats Harry to and I'm left alone in the world w horses and dogs, you'll be the now."
s hope," I said, "that your future will never have anything more dangerous to fight than a civil action. Goodby and God bless you, my dear. From now on you will mean nothing more to me than a client."

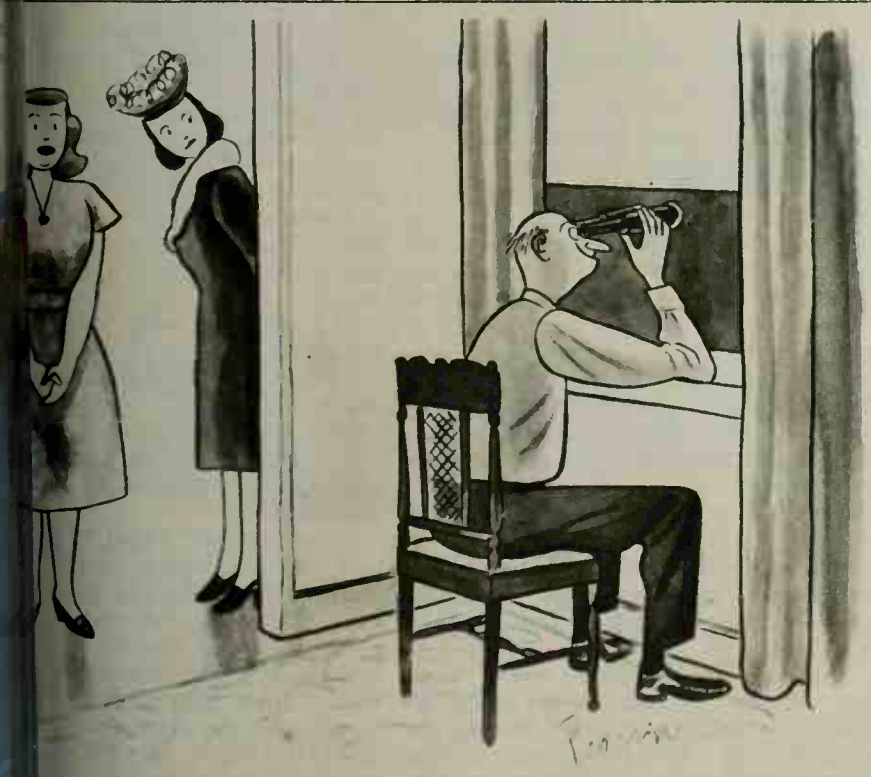
Instead of the large society wedding the Morgans had planned, Harry and Mary fled to Las Vegas and were married. Harry lost four thousand dollars at a crap table, and Mary later stated if you thought skiing and mountain climbing were dangerous and fun, you ought to try holy wedlock. They bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, stocked it with horses and cattle, and devoted themselves to riding, barbecues and informal rodeos.

Liver Trouble was married to another Dalmatian and had several families which grew up in their rambling house. Because I thought my presence might arouse painful memories, both in them and in myself, I saw them rarely in the next three or four years; but mutual acquaintances who attended their parties said they were gruesomely happy, and that the Western existence they lived was hard on wind and limb but far more exhilarating than smoking marijuana or stunt flying. I'm happy to report that Harry refused to use a cent of Mary's money and had no legal difficulties of any kind.

THEN the war came. Harry promptly enlisted and volunteered for the paratroopers. While he was stationed in the country, Mary followed him from camp to camp; when he left for overseas, she returned to Los Angeles and enrolled as a riveter in an aircraft factory. I saw her only once during these hectic years, on business. She had sold the Valley ranch and was living again with her parents, and her hands were calloused and she seemed quiet and sad and concerned for Harry. I had received my commission in the Navy and was on the point of leaving for Washington (where I spent the entire war as a reviewing officer for courts-martial); I had only a few papers for her to sign and the information that my practice was being left in the hands of an old gaffer named Henry T. Calvin, who would give her good service.

"Alfred," Mary said, "I think we've had our good times, and we might as well make up our minds to it. The world we lived in is gone. It'll never come back. When you're as happy as I was, you're selfish. I wish it had never ended."

"Nonsense, my dear," I said. "This is a temporary upheaval, and I have every confidence that justice will triumph. We



"He was on the verge of getting us a television set, and then I foolishly gave him those binoculars for his birthday"

CHARLES PEARSON

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THE PERFECT CANDY FOR SMART ENTERTAINING

must confront the unknown future with equanimity."

"I reckon we better," Mary said, and ushered me rather hastily to the door. "Ain't no worse than them there wars we've been through with the sheepherders, is it?" She drew a long breath. "But somehow I keep thinking of the sheriff out there in those funny boots and tin hat, trying to make a fast draw with his tommy gun while he's swinging in a parachute. He's up against worse than Bert Slade now." Suddenly she burst into tears and ran back down the hall.

Well, it wasn't as bad as she anticipated. Harry jumped in Sicily and came out all right. He jumped in Normandy and broke his nose. It had been flattened so many times by then that he could no longer qualify for combat duty, and he spent the remainder of his service training air-borne troops in England. I was very impressed by how he refused to trade on the high number of points he had piled up and stayed in Great Britain until he was no longer needed. Finally he came home. By that time I was a civilian once more, and so was nearly everyone else. I had not talked with Mary except on the telephone, but I imagined how happy they both would be.

ONE day Harry dropped by my office with a contract from his movie company, which was taking him on in Westerns again. His salary was one thousand dollars a week, and I considered the agreement extremely equitable. However, Harry looked gloomy and tired, and his nose was slanted more than ever.

"You probably have combat fatigue," I suggested.

"I have home-front fatigue," Harry replied. "Wife fatigue. I believe Mary is going to divorce me."

"What?" I said.

"Remember I'm retaining you," Harry said, "whatever happens. If Mary retains you, too, okay—but I'll never give you up."

That night I received an emergency call from Mary. I drove hastily to the apartment in Beverly Hills that she and Harry were currently occupying. She was alone, flushed and highly indignant.

"He's pulled his freight, by cracky," she announced. "Left ten minutes ago, bag and baggage. I want to kill him, Alfred. Can you get me off if I do?"

"Mary!" I said, "are you mad?"

"I'd gladly kill the bum," Mary said, "but naturally I don't relish doing time. Suppose I merely disfigured him? Can't you bribe a jury or something?"

"I refuse to continue this discussion," I said.

"Here's evidence," Mary said, flourishing a letter in my face. "Exhibit A for the prosecution. A communication from a dame in England, Janice Townsend-Frobisher by name. She was my husband's fiancée while he was stationed there! The minute he left her to come home, she broke off the engagement, and now she wonders whether I could send her a few pounds of sugar and some nylon stockings. When I asked Harry to explain, he said he had no reasonable explanation and that I'd have to be a big enough woman to understand. He was positive I was a big enough woman for a week, but I disabused him of *that* notion tonight."

I read the letter. There was no question of Harry's guilt, though Janice Townsend-Frobisher's intelligence quotient couldn't have been high. Gazing at Mary helplessly, I said a few obvious things.

"Skip those bromides," Mary said. "The whole problem boils down to whether I'm a big enough woman to overlook my husband's engagement to some limey whilst on foreign service. Am I a big enough woman? The answer is: I am not. I wish a divorce, and I wish all his money. You're my lawyer. Proceed with the necessary arrangements."

Beginning Next We

A hilarious two-part st about the shyest young m ever to stumble in l

VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMA PRESENT

BY
LAWRENCE WILLI

"I'm also his lawyer," I s counsel for both of you, I ear vise—"

"Shut up," Mary said.

I conferred with Harry. He shattered man, and somewhat u nicative.

"I always was absent-minde may have noticed," he said. lonely, and Janice was right When I'd done my duty, I c home to the woman I love. As Kipling has remarked, single m racks—"

"Yes, yes," I said. "But M ing to divorce you, notwithstan

"So be it," Harry said. "Y attorney. Handle the details."

I conferred with Mary. I with Harry. Pointing out my d sition to them, I stated that I h draw from the representation the other in order to give the case my full loyalty. They bo to relinquish me. Harry fur plicated matters by agreeing ever Mary wanted. I almost struggling with them and wit science.

PRESENTLY I arranged a settlement, on Mary's ter very simple—she got everythi ing a trip to Reno. As far salary was concerned, after tax mony he received exactly s dollars a week. I protested this, said to let it ride.

I went into court to get a the settlement, before old J He didn't think much of th ments.

"Let me hear from Mr. Pre ney," he said.

"I'm also Mr. Prentis' co honor," I said.

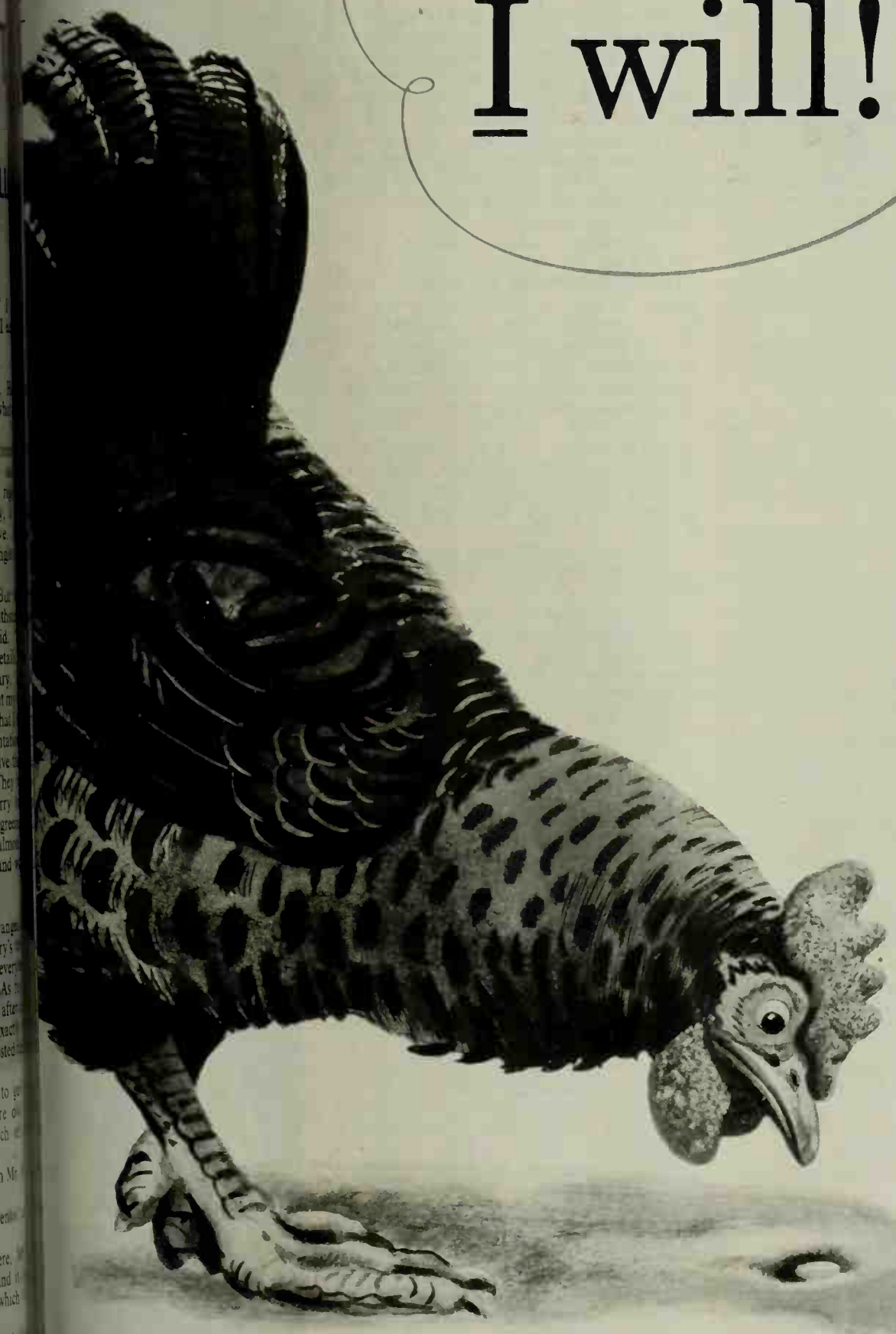
"I scent a rat here, Mr. Judge Hall said; "and it cou I needn't ask you which clie favoring."

"Your honor," I said, "I ha this case according to the honor and the highest traditi bar. There are circumstance explain in open court."

"All right, Mr. Edmonds," said. "Since this barefaced meets with the approval of t ants, I'll admit it. But the cou add that it only hopes it will r present counsel soon up befor practice."

The newspapers printed ch the judge's dialogue, and I ha

"then I will!" SAID THE LITTLE RED HEN



"Who will plant the wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the cat, the dog and the pig.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen. And she did.

In this familiar fable for children is concentrated the spirit that made America great. The spirit, not of talking, waiting or watching, but of doing.

It was "I will" men and women who conquered our wildernesses, developed our resources, built our giant industrial system.

It was the doers who worked, set aside part of their earnings, invested . . . and thus provided "growing money" for the greatest expansion of wealth and well-being that mankind has ever known.

At any time, in any country, wealth is created only by those who will. They are the producers. They make the wheels turn—what's more, they even provide the wheels!

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And only by producing more goods do we increase the wealth and improve the well-being of all our people.

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at Lake Arrowhead for a week until the reporters lost interest in me. Mary went to Nevada and was divorced. When she returned, I visited her to plead for mitigation of Harry's plight. She only smiled mysteriously and reminded me that her marital and emotional status was now changed, and I was being informed first as promised.

"Alfred," she said, "I realize I made a terrible mistake. That cowboy throws a spell around women—including the hyphenated subject of George Rex. Being with him makes you think life can be interesting, beautiful, gay, adventurous and without care. Well, I know better now. If I hadn't been giddy and young, I'd have resigned myself to quiet, dullness and sober virtue. I'd have married you, Alfred, and lived stolidly ever after."

"My dear," I said, "I'm ready if you are."

ALL thoughts of the blindfolded goddess and her scales deserted me, and presently we were dining and dancing, and I was holding her hand—which was no longer calloused—and we were engaged. Henry T. Calvin and other legal associates congratulated me. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were pleased. I bought a lovely diamond ring from a client who had to serve a long sentence.

Then suddenly my reawakened conscience and the highest precepts of English common law smote me. I asked Mary if I was only catching her on the rebound, to the financial detriment of a man I had the honor to represent.

"I won't lie to you, Alfred," she replied gloomily. "I could rebound from here to Kansas City without stopping. But I promise you that from the moment I become your bride I will turn my back on all thought of pleasure."

"That's good enough for me," I said. "But let us cement our union with justice. Let us go into court immediately and restore Harry to a sound basis."

"Let us," Mary said. "I'm too blue at the prospect of my approaching happiness with you to have any more idea of vengeance. That Casanova of the plains can have everything back and interest on his money."

Asking Harry to appear, without disclosing my object, I brought Mary before Judge Hall. Harry came, looking seedy and twisting a ten-gallon hat in his hands; Mary turned pale at the sight of him. I explained to the court that the former Mrs. Prentis wished to return all alimony and property to her ex-husband, plus interest at the prevailing rate.

"What does counsel for Mr. Prentis say to this?" Judge Hall asked.

"Naturally," I said, "we approve."

"Oh," the judge said, "it's *you* again. May I ask what prompts this fine gesture on the former Mrs. Prentis' part?"

"The former Mrs. Prentis, your honor," I said, "is shortly to marry her counsel and no longer requires such financial security."

"I'll be damned!" the judge said. "Strike that from the record, clerk."

"May I say a few words, your honor?" Harry asked.

"Why not?" Judge Hall said. "There's certainly been too much talking by this ambidexterous lawyer."

"Well," Harry said, "I reckon I can put it in a few words. I don't want the money and property back, Judge, despite what my counsel said. And I want to go on payin' little Mary the alimony. She might need it someday, and I never will. My happiness and interest in livin' went away with that gal, and it won't return. I got my one-room shack and vegetable patch, and I'm runnin' a few head of milch cows in the river bottom. Some Rhode Island Reds give me my eggs. That's the most I'll ever want now, till they lay me beneath the lone prairie. You make her keep the money, Judge—it brought me nothin' but grief when I had it. I thank you."

The court was visibly affected by Harry's recital, and so was everybody else. Mary started to cry. I felt perspiration soaking my collar.

"My boy," Judge Hall said, "that is the most moving speech I ever heard in a courtroom. You and your little gal are obviously the victims of a conniving shyster who has sedulously served his own interests and—"

"Just a minute, Judge Hall," I cried. Months of strain caused me to crack. "I will not be publicly castigated by an old windbag who—"

"That's contempt, Mr. Edmonds," the judge said, whamming his gavel on the bench. "Five hundred dollars or five days."

"Five days would not begin to express my contempt," I said.

"I can fix that," Judge Hall said, "and incidentally prevent counsel from further use of an old joke. Ten days in jail. Take him in charge, Bailiff. I want to have a private talk with the cowboy and that little gal in my chambers."

The last I saw of Mary as I was led away, she was accompanying Judge Hall and Harry. Both had their arms around her, and Harry was pressing his bandanna to her nose.

One newspaper headline read: LAWYER JAILED AS OTHER MAN IN COWBOW DIVORCE. Another: WAR HERO'S HOME WRECKED BY LEGAL EAGLE. There were others, of course, and Henry T. Calvin resigned his partnership. The bar association scheduled a date for me to come before them and explain. I was glad I was in jail.

I HAD served only three days when Harry and Mary visited me. Harry was holding my fiancée's hand, and they looked very happy. Mary had baked me a cake.

"Don't tell me," I said disgustedly. "I know—you two are getting married again."

"Ah—the fact is, Alfred," Mary said, "we're already hitched. Pressure of public opinion, Judge Hall and flaming love have driven us together. Can you ever find it in your heart to forgive us?"

"No," I said.

"You're our lawyer," Harry said, "so you ought to be happy to learn that Mary's association with me is legal and everything."

"I'm not your lawyer any more," I said, "and furthermore—"

"Hold on thar, Al," Mary said. "Listen. There's a file in that cake—don't break your teeth on it. We'll have horses saddled and ready. Do you want Harry to bring you a six-gun?"

"Oh, go away," I said.

"We ain't desertin' you, pardner," Harry said. "We'll turn outlaw with you. There ain't no stagecoaches left to rob, but—"

"You're driving me crazy," I said.

"We still got some dust in our pokes," Mary said, growing radiant, "and we figger to buy a place down on the Mexican border and rustle them there longhorns. Bust out o' here, Al, and bring your fryin' pan and a bedroll."

"And a shootin' 'arn," Harry said. "There won't be no law where we're headin'."

"Please leave me in my nice quiet little cell," I said. "I'm happier here. Go steal cattle to your heart's content. I only ask that I be left alone."

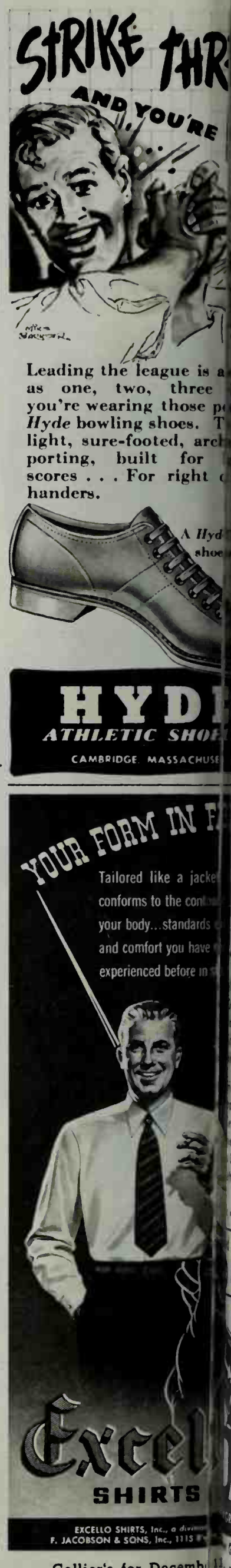
"Why," Mary said, "if that's your play, Al, I reckon I ain't got no more to say." She handed me a document bearing the seal of the City and County of Los Angeles. "Here's the order which frees you from the jailhouse. We got down on our knees and begged it from Judge Hall. He made us let him marry us before he'd sign the paper."

"*Adios*," Harry said.

"*Adios*," Mary said.

"*Adios*," I said.

THE END



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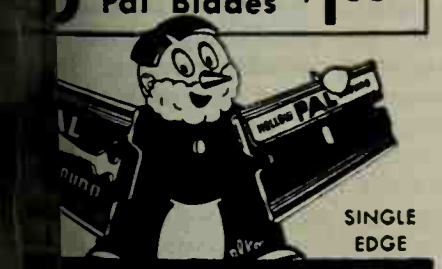

SINGLE EDGE

PAL

N GROUND RAZOR BLADES

ow Ground has the "edge"

UNCLE SAM'S GATE CRASHERS

Continued from page 40

awaiting an opportunity to get into the United States. For most of them legal entry is impossible; the quotas under which they might be admitted are filled for years to come. And a large percentage are undesirables who wouldn't be allowed to pass the immigration barriers under any circumstances. Their only hope of entering the promised land is through the underground route, and they are willing to risk their lives and to pay heavily in cash to make the attempt.

In desperation they are hiring fishing boats of neighboring countries to take them within swimming distance of American shores, but most of them take to the water so far from land that they have little chance of survival. They are jumping boats on which they have paid huge sums to be listed as crewmen, stowing away on passenger or freight ships coming to American ports, and entering on visitors' permits with no intention of leaving. Smuggling gangs are setting them ashore on the Florida Keys, and in recent months have begun landing them from airplanes in the Everglades.

Huge Task for a Small Force

By these and other means a sizable trickle of aliens is getting into the country; that the trickle hasn't become a flood is due solely to the Border Patrol, an efficient but undermanned and overworked organization. Chief Inspector Frank Hornyak has but 66 men to patrol the 2,370 miles of coast line from Charleston, South Carolina, around the tip of Florida to Apalachicola Bay. To do it properly would require several times that number and a large fleet of boats.

Many aliens, abandoned on the desolate keys or in the dismal stretches of the Everglades by smugglers who have promised to take them to places of safety, have died of hunger and exposure. Others have been murdered, thrown overboard when patrol boats gave chase; any "conch," as an old-time resident of the keys is called, will tell hair-raising tales of bodies washed ashore, and of boats being set afire, with the aliens penned below, while the smugglers escaped in rowboats.

Only a few months ago a ship passing Key West radioed that two men and a woman were clinging to the charred hulk of a power cruiser just within the three-mile limit. The Border Patrol barely got there in time, for the hulk's gunwales were awash and the cruiser was gradually sinking. Aboard the patrol boat the three said that they, with four other Europeans, had bought the power cruiser and had paid an American, whom they found on the Havana water front, $1,000 to run them across to Key West.

On reaching American waters, they said, they had been sent below, ostensibly so they wouldn't be seen and questioned by port authorities. After snapping a lock on the cabin hatch the smuggler, who had previously loosed gasoline in the bilges, dropped flaming engine rags into the cabin. Then he steered close by a channel marker, set the cruiser's wheel for the open sea, and jumped overboard. The imprisoned aliens had managed to force the lock before they were burned or asphyxiated, but only three could swim well enough to stay afloat until the flames had consumed the cruiser to the water line. The other four had drowned.

On the way back to Key West the rescue vessel spotted a man waving from a channel buoy. The aliens recognized him as the man they had hired in Havana to navigate their boat to Key West. The border patrolman kept them out of sight until the man had been hauled aboard. He told a plausible tale of how his boat had exploded from an unknown cause and how he, as the only person aboard, had abandoned her. Confronted with the aliens, he confessed that he had brought them from Cuba, but maintained that the fire had been accidental. It was impossible to prove otherwise in court, and the smuggler, although actually a murderer, got only five years for smuggling aliens.

Not long after this tragedy a party of 16 aliens—Turks, Russians, Poles, and including three women—left a Cuban port one night aboard a rickety old powerboat manned by smugglers who had promised to land them in Florida and arrange for transportation to Northern cities. Just before reaching the American coast the smugglers collected another $100 from each member of the group, and then put the aliens ashore on Matecumbe Key.

"We'll be back in a few hours," they said, "with food and water. Stay under cover, because the Border Patrol will shoot you on sight."

They put out to sea, and that was the last the aliens ever saw of them. For five days the wretched castaways hid on the key, with no food and very little water, while mosquitoes bit them until their eyes were swollen almost shut and the blazing sun added to their misery.

Finally they decided to give themselves up; they preferred torture at the hands of the Border Patrol, which they were convinced would be their fate, to starving to death or being killed by insects. Five of the party managed to make their way to a house on the key, where they were given food and medicine, and the Border Patrol was notified. One woman was unconscious when found, and several of the others were also in serious condition; every one of the 16 required extensive medical care. From information provided by the aliens, the Border Patrol captured two of the smugglers, who were convicted and given the usual five years in federal prison.

A Seminole Indian hunter named Billy Williams sent word to Chief Inspector Hornyak that he had found white men's tracks deep in the Everglades, where they had never been seen before. Acting on a hunch that aliens had been set down there and were probably lost, Hornyak and Inspector Robert C. Barron set out in a Coast Guard "weasel," an amphibious boat with a caterpillar tread, and penetrated deep into the forbidding region south of the Tamiami Trail.

Three Who Died in the Everglades

On the Shark River they found indications that three persons had been put ashore, either from a boat or a seaplane. The inspectors followed the trail; it was clear that at least as far as shoes were concerned the three were not equipped to wander through the Everglades. Apparently they had no matches and no food; the inspectors found the remains of a white ibis which they had killed and eaten raw. There were innumerable signs that they were getting weaker with every step through the almost impenetrable morass of saw grass, stunted cypress and thick undergrowth.

Using machetes to cut their way through, the inspectors followed the three until their trail vanished into Seven Palm Hammock, a jungle which no white man has ever explored. Hornyak and Barron could go no farther. They circled the hammock but no tracks led out. Hornyak is convinced that the three were aliens who had been murdered by smugglers as surely as if they had been dumped overboard in the middle of the Gulf.

Fishing boats from Cuba and other countries of Latin America, known to the Border Patrol as the "Spanish Fleet," must be constantly watched while they

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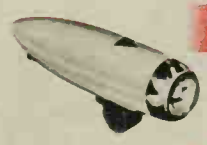

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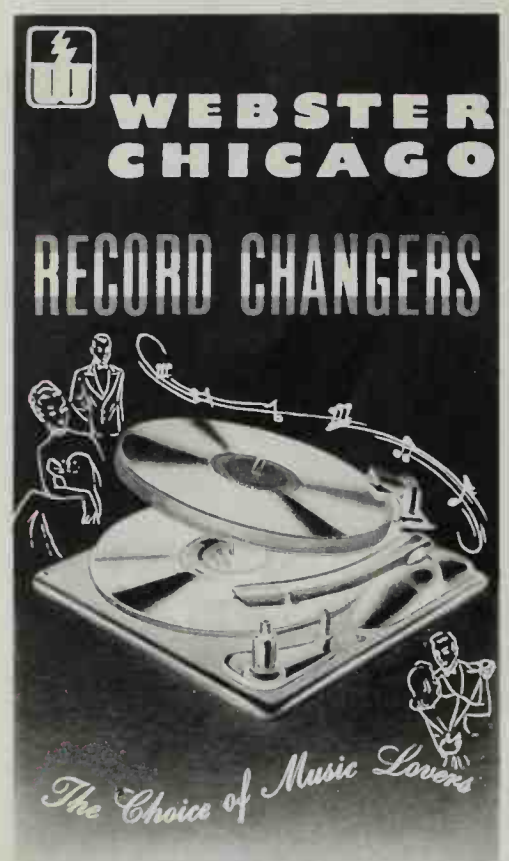

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fish the Gulf Stream or the Caribbean banks, for these craft bring aliens out from Cuba and other places and transfer them to American fishing boats at sea. Patrolmen have posed as fishermen for months at a time, and have broken up many of these operations. Most of the small boats which operate more or less regularly between Florida and Latin America are of foreign registry, for only a few would be certified as seaworthy by American standards. These must be watched closely, also; among their crews are nearly always aliens who jump the ship once they get ashore in the United States.

Because the rewards are so great, the officers and crews of some of the ships on which aliens are smuggled go to a great deal of trouble to conceal their human cargoes from the prying eyes of the Border Patrol. For months the patrol suspected that the steamer Belise, a British freighter, was bringing in aliens on every trip—she was hauling lumber between Jacksonville and European ports. Every time she came into port here she was searched from stem to stern, but the patrolmen found nothing except a few cases of undeclared Irish whisky.

Finally, acting on a straight tip, Inspectors Mike Redmon and W. A. Summerson boarded the Belise at the three-mile limit, determined to "shake" the ship as she had never been shaken before. They crawled through the engine room, opened every crate in the hold, sloshed through the bilges, lined the crew up and questioned each man separately, and even rammed steel rods down into the coal bunkers. But after three hours they had found nothing.

Radio Shack Furnishes a Clue

Then it occurred to Redmon that every time he passed the radio shack near the bridge, officers and crewmen loafing there started an animated conversation with the radio operator. Redmon ordered the radio equipment moved and searched for secret hatches. There were none. By this time immigration and quarantine officers, who are concerned only with passports, manifests and health, had cleared the ship. Still Redmon would not give up.

After another half-hour's fruitless search, when the ship's captain had about reached the exploding point, Redmon suddenly realized that the radio shack looked much larger from the outside than it did from the inside. With outstretched arms he measured the structure's over-all dimensions—seven feet. Inside it was only five and one half feet. Clearly there was a secret compartment, but where was the opening? He searched every inch of the shack and finally, crawling over the roof, he encountered wet paint, and he saw where planks had recently been nailed down and painted over.

When the ship's carpenter reluctantly ripped out the bulkhead, six men, a woman and a seven-year-old boy crawled out. They had been huddled in a space 18 inches wide, seven feet high and nine feet long. The ship was seized and ultimately sold by the United States Customs for $70,000. The captain of the Belise was arrested and tried in federal court, but was acquitted. His lawyers contended, successfully, that although the aliens had paid him $200 each to be delivered in Florida, he could not be held because the immigration authorities took them ashore!

Considering the lack of personnel and equipment, and the extraordinary difficulties they encounter, the border patrolmen have done a remarkable job in controlling the flood of desperate aliens trying to reach the United States by illegal means. But Chief Inspector Hornyak expects real trouble when the smugglers begin using airplanes on a large scale.

"Then," he says, "we'll get the aliens with money. Most of the aliens who are smuggled in now appear to be of the poorer classes; they usually spend everything they own getting here and haven't enough money to hide out until they become familiar with our language and customs. Many are waiters and cooks. Our periodic checks of large hotels in Miami, New York and other cities always uncover large numbers of aliens. In one hotel this past season an inspector found 25 aliens and when he arrested them the hotel had barely enough employees left to keep going.

"But thousands of rich refugees are sitting around in Cuba and other Latin-American countries, waiting more or less patiently for entrance visas to the United States. Their patience is already wearing thin, and pretty soon it'll be gone altogether. Then they'll start tying up with the smugglers, and will pay almost any price to be flown across the Gulf. Once they're here their connections and money will make them hard for us to catch."

The chief inspector believes that gangs of smugglers are already being organized and financed to fly wealthy aliens into the United States. Several months ago Seminole Indians reported to the Border Patrol that low-flying airplanes were being seen with increasing frequency far back in the Everglades, and Hornyak is certain that they were flown by smugglers spotting likely landing places.

During the winter months it is possible for small planes to land on level dry spots in the glades, and the aliens could be taken out of the jungle in "glades buggies"—automobiles on raised chassis with oversized tires. In the rainy seasons light seaplanes can operate almost anywhere in the Florida wilderness. And there are thousands of fields and prairies where landplanes can be set down at any time.

Last year the Border Patrol learned that an airplane would attempt to land aliens on a field back of Fort Lauderdale. Inspectors hid around the field for two days until finally, one night at dusk, a monoplane came in for a landing. Two men got out, and two others were inside the plane when the inspectors made a dash for the machine. They saw them, however, and gunned the motor for a quick take-off. The two who had already landed jumped for the wing and held on to the struts as the plane took off and, presumably, landed the aliens on some neighboring field.

South of Homestead, the home town of the Revels, patrolmen located the suspected plane on an open field and started toward it. The pilot saw them and started to take off, and the inspectors drove their car straight into the plane's propeller. That stopped the plane, but not until the propeller had chewed through the fuselage to the dashboard.

In Ambush at a Landing Pasture

Acting on another tip, Inspector Hornyak and several of his men concealed themselves with grass and fought mosquitoes all night to catch a plane which they had learned, was to land in a pasture near Hollywood, Florida. At dawn an automobile drove onto the field and the men got out and spread a sheet on the ground. A few minutes later the plane came in, and the inspectors nabbed the four men in the car while Hornyak ran for the plane, jumping into the cockpit as the pilot raced his motor for a take-off. Hornyak stuck his gun into the pilot's ribs and said:

"If this plane leaves the ground I'll pull the trigger."

The pilot stopped the plane and surrendered. It turned out that they were smuggling opium instead of aliens, but it was a good haul nevertheless. Later, at his preliminary examination at the headquarters of the Border Patrol the pilot asked Hornyak:

"Would you really have pulled the trigger if I'd taken the plane off the ground?"

"Do you think I'm crazy?" said Hornyak. "I can't drive a plane. You could have flown me to Trinidad and I wouldn't have moved a muscle."

THE END

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BY LAWRENCE AND SYLVIA MARTIN

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Swiss children, from all parts of the country, come just to look at the children's village above Trogen. All buildings are of pine and done in the local Appenzell style. On them volunteer craftsmen have lavished the most exquisite care

ON a hillside above the little Swiss village of Trogen, living in the houses pictured above, are 112 children. When you see them playing in the houses or fields, studying in the classrooms, working in the gardens or workshops, you think they're just ordinary European kids from France, Poland, Austria, Hungary and Germany. But at night they scream in their sleep.

They're war orphans. Though they range in age from four to fourteen they're just beginning to have a childhood. Take Andrei over there, who's gleefully sliding along the polished living-room floor in his felt slippers. When he was eight he was living with the Partisans, carrying messages through German lines, helping blow up bridges. He used to take things that belonged to his roommates. "It's not stealing," he argued hotly. "Stealing is when the Germans come with guns, shoot and take."

Edward, there, who's kicking the ball around with the Austrian Heinrich, was found wounded and half suffocated in a mass grave of seventy machine-gunned Poles. His mother had saved his life by falling on top of him. When he first met Heinrich he said to his housemother, "He talks German. Don't we have to fight him?"

Every one of the children hugs a doll or a Teddy bear. He never leaves it, in school, at work, in bed. For each child has a history of horror. One was found unconscious under a dead horse. A girl of four was discovered half-starved in the rubble of an abandoned factory. A French boy saw his father shot and decapitated by the Nazis. That's why they scream at night. That's why when they're told to draw a house they usually show it with a bomb hit. To them a tree hides a sniper, a bridge is something to defend or blow up, a sky always has its bombing planes.

These children are the lucky ones among Europe's 20,000,000 war orphans. They will stay in the houses above Trogen until they are young men and women, educated, trained in a craft or profession and healthy in mind and body. They owe their luck to a Swiss youth organization, Pro Juventute, to a crusading Zurich editor, Walter Corti, and to the sturdy good will and practical generosity of the Swiss people.

Pro Juventute's idea was that the Swiss build a village for the orphans which would be a united Europe in miniature, with one chalet, to house 16 children, for each country on the continent. The idea was first adopted by the people of Trogen who, without a dissenting voice, voted to donate ten acres of their common land and the farmhouse upon it. The thrifty farmers further agreed to build a road, install water and drainage systems. It cost them $7,500, a tidy sum for a village of 2,000. They called their villa Kinderdorf Pestalozzi, after J Heinrich Pestalozzi, the great educator who lived a century half ago.

This international children's is being internationally built. from Trogen, then from all S land, finally from all Europe dreds of volunteers have come foundations and help.

Palestine sends oranges to t lage, Australia honey, Poland tons of coal a year. While mothers sew and knit for the or their sons and daughters collec Now the Kinderdorf is begin provide its own food from farmed by its child citizens. struction of the houses had started when sixty youngster near-by Heiden chopped down tree and hauled it seven miles Trogen sawmill to be cut into for a chalet. Children in other all over Switzerland have f suit, often replacing the tree w other sapling which they c "Pestalozzi tree."

When the Kinderdorf is fini will have 24 chalets housing 3 dren. It is a strict rule of the dorf that the children are no made to feel "different." Y child knows what has been d him, and generosity breeds ge

Some time ago fire destroy homes in a town near Troge prompted, the orphans dug in lockers and made up an em bundle of all the clothes the spare. Hearing from a v worker that German orphar without playthings, they took lection of toys and sent it alo winter day a twelve-year-old boy appeared, having walked way from Bremen. It was th children, who had suffered m the Germans, who made him of skis so he could join in the

There is one Polish boy o who is quieter than the r doesn't scream in his sleep; h out his sickness with colore and drawing paper. When derdorf scouts came upon Warsaw he was drawing pic the snow with a stick. Wher the blackboard in the Polis his face lighted up. "Give m he cried, and straightway work. Under his quick finge sprang to life—Warsaw, 194 explode and houses crash i Women and children shoot a vancing Nazis over the bodie bands and fathers.

The boy is Tadeusz Sas, an perts who have seen his v there is nothing to teach hi prodigy. He has planned a n mural and already executed two, which are on exhib Switzerland. The first three the siege of Warsaw, the sec the occupation and the final return of peace. The last, worked out in a rough sket a farmer at the plow. In the ground is his discarded unif der the springing wheat th upturning skulls and bone the panels are finished Swiss would like to send them o tour.

Thus the Kinderdorf Pest already paid out in redee talent that might have be casualty. It will probabl others. But there is need i and the world for a great m Pestalozzis.

e Bartoli, French, who like the others never
a childhood, loves the kindergarten toys

strian proudly displays her national hair-
ational traits are encouraged at Pestalozzi

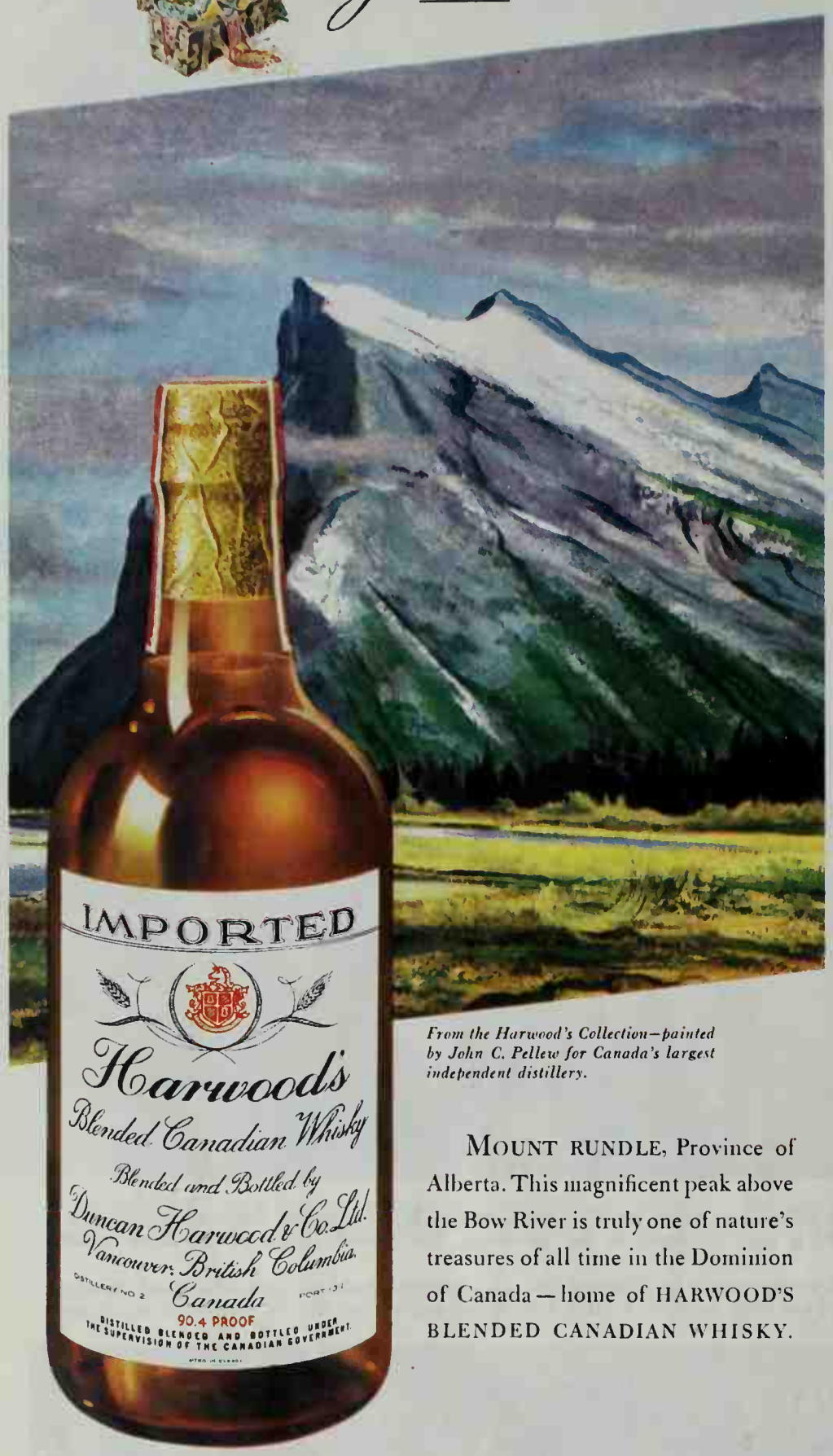
erntrop, a Dutch girl, is one of the many
volunteers who help run Pestalozzi village

Danielle Landeau, whose father was taken by the Nazis, enjoys bread and jam between kindergarten classes. Her chief delight is eggs on toast in the morning. She gained 10 pounds in three months

This is one of the chalk drawings made by Tadeusz Sas, an eleven-year-old prodigy who lived through the tragedy of Warsaw and lost both parents. Critics, hailing his genius, say there's nothing to teach him

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FENNO JACOBS

One of the Treasures of all time



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BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

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THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEA

Continued from page 16

has had more experience than Walker and greater versatility than Layne. Very close to the group here mentioned was Conerly of Mississippi.

The selection of the All-America line also presented problems. Notre Dame and Michigan had fine ends in Martin, Hart, Mann and Ford. But Southern California's Cleary (from Santa Ana, Calif.) and Columbia's Swiacki (from Southbridge, Mass.) were the final choices. Swiacki is the finest pass receiver to appear on a football field since Don Hutson, the Alabama and Green Bay Packer immortal. Like Hutson, he makes impossible catches one after another.

Outstanding tackles are always scarce, because there are too many things that can happen to a tackle, and too many things a tackle can do wrong. Fortunately, this year we had Notre Dame's George Connor (from Chicago, Ill.) and Georgia Tech's Bob Davis (from Columbus, Ga.), a pair of 220-pound veterans who seldom make a mistake. Ferraro of Southern California, an active young giant, was close behind them in ability.

Coach's Tribute to Steve Suhey

For guards we chose Army's Joe Steffy (from Chattanooga, Tenn.), another veteran, and Penn State's Steve Suhey (from Cazenovia, N.Y.). Coach Bob Higgins of Penn State says that Suhey is "the best guard I ever coached, and one of the best I ever saw." The outstanding stars at center were Dick Scott of Navy and Bednarik of Pennsylvania, and Scott (from Highland Falls, N.Y.) got the nod. Coach Tom Hamilton of Navy said, "I hate to think what would have happened to us without Scott's great defensive play. There were many games in which he must have made 60 or 70 per cent of the tackles."

Bednarik, a 220-pounder, was injured around midseason, but for all that he was one of the ablest line backers-up I've seen in many a day.

In my opinion this year's team is one of the strongest and best-balanced teams that we have ever chosen. We have a powerful line flanked by two fine ends, strong on defense and adept at catching forward passes. There is great power behind the line, with the rushing of Evans and Minisi, both big, fast men, and the fine passing that both Lujack and Chappuis can add to the attack. And these four backs are as strong defensively as on the offense; in fact they can do everything a back should do, and do it well—they can run, pass, block and tackle. Lujack is the only survivor from last year's All-America, but some of the others in 1946 barely missed out.

In the old days, when footb more or less confined to a few on the Eastern seaboard, and Camp was selecting Collier's Al ica team, it was possible for one do the job. When I took over in 1925 I continued the one-man for a few years, but soon foun couldn't possibly see enough g make the proper selections. Then organized an Advisory Board, co of experienced football writers w covered the games in their sect many years.

This year the board consisted Salsinger, Detroit News; George ton, Minneapolis Tribune; Geo nell, Seattle Times; O. B. Keeler Journal; Lloyd Gregory, Houst Ed Danforth, Atlanta Journa Newman, Birmingham News; Dyer, Los Angeles Times; Fred Nashville Banner; Clyde E. Kansas City Star; Harry B. Sn Francisco Chronicle; George New York Sun; Stanley Woodw York Herald Tribune.

Each week throughout the sea men reported on the progress of stars. They watched individua rather than team play, for it possible that a powerful, winn may have no outstanding st factor is frequently overlooked who criticize All-America selec

In the main we have tried break to the experienced play is, a man who has been extrem for three or four years usuall call over a first-year man who m his worth over a period of time. ity of competition must also b ered; many a player is a star weak team, but falls down agai opposition.

Our purpose is not so much team that might be the strong actual playing field, as to se who have contributed most to t of their squads. For instance, a can run, pass, kick, block a would probably be given cor over a specialist who can do thing well. Unless, of course cialist rises to the heights ai such men as Don Hutson ar Baugh. But in general, we pre like Bill Dudley, who can do well. We must also consider th a man has upon his team, by ing team spirit and providing for his comrades. In a close a place, this might be decisive

THE END

COLLIER'S "What it really needs is a winter in Florida"

et me tell you about the New National Guard, Son...

nbitious young fellows, many of them old, are joining the *new* National Guard akes just a few hours of your spare time and look what you get!

g experience in almost any professional ubject you can name. That'll help you your job. You'll learn how to work with l have a chance to be a leader.

al Guard sports program is just what ooking for to take the place of your old ams, too. You'll be 'one of the gang'— ere in town who are really going places.

e pay, too. You get paid according to ased Army pay scale for all the time you spend with the *new* National Guard. And that money will come in mighty handy this year.

"We met some of the men of the local Guard unit at the American Legion post today. They told us about the vitally important role the *new* National Guard has in our country's defense plans. And we're going to do our share by helping our town's own unit fill up its ranks.

"You can join, of course, and enjoy all the benefits which every Guardsman gets. Why not drop in at National Guard Headquarters this week? You will? Fine! That makes us partners in the job of keeping America what we want her to be . . . the best country on earth!"

For complete information about the National Guard unit in your community, contact the officers of that unit or write to the Adjutant General of your state.

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Write or visit
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NATIONAL GUARD

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to "On Stage America" starring Paul Whiteman, every Monday, 9:00 P. M., EST, American Broadcasting Company k . . . and "First Call" with Martin Black and Ray Bloch, every Thursday, 9:30 P. M., EST, Mutual Broadcasting System.

DEADLIEST ENEMY

The loathsome rat has caused more deaths than all the wars in history and takes an appalling toll in lives and dollars each year

BY FRANK DUFRESNE

Chief, Division of Information, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Survey

COCKED back in his chair by the door, the warehouse watchman greeted the two inspectors with casual interest. "Rats?" He yawned. "Sure, there's rats here. Always have been, far as I know. Nothing to get excited about." He saw the badges then, let his chair down on its four legs and stood up. "Might as well come in and have a look," he invited. "If you're interested in rats, you won't do better anywhere else."

The State Health Department men were winding up an unpleasant job in a Gulf Coast city. They found this warehouse on the docks no better, no worse than most of the others along the water front. As they moved slowly down the dingy interior, carefully examining long rows of stacked foodstuffs, they saw what seemed to be endless numbers of gunny sacks chewed open and cartons shredded by the teeth of rodents.

They saw repulsive gray and brown forms with naked tails scurrying away in all directions and heard the horrid rustling of many more in the dark corners. It was an old chore to the inspectors and they made a thorough job of it. When they came walking out of the storerooms into the clean air again, their notebooks were filled with carefully gathered figures.

"That's the last one," said the leader. "Now for the bad news. We'll start with sugar." The tip of his pencil moved up and down the columns until it arrived at the staggering total of 4,284,400 pounds. "We'll have to condemn every spoonful of it, too," he added, "because what the rats didn't get away with they fouled so it's unfit for food purposes."

The Health Department inspectors found large quantities of other staple foods spoiled by rats in the same warehouses. The losses included 87,900 pounds of hominy grits, 33,000 pounds of flour, 25,400 pounds of beans, 20,000 pounds of rice and 7,150 pounds of onions. A total of 1,724 bags of coffee and 1,200 bags of salt had been ripped open and the contents scattered and dirtied. Not far away one company had lost two dollars on every ton of stored cattle feed.

In a military warehouse rats had cut through the cords of aviators' parachutes and gnawed the doped fabric

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YLLA

and stitching in the wings of
planes. Rats developed a ta
matches in a little grocery stor
outskirts of San Angelo,
chewed the heads and set fire
place. In Yoakum a thousand
worth of mule collars were ru
their sharp teeth. The editor of
newspaper in Brownwood c
keep a paste brush on hand mo
a day or two before the rats g

Far more serious was an o
of rat-borne typhus fever sp
through Georgia, Alabama an
reaching such grave proportio
the aroused citizenry joined i
killing campaign. In three mon
accounted for 7,500,000 rats.

The fever, which was being
by fleas carried around by t
abated. Even so, the rate of
among the rodents was so h
authorities figured they would
do the job all over again i
months. In the same campa
dence of other virulent disease
by rats was corroborated. De
bonic fever, or plague; Tri
spiralis, ratbite fever, infectio
dice, trench fever, and h
mouth disease were all traced

Conditions in the northern
the United States are little, if
ter. Ask Dorr Green, Chief,
and Rodent Control Divisio
Fish and Wildlife Service. He
you about a girl in a Middle
bakery who didn't like the
boss gave her. She didn't li
around every morning refro
cakes that had been tracked
nibbled by rats during the ni

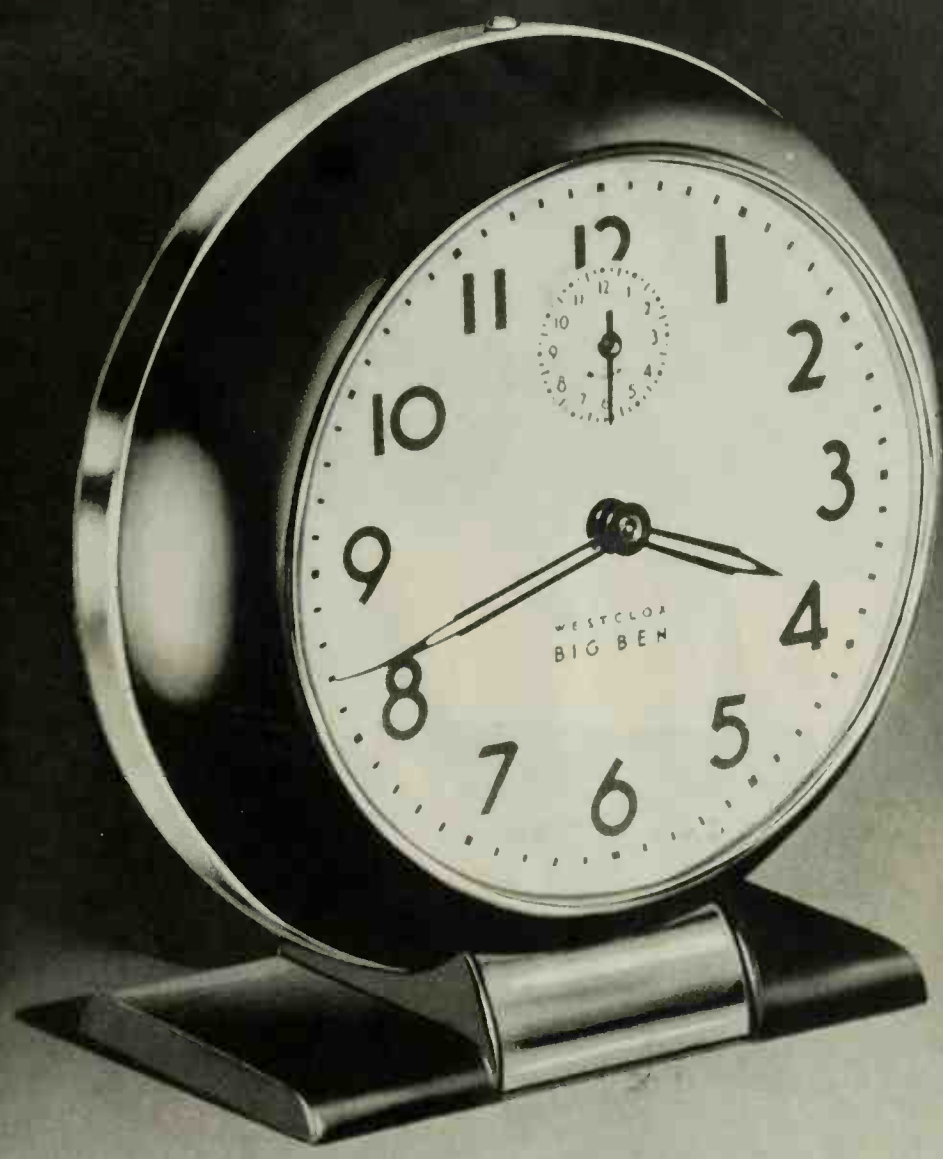
Green will tell you without
words that 80 per cent of a
handling places in this countr
fested by rats; that some h
calmly charge off five dollar
for every rat on the premises.
over-all damage from rats
United States may reach $300
a year, and that rats contam
times more food than they

He will demonstrate to yo
daily movements of an indiv
may take it from the sewe
pantry, and that the vermin
on its diseased body today m
ing and infecting some perso
row, or that the rat may tra
own fever by directly bitin
and sleeping children. He v
you data to the effect that
been responsible for more de
all the wars of history. The
Wildlife Division chief admit
day, in spite of modern ratic
alien rodent must still be rate
ple's Enemy Number One.

In its fight against the rat,
ice searched back through
tree in an effort to pick up a
might be helpful. The results
very encouraging. To begin w
are two main species of rat
tend with here, not just one.
clawed and fought their way
tant parts of the world to rea
ica. The first to get here
smaller black rat. Originati
Arabian Desert, it spread t
about 2,000 years ago an
sponsible for the most viole
in history. In the 14th cent
cipally between the years
1382, the Black Death t
through middle Europe—c
sprcad by black rats—wipe
000,000 lives.

Favoring seaports and sa
the black and Alexandrine r
beachheads along global
long before the larger, fier
rat began its devastating m
its birthplace in Chinese

BABY BEN ALARM. Big Ben's handsome little brother. Plain and luminous dial.



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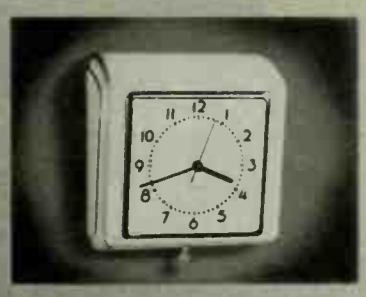
ACLE self-starting electric e clock. Classic design in a utiful combination of glass, l gold colored finish.



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ly not far from where man himself
ted. Savage and bloodthirsty, des-
o prey on human life more than
her living creature, the brown rat
the Volga River into Europe
1727, gnawed its way into practi-
very home, and 50 years later set
America.
ewhere along the route this vicious
ast was given the name "Norway"
insult which the good Norwegian
have every right to resent, be-
ey have probably done a better
fighting it than most of the Old
countries. Furthermore, the
rat was thoroughly entrenched in
eighboring countries several years
its squealing vanguards scrambled
he docks of a Norway seaport in
Prussia, for instance, was harbor-
e pests in 1750. England was in-
ven earlier, and so was France.
as a matter of note, holds some
a record because of the number
illed around a slaughterhouse in
month. The number was 16,000.
at enemy was given aid and com-
its early journeys across oceans
by the sailors' superstition that

"What are you sore about? Four aces always beats three aces!"

LARZ BOURNE

led only on a safe ship. If rats
ship, the crew regarded it as an
perhaps with some justification
ats, living deep in the bottom of
would be the first to know that
cy, and would naturally seek to
he rodents received another un-
'break" in the Chinese Year of
hich occurs every twelve years.
sed to be bad "joss" for those
ren born during that year to

s to Share Humans' Food

y the rat needs no protection
nds. Of all the persistent foes
rat heads the list. It has clung
to us and followed us wher-
ttled. The rat has developed
r nearly every kind of food
rned to harvest, store and eat,
rned to steal it from us. While
nonstrated remarkable capa-
wild existence in such varied
steaming jungles, blazing-hot
and the cold, damp Aleutian
Alaska, very clearly the choice
s to gouge its way into human

ular preference is for old and
den buildings; for dark, un-
markets and restaurants; for

rubble and filth in back yards, tenements and basements. It does not like cement and tile construction, well-lighted areas, covered garbage cans, incinerators for garbage disposal, or clean surroundings.

Perhaps no class of people is more acutely rat-conscious than the poultry raiser. The brown rats seem to have singled out this class of farmer for special persecution. A rancher in Massachusetts suspected a weasel when he found 70 six-day-old chicks bitten to death one morning. He knew of no other animal of such bloodthirsty habits. Next day there were 75 more. Frenzied search by the farmer revealed no weasel but a single, big brown rat that had taken up living quarters in the partitions. The evidence was clear that this one rat had killed 145 chickens in two nights.

Another farmer lost 600 newly hatched chicks between darkness and daylight. A turkey grower in Maine reckoned that rats were costing him almost a dollar a day in egg thefts and killing of chicks. Mature hens and ducks were destroyed by the fierce little rodents. In the State of New York annual losses from rats among poultrymen aggregated a half million dollars, a good part of it due to diseases. One rancher, inclined to scoff at his neighbors' complaints, changed his mind suddenly one morning when he reached into a nest to gather eggs and received a severe rat bite.

The undesirable traits of rats—experts say they have no good qualities in spite of an unconfirmed report that a rat once attacked and killed a rattlesnake—are aggravated by their amazing fecundity. They far outrace such notoriously rapid multipliers as rabbits and guinea pigs. Biologists have made sober calculations that the progeny from one pair of rats under optimum conditions would in three years number 359,000,000. Give them two more years and the count would climb to the pinnacle of 945 billions!

That is why, points out Dorr Green, the rodent control chief of the federal government, it is necessary to keep fighting against them; that is why he is continually prodding the public to keep cleaning out the rats from its premises and put up guards against fresh invaders. "Because that is what rat control really amounts to," says Mr. Green. "Poison and trap those that have already gained entrance to your property. Then ratproof to keep out somebody else's rats."

Long ago, the Fish and Wildlife Service worked out a safe and efficient formula for making good rats out of bad ones. The active ingredient is powdered red squill obtained from an onionlike plant that grows along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. The powder is a powerful emetic. It is specifically lethal to rats only because of this rodent's inability to throw up food from its stomach. The stuff seems to be quite harmless to humans and cats and dogs, something that cannot be said for thallium, barium, arsenic, phosphorus, strychnine, the dangerously potent new 1080 compound and other poisons sometimes employed by professional rat eradicators.

Try This Diet on Your Own Rats

Mr. Green's agents, whose rat-killing campaigns generally embrace whole cities, counties and states, have concocted the following dosage for a city of a thousand people: 17 pounds of powdered red squill, 90 pounds of ground, lean beef, 43 pounds of rolled oats, and 24 pounds of corn meal, all mixed thoroughly and put out in one day by twelve trained workers.

A Southern city of half a million inhabitants, employing principally the above treatment at a cost of only 3½ cents per capita, succeeded in killing approximately 2,000,000 of its rats. Public pressure gathered quickly behind the cleanup campaign during the war years when inspectors told the people that rats in this one municipality were destroying enough food to feed an army of 11,000 soldiers.

For small properties and private homes, a good tested ratsbane is 1.6 ounces of red squill powder diluted to a thin paste with water, then mixed with either a pound of ground fresh fish, canned fish, hamburger steak or cereal. Another way is to dust the red squill on slices of melon, sweet potatoes or bananas. Baits should be put out in the evening so they will be fresh when the rats start feeding.

In some cases poison may not be necessary. The occasional rodent vandal may be captured with a snap trap or wire cage, or the owner may be lucky enough to have an efficient terrier or cat. The main point is to get the rat before it starts using your home as a fearfully potential nursery.

Once having rid the premises of rats—and this goes for everything from one-room cabins to huge warehouses—the next move is to go in for a thorough job of ratproofing. Close all openings through which rats may jimmy their way into the buildings, particularly the basements, by the liberal use of cement, metal strips, wire screening. (Interior Department Conservation Bulletin No. 8, Rat Control, and No. 19, Rat Proofing Buildings and Premises, procurable from the U.S. Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., at 10 cents each, supply complete details for the rat-plagued public.)

"But mostly," says Mr. Green, "it's just a matter of decent housekeeping. Sanitation—good old-fashioned cleanliness—ranks among the most effective methods of holding rats in check."

Nearly every city and town in the United States has its own local agency for combating the rat menace. Their worst handicap is the general public apathy. They will tell you that people loathe rats, yet will endure intolerable infestations that might soon be corrected if demand were made upon the proper authorities.

Rodent Chief Green agrees. "Most people simply will not realize the menace of the common rat. I hear them speak of such fine animals as the tiger, lion and the Kadiak bear as being dangerous," he says, somewhat sadly. "Well, all they have to do is glance down in the alley when a dirty gray and brown little animal with a naked tail comes crawling out of a hole heading for the garbage can and they'll be looking at the deadliest creature on the face of the earth."

THE END

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THE ALLEGRO, dark, o world mahogany w dimensional bro grille. AM radio phonograph with st ard changer, 33¾" h 26¾" wide, 16" d

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AS FAST AS THE SUN

ER since Major Marion Carl, hat very personable and colful Marine Corps fighter Japs) flew the Navy's jet-, single-seater, Douglas-built to a new world's absolute ord of 650 miles an hour last rogressive people have been anticipating the day when ld travel that swiftly over d continents in jet-, rocket- energy-powered air liners. e invite you to join us in ctation of the day (now ancirca 1957) when 600-mile-cheduled air-line service here about the globe will be as the speeds of 200 to 300 d by the major air lines and llowing wonderful reasons: ly all the way from London rk at 600 mph, you keep up un; i.e., you arrive at the as you left. If you go on that rate of speed to San and even China, you will, if to local time, never go to you leave at night, it will l (or nearly all) the way and never get up. See?

's a short trip you want, you ut to San Francisco from in about the same time it to get from New York to n on the train—four hours u can leave New York at 9 rivė at the Golden Gate at ame day, same morning! you catch the 6 P.M. plane ancisco and land at New .M. You've made a roundontinental flight between 9 A.M. and transacted eight siness in San Francisco, asu started transacting the ou landed and continued your departure.

of trips could be worked ith the sun to all parts of to the continuous surprise ment of your appetite, dieping and working habits. would be a relief from nous life you lead now.

e little matter needs adhen we put the 600-mph service and that is so ine hate to mention it, but tell all. That little matter . It used to be all right here at 40,000 feet, calm , no roughness, no bumps, ce, no clouds. Then some poked into it and came garbled stories about the the very things that just xist. Of course we didn't .

three very tough Marine bat fighter pilots, flying tough 400-mile-an-hour ter planes, plowed into at 42,000 feet over Pennouple of years ago and they and their planes got the living hell beat out of them by the turbulent air.

Collier's published their story at the time and this exposé (ranking second only to Columbus' proof that the world was round) created a lot of new worry birds in aviation. They keep comparing the reaction of a plane and passengers flying at high speeds through turbulent air to the experience you and the wife and kiddies would have if you drove your new car at 60 miles an hour over back-country corduroy roads.

That's hardly fair though, because right off you know what to do. You throttle back to a few miles an hour and you slowly ride up and down the bumps and ruts and there are no broken springs or axles or skulls to repair at the end of the trip.

But there are reactionary old fools in aviation who think an airplane flying as fast as 10 miles *a minute* should also be able to fly as slowly as 10 miles *an hour* when it runs into turbulent air and ride out the bumpy sky the way you would the bumpy road to avoid beating up both plane and passengers, scaring them snow-white and making them as sick as a ptomaine hamburger.

WHEN they talk that way they seem to forget that *scheduled* 4-hour nonstop transcontinental flights (or 5-hour London-New York flights) mean just that and not 10 or 12 hours wasted in flying as slowly as a rigid airship or a helicopter or detouring all over the heavens in search of smooth air. We plan on having these air liners shooting across oceans and continents at very frequent intervals and so we've got to assign specific tracks in the skies and specific speeds, and those planes have got to adhere to both or they'll foul up the upper air.

And when these aviation reactionaries talk about designing air liners that should fly as slowly as 10 miles an hour and as fast as 600, just to guarantee safe landings anywhere, any time, and even enable them to bump into a fog-shrouded mountain without even barking the passengers' shins, they are holding up progress.

We who are for 600-mile-an-hour air liners swooshing along airways 7 to 10 miles above the earth, and departing and arriving every hour on the hour at all principal world cities, can't embrace such a program and keep to schedule. We're living in a world that's in a hell of a hurry and we're not going to monkey with devices to slow us down when we have two plans to circumvent all the turbulent air that can be stirred up. Right now they look so good we're throwing a party, following the best aviation tradition, to celebrate their success in advance of their installation.

Plan No. 1 is to speed up the work

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See his eyes dance! He's excited! Any man thrills to get a Gladding Fishing Line as a gift.

The expert fisherman enjoys Gladding's easy-casting smoothness, its dependable accuracy. The beginner marvels at its rugged toughness, its life-of-the-line waterproofing.

See your dealer today for the Gladding *your* man wants. There's a Gladding line . . . in special Christmas wrap . . . for every fresh and salt water use.

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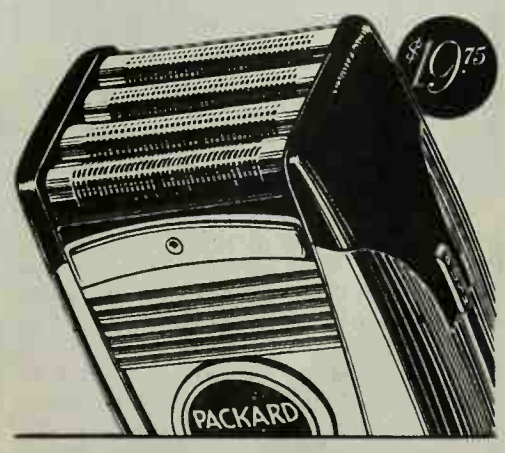
With a Packard Electric Shaver you are through with the mess, the fuss, the scrape, and after-shave face irritation. Packard solves all of your shaving problems, including neatly trimmed ears, a bothersome problem to every man who likes to look his best. At all better stores.



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of the rain makers and hurricane busters who now sprinkle dry ice from airplanes on the clouds. We've concluded that they can squirt this stuff on turbulent air, too —like pouring oil on the troubled waters —and make it so smooth you can balance a cup of coffee on your knee while whizzing across the sky like a comet, leaving a trail of fire and smoke from the jet tail pipe. Should they not go along with us on that plan, then we'll invoke No. 2, which is a sure-shot; guaranteed to *jet-you* from New York to San Francisco or across the oceans without feeling a bump though the skies be lousy with turbulence at the time:

You have checked in at the airport ticket counter and are now directed to a special room over yonder. As you pass through the door, an automatic hypospray—the painless substitute for the painful hypodermic needle, operated by compressed air and just perfected by the medical people—fires a charge of dope in your arm positively unbeknownst to you. Inside this room you are directed to a decklike chair and presently you are fast asleep.

Attendants quickly collapse the chair into a litter. You are strapped to it tightly and carried, like cargo, into the waiting plane. You are slid into a rack, securely locked and off you go into the high sky and to hell with the bumps.

The unnoticed shot in the arm is good for a little more than a four-hour nap and the next thing you know you are sitting in the same chair, but at the San Francisco airport, and as you come to, it's very likely you will say, rather sheepishly, "I must have dozed off. When do we leave?" FREDERICK R. NEELY

VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Continued from page 25

The reluctant pupil, it is felt, who fails to catch fire from the printed text of, say, Paul Revere's Ride, will warm up to the voice of Fredric March recounting it in the tone of a Bill Stern describing a 50-yard run for a touchdown. The talking textbook need not be limited to poetry or literary prose say Robie D. Marriner, president of American Book Company, and W. W. Livengood, the chief editor. They can teach arithmetic, science and the social studies as well.

"We'll have Bing Crosby reciting Euclid's geometry on records," predicts Kapp.

Meanwhile, Kapp finds other practical uses for the great words. Described by an admiring colleague as a "literary magpie," he crams choice bits into his mind and, lacking time, into his pockets for future commitment to a spongelike memory.

When Kapp belabored his board of directors in 1943 for approval to record the forthcoming Broadway show, Oklahoma!, as "a whole show, with the original cast," Kapp's colleagues demurred. It would require a $20,000 investment, a sizable outlay in the record business. Who wanted to hear unknowns in a nameless cast? Suppose the show was a flop?

"Rodgers and Hammerstein are our Gilbert and Sullivan. They're our Puccini," screamed Kapp.

Champagne Party for Celebrities

Kapp won and the subsequent album of Oklahoma!, exploited under the advertising slogan of "Take a Broadway Show into Your Home," has sold 900,000 sets to date for a retail gross of $4,500,000. When Oklahoma! album sales reached 500,000, Kapp celebrated regally with a party in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza at which Danny Kaye, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Jock Whitney and some 350 other Hollywood, Broadway and society names toasted Rodgers and Hammerstein and Kapp in Kapp's champagne.

Alfred Drake, the singer, has gleaned $63,000 in royalties from the album to date; Rodgers and Hammerstein have realized $172,000; and Decca, $2,700,000 (the price to dealers).

Competitors point out, somewhat sourly, that Kapp grabbed Oklahoma! because they were *hors de combat* at the time, immobilized by a strike of James C. Petrillo's musicians. But Kapp had the Broadway show field largely to himself even after competitors settled with Petrillo, and the Broadway hit, Annie Get Your Gun, made by Decca last year was one of the three best-selling albums of the year. With some shows, Bloomer Girl, Lute Song and others, Kapp fell on his face. But by this year competition to record Broadway shows had grown so keen that Kapp was jostled from the field he had pioneered.

Another profitable Kapp idea was the seemingly simple one of selling popular records, not singly, but in bunches in illustrated albums. It started when Kapp one evening watched college boys and girls disporting themselves happily at the Rainbow Room to the music of Strauss waltzes.

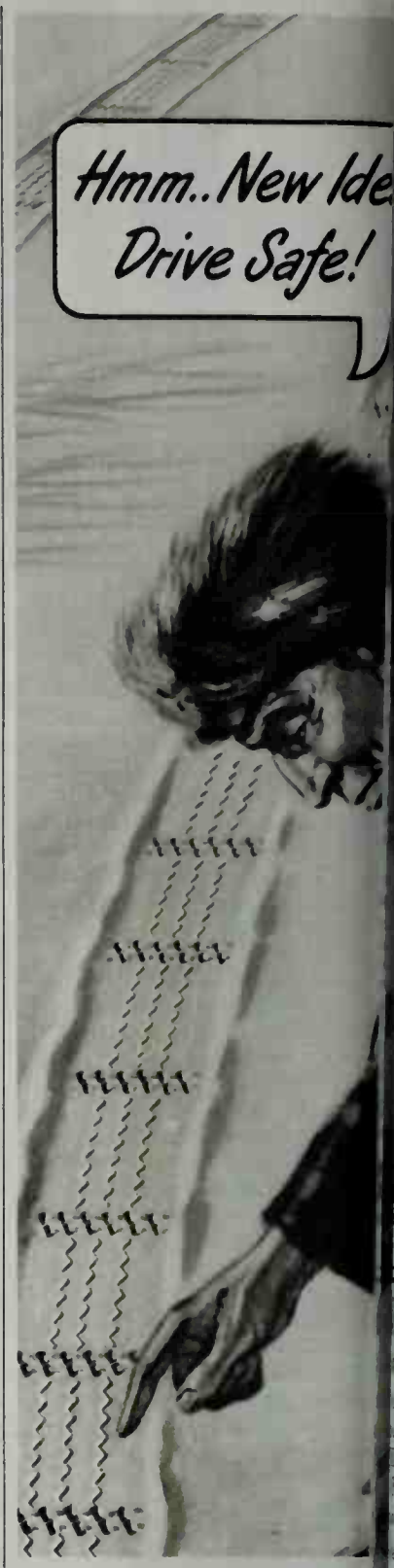
"Naturally, I ask myself," says Kapp, "why Strauss waltzes are so popular on the dance floor but are stinkers in the music shops." Kapp got his answer by playing one of his own recorded Strauss waltzes. The waltzes at the Rainbow Room had been arranged by the band there in three-quarter time for dancing. But the waltzes wafting from Kapp's phonograph were symphonic pieces arranged for concert listening.

Kapp quickly pressed some dance-time Strauss waltzes, packaged them five to an album and illuminated the package with the canary-and-black colors of Austria. As an idea it was good on two counts: It sold waltzes, and it won entree for Kapp's then 35-cent records into shops that had resisted the low price. Macy's frowned on single, 35-cent records because the dealer's margin was lower than competitors' 75-cent records, but welcomed a package retailing at $2.25. Kapp soon followed with albums of "the ten best rumbas," the "ten best sambas"—all in suitable color.

Some of Kapp's happiest sales ideas have come from his unorthodox use of talent. It used to be the practice to sign up artists, ask them what their best pieces were and make records of them. But Kapp lies awake nights, a couple of hours a night, he tells people, in pursuit of new angles for his artists. Thus came the idea of converting Frank Luther, a standard baritone, into a singer of children's songs, thereby making him rich and famous. (Luther's royalties from nursery rhymes, songs of safety and other recordings this year will total $25,000.)

Burl Ives has a relatively select, long-hair audience for his folk songs. Kapp persuaded him to share his Blue Tail Fly on a record with the Andrews Sisters. The larger, younger audience of the Andrews Sisters thus will learn about Burl Ives, Kapp argues. In his jumbling of unrelated artists Kapp treads daringly, coming up recently with a record in which Crosby sings Brahms while Jascha Heifetz fiddles.

Kapp is 46 years old. For the head of a $35,000,000-a-year business, this would seem to be youthful enough. But Kapp is actually the old man of the record business. He has been in it since he was fourteen, which means he has been continuously in records for 32 years.



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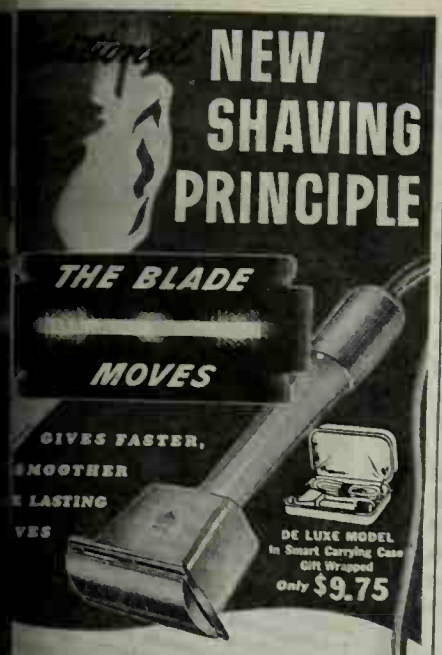

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HEN your baby suffers from hing pains, just rub a few drops r. Hand's Teething Lotion on ore, tender little gums and ain will be relieved promptly. r. Hand's Teething Lotion is prescription of a famous baby alist and has been used by ers for over fifty years. One e is usually enough for one for the entire teething period. *it from your druggist today*

R. HAND'S THING LOTION

rub it on the gums

The old man of the record business is a sprightly figure. When Kapp first came to Broadway in 1931 he wore suède shoes, checked suits under a flapping polo coat and cut an effulgent swath as he half ran, half walked down the Main Stem. Kapp's walking gait still leaves his wife, Frieda, trailing a half block behind him, but he is now of more somber hue in Oxford-gray suits, Homburg hats, and navy-blue ties. Kapp has a thinnish, loving-cup face with thin nose and away-from-the-head ears. Unless he is listening rapturously to the talent, the tunes, the great words he loves, Kapp's face is likely to wear a quizzical expression. It's because he is nearsighted and peers intently at you from behind his glasses.

Infatuated with great words, his own words pour out in torrents. "But we never stop him from talking," a colleague said. "Out of the endless words pops an idea."

To set down the ideas he gets while lying awake nights, Kapp bought a recording device and put it near his bed. When his secretary, Miss Betsy Ross, sought to copy the results, she found the words tumbled over one another so fast that she could extract no coherent thought from it. Kapp sold the machine, which he didn't need anyway, because his memory is as retentive as any recording device could be.

Gifted With a Facile Memory

When Kapp was delivery boy and mailing clerk for the Columbia Phonograph Company he found it was a cinch for him to memorize the catalogue of 3,000 record titles and their corresponding numbers. That done, he embarked upon a more ambitious feat of memory. He memorized the address or telephone number of each of the company's several hundred customers in the Chicago area. He did this by linking street or phone numbers with the numbers and titles of the Columbia catalogue.

The catalogue number of Onward Christian Soldiers, for instance, was 2706. Dealer Bones of 2706 Canal Street was therefore filed away in young Kapp's mind as Canal Onward Christian Soldiers. No. 2937 Archer Avenue was remembered as That Old Irish Mother of Mine Archer Ave. The practical result of all this was that no one in the office had to consult a telephone directory; they simply asked Kapp.

Recently there came across a Decca vice-president's desk the routine time sheets of Charles Laughton's recording of the Bible. On the line reserved for the artist's name, a subordinate had duly written, "Charles Laughton." Concerning the type of recording, he had noted, "Reading." On the line reserved for the title, he wrote, "The Bible." The line reserved for the name of the author of the book bore the notation, "Ask Jack Kapp."

Kapp's problems were such in 1934 when he founded Decca that he had to be a revolutionary from hunger, as Broadway would put it, or perish. For one thing, RCA Victor had built a magnificent catalogue of music classics and thus pre-empted the solid, staple backbone of the record business. Was Kapp to go fight Arturo Toscanini or the Boston Symphony? That left him the popular field. But how to build a business on that when the radio often played a popular tune to extinction before a record man could reach the market with it?

"What's Toscanini got that Bing Crosby hasn't got?" Kapp reasoned.

"Crosby has the soul," Kapp answered himself, "that only Caruso and Al Jolson had before him. Caruso sang in Italian, and the common man all over the world understood him. Well, Bing will do the same in English."

When Kapp set out to urge Crosby to record Silent Night, the New World's

Our Best Wishes

Blackie:

"Christmas is so full of happy friendship and goodwill, Whitey—I wish it came more often."

Whitey:

"So do I, Blackie—I love the spirit of Christmas."

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Try this tonight for Morning Freshness!

Maybe you won't actually *leap* out of bed! But thousands do report this—they wake up considerably fresher and more vital when they drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night!

For Ovaltine does these things, to bring buoyant morning freshness:

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RADIO STARS FOR XMAS!

The NEWEST—THE BIGGEST—the best Xmas idea of 1947! The greatest names in the world of entertainment...your family's, your friends' very favorite radio stars now for the first time on the most laughable, lovable home recordings ever created! Top-Ten Records! Thousands of laughs!

Anywhere from four to eight complete and separate comedy routines in every album. Your chance to give something completely new, completely different. A gift as great as the gift of laughter!

Every beautifully designed album complete with four double-side, ten-inch records, plus the star's own laugh-life story and special Xmas card gift wrap for your signature.

You'll find this entirely new Christmas gift at your favorite record shop. If not available there, fill out attached coupon. Mail today. Your choice of the mightiest laugh triumphs of these best-known and best-loved of all laugh makers.

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*Including famous "Lord's Prayer" rendition
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Caruso fought for his life as a singer of hep tunes.

"Who do you think I am—Lily the Pons?" he asked.

Crosby's Silent Night sold more than 3,000,000 records and helped make him the world's biggest singer of religious songs.

"Then we put him on a horse and made him the world's biggest singer of cowboy songs," Kapp says. Behind a mint julep, Bing sold more Stephen Foster records than anybody, and from under a *lei* he broke all records for Hawaiian songs. Crosby sells 10 per cent of all Decca's records. His $600,000 royalties this year put his total disk earnings well above the $1,800,000 which Caruso is reported to have amassed in 18 years.

A Threat to Crosby's Prestige

For all that (or perhaps because of it) Kapp's attitude toward Crosby is that of the adoring amateur. When it looked as if Frank Sinatra might take Crosby's place, Kapp visited his $5,000,000 piece of talent at his Holmby Hills home.

As Kapp tells the story: " 'Bing,' I said, 'Bing, there's a question that's being asked me. Is Sinatra going to take your place?'

" 'Could be,' said Bing. 'Yes, it could be.' Then I say, 'If he does take your place, be gracious, you've been going a long time. It's one thing to be singing to adolescents in your twenties. It's another thing to be singing the same ballads when you're forty and the father of four children. We have a contract that runs another three years. Sinatra is on the horizon. With your permission,' I say, 'I'd like to tear up the contract.'

"Then I pause to let that sink in, and I say, 'I'd like to tear it up and give you one for seven years at higher royalties.' Bing brushed away a tear."

"We can't talk about Jack Kapp without getting mushy," says Everett Crosby, Bing's business-manager brother.

Other success-story heroes peddled papers, but Kapp, as a boy, only peddled records. He likes to tell about it in the third person, and with some awe.

"There is the boy of twelve on Chicago's North Side, and there is his father who has a horse and buggy with a box in the back, and sells records on a regular route, like a milkman. One day the father comes to the boy. He's tired. Will I take his route? He puts the boy on the streetcar with bundles of records under his arms. The boy sells 12 records and makes $3.60."

Kapp's father used to bring home the hits of the day, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Everybody's Doin' It Now, Red Wing, and lecture young Jack and younger brother David on public taste. The elder Kapp achieved a local fame for his talent as a hit forecaster, and when the Kapps opened a music shop (with Jack's savings) later, record salesmen would make a beeline for the store to test their wares on the old man.

On graduating from high school (as president of his class) young Kapp naturally went into records, took orders for the Columbia office in Chicago.

An inveterate talent worshiper from the start, young Kapp made it his own, extracurricular duty to call on Columbia artists when they visited Chicago. Armed with gift offerings of their latest records, he would court such heroes as Ted Lewis, Bert Williams and Al Jolson.

Kapp trailed Jolson so arduously that they became fast friends. Kapp's talent worship paid off. Promoted to talent scout for the Brunswick Phonograph Company, Kapp arrived in Hollywood in 1928 to find his friend Jolson making his early talkie, The Singing Fool.

"I've got two songs, and they're smashes," Jolson told Kapp over the telephone. Then, with young Kapp palpitating at the other end of the wire, Jolson gave out with his two new songs, Sonny Boy and Rainbow Round My Shoulder.

Young Kapp wired to New York headquarters for permission to record them, and was rebuffed.

"I then sent them the famous wire," says Kapp, "I'm here, and you're 3,300 miles away. You'd better take my word for it."

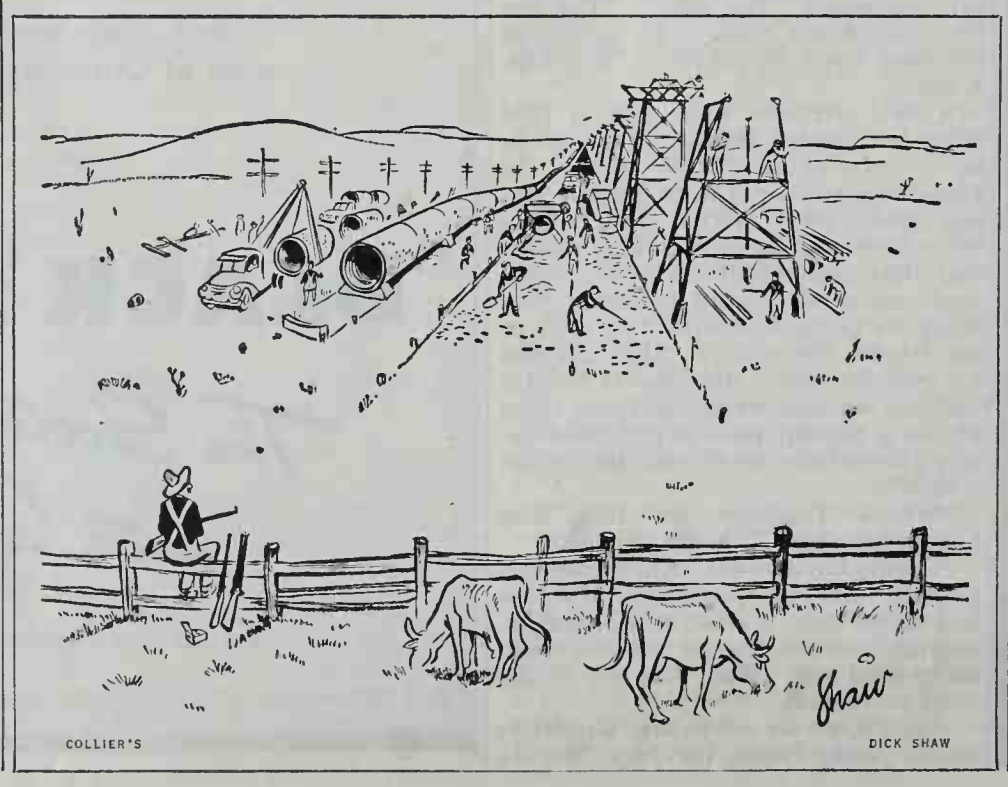
Recorded, Sonny Boy was subsequently heard by millions.

As a talent scout for Brunswick, young Kapp would pack up his recording apparatus and strike out for Memphis, Kansas City, New Orleans or whatever. From the Negro night spots, saloons and even from the streets, Kapp and his younger brother David would round up likely talent, and record as many as 350 sides in 15 days.

Pine Top Smith at the Piano

In a Memphis dive in 1928, Kapp discovered an albino colored man with pink eyebrows and pink eyes, belaboring a piano with a peculiar, repetitive rhythm. Recorded, the music sold 40,000 records in a few months, a hit in those days. The rhythm was boogie-woogie, and the performer was Pine Top Smith, who is regarded by some of the *cognoscenti* in the field as the original exponent of the style. He was killed in a barroom brawl, several months after Kapp recorded him, and his Pine Top Boogie is held to be a valuable collector's item.

When Talent Scout Kapp came upon Guy Lombardo, then recently arrived in Chicago, he laid siege at once to win the band for Brunswick. Since Lombardo



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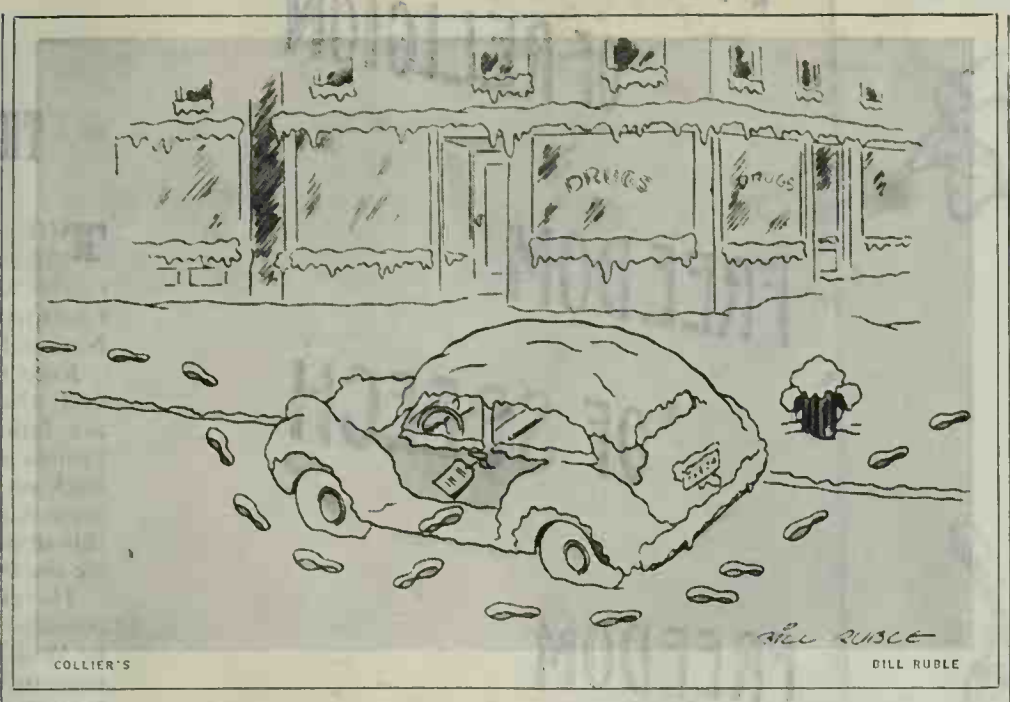

achieved quick fame in Chicago, record men fought to sign him up. Kapp mooned before the band like a lovesick swain and worshipfully followed it from town to town. When Lombardo decided to sign with the strongest company in the field—Victor—Kapp wouldn't give up. "My life depends on it," he told Lombardo. Touched, the band leader took young Kapp to his agent, Jules Stein, president of Music Corporation of America. Stein patted Kapp on the shoulder. "He loves the band so much he should have it," he said.

Brunswick rewarded Kapp by putting him in charge of the recording laboratory in New York, a job corresponding to general manager of the company. At twenty-nine Kapp had achieved his life's dream. But it was now 1931. Radio and the depression were knocking the stuffings out of the record business.

"I reached the pinnacle," said Kapp, "and the bottom fell out. The record business slumped 90 per cent."

Kapp went to England in 1932 to make a deal for the sale of American talent there. He met E. R. Lewis, a young, beetle-browed financial genius who headed British Decca, Limited (no relation to American Decca now), and learned that American talent, on British records, had started a European record boom. When Kapp travels he sees more than scenery. He sees life pass in review before him. En route home on the boat, Kapp decided his company's management was blocking his and the company's progress. In New York he asked the Brunswick management to make him president or accept his resignation. They accepted his resignation.

Presently, with the financial backing of E. R. Lewis of England, Kapp launched Decca records. Kapp's contribution was the talent he had gathered about him in his career as record man.

Artists, Capital and an Idea

The exodus of artists from Brunswick to follow Kapp into his new company was almost Biblical in its dimensions. In the hegira were Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo, Ted Lewis, the Dorsey brothers, Isham Jones, the Casa Loma Orchestra, the Mills Brothers, Frank Luther and lesser luminaries. The contribution of British Decca's E. R. Lewis was $250,000 capital and a brilliant idea—the 35-cent record.

Although all prices had tumbled sharply by 1934, the record companies continued to charge the 75 cents per record received in inflated 1929. Lewis figured that newcomer Decca would fail unless it boosted over-all record volume instead of just sharing the current depressed business. And for this a price slash was vital.

If Decca could sell only $70,000 of records a year and go into production quickly it could go into the black at once, but a series of disasters overtook Kapp. Old pressing equipment purchased from Brunswick either broke down or produced faulty records. It looked for a while as if there'd be another exodus of artists, this time from Decca. But Lewis, the British angel, stoutly dug up another $400,000 capital, and with the new equipment Kapp had the pleasure of producing records that stayed sold.

Kapp had other troubles. A competitor offered Bing Crosby a fat $35,000 to make a dozen records. Although Kapp was then behind in his royalty payments to Bing, the singer spurned the tempter.

"You are only doing this to hurt my friend Jack," he said.

The Tune That Everybody Sang

In 1935 Kapp brought out a record, The Music Goes Round and Round. Purchased for $125, the tune sold 100,000 records, and Decca was out of the woods.

When the juke boxes reached big-industry proportions in the late thirties, some record companies refused to sell records to them on the theory that the jukes would kill sales at the retail record shops. Kapp had no such qualms. He pre-empted the field by default, and for some years sold some 60 per cent of all his records to the jukes.

Kapp lives in a four-story Manhattan town house, furnished tastefully in French and English antiques. There are four phonograph-record combinations but hardly any records. Kapp gives them away enthusiastically to friends.

"I have a world-wide acquaintance," he says. "Last night four people from London. This morning, Paris. Last week three people from Hawaii." A friendly man, Kapp doesn't ask much. "All I ask of people is that they don't try to see how they can throw you a curve."

The Kapps have two children, Jonathan eight, and Myra, sixteen. Characteristically, they have contributed to Kapp's education and to his business. Alarmed at the radio programs Myra was listening to, Kapp sought to tempt her away with children's records. He found the field so barren that he went into it and now sells more children's records than anybody. While it is important that such records please Jonathan and Myra it is more important they please Kapp, his own best barometer.

Once Crosby came in to record a batch of new records. The perennial question, "Is Bing slipping?" was being asked more persistently than ever.

The recording done, Crosby and Kapp walked out of the studio arm in arm.

"You know when you'll really start slipping?" Kapp asked.

"Tell me."

"When you stop thrilling me," said Kapp.

THE END

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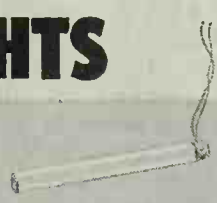

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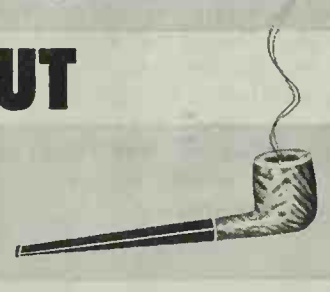
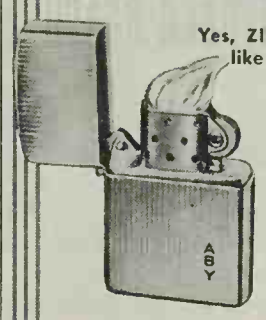


ALL THREE



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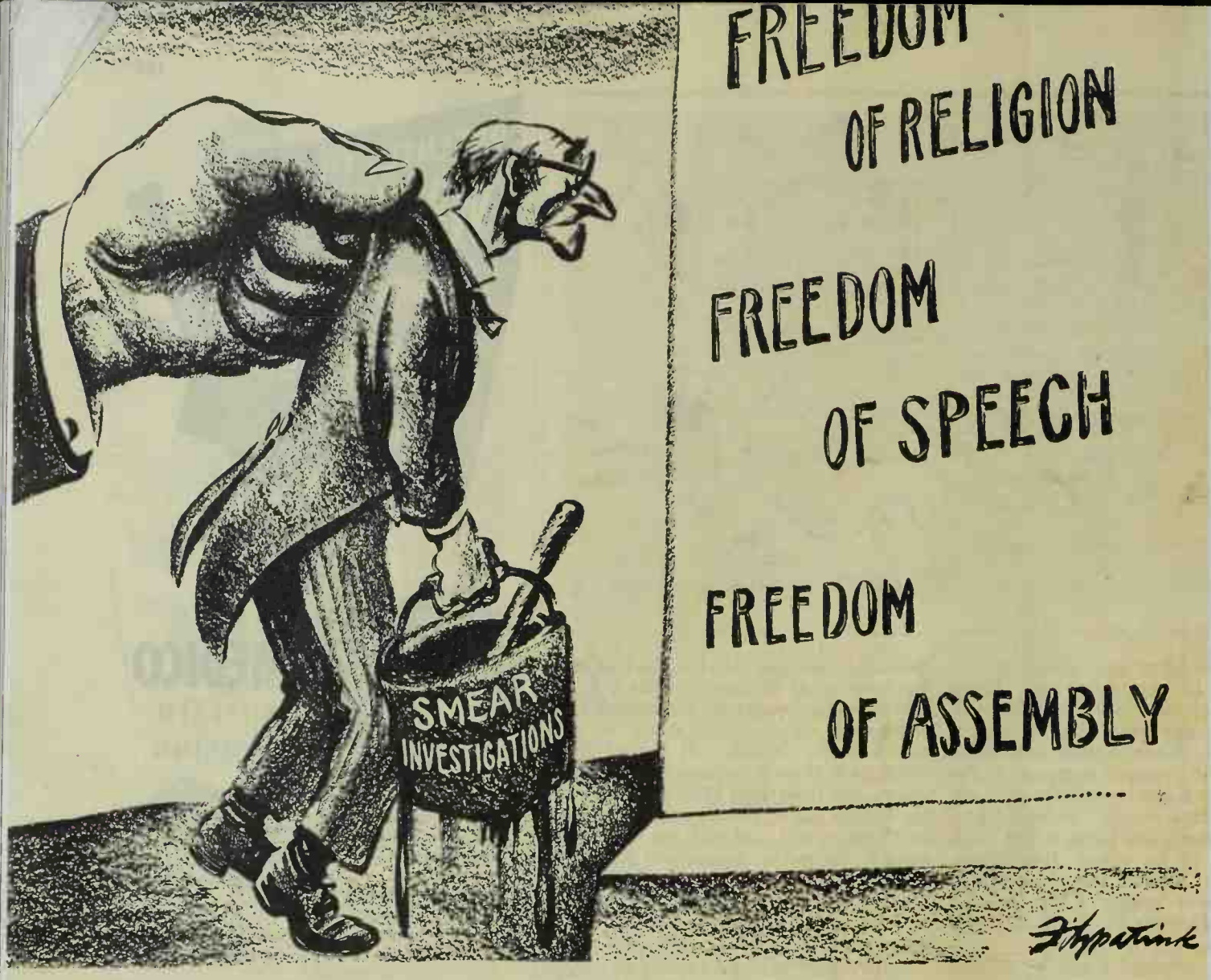

THE MOVIES AND THE REDS

WHAT'S the sensible view to take of the House Un-American Activities Committee's Hollywood-Communist investigation which touched off all those fireworks in Washington? It seems to us that the sensible view shapes up about as follows:

Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, was right, we believe, when he insisted that some sort of protection against unjust smears of innocent persons ought to operate in all probes of this kind. Some reputations were undeservedly injured in this probe by conservatives, just as others were injured in the radical air-mail-contract investigation headed by Hugo Black some years ago.

Yet this Congressional look-see into Communist goings on in the movie industry was necessary. The Communists are determined to take over the United States someday, and one of their logical objectives is to get control of the movies as a great vehicle for propaganda. They have not succeeded, as this investigation showed. But if their plottings and connivings were simply ignored by Congress, they might someday succeed.

This small group of fanatics needs continuous watching; and any of its members who can be lawfully convicted of offenses against our laws should be tossed into jail. We should not grow hysterical about the Red conspiracy against the American people. But neither should any of us forget for a moment that it is a conspiracy, and that it is playing for keeps.

It seems to us that we would avoid a good deal of embarrassment and lost motion if we were to entrust this job of ceaseless vigilance against the domestic Reds to some man or men of the high character and steady temperament of, say, Fred Vinson, or Senator Taft, or Governor Dewey, or Senator Byrd.

As for suggestions that the Communist party be outlawed and private employment of Communists forbidden, we think that is absurd. Such a course would merely drive the domestic Reds underground and make it harder to pin anything on any of them.

In the main, let's go on as we've been going for generations, with everybody free to have and express any political views he pleases, but with nobody free to plot to change our form of government otherwise than at the polls in a regular election.

THERE'S NOBODY TO RELIE

THE most important thing yet said ab Marshall Plan for Western European e revival was uttered, we believe, by General Chairman Philip D. Reed in a speech at th National Foreign Trade Convention in St

Reed undertook to remind his fellow A that whereas Western Europe and much are falling back on us for help out of famine and chaos, there is no nation for back on in case we find ourselves in need some dark day. Nobody can or will relie this respect, we are not only at the end of we *are* the end of the line.

Therefore, went on Reed, the first thing consider with reference to any Marshall P is: Will this particular release of food, m tools or what not intensify some U.S. shor to push up prices and thereby touch off den higher wages; or will it not? If it will not, if it will, don't do it, no matter who comp

The reason why this should be our pr sideration with reference to everything we the Marshall Plan is obvious. The reason we let our present inflation become mu serious we shall ruin ourselves and de ability to help any other nation.

As the old legal maxim has it, a man mu before he is generous. In this case, justi selves and to our own economy means the between being able and being unable to be to anybody else. We'll forget that fact at

BE CONSISTENT, JIMMY

ORDERING his musicians' union m stop making recordings after t J. Caesar Petrillo says this scientific g phonograph, is killing off the live musicia of support. In cruder English, science i and an enemy of mankind.

We'd suggest that Jimmy be consistent, out this attitude in his private life as an e us benighted, science-fascinated fellow his.

For instance, he ought to stop using th to get to his elegant Waldorf-Astoria On cold days, he should turn off the scie ators and brew himself a fire on the floo and wood shavings—and shoo the equipped firemen away from his door pens to set the joint ablaze.

If Jimmy catches pneumonia, God should just let it kill him, instead of allo devilish doctor to shoot him full of p sulfa. And if all this back-to-nature, science stuff begins preying on Petrillo's gives him complexes and inhibitions, h call in not a psychiatrist, but a good, rel from the back streets of Harlem or the l out of York and Lancaster, Pennsylvania

We're waiting with no little inter J. Caesar get going on an all-out crus science in its basket.

THE DIVORCE SNAFU

SUPREME COURT Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson suggested from the bench recently that the high court just scrap all its previous decisions on divorce and in effect write a uniform divorce law for the whole country—a suggestion as dramatic as it is impractical.

Jackson's proposal did, however, highlight the fact that, because we have 48 different state divorce laws, enormous confusion and hardship afflict large numbers of Americans all the time. Can anything be done about it?

Senator Pat McCarran (Dem., Nev.) has come up with a suggestion which at least seems to merit serious consideration.

The McCarran proposal is that Congress pass a law requiring every state to honor a divorce decree granted in any other state, provided the decree is validly and honestly obtained in the issuing state. Phony, collusive, framed-up or otherwise dishonest divorce decrees would be as vulnerable in all the courts as they are now.

According to Senator McCarran, such a law could be written without much difficulty. The situation at which it would be aimed is intolerable now, and is getting worse all the time as U.S. divorce rates increase.

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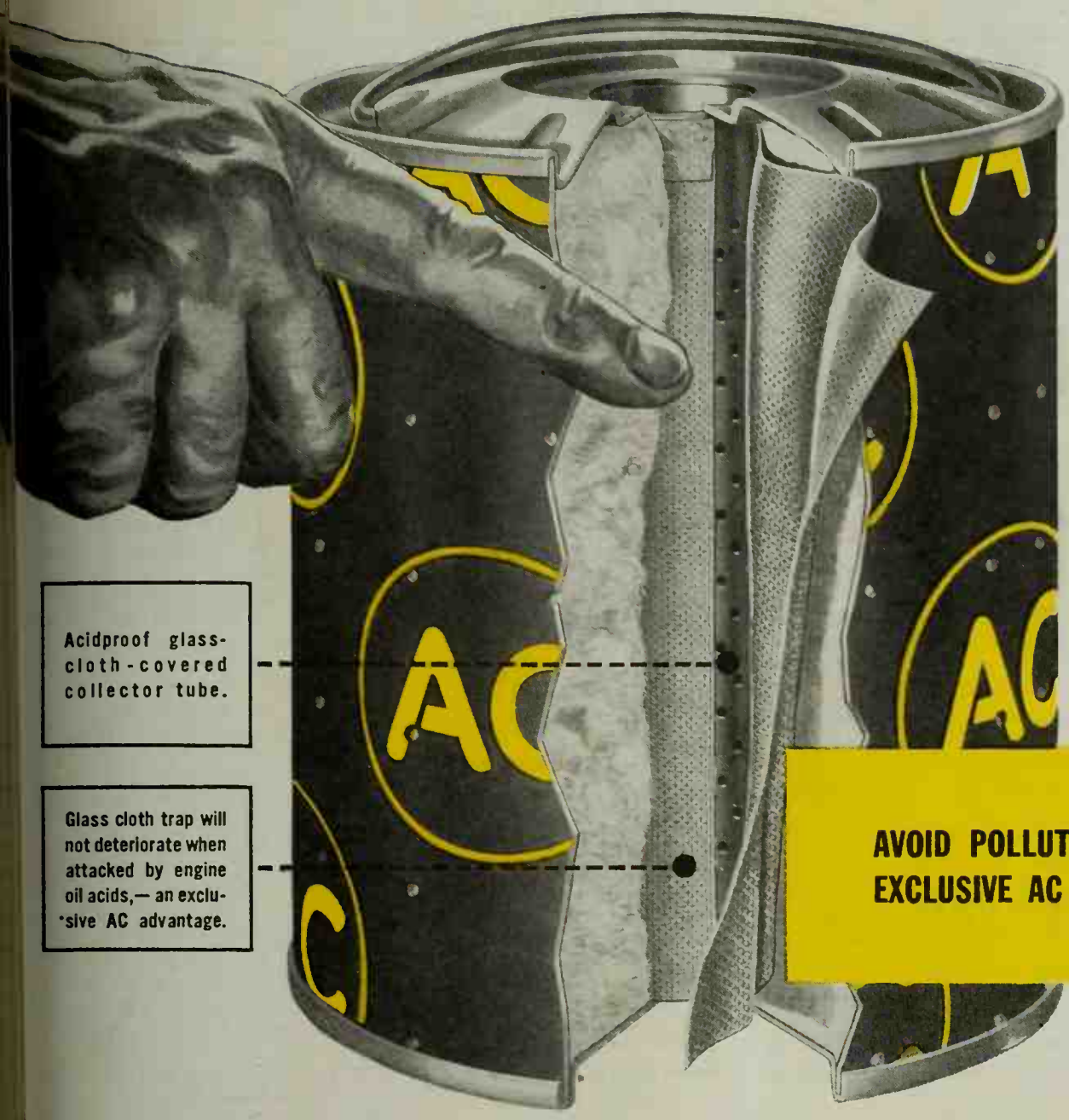
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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"GOOD NEWS"

JUNE ALLYSON • PETER LAWFORD

PATRICIA MARSHALL • JOAN McCRACKEN

RAY McDONALD • MEL TORME

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Based on the Musical Comedy by LAWRENCE SCHWAB, LEW BROWN, FRANK MANDEL, B. G. DeSYLVA, and RAY HENDERSON

Directed by.....CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by..... ARTHUR FREED

If ever a picture was perfectly titled it's "Good News". No matter what the headlines are saying today, there's "Good News" on the screen. M-G-M gives America a youthful, tuneful, joyous shot in the arm in the form of the gayest, fastest-paced film ever brightened by Technicolor's magic. It's good news for 1948!

All of us at one time or another have hummed the song hits which were made popular by one of Broadway's best musical shows. The motion picture version is far better than the original, a really bang-up job. You'll like the way they do "The Best Things in Life Are Free", "Varsity Drag", "My Blue Heaven" and the title song.

The cast couldn't be improved upon. June Allyson gives an acting, singing and dancing performance which makes us remember how she first caught the public eye. Peter Lawford, teaming with her, fulfills his promise as the most personable romantic lead on the screen. With them are a group of lively young Broadway personalities from musical comedy hits who justify their invitation to Hollywood, including Patricia Marshall, a new find; Joan McCracken of "Oklahoma" fame who is, in a word, great. Bing and Frank also had better look to their laurels after seeing and hearing Mel Torme, the newest croonsmith. What with its marvelous songs, wonderful dancing and bevies of pretty girls, you're bound to agree that "Good News" is just that.

The direction by Charles Walters, who is himself no mean stepper, has breakneck pace. Producer Arthur Freed, who will be remembered for "Meet Me In St. Louis", has presented another sure-fire attraction.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green, two Broadway talents responsible for "On The Town" and "Billion Dollar Baby", have handled the script in a way that keeps you feeling young and gay and wanting to live your love all over again.

It is unquestionably the picture of the month and the musical of the year.

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Immigrants from Europe are being received there with open arms.

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Ski clothes by Whitestag.

THE WEEK'S MAI

LOW-DOWN HIGH-UP HARTWELL

EDITOR: In Low-Down on the Slowdo (Nov. 8th) Dickson Hartwell handles truth very carelessly to say the least. we building tradesmen so expendable t we must work at a speed that so complet tires us we cannot enjoy family or so life after a day's work? Is twenty-ei dollars a day too much to pay a mecha (I don't know any who are getting th Does not Hartwell average much more t twenty-eight dollars a day, the year arou Does he do anything of a constructive lasting nature to earn his money? Su the laborer is worthy of his hire.

W. J. REID, Washington, D

. . . Too bad the American public is "spineless" that they will just read it say. "How awful! Something should done," but will pass it off and say let next guy do it. Soon Americans will to get a union card to breathe fresh air.

HAROLD S. ROWE, JR., Auburn, M

. . . Congratulations to Dickson Hart on a magnificent piece of work. It w be a simple solution if Congress would a law discontinuing "wages paid by hour." . . . RAY DAY, Cocoa,

KIDDIE KARNIVAL

DEAR EDITOR: I share the concern of fellow in The Week's Mail who comp about the crackle of Cellophane and crunching of piñon shells in movies.

But for real goings on, take your yo ster to a children's matinee on Satur Westerns are the order of the day, whenever guns stop barking and h galloping (while the characters on screen talk plot) all dialogue is dro out by a roar of chitchat in the audien

The posse springs to the saddle and i There's a moment of silence followe another drone of kids asking, in un "Where are they going now, Dad Daddy is in the middle of explaining th has no idea what's going on because o foregoing chitchat, when some youn yells, "Shut up!" This strikes several people as a good idea, and kids ye "Shut up!" are then urged by other ki shut up, and they in turn are shushed

Eventually, after much flashlight-sh and threats by ushers, order is rest Then the 25 kids who got free roller s for being the first to arrive don their s and try them out, up and down the a After more flashlight-shining and threats, things settle down again, and there is a mass migration to the rear the candy stand has just opened up

(Continued on page 87)

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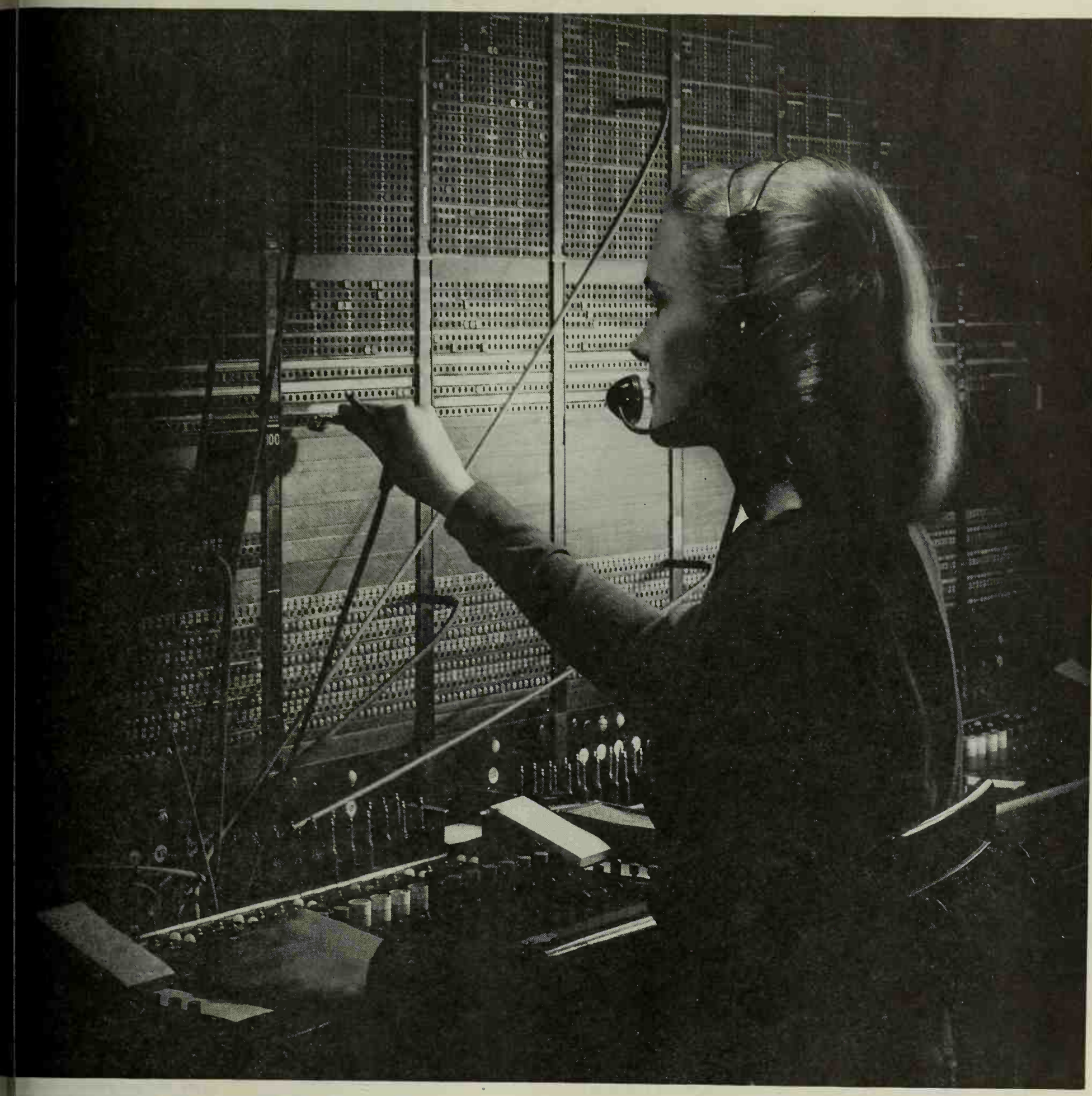

IN THE DARK SILENCE OF THE NIGHT

Telephone service isn't a 9 to 5 service. It is one of the services in the world that are always available to the lic . . . twenty-four hours a day, Sundays and holidays.

In the dark silence of the night there is one light forever burning—one voice that is never stilled.

That light is the light of the Bell Telephone Exchange. That voice is the voice of your telephone. Its very presence brings a feeling of security, whatever the need or the hour.

Service in some countries shuts down with the end of the day. Bell System service keeps on going the whole twenty-four hours of the day and night, Sundays and holidays.

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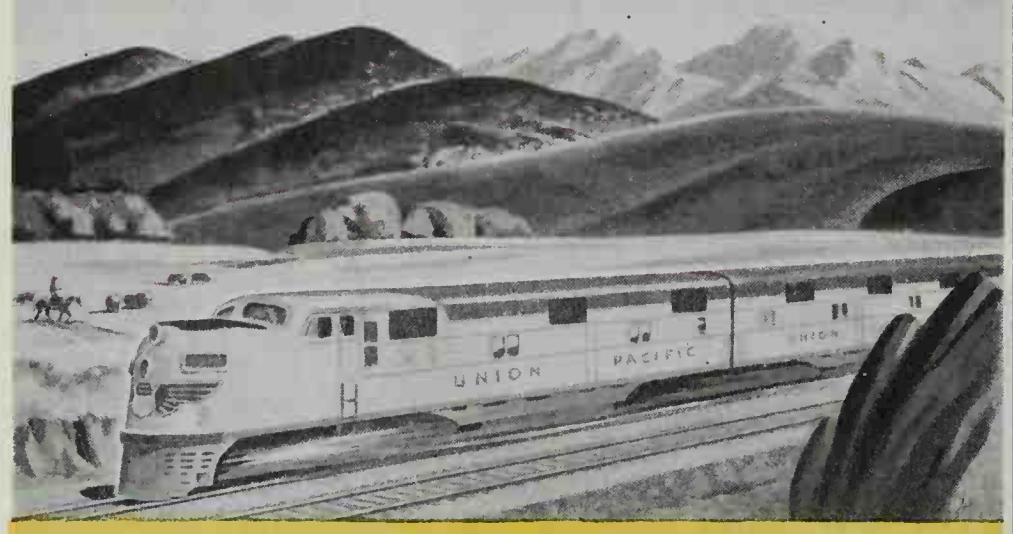

For travelers between Chicago and western points, Union Pacific now operates a fleet of daily Streamliners.

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DAILY service between Chicago - San Francisco.

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DAILY service between Chicago - Portland.

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DAILY—Overnight between Chicago - Denver.

For complete relaxation, ride the Union Pacific Streamliners

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Road of the Daily Streamliners

GEORGE DE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

When the world's first factory-made baby carriages appeared in New York in 1848, so many people complained of being struck by these new vehicles that the manufacturer, in disgust, moved his plant to England—and made a fortune.

In criminal cases in Ireland, the jurors are known to the press and public by numbers, instead of by their names, as a precaution against bribery and intimidation.

Sometime during his life, every man in Siam is required to spend at least two months in a Buddhist monastery, practicing complete abstention from indulgence in pleasure.

A vaudeville act that mystified Europe in the early 1900s was the Educated Horse whose specialty was solving problems in arithmetic. After "reading" a problem written on a blackboard, the animal would tap out the answer with his forefeet, tapping three times with his left and then twice with his right, for example, when the answer was 32. The horse had been trained to tap each foot until signaled to stop by his master through some movement, such as crooking a finger, that was so imperceptible, the trick was not discovered for years.

During a recent campaign to kill by ridicule the flagrant misuses of the word "engineer" in this country, lists compiled showed that it was being employed as a title by persons engaged in nearly 2,600 kinds of work, most of which had little or nothing to do with engineering. Among the many absurd titles were Pajama Engineer (manufacturer), Exterminating Engineer (rat catcher) and Appearance Engineer (beauty parlor operator).

FM radio waves, unlike those of AM, can be received in some parts of a room and not in others on a set with a built-in antenna. To avoid cases of poor reception, a special portable receiver is now used, before a new FM set is installed, to determine whether there is a satisfactory location in the room or if an outside antenna is necessary.

One of America's smoothest sharps was William T. Frad aboard Atlantic liners between and 1941, specialized in "taking" lionaires, knowing they would report their losses and reveal their libility. On the first day out, he w get acquainted with the sucke lected and pose as some well-kr man of immense wealth whose fri ship might be highly beneficial would then shun the sucker for a ple of days while three confede worked on him, eventually sugge a game of cards in which they "ho to be joined by the great and e sive gentleman. Eager to know better, the sucker would seize th portunity. On about 50 voyages before he was convicted and im oned, Frad swindled his victims c more than $1,500,000.

The outstanding hoax of the century was that played on Dr hann Beringer, professor of n philosophy at the University of burg, Germany. As he had the c sion that fossils were "capri fabrications of God," his stu made and planted, in a near-b hundreds of grotesque clay table cluding one signed by Jehovah. finding them, the doctor was sc vinced they proved his theory th wrote and published a book o subject, despite the confession class which he believed was an at to rob him of his glory. Shortly the book was out, he discovered bearing his own name and, rea the truth at last, spent the rest life and fortune trying to buy the existent copies.

Several centuries ago in R many artists, when painting ic sacred personages, employed a s method in order to give compl dividuality to each figure. They first paint the skeleton, then a body organs, then the skin and, the clothes.

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THE WEEK'S WORI

Lawrence Williams (left) as a heavy in the film, Nancy Drew, Repo

THE new serial: Since last we wrote of him, Lawrence Williams (Virgil Oliphant's Christmas Present, p. 11) has been to Hollywood and played in 35 movies, mostly leering heavies. Recently Mr. Williams reformed, and holed up in Greenwich Village, to devote himself entirely to his writing.

Last summer Mr. Williams was lunching with our Mr. Kenneth Littauer, listening to Mr. Littauer tell of hearing himself for the first time on a home recording device. It was at a party, and instead of coming out high-squeaked and nasally impeded, Mr. Littauer confessed his utter amazement at hearing a soft, deep, resonant voice out of a lullaby (no surprise to those of us who know that behind the benevolent Bela Lugosi exterior of Littauer lurks the soul of the gentle Dante).

This in turn set Mr. Williams wondering whether anybody really knows what he sounds or seems like to others. "I know that the first time I saw myself on the screen," he says, "by way of proving my hypothesis, I threw up. I suppose everybody in the world has himself wrong, I thought, listening to Littauer.

"Supposing, for instance, there is this kind of beat-up guy, see, who has worked for years at a little job, getting kicked around, see. But supposing he is not really . . . After placing a kiss on Mr. Littauer's brow for his cosmic mind, I hurried home and got working on little Virgil Oliphant. I forgot to say Ken had also said something about needing a Christmas story, which made it easier. Any resemblance between Littauer and Oliphant is purely coincidental."

POE wrote for liquids and Byron for love, but Kenneth Perkins (Relic of Fort Tejon, p. 22) broke into the writing game at fourteen with a piece about San Francisco's streets and the pioneers for whom they were named. For this he received a book of tickets on the Sutter Street cable cars.

At the time, young Perkins was living with his granddad, a big barkentine and schooner man at the time, and also a colleague of said pioneers. "Every port, ship and cargo was, and still is, a story to me," says Perkins. "Later I went to sea myself to nose out more material."

Born and partially educated in the Madras Presidency in India, taught equitation (hossback you!) in the artillery in the using animals as main protag his stories, as he does in Fo is simple for him. "Elepha of my India days," he says almost human characters. have been heroes many time have dogs. This is the first tin used a crochety, gurgling, g and drooling camel as the character."

SPORTS writers on New pers are notoriously out-ers, but Arch Murray and H (Settled Out of Court, p. both born on lower Manhatt with the Daily News and Ar the New York Post.

Hy's collegiate sentence w at Cooper Union, where h B.S. and E.E.; while Arch is a ton, where, when he tried to on the university's daily pape told, "You don't know how well enough." These bac qualified them as sports wr

Unlike most sports write exercise is confined to horizo Hy won his intramural bask merals at school, while Arc ing almost 117 pounds, rep opening football practice at "This caused the new coac Fritz Crisler, to moan, 'If kind of material I'll get, grab the next train back to M lis!' " says Arch modestly.

Of the Hy-Arch team, thirty-two, is married. Hy h Arch, thirty-seven, has a boo Back—all about Princeton feated football team of '33. lished it himself, sold out eve the 2,000 copies.

This week's cover: Young Hot Water. Artist Gilbert wife, Grace, posed her sha sies, and Martha Sawyers, w from nonskiing territory an ski, drew her. "I illustrated story once," says Martha, "b have to commit murder to thentic." Martha painted on the hottest days of Aug fesses the water in the tub and a huge fan blew thro Bundy's woollies to help happy expression on her f steam is strictly ersatz . . . T

Just whisk on a disc

This compact little phonograph, model 63E, plays either 10″ or 12″ records. Has the "Silent Sapphire" pickup—no needles to change! It's lightweight, easy to carry, with plenty of volume for dancing, fine tone for your more serious, "symphony moods." And—it's the least expensive electrical phonograph that boasts the famous RCA Victor trade mark . . . "Victrola."

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for many Happy New Years!

The "Golden Throat" RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System recently made radio history in dramatic tests of tonal fidelity—the "Golden Throat" Demonstration. Read about it in an illustrated booklet, free, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

-welcome gift

is handsome table model 68R3 tunes in *both ndard and FM radio* with the richness of famous "Golden Throat" tone system. The othly simple classic-modern cabinet is shed in finest, selected walnut veneers. re are built-in antennas for both FM and t, automatic volume and 3-point tone control, n a place to plug in a record player! It's up he minute in styling and performance!

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This tiny table set points to many bright listening hours. It's the 75X11, only 10 inches long with top and enclosed back of smooth walnut-plastic. The novel, clear-plastic dial-face and pointer glow when the set is on, make station selection easy. Big 5-inch speaker brings you standard radio programs with the clear, true tone of the famous "Golden Throat." See also the 75X12 in dainty, ivory-finish plastic.

n you're in New York, see the radio and elec- c wonders at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL. Open o all. 36 West 49th Street, across from Radio City.

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He can cut down the chance of collision by discovering other vessels in the area and quickly working out their courses and speeds.

He can enable the captain to conn his ship into port easily and safely under conditions which would formerly have kept it at sea.

When I returned to my old civilian job of captaining a family, I carried back my appreciation for the value of an expert. And I have one I ask for advice and help on many of the problems every man faces in trying to provide for his family and the future.

My expert is my Travelers agent—a really able insurance man who's put his life into studying problems like mine. He's got plenty of experience, interest, and knowledge.

I remember when I got married how carefully he advised me on the exact type and amount of insurance I should carry. And ever since, he's been dropping in with suggestions for keeping my coverage up to date. My wife and kids are well protected—in case anything happens to me.

My wife is glad I understand the valu insurance expert. She says it makes her f better to have me take the advice of some able and sincere. And I can tell you, it m feel better, too.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Traveler

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire I Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance C Hartford, Connecticut. Serving the insurance the United States since 1864 and in Canada si

enting the poignant and sive romance of Virgil hant—a shy young man , as any enterprising girl d see at a glance, needed e shown his own strength. is the first of two parts

OW that he had reached the age of thirty-three years, Virgil Oliphant had been d privately to admit that there bout the Christmas season some- vaguely oppressive to him.

was difficult for Virgil to explain y why this should be so. It d to him that he had enjoyed mas as a child—and he hadn't *d* to change. It had simply hap- to him. Certainly he wanted to s festive as anyone else, but he shy young man who had grown with the solitary years, and the ened camaraderie and breaking of social restraints brought on ristmas frightened him, invaded ivate world, and made him feel more inadequate than he felt other seasons of the year.

ry year for eleven years in the of the Alumni Life Insurance any, where he worked with pleasure, Virgil had said, y Christmas!" as heartily as he to anyone who would say it to rst,' but for some reason, the had a bleak and hollow sound ued from his lips. And every t Christmastime, in the late- on gatherings around the water , Virgil had dutifully drunk raw y out of paper cups with the men in the Statistical Depart- listening to them tell about the

VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

breathing refused to function nor- when he encountered Miss Brinker. ," she said, "I've got to hurry"

presents they had bought for their wives and about the parties they planned to attend, and laughing as hard as he could manage at the jokes. But Virgil had found on each successive year that he could not truthfully tell himself that he was having a good time on these occasions. They made him uncomfortable and unhappy because he knew inside himself that he was not really a piece of them. And the whisky upset his stomach so that he had to take some bicarbonate of soda when he got home.

It was too bad, and Virgil knew that Miss Brinker, the lovely new secretary in the Statistical Department whom Virgil dared to look at only when Miss Brinker was looking elsewhere, would not approve of such an attitude—that is, if she bothered to think about it one way or the other, which seemed unlikely.

It was too bad, and Virgil felt very sorry about it; but now, a week before Christmas, as he walked slowly down the snowbanked avenue during his lunch hour, staring listlessly into the gaudy, brilliant shop windows, he wished that Christmas were over. Then he frightened himself a little by wishing there weren't any such thing as Christmas. And then Virgil looked into a particularly brilliant shop window and saw the recording machine.

The machine was very beautiful, and Virgil stopped in front of the window to look at it. He could see easily over the heads of the crowd because of his excessive height, which he generally regarded as a deformity and had spent his adult life trying to conceal by drawing his neck down as far as it would go between his shoulders; but it did come in handy at parades and other public gatherings. The entire show window was devoted to the recording machine and to its mysterious appurtenances. The machine itself was encased in a handsome cabinet of some sort of light wood and, if the top had not been raised to show the mechanism inside, it would have looked exactly like a sideboard. It had been highly polished, glistening in the colored lights which played upon it, and around the whole thing was tied a huge red ribbon with a neat bow, from which were suspended bunches of artificial holly berries and a placard, reading "Merry Christmas to YOU! Every day is Christmas if you have the magnificent new Ribbon Recorder in YOUR life!"

VIRGIL was so appalled at the idea of every day being Christmas for whatever reason that he turned away and had almost passed the shop altogether when he saw a clerk inside smiling at him over the heads of the crowd and beckoning with his hand. Because he was polite and made it a practice to smile at anyone who would smile at him, Virgil smiled back at the clerk and was astonished to see the young man inside the store burst into a frenzy of smiling, walk to the door, open it and call to Virgil, "Hello, there! Nice to see you! Come inside for a minute and warm up. I want to show you something."

"Hello," said Virgil, uncertainly. He was sure he had never seen the clerk before, but the young man seemed so very friendly that he thought he must somehow be mistaken. "Thanks," he said, "but I'd better be getting back. I'm late."

But the young man, who had a neat little blond mustache, a pin-stripe suit and a tie with a very big knot in it, seemed only to be spurred to greater effort by Virgil's show of reluctance, as though getting Virgil into the store were some sort of challenge to him. "Oh, come on, it's early. There's lots of time," he went on, smiling mightily. "It's Christmas, isn't it? Right?"

The people in the crowd had begun to pay halfhearted attention to this interchange, and, because Virgil would have preferred anything at all to becoming the object of a crowd's attention, he hurriedly accompanied the clerk into the store.

The shop was warm and filled with festooned tinsel and recording machines. "You won't be sorry you came in," said the clerk, who still held Virgil firmly by the elbow of his coat. "Now let me show it to you."

"How do you mean?" said Virgil.

The clerk looked up at Virgil as though Virgil had made a particularly splendid joke, laughing and smoothing his little mustache to show he appreciated it. Then he led him over to one of the biggest and shiniest machines and, before Virgil had a chance to stop him, began to talk very rapidly, exposing cleverly concealed inner compartments, pushing buttons and turning on lights as he talked.

"It's impossible to overestimate the advantages of ribbon recording over the old-fashioned platter-pressing method," he said, with great earnestness. "No irritating needle scratch, no bulky storage problem. Thirty minutes of your favorite entertainment can be recorded and stored on this little spool no bigger than the average salad plate. Record your favorite programs directly off the air—entire symphonies, comedy programs, great moments in history! Record your own voice at home. It's a barrel of fun at parties! This revolutionary little ribbon that looks as harmless as ticker tape. . . ." The clerk's eyes glowed ecstatically as he continued to talk about the machine, using words like "filtrovoxic amplification" and "manidex selectone," which made Virgil dizzy.

FINALLY he stopped and, abandoning for the moment the mistreatment of dead languages, said, "Well, what do you say? How about making a quick recording?"

Virgil had begun to look hunted. "You see, you don't understand," he said patiently. "Through the window I thought I knew you or—"

"Well, you *do* know me now, don't you?" said the clerk happily. "My name's Messkill, Harry Messkill. It's a real pleasure, Mr.—ah—?"

"Oliphant," said Virgil. "But—"

"Oliphant like in elephant?" the clerk said, bursting with pleasure at the quickness of his mind.

Virgil, who had lived for thirty-three years with this witticism, smiled dully. "But, you see, I couldn't sibly use a recording machine. I have a one-room place—"

"What home," asked the c raising his shoulders, "can't u beautiful piece of furniture?"

"—And, anyway," Virgil contir "I couldn't afford it, even if I—"

"*Anyone* can afford it," the interrupted severely. "Easy c terms are cheerfully arranged."

"But I don't—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do with said the clerk, in the voice of one is about to settle everything. make one voice recording—just little one—and then if you don't with me that the ribbon record the greatest invention since electr I'll apologize for taking up your and let you go on your way in pe

"You will?" said Virgil.

"But I know I won't have to," the clerk, and he took Virgil's s again and led him hurriedly to a glass-enclosed booth at the bac the store where there was set u other machine, this one with a r phone plugged into it. Virgil d his head as he was propelled int booth. "Now, I push the magic ton," said the clerk, doing so; magic ribbon begins to turn o magic reel, and—you're record

"Wait!" shouted Virgil, thoro alarmed by now. "What shall I

Virgil frowned and went on: "I am an old customer, Al. I should think that would entitle me to some consideration

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

…ything," said the clerk, and he …out, closing the door.

…il stood and stared glassy-eyed …microphone as at a coiled adder. …a while he cleared his throat …lly, and said, "Hello?"

…ing remarkable happened; the …lass room was as still as a tomb; …tle white ribbon unwound on …ol as inexorably as the hands …clock. Virgil felt the perspira… break out on his brow. He …d his hands together until the …ers were white, to keep them …trembling. At last he cleared his … again. "Fourscore and seven … ago," he said, "our fathers …t forth on this continent. . . ." …he said the speech straight …gh to the end, not because he …tended to say even half so much, …ecause he couldn't stop. Then …most ran to the door, flung it … and clutched the clerk by the … "Stop it!" he said. "Please!"

…LING indulgently, the clerk …t to the machine and pressed …agic button. "A little mike …eh?" he said. "You'll get over …Now, I reverse the spool, and— …" He pressed another button …e ribbon began to rewind.

…e was at first utter and com…lence, and Virgil was beginning …nk that perhaps the machine was broken, when there was an ominous grating sound and a completely unrecognizable voice said, "Hello?" Virgil started and looked about him furtively as though some unbidden presence had just entered the room and was addressing him privately. Then, "Fourscore and seven years ago," boomed the machine, and Virgil's jaw swung open; his eyes began to pop; his body stiffened convulsively. He stood rigid until the speech was ended.

Then he closed his mouth gradually and stared at the machine. "That wasn't— I mean, are you sure that was *me*? There must be something—"

"Of course it was you," said the clerk. "It sounded just like you to me. That's what you said into the mike, isn't it? Why do you suppose it is that the Gettysburg Address is the only thing people—"

"I wonder," Virgil interrupted, a new urgency in his voice, "I wonder if—if we could play it again."

Smiling still, the clerk pushed the button again, and as a man might, in delicacy, leave a scene of intimate reunion, he tiptoed out of the booth and took up his post outside the door.

Virgil sat down as he listened to the second playing, and there remained on his face an expression of bewildered and exquisite enchantment.

It was not, directly at least, the awesome works of science which caused Virgil Oliphant to behave like a man in a trance as he listened to his voice, speaking someone else's words. Nor was it merely narcissism. For it seemed to Virgil that he was listening to someone else altogether, a man, a stranger, whom he didn't know at all. A man who was no more like Virgil—at least as Virgil thought of himself—than black is like white.

FOR twenty years, or since he had left behind his childish voice, it had been Virgil's conviction that his speaking voice was of a thin, rather wispy timbre, an illusive sound, ineffectual in the utmost. But this other voice which spoke to him out of the machine was in every respect the opposite of Virgil's fancy. It was deep and rich and warm, and it rang with authority like a hammered bell. It sounded at once strong and kind, delicately modulated yet firm. In brief, Virgil could not believe that the recorded voice was his; yet his logical mind told him that it *had* to be his.

He sat transfixed, listening to the voice, and as he listened there began to form in his mind the image of a man who would own such a splendid voice, and the first thing he saw was a black Homburg hat. Then, beneath the hat, a face gradually took shape—a lean, handsome, cleanly modeled face, a distinguished face whose clear dark eyes smiled gravely back at Virgil, whose firm mouth, under a neatly clipped mustache, seemed forever ready to speak rare and final wisdom in his beautiful manly voice of authority. The man in Virgil's mind was tall and athletically built, and wore, besides his Homburg hat, a black Chesterfield overcoat with a velvet collar, gleaming black shoes, gray antelope gloves with black stitches on the backs—and he carried a Malacca walking stick.

That was the sort of man who would own the rich strong voice coming out of the machine. Would such a man have stood meekly by for eleven years and watched three younger, less experienced men be promoted over his head in the Statistical Department of the Alumni Insurance Company? Would such a man have been afraid to confront Harold B. Weaver, Jr., and demand the justice he was entitled to, just because Harold B. Weaver, Jr., happened to own the company and might fire him? Unthinkable! Would such a man tremble like a miserable adolescent at the very idea of asking lovely Miss Brinker out to lunch? Ludicrous picture! If he wanted to have lunch with Miss Brinker as desperately as Virgil did, he would simply ask her and have done with it.

(Continued on page 64)

"Okay, okay, Mr. Oliver. Don't get sore," said Al. "All you got to do is tell me what you want, you know. I'm no mind reader. You got to tell me"

POLITICS ON THE CAMPUS

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

Today's college student is more politically mature than ever before. He is absorbed in national and international affairs and remarkably level-headed

Robert Fogel, leading Communist on the Cornell campus, discusses Mar his dispassionate manner at a meeting. Of the 55 who attended, not mo ten belonged to the 25-member Marxist Discussion Group that Foge

University of Missouri students arranged a debate on Palestine between two Jews and two Arabs. Left to right, the debaters are Yural Elizur, George Saliba, Elias Cassis and Hillel Schwefel. The two facing the camera are Arabs

emper, secretary of the new National Students Association, is shown er NSA officers sending promotional material from their offices at the ty of Wisconsin. Miss Tremper, seated, is a student at Rockford College

ILLINOIS is about to embark on a $15,000 investigation of Communism in its state-supported colleges. The people of Ohio have just narrowly missed spending $25,000 to expose un-American influences in 53 colleges in that state. In Washington, Texas, California, Missouri, Michigan, Colorado—in fact, in almost every state in the Union—lawmakers and otherwise ordinary citizens have discovered that our colleges are "riddled with Communism" and that revolutionary political theories threaten to undermine our democracy, our capitalism and even our homes.

There is indeed enough Communism in our colleges to supply Congress with months of oratory.

There is also in these same colleges —and this perhaps Congress doesn't know—sufficient student political acumen, maturity and keen interest to contain the radicals, to envelop them, or if necessary to beat them at their own game. All over the country students are organizing into dozens of political clubs—some leftish, many middle-of-the-road liberal, a few reactionary—and giving voice to their convictions.

Their meetings are no Coke-and-soda outlets for effervescent, juvenile opinions. That small core of four or five per cent of college students who qualify for leadership is today more interested in Greece than in Clark Gable. Spark-plugged by student veterans wise far beyond their years, undergraduates want the score on Europe, on China and on inflation. When they find out, they want action.

To learn what these college students are thinking I recently visited representative universities, including several where Reds are said to be rampant. Talking with scores of students I discovered Communists and reactionaries. I found youngsters who want to unite the world behind Henry Wallace and youngsters who want to unite it behind almost anybody but Wallace. I found Communist-front organizations and others which front for Stassen, Taft and Truman. But above all I found something that never before existed—a vast body of politically mature young people absorbed in national and international affairs, with a practical workaday approach to world problems.

The college of 1947 little resembles the prewar institution. Half the students are veterans with the astonishing notion that a college is merely a place to learn something. The freshman cap is gone and with it infantile concepts of hazing. University of Missouri freshmen, under some compulsion, customarily whitewash the huge stadium M. This fall the job was done by eight upperclassmen. At one swank Sigma Chi house where Negro waiters have always been employed, meals are now served by working fraternity brothers, who suffer no social stigma.

Perplexed by the complicated problems of the Palestine question, students at Missouri arranged a debate of the issues, which drew an overflow crowd of 500, largest ever to hear a debate on that campus. The contestants, also students, were two Arabs and two Jews.

Though students shun traditional campus activities because, as the dean of Minnesota put it, "they're too grown up to play with paper dolls," they can take action when necessary. Postwar students at Cornell found that Ithaca, a nondefense area, lacked rent control. Rents had skyrocketed. Led by F. Clifton White, one of their number, students called a mass meeting, took radio time, addressed civic groups, demanded a hearing with the mayor, insisted on a community survey by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor and went into a knockdown, drag-out six-hour session with the stern opposition in the Ithaca Chamber of Commerce. Result: rents students could afford to pay.

When rents were jacked up at Columbia, Missouri, student Gene Smemo got on the local OPA board, forced the resignation of two other members, demanded a Washington investigation and effected a general reduction.

Nor did student veterans delay this fall when high food prices threatened to drive many of them out of school. At Kansas State College, for example, veterans sold $6,000 worth of stock in a co-operative grocery store and got regular wholesale discounts in return for substantial cash-and-carry business. Savings are passed along to student co-op members.

The unexpected nation-wide increase in religious interest is another example of the increased maturity of college students. At Cornell, 100 or more undergraduates are turned away every Sunday from services in the largest chapel in the country. It seats 1,000. On one campus the fraternities are for the first time showing spontaneous interest in charity work. Several are planning Christmas parties for children of underprivileged townspeople. One house will give its party exclusively for Negro children.

The Senator Was on a Spot

But it is in political interest that the vast and inspiriting change in college students is most concretely manifested. When Senator Joseph Ball spoke at the University of Minnesota recently, a capacity audience of 1,000 students showed up, listened attentively and then, during the interrogation period, bombarded him with questions. Not only did Ball have to defend in detail the Taft-Hartley Act, which he supported in the Senate, but he was made to substantiate every vote he had cast on maior legislation since his election!

Sometimes students take university affairs into their own hands, with surprising results. Oppressed by inadequate facilities for veterans at the University of Missouri, two representatives of the Student Government Association, Robert Pierce of Kansas City and Charles Ridgeway of Columbia, boned up on university needs and took off for the State Capitol at Jefferson City.

Astonished legislators gave them a cordial welcome and Speaker Murray Thompson introduced them to the House of Representatives. In offices and in corridors Bob and Charley pressed salient facts on individual legislators. Before leaving the Capitol they invited the House Speaker, the majority floor leader, the chairman of

(Continued on page 88)

This is a group of today's university undergraduates, serious and understanding of the myriad problems affecting the world. Extremes of intolerance and radical thinking are rare as the raccoon coat. Photographed on the Minnesota campus

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

BY LESTER VELIE

Smart businessmen find that all work and no play doesn't sign the customer's name to a fat contract

SAM JONES, a sales vice-president I know, can sell a carload of potash as well as the next man. But the next man can sell a carload of potash as well as Sam. So Sam has had to learn where to lay his hands on two orchestra seats for Brigadoon, the same night, for an out-of-town customer; how to reach the character in the Sixth Avenue saloon who can get tickets for the Radio City Music Hall mezzanine when there isn't a seat in the house; how to get a table in the coveted Cub Room of the Stork Club; how to plan a meal with Philippe of the Waldorf who knows that only wild rice and a soupçon of jelly must be served with English quail.

When Johnny Meyer recounted his entertainment spending for the Howard Hughes enterprises last August, Sam Jones and other businessmen asked themselves what the fuss was all about. They knew that entertainment is a legitimate business expenditure and, for the size of Mr. Hughes' operations, the spending seemed small. Sam Jones could testify that a vice-president's work is seldom done—he entertains from sun to sun. For instance:

For a visiting fireman's wife, Sam can locate, in bustling New York, items varying from authentic Spanish castanets to an invitation to a Hattie Carnegie showing. A pair of tickets to the Yankees? That's easy. Sam's company has a season box. A room in the customer's favorite hotel? A sea
the last plane out? A compartment on the Cent
Call Sam Jones, vice-president of Dash Cher
Company, in charge of sales.

Sam knows that his competitor's carloa
potash or cold-rolled steel bars is likely to b
same as his own in chemical content, in deli
service, even in price per ton. Why does a cust
buy Sam's goods instead of the other fellow's?
cause he's a friend. So, as every vice-pres
knows, to make friends and influence busi
entertain.

What every vice-president knows, the tax
lector knows too. To the Internal Revenue
business entertainment is as recognized a bus
cost as rent for a factory or store. Tax colle
know that businessmen don't throw money a
It's bread cast upon the waters, expected to
back with butter on it. All the tax collector
to know for tax deduction purposes is whethe
entertainment is "ordinary and necessary" t
and keep business; can the businessman prov
he spent the money, and is the entertaining "a
public policy?"

Whether the entertainment is "ordinary
necessary" is largely up to the businessman hi
If he says so, it is. Proving he spent the mon
quires only that he produce receipted bills

. And as for public policy, the money (to be ctible expense) must not be spent for lobby- bribing purchasing agents or plying cus- with paid women.

n these flexible limits, the businessman can the life about him with such feats of hos- as the Lucullan and exotic party at the Wal- a convivial special-car junket to a hunting or the Kentucky Derby. Or, more modestly, bowl of Vichyssoise at a business luncheon at ambord or with a quick one at the nearest

rican business ingenuity being what it is, inment is limited in variety only by taste, in- imagination and the hired skill of profes- cholars of the art of good living.

e was the luncheon lavished on New York's y Samuel Slotkin, president of the Hygrade roducts Corporation. Garlanded over the Hygrade frankfurters wafted a fragrant wel- "Abandon All Hunger All Ye Who Enter Curtains of all-beef frankfurters festooned dows of the hotel suite. And among the d-odd Hygrade products on display was a figure with salami ruffles on her skirt.

ucts promoted by business parties run the from A to B, i.e., from abattoir to boudoir. tkin's party to introduce an all-beef frank- furter was followed by Grover Whalen's party to introduce a Coty perfume. In a ballroom transformed into a chaste and classic Greek temple, a select group of Social Register names, store executives and perfume distributors sat down to lunch with a well-chilled *rosé* wine. Then followed a skit narrated by Leonore Corbett of the play, Blithe Spirit, which introduced the perfume's ingredients, materialized in the shape of Greek-costumed young ladies.

Enveloped in a Mist of Costly Perfume

As the curtain fell, Mr. Whalen nodded, and from compressed air pumps, mounted on the boxes overhanging the ballroom, there descended on the guests a mist of the new perfume, $2,000 worth. It took 30 seconds for the perfume to reach nose level, a fact determined in a dress rehearsal at which $2,000 more of the new perfume had been consumed.

There's an art to giving a successful business party. Philippe of the Waldorf, who helps some 5,000 party givers (not all of them businessmen) spend $5,000,000 yearly, tries to talk business hosts out of chicken, peas, mashed potatoes and apple pie. He is trending them toward such gourmet's items as breast of guinea hen with wild rice, avocado stuffed with crab meat and perhaps a glass of wine. It doesn't take any more time to eat good food than the ordinary variety—an important consideration when there are speeches to be heard. And with lighter food, guests will stay awake.

Unless you're throwing a hard-hitting sales meeting for your own distributors, your business entertainment should be as subtle as a fine sauterne wine, counsels Philippe. The tire executive who wants his product done up in food and strung around the ballroom, the laxative manufacturer who wants his product sculptured in ice cream raise horrified protests from Philippe. He suggests a movie, a speech or an exhibit. That's enough of a business plug. A well-run party should leave the guests with such friendly feelings that the warmth is registered in the cash till of the host.

Sometimes a party backfires. An advertising agency once feted its chief account, a fussy and important manufacturer. No pains were spared, down to his favorite soup, *petite marmite*, his favorite dessert, zabaglione. Present were all of the agency family, including the mild little man who wrote the manufacturer's advertising copy. So mild was he that a superior always took the copy to the manufacturer for editing—and it always *was* edited. Toasts were drunk before the dinner, during the dinner and after. In fact so *(Continued on page 76)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR M. KRAFT

INCIDENT ON
THE BRIDGE AT ENNS

Happy solution of an obstinate but extremely attractive international problem

BY PAT FRANK

THE frontier between East and West is no imaginary line. The frontier is the Enns River, which bubbles out of the Alps thin and clear, but which is soiled a sullen brown by the time it empties into the Danube four kilometers below the town of Enns.

In Austria everything west of the Enns is American, and everything east of the Enns is Russian except the Vienna headquarters. Since the Vienna garrison consists largely of a PX unit, a car company, a white-gloved honor guard for the general commanding, and some one thousand colonels armed with M-1 fountain pens, it is hardly a tactical force.

So the Enns River is the true boundary. It is spanned by an ugly iron latticework bridge, wood-planked, and just wide enough for two-way traffic. The bridge will take Sherman tanks, which the 11th Armored Division discovered in the spring of '45. It will not take the eighty-ton Stalin tank, and this is considered a good thing by serious students of warfare. On each side the bridge is barred to the traveler by red- and white-striped poles. These poles sprout like parasite vines from the fear-poisoned soil of Central Europe, to strangle its communications.

On a warm Sunday in the early autumn of the third year of the occupation, Master Sergeant Sam Dill found himself the lone soldier guarding the frontier of the Western democracies. This was no accident. He had sent Privates Polchak and Downes on a scouting expedition downstream, and maneuvered Lieutenant Purdy into driving to Linz in the jeep. So Sergeant Dill was all alone, and in a position to date Trudi Elburz when she came back across the bridge.

As he had hoped, her bicycle coasted up to the Russian road block while the others were away. Her hair was straw-bleached, and she looked fine in her Tyrolean shorts, their bib covering the front of a spotless white blouse. The sergeant had entered Europe through North Africa, and had known girls in Casa and Algiers, Palermo and Naples, Strasbourg and Nuremburg, but Trudi Elburz was something new in his experience.

She had destroyed his faith in cigarettes, chocolate bars, nylon stockings and cans of instant coffee as legal tender for love. She didn't believe that all New Yorkers lived in modernistic penthouses and danced each night in antiseptic night clubs. She didn't believe all Californians lived in ranch houses, had gold nuggets sunk in the patio, three gleaming new sedans, and an oil well behind the garage. If the American sergeants she had met were placed end to end they would have formed a division, and she was skeptical of all of them. So Sam Dill, who had half an inch more of nose and chin than is usually allowed, didn't overestimate his chances.

Now she was arguing with the new Russky officer, and from her gestures Sam could see she was having trouble. This seemed silly, because the new Russky had let her pass his road block, without question, earlier in the day. The sergeant considered crossing the bridge, offering a cigarette to the new Russky and smoothing things out. There was, however, the order tacked up in the sentry box:

"Contact with Russian troops will be made ONLY if essential. Officer-on-post will then report details of said contact, IN WRITING WITH SIX COPIES, to Commanding Officer, Troop, with distribution to Linz Area Command, Zone Command, and Headquarters U.S. Forces Austria."

Sergeant Dill hesitated not because of the order itself, but because he knew the reaction of Lieutenant Purdy would be unpredictable. Lieutenant Purdy had been a high-school sophomore in the year of Pearl Harbor, and still enmeshed in cartography at West Point in the year of Hiroshima. Nevertheless, the sergeant was about to cross the bridge, when the duty jeep topped the crest of the road and rolled down to a stop beside the sentry box. Lieutenant Purdy, tackle-tall and fullback wide, squeezed out from under the wheel. "Any business, Sergeant?" he asked.

"All quiet along the Enns," said Sergeant Dill, thankful that he hadn't crossed the bridge. The lieutenant, had he seen him on the other side, might actually have sent in a report that would be read in the cold stratosphere of three higher headquarters, where chivalrous concern for a young woman would certainly be misunderstood and considered nonessential. This would have led to an endless exchange of letters, orders and replies by endorsement which would make the lieutenant nervous, and thereafter the smooth routine of duty at the bridge would be disrupted.

"There wasn't any mail plane due at Linz today," the lieutenant said.

"Wasn't there?"

"No, there wasn't. All I picked up at Troop CP was a new order." He took a mimeographed paper from his hip pocket. "Hereafter all indigenous personnel must have eleven stamps on their *Ausweiskarten* when entering or leaving the American zone. This order is to be rigidly enforced—rigidly enforced is underscored—effective immediately."

LIEUTENANT PURDY read it again, carefully. "What's indigenous personnel?" he asked, and then wished he hadn't spoken, for his question showed his ignorance of the special language of the occupation, and he wanted very much to impress the sergeant. The sergeant spoke familiarly of such places as Cassino and Terracina, and slaughter along a road he called "Easy Street," and which Lieutenant Purdy deduced was Route 65 across the Apennines. All the sergeant's tales were bloody and improbable, and Lieutenant Purdy did not believe them, but he listened to them politely, because he sensed that it was wise to be polite to the sergeant.

"Indigenous personnel," Sergeant Dill said, "are Austrians."

"Why the eleven stamps? Aren't ten enough?"

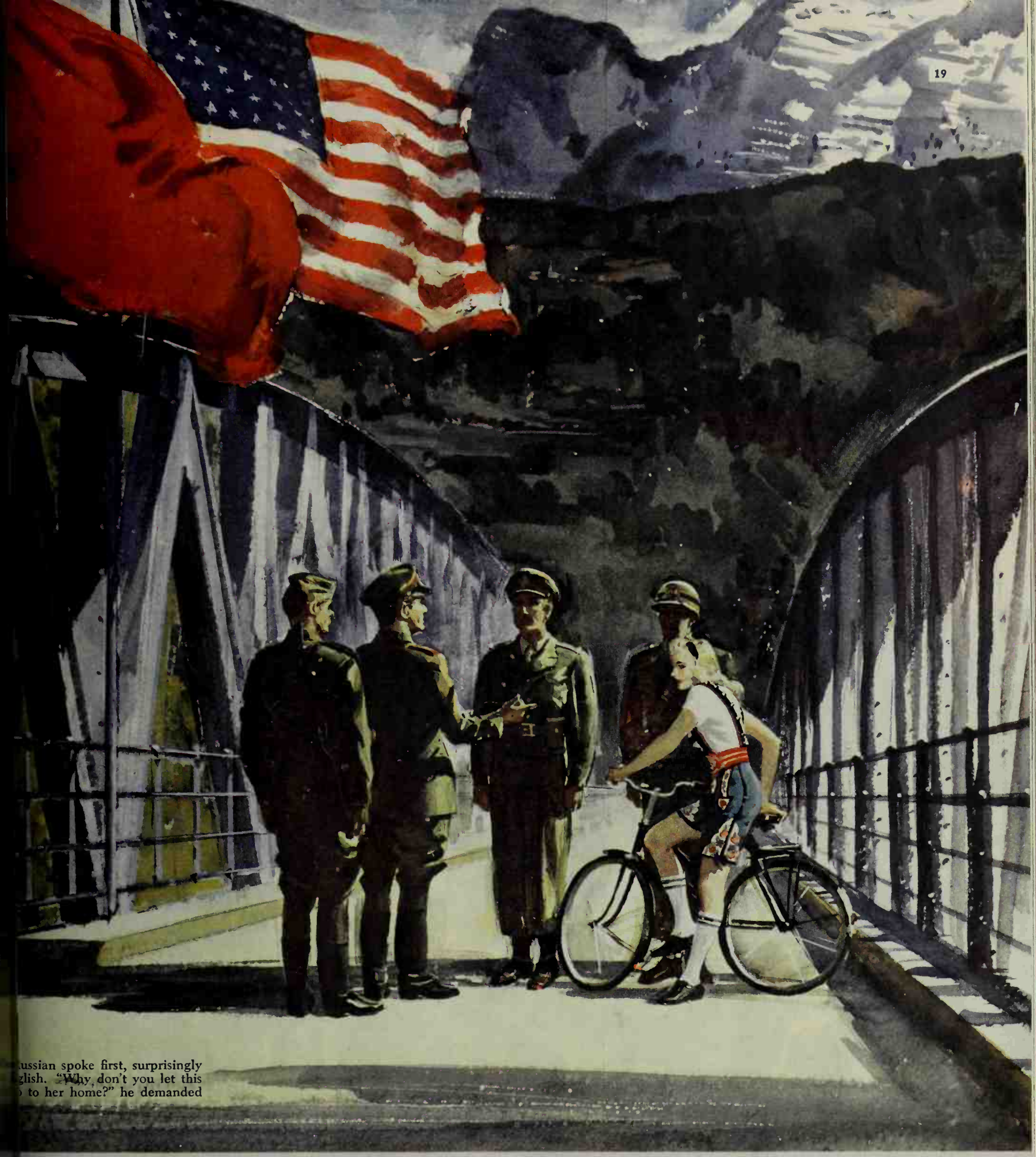
"Nobody knows. A long time ago, I guess, some general ordered the C.I.C. to check all *Ausweiskarten*, and stamp those that were okay. Then all the other security outfits wanted to put their chop on the card, and now there are eleven of them."

"Undoubtedly necessary, or it would be stopped," Lieutenant Purdy said.

"I doubt if it could be stopped," the sergeant said. "Nobody can stop it because nobody knows who started it. Probably the general who started it went home a couple of years ago, but nobody knows for sure, so nobody dares stop it."

"That doesn't sound reasona
said Lieutenant Purdy. The serge
analyses of the Army's inside v
ings often disturbed him.

"If the world was reasonable,"
the sergeant. "I'd be running an
cot ranch in Los Altos, and thos
tato-faces across the bridge wou
back in Omsk or Tomsk—and
vates Polchak and Downes
would be in school studying t



ussian spoke first, surprisingly
glish. "Why don't you let this
to her home?" he demanded

g-rod salesmen or something
eful."
two privates were climbing the
bank, holding their carbines
the bushes. "Gee," panted
s, "we saw something!"
kilometers below the bridge,"
lchak, breathing hard. "Russ-
cads of them—doing some-
the edge of the water."
shing their shirts," said Sergeant Dill. "It's S.O.P. for them every Sunday."

"Oh," said Polchak, deflated.

The lieutenant stared far across the river, his eyes traversing each road and field and copse, as if he expected to see a column of armor. Sergeant Dill could guess what he was thinking. Since the Army was bloated with first lieutenants and captains, all with combat records, second lieutenants constantly pondered the possibility of still being second lieutenants when middle-aged. If he was to be a general at forty—which was the standard ambition of second lieutenants—there would have to be a miracle—or a war. The sergeant didn't know it, but Lieutenant Purdy also had a standard dream. However dramatically it began, and whatever violent course it ran, the dream always ended in the same way, with his fiancée in Pittsburgh reading an item in the paper:

"Second Lieutenant Vernon Purdy, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, who led a small detachment that repulsed the enemy at Enns, was awarded the Legion of Merit (sometimes it was the Silver Star or even the D.S.C.) and promoted on the field to captain."

Sergeant Dill noticed that Trudi

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT...

BY AMY PORTER

With grotesque make-up and costumes of the Mabel Normand era, dancers in the new Robbins ballet do a bang-up burlesque of silent-pic

Mr. Jerome Robbins designs ballets with meaning and imagination. In High Button Shoes he started with a group of Mack Sennett characters, but they soon got out of hand. The result is hilarity

JEROME ROBBINS, choregrapher, is only a young thing in his twenties, but he has arrived. His friends have been telling him for some time. But Jerry himself wasn't so e. His attitude was, "Arrived where?"

t was true that his ballets were winning critical laim. And his hilarious dances in High Button es are making that show a success. He is doing ot of work for the movies and has a new show ing up, Look Ma, I'm Dancing.

ut what of that? He still had to commute back forth from Broadway to his parents' home in hawken, New Jersey, didn't he? He still didn't a car, something he had wanted all his life. at do you mean, arrived?

ut now, even he is beginning to risk belief in his success. At last he has a Manhattan apart-t. And he has—oh, joy!—a car. He rode around for 14 hours the first day, and then took it to garage. The attendant was courteous. "You're e theater, aren't you, Mr. Robbins?" he said.

Well, yes," said Jerry, in that bashful, boyish he has.

The music fellow, aren't you?" said the attend-

Well, no," said Jerry. "Dancing is what I do." he garage man made a disgusted downward ure with his hand.

ut Wolcott Gibbs, most sour-puss of critics, s him, even if the garageman doesn't. Gibbs licly announced that Jerry's Mack Sennett ballet igh Button Shoes had made him laugh for the nd time in ten years.

lso, not long ago, he won an unusual award— New York's swanky taxi-dance hall, Rose-. What pleased him most on this occasion was he was teamed up for Roseland honors with tha Graham, the dancer whom he had wor-d from afar for years.

iss Graham got a bronze plaque lauding her ringing "art to the masses." Jerry's plaque, ugh marred by a slight graven-in-bronze typo-hical error, a misplaced "s," carried a fine ment too. It proclaimed him "Tops in Terpis-e."

ry gazes at that plaque from time to time for ration while he types out scenarios for new es.

cause that's how it is if you are a new-day grapher. You have to be something of a short-writer, too. You have to figure out good ns for the dancers to jump around as they do— movement has to have a meaning, tell a story.

for what made Jerry Robbins what he is today, there were a number of things. When his fa-ran a grocery store in Manhattan, there was gh money to provide dancing lessons for his sister Sonya.

t after the family moved to Weehawken and ead of the house became a manufacturer of corsets, there wasn't so much money, and no high-class lessons were forthcoming for little Jerry. He did a little dancing in the family parlor under direction of his sister Sonya (who now has given up her own promising career in favor of wife-and-motherhood), but for a solid lifetime occupation, Jerry aimed at chemistry and enrolled in New York University. It wasn't much fun for him, for he loved to dance, so he gravitated to Broadway and slaved away in various choruses to pay for dancing lessons.

Soon he was good enough for a job in the Ballet Theatre, and there Agnes de Mille, his friend and guide, gave him his first solo part in Three Virgins and a Devil, with Jerry being the devil.

But in general the Ballet Theatre spelled frustration to this exceedingly ambitious young man. He kept writing out choregraphic sketches which nobody paid much attention to. His dancing mind, rebelling against the classicism of the Imperial Russian Ballet, ran to newspaper headlines, and in summer theater, more or less for free, he wrote and executed dancing pieces entitled Incident in Harlem, and Death of a Loyalist. Still, no car . . .

But, as Horatio Alger proved, hard work will tell at last. He wrote a little thing called Fancy Free, concerning three sailors on leave, and the Ballet Theatre folks, noting that it could be staged inexpensively, let him put it on. John Martin of the New York Times called it a "rare little genre masterpiece—young, human, tender and funny . . ."

All fine for Robbins' self-esteem, but it didn't add up to riches. Soon, however, Fancy Free became the basis of the successful Broadway show, On the Town. From there on, Jerry was in.

The Mack Sennett ballet in High Button Shoes was a comparatively easy job. First Robbins soaked up all he could of early silent comedies—Tillie's Punctured Romance and the rest of them. The jerky flickery motions, the villain, the lifeguard, the pretty girls with hideous make-up, the Keystone cops. He got his characters clearly in mind and then let them do what they pleased.

The ballet starts quietly as a literal reproduction of a Mack Sennett opus, and then, little by little, gets out of hand, ending up in frantic imbecility. "We started with one crook in the piece—a sleazy type, always scratching himself. Then he seemed to need a wife, so I gave him a ghoul for a wife. And first thing you know they had an offspring—a horrible little girl. I couldn't help it."

The gorilla, who chases people in and out of bathhouses, just came to him one night, he says.

Robbins is now in the happy position of being jealously scolded by two groups who want to claim him. The aesthetes who haunt the Metropolitan Opera House charge him with shifting his loyalties to the commercial demands of Broadway. The Broadwayites say, "He's funny, all right, but do you think he is cured of that long-hair stuff?" ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

RELIC OF FORT TEJON

BY KENNETH PERKINS

First the camel stood between Jeff and true love. Then it lay between Jeff and sudden death. The poor oont was always in the middle

THE gulch was just the place for the jo
Jeff Magoon would have to do it wh
was still mad, lest he lose heart. T
was to shoot a curious and cantankerous anim
had been eating Lorena Lawton's flowers and
tables.

The animal was so ugly and useless it shoul
been shot anyway. It was like a humpbacked
with a very long neck and a sheep's head.
bald, its other half was covered with gray wo
brown hair like an old rag carpet.

It was a camel—probably the last of the ur
herd of Army transport camels that had
supplies from Los Angeles to Fort Tejon.

"What I can't understand is why any mar
right senses would keep a camel in his c
Lorena Lawton was saying.

Jeff had come to the trading post ostensi
rope, salt and whisky but really to catch a g
of the trader's pretty daughter. She was
than ever this morning, probably because h
were as hot-blue as the air over the Mojave
She was mad and her father was madder.
call you the daft Magoon," the latter told Jef
they're right—keeping that knock-kneed, mil
hell-to-spit camel for a pet!"

"He's not a pet, he's just a sort of hang
Jeff said apologetically. "When the fort wa

"What I can't understand is w
man in his right senses would
camel in his corral," Lorena wa

d and the camels were turned over to the ermaster I saw them in a corral on Main Street. yone was laughing at them and throwing stones ottles till the old oonts started blubbering and pering just like humans. I was sorry for 'em. happened to find this fellow one morning eat- wdust at my mill. He'd wandered all the way Tejon Pass and was starved and half dead, all p with rocks and buckshot. I fed him corn."

ENA stared, puzzled. Jeff looked smart and e looked tough, tougher than most—long- l and leathery and burned, but she shook her "You're too softhearted for this world, Jeff on."

ftheaded," her father corrected.

ie corn was a mistake," Jeff admitted, "because d a taste for it like an old drunk for corn y. I told the quartermaster to come and get ut the Army had already sold him for saddle o a horse knacker. He'd broken loose from acker, who didn't trouble to come all the way re to claim him. So I got stuck."

en why don't you shoot him?" Pops asked.

l right," Jeff said; "if that's what Lorena ."

d now he was in the gulch, the camel padding patiently behind him, churning dust, unmind- the horseflies that were especially fond of it. ped when Jeff stopped. Jeff walked on a few ahead and drew his pistol.

ill take more than one shot, he thought as he d another step or two. The Fort Tejon rs said it takes five shots to kill a camel.

He turned and lifted his gun but the critter had not stood still as it should have. It had shuffled up silently on cloven pads and now it nuzzled Jeff's uplifted hand, its lips wobbling and trembling for corn.

Jeff looked into its eyes—the only decent thing about a camel—soft, long-lashed, pleading.

Luckily a Chumash Indian came riding up the trail and Jeff made a quick decision.

The Indian had a snakeskin hatband which Jeff offered to take in trade for the oont. "With camel's hair you could make a fine blanket. With the wool you could make a carpet and sell it to the white traders. The hide you could use for a tent. You can sell his carcass for saddle soap and glue."

The Indian took off his hatband and agreed that the trade was a fair one. Jeff hurried back to the trading post to tell Lorena. But the fate of the camel was not all he intended to talk about. More important was the house he had built of oak logs. And also the mill. Until Jeff had built his mill, timber was freighted from Santa Barbara to the Tejon settlers, after being shipped all the way around the Horn. A sawmill was worth more than a gold claim in that country. That is what he intended to tell Lorena.

At the trading post he asked Pops Lawton, "Lorena around somewhere?"

Pops nodded over his shoulder. "In the storeroom. Did you shoot the camel?"

"A Chumash is taking him across the Mojave to his tribe. They're going to make Indian rugs out of him."

"He may come back."

Jeff stuck to the subject of his visit. "I want to buy some pots and pans and skillets. Thought Lorena might help me pick 'em—everything to outfit a home."

"You're too late," Pops Lawton said. "She's helping Flash Tatum do that very thing."

Jeff's long jaw dropped and his eyes looked huge and soft just like his camel's. He knew Flash Tatum had been courting Lorena, but he'd also been spending most of his time at Alec Gibson's and the other gaming houses in the pueblo.

"You mean he's settling down at last?" Jeff asked lugubriously.

"Next best thing. Gold hunting."

"We've got about everything, Pops," Lorena called.

WHEN she came in with Flash Tatum behind her, Jeff said, "I got rid of the camel"—as if that measly point were still important.

"Flash is going to the Kern River prospecting," Lorena said radiantly, "and I'm helping him pack out!"

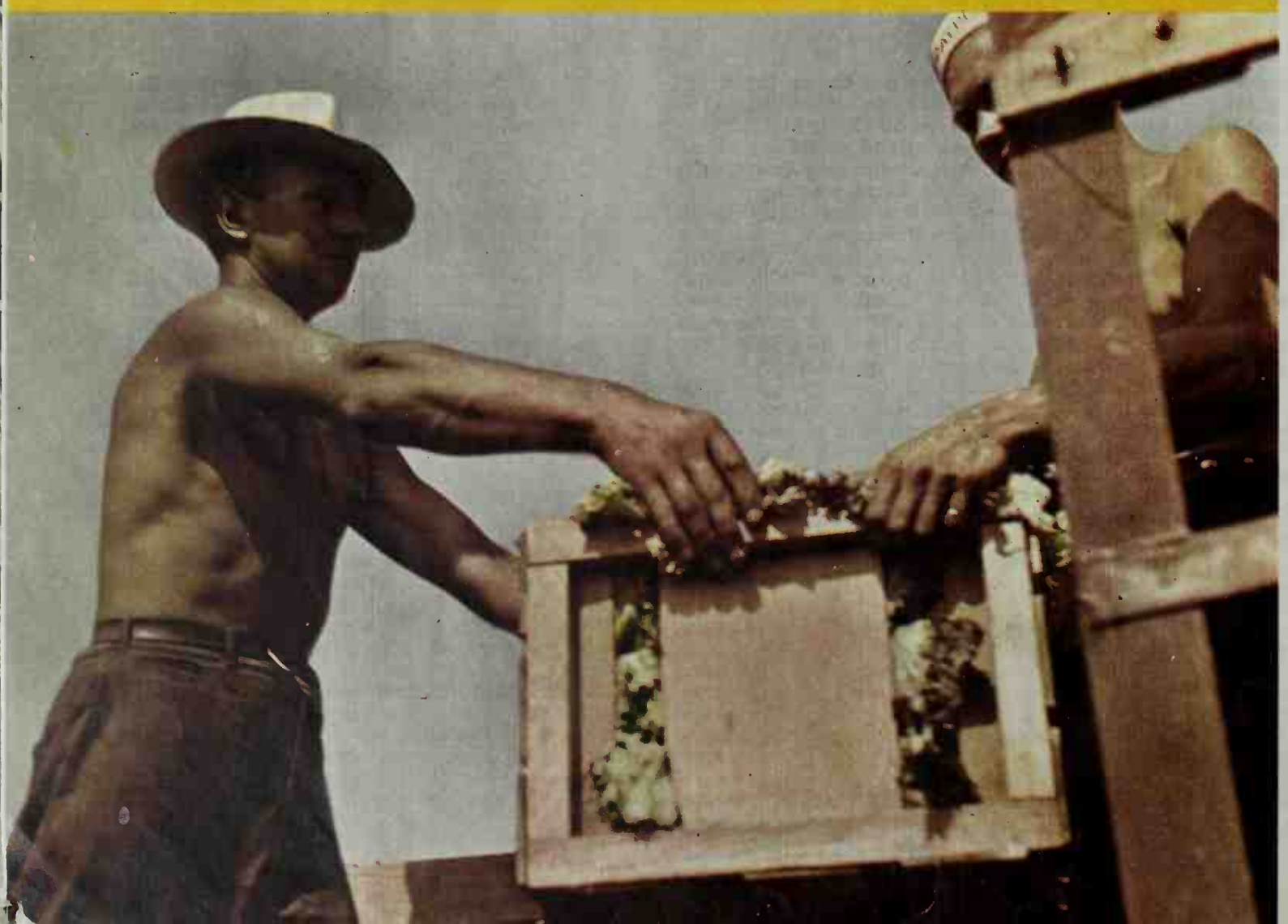
Jeff looked at him from head to foot as if measuring him for a fight. Flash was as tall as Jeff but not so bony. He had black sideburns, black eyes and a black vest studded with silver. From his mother's side he had the blood of a California Don and looked like one. He was *(Continued on page 30)*

At the fort they said a scared camel sometimes lies down and dies. Maybe that's why Jeff found himself dumped over the horn. It was Rondo's chance

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

OPEN HOUSE

American tourists, complete with dollars, have flocked to view Canada's physical attractions, including the fabulous Lake Louise, above. The boom they've helped create has been boosted by immigrants like Hollander Fedde Feikema, below



At the moment Canada slightly swizzled on the hea wine of war-born prosperi and is inviting thousands despairing Europeans to t party. The morning aft seems a long way off, says t Collier's correspondent aft a tour of our big neighb

THE little man with the w hair stepped off the four- gined air liner into the b bright sunlight of a strange new wo and blinked. Natives bearing g descended upon him in lavish w come. For the proffered bounty food, drink and smoking tobacco (arettes had cost him three bob fo pence—nearly 70 cents—in the country yesterday), he had nothing give in return but a bewildered sm

"Cor!" Sam Connolly, thirty-six welder from London's East E confided to himself as the Prime M ister of the Canadian Province of (tario strode forward to shake his ha "That fellow Leif Ericsson never it like this." Then he lugged his b to a waiting bus and rode off to ronto in search of two sisters, a job and, he hoped, a future of u tioned opportunity.

Connolly and 37 traveling c panions formed the vanguard o movement nicknamed Operation Horizon in which Ontario author hoped to fly 7,000 Britishers across Atlantic by chartered planes bef next spring in what is advertised as largest mass migration of its k ever undertaken by air.

That same day, a Sunday it young Vaclovas Verikaitus, who to sing grand opera in his na Lithuania before the war, marvele the expansive scenery of Quebe a train sped him westward to a lum camp where his repertoire hencefo would be limited to the aria of "T ber!" He and 799 comrades, who arrived by steamer in Halifax days before, were the first of 10 refugees coming to Canada from placed persons camps in Europe.

Scattered across Canada, 4,500 ish war veterans, resettled from I ain and Italy, were dreaming of lives in this new world. So were ne a thousand Hollanders, who learning how to become Cana farmers.

What was all this, a double-fea revival of the call of the golden W In a way, it was. Canada, which country even larger than Texas, come up with some of the most bunctious postwar prospects to found anywhere in the Western H sphere. Business is booming, emp ment is so full that immigrants been urgently invited from abroa fill the extra jobs, tourists are tea

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHO

IADA

BY EDWARD

P. MORGAN

hill and dale again, and the
ls of trouble—though clouds
be—are moored, for the mo-
on a far horizon.

a matter of fact, things look so
that in the two years since V-J
American firms have invested
y half a billion dollars in Canada
stantially more than the U.S.
nment's entire Greece-Turkey
rogram. This American private
l has gone into new pulp mills,
s, oil wells and even soft-drink
ries. Since last winter's fuel
Canada House in London has
ed more than 300 applications
British firms to open up subsidi-
lants in the Dominion, but the
r government, still trying desper-
to stave off economic collapse at
, is blocking this attempted ex-
of industry.

Tops in War Production

e war left Canada with a bigger
trial plant than any Jack Canuck
ver imagined. Prideful citizens
nd inevitably do claim that Can-
luring the war produced more
oods and food per capita than
her nation.

e made things that we'd never
ed in peacetime we could
" Bruce Hutchison, author, edi-
d authority on Canadian affairs,
ked expansively the other day
American friend. "Admittedly,
of the know-how, a lot of the
y came from the States, but it
d us to go further on our own.
we're rolling out aluminum,
facturing drugs, chemicals, opti-
oods, precision instruments,
g ships and even airplanes."

ada's national income rocketed
five billion dollars in 1938 to
han eleven billion in 1946. Gov-
t officials are hoping that this
und opulence will encourage
tion's breadwinners to stay at
One of Canada's most mad-
dilemmas in its effort to settle
ploit its wide open spaces has
e fact that the cream of each
eneration, lured by the chro-
plated glamor of life in the
States, has faded south of the

soaring prosperity is a great
Canadians who are offering
nducement to the European im-
ts to settle down and become
ent citizens. Reactions so far
ouraging. To escape from Eu-
where a kind of continental
ophobia gripped people behind
f fear, confusion and despair,
eady, boom-time air of a place
nada meant an almost magical
rmation for Sam Connolly,
tus and their assorted com-
When Connolly landed in To-
hat Sunday somebody asked
hy he'd left England. He
d and took a deep breath. "The
ells new," he replied, "and
got room to move about here,
you?"

With the boom and its man-power shortage upon them, federal and provincial governments belatedly have begun to co-operate on planned immigration measures. When Britain asked Canada to accept a quota of Polish bachelors—transportation prepaid by His Majesty's government—who for political or other reasons chose not to return home after the war, the proposal was seized upon as part of the answer to the shortage of agricultural workers. Canadian Labor, Immigration and Health Department officials were hurriedly dispatched to screen them. The men signed two-year contracts as farm hands to be paid the going wage (in no case less than $45 a month plus board and room), with the privilege of returning at the end of that time or staying and becoming naturalized citizens.

After 10 months the plan had developed remarkably few bugs. Out of the 4,527 Poles imported, only three so far have flunked and had to go back. Language has been a stumbling block, but Ottawa conscientiously keeps in touch with the men by mail and through field agents, encouraging them to pursue officially approved English courses which are both cheap and simple. No sooner had their ships docked than the Poles were presented with such aids as a handy guide to Canada and a list of useful farmyard phrases ranging from *"Zamknij na noc te obydwa okna*—close both these windows at night," to *"Dołóż słomy do kurnika*—put some more straw in the henhouse."

Courtships on the Prairies

The vocabulary of romance burgeoned beautifully on its own. One lad felt himself sufficiently acclimated after a fortnight to make love to the farmer's wife. He was transferred to a widower's property. Another fell for the boss' fifteen-year-old daughter. The farmer himself, figuring to parlay the swain's apprenticeship into a lifetime career, encouraged the match but the Pole, nevertheless, was changed to another farm 19 miles away, apparently on the theory that if after the chores were done he still wanted to hike the distance to press his affections, bureaucracy would bless the union.

One latter-day Simon Legree, who punched his Pole in the nose when he objected to working on the Sabbath and shoveling manure on Christmas Day, was sent to the clink to cool off and lost his helper in the bargain. On the other hand, many farmers have voluntarily upped the basic wage to keep the hired hands happy. "Don't know what we'd do without him," Mrs. Fred Stewart, of City View, Ontario, testified to an inspector about the twenty-two-year-old husky they call Sylvester. "He can only talk broken English yet, but that's all right. Shakespeare did too."

The popularity of Polish males on

(Continued on page 45)

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

Thousands of Polish farm workers, like these, have come to help man Canada's fertile land. Despite minor incidents, the immigration plan has worked well

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

Sometimes entire Dutch families like the Maarten Jacobsens, above, have moved to Canada. People like these have helped the Dominion solve her labor shortage. Also scheduled to settle on a farm were the Jan Bosschas, below. After Europe, many of these people find Canada's air freer, her vistas greater

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

BIG DEAL

BY LOUIS KAMP

In this case the other man figured the girl was a bargain, at almost any price

ALL morning they had been sparring with each other. The tall, thin man and the short, plump one. The plump one had taken the tall, thin one for a row in the boat, had baited a hook for him and watched his ineptitude with the fishing rod. Only when they went for a swim did vagrant smiles tremble across his good-natured face as he watched the thin man's gingerly advance across the pebble-covered floor of the bay.

Finally, over cold beer in the kitchen of the little house, the tall, thin one stopped sparring. "Uh . . . where is she?" He waved his hand vaguely around.

"And I tried so hard to entertain you." The other sighed.

"What do you mean by that?"

The plump one grinned. "About every three months it gets too much for you. Doesn't it? You have to hop in that black-market car of yours, bought with your ill-gotten gains, and trot out here to show off your wealth. You'd like to take her away from me. Why don't you come right out and admit it? I'm broadminded."

The thin man tried a frown that only succeeded in making him look more nervous and confused.

"I knew her long before you did—"

"Of *course*," the other said. "When you come right down to it—I really took her away from you, didn't I?"

The thin one looked relieved and drank some beer. "She might have married me," he said stiffly. "She should have married me. What did you have to offer her?"

"Well," the plump one said mildly, "I thought this would be a good place to try to write." He looked downcast and then he brightened. "But there's been pretty fair money in clams this past year."

"Clams!"

"Don't you like clams?"

"No. They're scavengers. You didn't tell me where she'd gone to."

The plump one laughed. "Oh, I sent her into the village to get my whisky and my cigarettes. She'll be back after she's done my errands."

"She should hear you talk about her, as though she were your servant," the thin man said angrily. "If I could take her away from all this, I certainly would."

"If you can get her to leave me you're welcome to her."

The thin man was startled.

"She should hear you say that!"

"You can tell her if you like," the other said, shrugging.

The thin man stood up. "You'd like that. If I did tell her. I don't think."

"Oh, sit down," the plump man said mildly. "You can tell her anything you like."

The thin one sat down again, on the edge of his chair. He took two quick little sips of beer.

"Well!" he said. "I'm glad I found out how you really feel about her. When I think about all she must have gone through . . . this year . . ."

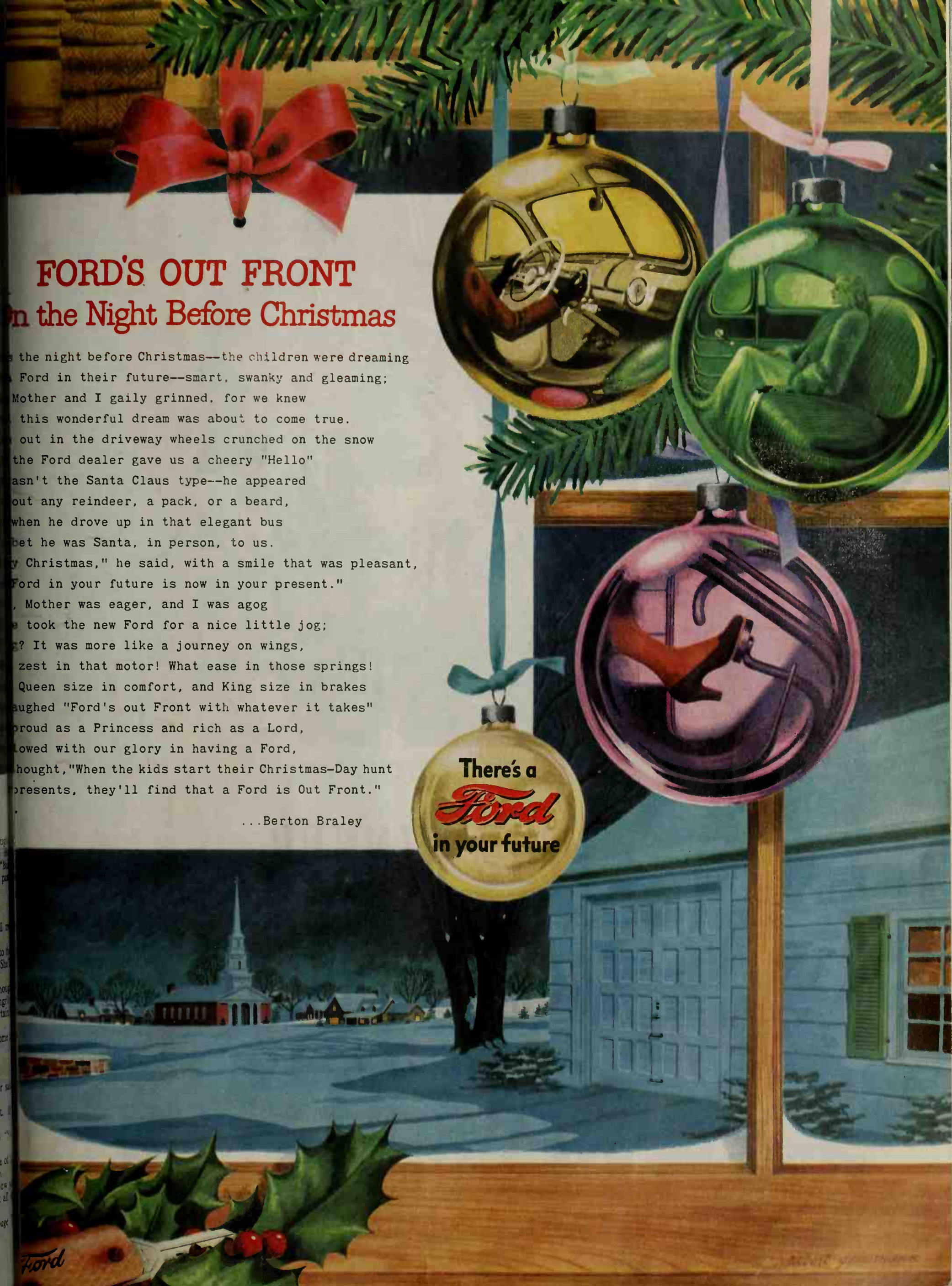
"What about all I've *(Continued on page 73*

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

FORD'S OUT FRONT
n the Night Before Christmas

the night before Christmas--the children were dreaming
Ford in their future--smart, swanky and gleaming;
Mother and I gaily grinned, for we knew
this wonderful dream was about to come true.
out in the driveway wheels crunched on the snow
the Ford dealer gave us a cheery "Hello"
asn't the Santa Claus type--he appeared
out any reindeer, a pack, or a beard,
when he drove up in that elegant bus
bet he was Santa, in person, to us.
y Christmas," he said, with a smile that was pleasant,
Ford in your future is now in your present."
, Mother was eager, and I was agog
e took the new Ford for a nice little jog;
g? It was more like a journey on wings,
zest in that motor! What ease in those springs!
Queen size in comfort, and King size in brakes
aughed "Ford's out Front with whatever it takes"
proud as a Princess and rich as a Lord,
lowed with our glory in having a Ford,
hought,"When the kids start their Christmas-Day hunt
presents, they'll find that a Ford is Out Front."

...Berton Braley



Mr. Rodert examines ice collected on plane's radio antenna after an experimental flight

THE WINNER OF THE COLLIER TROPHY

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

For his persistent—and eventually successful—research into the problem of deicing planes in flight, Lewis A. Rodert wins America's highest aviation award

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

THIS year's winner of the Collier Trophy—the nation's highest aeronautical award—is a forty-one-year-old aeronautical engineer, member of a pioneer Middle Western family of farmers and now flight research chief of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics Laboratory at Cleveland, Ohio.

He is Lewis A. Rodert, a modest, pleasant Missourian who readily admits neither he nor his family ever knew the Trumans when they all lived in Kansas City. But he will meet Mr. Truman for the first time, and at the White House, too, on Wednesday December 17th, when the President will lead the nation in observing the forty-fourth anniversary of the Wright brothers' flight and will present the Collier Trophy to Mr. Rodert.

The President will have a deep personal interest in the White House ceremony this year not only because a native son of his beloved Missouri enters Aviation's Permanent Hall of Fame but also because the Chief Executive's new official plane, The Independence, is a beneficiary of the achievement for which Mr. Rodert is being honored—the development of a system for overcoming the menace of ice formations on aircraft by the use of heat at its vulnerable parts.

Twenty-two outstanding authorities in civil, commercial, military and naval aviation, commissioned last month as the 1947 Collier Trophy Committee by the National Aeronautic Association, the trophy's custodian, to make the award for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year," unanimously selected Mr. Rodert and cited him "for his pioneering research and guidance in the development and practical application of a thermal ice prevention system for aircraft." Thus Mr. Rodert is the winner for the year 1946.

Ice has plagued airplanes for a quarter of a century, but now, in the opinion of the National Aeronautic Association's Collier Trophy judges, this menace to air navigation can be removed by the application of heat in the proper amount to the vital parts of an airplane without impairing its performance.

Tested in Worst Icing Storms

Last year, from the N.A.C.A.'s laboratory near Palo Alto, California, a large twin-engine transport airplane, equipped with the results of Mr. Rodert's ten-year research and development work was deliberately and frequently flown through the worst icing storms to be found in the United States, while all other planes were grounded. At no time was the airplane in danger from icing conditions in clear air, clouds or fog.

These exhaustive test flights completely confirmed original experiments in 1942, by a small twin-engine airliner type, specially equipped by the N.A.C.A. with the thermal anti-ice system and again in 1943-45 when the heat method was applied to four-engine bombers and flying boats. All new transport aircraft in this country now incorporate thermal ice-prevention systems.

More than a dozen aviation achievements reached full development and significance in 1946 and give promise of further advancing the science and industry of aeronautics. Of these, the Collier Trophy Committee concluded the greatest (next to thermal ice prevention) was the practical application of the reversible propeller as a l brake for large aircraft. The mittee voted honorable mention Propeller Division of the C Wright Corporation of Caldwel Jersey, with recognition for Ch gineer G. W. Brady, Chief Re Engineer C. W. Chillson and Design Engineer J. H. Sheets versible propellers are on order new production four-engine ai and on all Air Force and Na craft of four engines or more.

The Collier Trophy has no awarded 32 times since it was lished in 1911 by the late Ro Collier, editor and son of the f of Collier's and an enthusiast plane owner and crusader for a when it had few friends and no support. He hoped his trophy inspire widespread developmen airplane and its operation bot safety and utility, and he deleg the Aero Club of America, cessor of the N.A.A., the r bility of determining the annually. (No awards were ma 1917 to 1920 because of the wa

Base Has Been Enlarge

The trophy to be presented b dent Truman to his fellow Mis on December 17th is the same classic bronze figure group, mahogany base has been enla accommodate the names of for many years to come. T available space on the origin was taken by the engrave honoring last year's winner, I W. Alvarez, University of Ca professor of physics and creato Ground Controlled Approach system for the safe landing of on fog-locked airports via Tiffany and Company of Ne enlarged the base early this w the specifications of Mr. Tho Beck, Board Chairman of the Collier Publishing Company a mate friend of the late Mr. and with the approval of the

Mr. Rodert's name and cita the first to appear on the trophy which will remain in hi sion for the ensuing year. H on the night of December 17t banquet of the Aero Club o ington chapter of the N.A. annually to observe the annive flight, he will receive for his nent possession, from Colli attractive bronze plaque, suit graved to commemorate the a

When Charles A. Lindberg world afire with his New Yo solo flight he noted sleet forme wings of the Spirit of St. Lou tain altitudes. Two scientist Langley Field, Virginia, labo the N.A.C.A., Theodore Th and William C. Clay, were t ducting wind-tunnel studies a tests on small wing models cluded that the wasted aircra exhaust heat could be harne put to work melting ice from t or preventing it from formin

These findings were pr when mechanical devices de remove ice from airplane wi propellers and windshields w advanced and a number o rations containing alcohol a concoctions resembling col consommé, were announce cure-all for ice. In a few the chemical treatment mechanical devices were b reputable persons and firms: by opportunists.

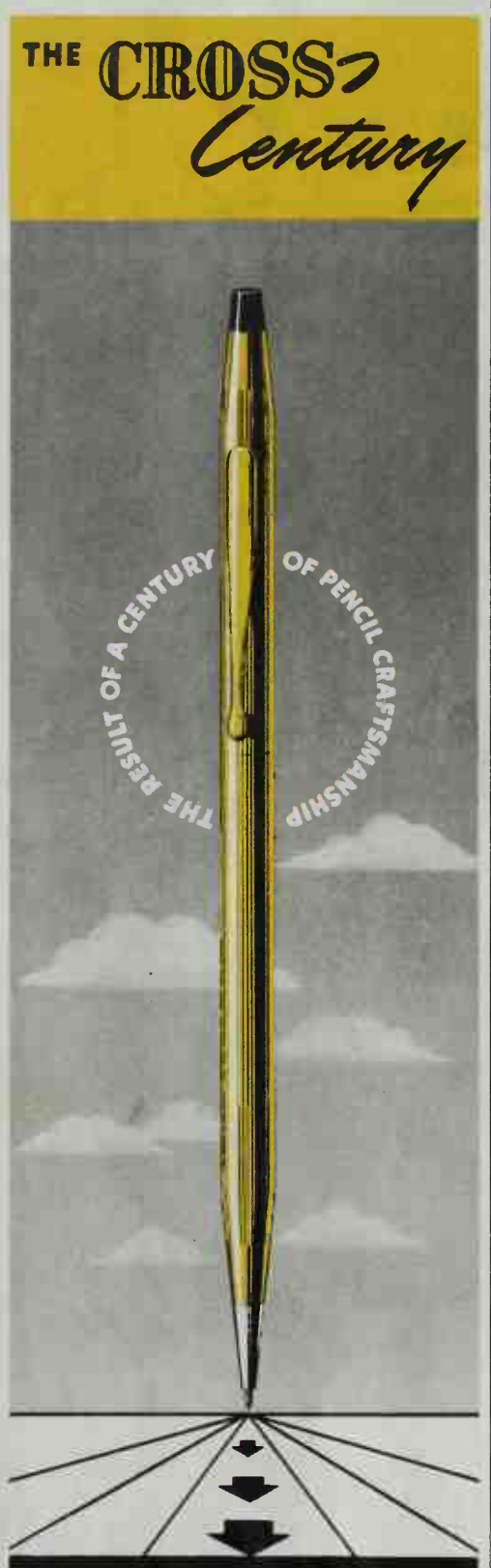
(Continued on page 49)

GREAT DAY FOR A TREAT...

Great way to start a great day—with a traditional treat like a Milky Way candy bar! Just taste that thick, milk chocolate coating the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. All blend together to make each enjoyable mouthful a real taste thrill . . . right down to the last delightful flavor that lingers in your mouth.

When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way



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RELIC OF FORT TEJON

Continued from page 23

just the kind of man a girl would want to marry and reform.

As Jeff went out to his horse he saw three men riding up quietly to the hitch rack. Only one dismounted—a chunky giant in vicuña hat, red coat and sky-blue pants, the uniform of a Los Angeles Ranger.

"Trouble, looks like," the trader said, coming out on the veranda.

"Flash Tatum been here this morning?" the Ranger lieutenant asked.

Pops nodded over his shoulder. "In the storeroom. I'm outfitting him for the Kern."

"Grubstaking him?"

"Why, no. He's paying for everything. But what's that to do with it?"

"He had a run of bad luck down to Taos' Gaming House in the Pueblo and I was wondering where he got enough to outfit himself for the Kern. That takes money."

"Morning, Bert. Looking for me?" Flash Tatum addressed the Ranger from the door. Beside him stood Lorena.

The Ranger came up to the veranda with a clank of spurs. "Won a little jack pot last night, didn't you, Flash?"

"Not a jack pot. I was playing monte."

"With Dink Joplin?"

THE name might have meant something to Flash but being naturally poker-faced he showed no surprise. "Why do you pick him out?"

"Because some Digueños told me he stopped at your vineyard last night. Likewise he had just taken two oxcarts with hides down to the pueblo and got a bag of gold octagonals in payment."

Flash Tatum's voice was as expressionless as his face. He took out his wallet as if putting up an ante. "Yes, Dink and I had a game. I won these octagonals—count 'em. Three hundred dollars."

Lorena seemed to be ahead of everyone else. "What happened to Dink?"

"They found his body in the mesquite near the sawmill this morning. Been knifed."

Lorena flushed. Flash showed no reaction except perhaps a slight narrowing of his lids, as if he saw four aces in a showdown when he had an ace in his own hand. "When did it happen?" he asked casually.

"I'm asking you."

"It didn't happen before one or two o'clock. I was there until along about then."

Jeff Magoon spoke up: "Two o'clock, now that's something! My dog started yelping at someone long about three o'clock—"

Lieutenant Carter ignored this interruption. "They told me at your grape ranch, Flash, there was a horse missing this morning. A calico—one of your string."

"I didn't know he was missing. Maybe he's in a draw somewhere foraging."

"He has a print easy to read—a near hind hoof that's different. A *mozo* at your vineyard said the horse had had a case of the thrush, so his hoof was spread with an iron bar. No mistaking it."

"What's that got to do with Dink Joplin?" Flash asked.

"I read sign at the spot where Joplin was killed. The hoofprints showed how you or someone riding that calico broke out of the brush and stopped Joplin."

For the first time Flash showed something behind his poker mask. He glanced at the two riders who sat in their saddles with their Army five-shooters unholstered. Tatum's voice, if not his eyes, steadied as he said, "You've got the wrong man, Bert. Must have been a horse thief, the one who stole my calico last night."

"That's just what I said," Jeff put in. But the Ranger was unhitching the handcuffs at his belt.

The girl gasped. "You mean you're arresting him just because he won some money from Dink Joplin!"

"Maybe the money wasn't the reason for the killing," the Ranger said. "Maybe it all started with an argument over you, Miss Lorena."

"What are you talking about?" she asked hotly.

"Just some talk I heard back there at the ranch. Joplin was sweet on you—that's how the talk went."

"Everybody's sweet on her," her father put in, "even Jeff Magoon here."

The Ranger looked at Flash Tatum as if expecting an objection. This talk about the girl would at least bring some show of anger to that poker face. But Flash said dryly, "All right, Bert, let's ride."

"You mean," the Ranger said, "you're admitting it?"

"I'm admitting nothing and saying nothing till the showdown. That will be in court at the Bella Union."

As the Ranger snapped on the cuffs, Lorena turned to Jeff and asked frantically, "What were you telling us, Jeff?"

He was slow to answer. In his mind there was little doubt about Flash's guilt. Flash had lied about getting those gold slugs at monte. Dink Joplin never played monte in his life. It was an outstanding characteristic in a country where the game was played by every miner and *mulero* and Mexican—everybody but Mormons. Aloud he said, "There's one slim chance."

Lorena ran down to the hitch rack where Lieutenant Carter had taken his prisoner.

"Bert Carter, you've got to wait!" the girl said. "Jeff's dog barking last night might mean something."

"All I mean," Jeff said, coming out on the veranda, "is that we ought to find that calico."

"You go find him," the Ranger said. "I'm taking this man down to the pueblo before Joplin's kin get hold of him."

But the girl grabbed his reins. "You listen, Bert. Jeff isn't finished."

"I was just thinking," Jeff said uncertainly, "if we took a *pasear* up to my mill we might find the prints of that calico. If he was rustled and ridden past my mill and if he's disappeared—then you'd have no case against Flash Tatum at all."

It was a good point and the Ranger thought it over. "We'll take a walk up there," he announced.

With the exception of Pops Lawton who stayed at his store they all rode to the mill. When they got there Jeff was the c
to dismount, the others sitting in th
dles watching skeptically as he s
for hoofprints. Lorena drifted h
up behind him, following. She
him read sign around the shak
smokehouse and newly built c
well-kept outfit, she noticed, v
creek and the tailrace of the mill
a pleasant song. Jeff knew how to
place look like a home—now th
was no camel in the corral.

But there was a camel. She hea
muttered oath and the answerin
and gurgle of the oont coming tow
Jeff looked up at the girl, his f
and beet-red. "Must have got lo
that Indian and found his way
he said. "Anyway he's back ag

"Did you hear any hoofbe
night?" the Ranger asked.

"All I heard was the dog ye
Jeff began, then started swearing
self.

"The reason you didn't hear h
was because that camel hasn't a
except pads," the Ranger said. "I
camel your dog barked at."

Jeff glared at the oont, its black
eyes drooping and dreaming, h
come home to Jeff's corral and c
he wasn't here this morning,"
lamely. "I looked for him—beca
kind of afraid he'd be back."

It wasn't the time for mirth bu
hooted and jeered. Jeff wiped t
from his eyes, picked up a cactu
give the camel a hiding. With
sigh the oont flexed his muscles t
the blows then turned, snatched a
and began to munch it. Everyon
Everyone but Lieutenant Carter.

"We've wasted good time list
you, Jeff. There was lynch talk a
ranch this morning and it won't
before they get riding. Let's slo
here." He led the way into the
Lorena followed, riding stirrup t
with the prisoner just long enou
goodby, then she turned her ho

"YOU were trying to save Fl
began. "I can understa
much. But—"

"But you want me to shoot th
All right, this settles it. Come
slobbery old centipede—into t
while I get my gun." He picked u
to haze the critter through the c

BUTCH by LARRY REY

COLLIER'S "If you aren't embarrassed, Butch, I'm embarrassed for you"

anta deserves a Brookfield Breakfast!

For a top-notch performance as jolly St. Nick that man of yours rates an "osear". So treat him to light fluffy pancakes with savory BROOKFIELD Sausage. What a breakfast! It's sure to whet the whole family's appetite.

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but then froze in the act of stooping.

"What's the matter with you, Jeff?"

"The hoofprints—the spread hoof!" Jeff stared at the ground, and the girl crowded her horse up and stared with him. "The calico was here! Someone was riding him, keeping to the sand and sawdust so he wouldn't make any noise!"

"I'll get Lieutenant Carter! I'll call him back!"

"Tell him the tracks lead yonder through the oaks to the Tehachapi Trail. It was seven-eight hours ago the dog barked so the calico's over the mountains by now," he shouted as the girl spurred her horse for the oaks. "Tell Carter to wait for me! I'll get a grub-and-water pack because it's going to be a long trail!"

HE RAN into his cabin for some jerky and canteens, then to his barn to get a nose bag and grain. While he was filling the canteens at the mill creek he saw the girl riding back out of the oaks.

"They found more tracks," she announced. "Bert Carter said he was going to get that calico if he has to ride as far as Gila Wells."

"But what's he doing with Flash?"

"Taking him with him. He can't leave him because of that—" she nodded to a string of riders across the valley leaving Joplin's ranch and heading for the trading post.

"But Bert will need food and water. The rustler will be in the Mojave by now!"

"They'll stop at Gonzales' goat ranch over the ridge and pack out from there! I told them to wait for you, Jeff," she said unhappily. "But Bert doesn't want too much dust. He said he was appointing two deputies and that was enough."

"I can ride as well as those two mosshorns," Jeff said, brooding, "and track better than either of 'em too."

"It's on account of your camel, Jeff. They said that critter would follow you and kick up too much dust." It was an incontestable point, for at that very moment the oont was following Jeff and reaching for the nose bag of grain. "And what's more they said you were too softhearted to shoot a horse thief anyway!" She burst out angrily, "You've got to stop folks making fun of you like this, Jeff. You've got to—"

"I've got to shoot this old oont," Jeff said grimly. "But I'm doing no such a thing." He stepped into his tool shed, came out with a queer-looking rig, half sawbuck, half saddle, with bars on the side for anchoring freight. Jeff had added a long cinch strap to go behind the camel's belly. It made a good imitation of the saddle the soldiers had used in Lieutenant Beale's transport detail at Fort Tejon.

When he took a lariat, spread a loop and dabbed it over the camel's neck the girl gasped. "You mean you're going to *ride* that thing, Jeff!"

"Why not?"

He did not attempt to make the oont lie down. He swung on the saddle while the oont stood spraddle-legged and groaning in its beard. The groan turned to a whine and a yelp as the cinches were tightened. Then it leaned to one side, a sign that it was going to give a circular swipe of its hind leg.

But Jeff kicked first. The camel turned and spat a cud of greasewood at him. Then it proceeded to lie down. It was a habitual reaction perhaps to that kick, as well as to the cinches binding its gurgling stomach. It doubtless remembered that the kick would be followed by more if it did not kneel.

Lorena watched, mystified. "If you're going anywhere, Jeff, why don't you get a horse?"

"Because horses will have trouble trailing any farther than Gila Wells." Jeff picked a strip from his lumber pile to use as a camel goad. "Lieutenant Carter hasn't heard about it yet, but some Mormons told me when they bought some timber this morning."

"Told you what?"

COLLIER'S "Now if we've all had our little jokes . . ." HANK KETCHAM

"Gila Wells is dry."

He let her think this over while he mounted and gave the command he had heard at Fort Tejon, "*Goom!*"

The camel rocked up to its foreknees, which action would have dumped Jeff if he had not grabbed the saddle horn. His breastbone mashed against the horn at the camel's next movement, which consisted of a sudden lurch, bringing it to its hind legs while still kneeling. At the third movement, the straightening of the forelegs, Jeff had his balance.

From then on it was easy as riding a moderately stubborn mule, except that the goad and the rider's feet and shifting weight served instead of reins.

"A pretty good show, Jeff, good enough for a rodeo. But with Bert and the others on good horses you'll never even catch up with them."

"It's the calico I want to catch up with. He'll be needing water, but the horse thief riding him won't come back through the Tehachapis after just killing a man. He'll have to head for the Mojave River for water. Means crossing dry country."

"You mean the Mojave Desert?" When the girl understood what he was doing, she burst out, "Jeff, if you find him—if you save Flash Tatum, Jeff, I'll—" She did not say what she would do but she leaned from her saddle and threw her arms around him.

"Kissed me right on the ear," Jeff chuckled to himself as he hit the trail. "She likes me. Might have liked me a whole lot if this moth-eaten oont—" he corrected himself. "She may have to like the oont too!"

AT GILA WELLS they saw the camel coming at a fast knock-kneed trot. This was after the Ranger lieutenant, his prisoner and two deputies had tracked the calico half a day and all of a moonlit night. The Tehachapis were behind them, the San Gabriels to the south. To the east the prints showed where the calico and its rider had headed into the mesquite of the Mojave. And now the red light revealed a grotesque picture—the camel with its beard muddied from dust and drool, the daft Magoon high in the outlandish double-cinched saddle.

"Not daft—except like a fox," the Ranger said.

"You going on?" Jeff asked innocently.

The Ranger swore. "What's it look like? We got some water left for ourselves but not for the horses. The Mojave would be murder and I'm responsible." He was looking at the camel; its lower lip was thrust out, the yellow ochre teeth were bared in what seemed almost a dry laugh.

One of the deputies snarled impatiently, "We don't need that calico anyway, Bert. We got enough against Tatum now."

Instead of the immobile poker face, Flash Tatum wore a mask of alkali, deeply lined and twitching. He asked fervently, "Jeff, you figure you can find that calico?"

Jeff turned to the Ranger. "Will you wait, Bert, till I get back?"

"No. But—" the Ranger thought it over. "How fast can that oont travel?"

"Seven miles an hour, thirty miles a day. If you give him time to browse he can get enough water from herbage."

"I'm not waiting here," the Ranger lieutenant said finally. "But I'll keep Tatum at the trading post unless things get moving too thick."

Jeff kneed his camel to the trail. The calico, as the prints showed, was pounding hard and slow, resting at every rise, staggering across dry washes. Farther on the footprints showed where the rider had dismounted to lead his limping horse.

The oont jogged on, breathing the hot wind which might have brought memories of its Syrian hills, a wind which had been the breath of life to camels since the breed began. It jogged so fast that long before Jeff expected it a smirch of brown dust appeared a mile ahead. Instead of following the tracks, he cut to the east, circling the dust cloud until he was between the fugitive and the Mojave River.

It grew hotter, the flat spaces showing blue like water. Jeff saw a buzzard wheeling low over a gully. Jeff guessed that the calico had been abandoned.

The cloud had dwindled to a brown haze. If it had not been so close Jeff might have lost it entirely, for it was merely the dust scuffed up by a man trudging on foot. Now that he was ahead of the fugitive, Jeff sat on the camel's hump and waited.

Over a rise a figure staggered through a layer of ground heat which shortened and twisted the outline. It was a squat misshapen thing like a man with big feet but no legs. The man stopped suddenly, motionless except for the vibrating wave of air. Then he tried to run, angling off to the west, lurching, smoking up the alkaline washes.

"Thinks he can get away from me," Jeff chuckled. "Thinks he can *walk* to the Mojave River! I'll ride another circle."

It was easy—a little too easy. Jeff was not chuckling when he saw the man again. It was a good distance, but in the thin desert air he could see the horselike face with the handle-bar mustache worn in the fashion of California's most famous bandit. "But it isn't Murietta," Jeff mumbled aloud. "He was supposed to be killed by the Fort Tejon soldiers last year. This must be his ghost."

This time instead of attempting to flee, the man came straight toward Jeff, growing larger, haunting him. It was Murietta's Ghost, all right. And it was really there—flesh and blood and bull neck and bowlegs; it wore real clothes—tight-fitting pants, a bright pink shirt with balloon sleeves of the style beloved by Frisco dandies. His real name was Texas Rondo but the drivers of the Pacific Express and Wells Fargo, the Vigilantes up north and the Los Angeles Rangers in the sou had a name for him. Because of his and his deeds he was known from Sc to San Diego as Murietta's Ghost.

The Ghost's first shot was straig short, smoking the ground betwe camel's forepads. At the second the wheeled and pitched like a colt k at heel flies. Jeff threw a wild sh grabbed the saddle horn to stick o camel bucks got him out of ran from then on, it was a game of ta an hour Jeff rode circles while the alias Texas Rondo, either follow fled.

The flight was merely a preten when Jeff narrowed the circle to a ble range, Rondo turned in a d waltz and fired. The camel gave then a squawk, then a groan as burned its woolly flank.

At Fort Tejon they said a frig camel sometimes lies down and di haps that was why Jeff found dumped over the saddle horn. Rondo's chance, but trudging in t under the burning heat must have his eye and slowed his hand. J time to wriggle up and fire his sh the oont's rumbling, water-filled b

Rondo was slamming away n slugs splintering the freight bar an slicing across the saddle and the hi tinas. The camel cringed like a w dog as a slug bored into his hum oont saved me that time, Jeff t But he stopped the next slug hims it might have been his new snakes band that stopped it, the lead s him on the side of his skull.

In a daze he slumped against the hump and tried to stare across at t figure reeling toward him. Eve reeled and everything was black, cactus and the mesquite. Murietta' was the blackest of all, swellin mously.

"This camel will come in hand still alive," the Ghost said. He w bly close when his gun hand went

ANOTHER day and anothe brought affairs at Lawton's post to a climax.

"What's that Ranger doing a everyone was asking. "Needed rest account they ran out of w right, now he's had a day's rest."

Inside the store Pops Lawton Lieutenant Carter, "They're all why you don't take your prisone Angeles, Bert. They're talking of in my storeroom and taking Fl And," he added, "they got ropes.

Lorena sat on a barrel at the the storeroom cleaning a gun. " them we're waiting for Jeff Mago said calmly. "He'll be back."

Two ranchers had come into ostensibly to trade, but Lorena ey carefully. "What do you folks w

"We want to ask Bert Carter tion," one of them said. "It's Bert. If that calico is brought bac it going to prove?"

"Nothing, unless we find the r rustled him," the Ranger answe

"But Flash Tatum could've g horse to some Indio just to ge him."

Three more men had slipped the Ranger was being badgere first two. Lorena's blue eyes n "What you Injuning up to this d

Pops Lawton grabbed her ar you don't, Lorena!" he said. have that gun!"

The Ranger stepped in fron then turned to face the men. "If want this thing settled here and least you'll let the prisoner giv fense. He told me something h kept quiet till I took him dow Bella Union for trial. You all k guns holstered and I'll let him tel

"Don't bring him out here, F girl objected.

"He won't have to come o

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Ranger unlocked the padlock and opened the storeroom door. "Just tell us from where you are, Flash. We can hear you."

And some of them could see him. Flash Tatum sat on a box, his shoulders humped, but his eyes turned up, scowling as if at an intolerable light. They were red, not from alkali dust, but from the Mormon whisky with which Pops Lawton had tried to raise his spirits.

The whisky helped him talk. "Joplin grubstaked me, that's how I got his money," Flash said. "He was sweet on the girl and wanted me to line out and leave her. But it was bona fide, with Dink to get a third of the strike money."

"Grubstake a gambler like you!" someone snorted.

"Even if it's true," said another, "it's a pretty snaky play, selling out a girl for three hundred dollars."

"Of all the dehorned squirts!" Pops Lawton began, but the yells of the crowd outside stopped him.

"It's the oont! The oont's come back!" The shouts broke off, leaving a queer silence, then someone out there gasped, "It's Murietta's Ghost!"

WHEN Lieutenant Carter stepped out on the veranda he saw men ducking behind the wagon shed, the picket line, the rain barrel. Thus the camel shambled into an apparently empty corral, then it sank to its knees and crumpled into a pile of wool and bones.

Tex Rondo fell off on one side, striking a shoulder on the ground, for with his hands bound he was unable to break his fall. A scrawnier, less glamorous figure fell off on the other side. In the infamous glory of his riding mate Jeff Magoon was practically unnoticed.

The Ranger stepped down from the veranda followed by Pops Lawton, Lorena and the ranchers in the store. The crowd outside came from cover and all gathered on the near side of the camel where the road agent had fallen—all except Lorena who went to the off side.

As she helped Jeff to his knees she called to her father, "Bring some water, Pops. Jeff's been hit bad."

"Sure I was hit. So was the oont," Jeff said. "Got any corn?"

"Bring some whisky, Pops!"

"I mean real corn," [illegible] to a saddlebag and to[illegible] black-clotted horse [illegible] spread hoof, Bert. G[illegible] calico Rondo had bee[illegible]

"But how did *this* [illegible]" Ranger nodded to th[illegible]

"I'm still trying to [illegible]" "I passed out and the[illegible] jumped me. But it w[illegible] up on his legs and [illegible] stepping on me. Ron[illegible] side throwing shots t[illegible] legs but shooting blin[illegible] too long in the sun whi[illegible] and comfortable. That[illegible] edge in the shoot-out. [illegible]

"You get it, Pops," [illegible] it in a nose bag."

"And while you're [illegible]" Ranger said, "you can[illegible] to come here. I'll be [illegible] cuffs."

Jeff said to the girl a[illegible] other drink, "Everyth[illegible] Flash can go to the Ke[illegible] his strike. Everything'[illegible]

"He can go to the Ke[illegible] said, "and I hope he st[illegible]

Jeff did not understan[illegible] only understood that th[illegible] around him and was [illegible] also noticed that she d[illegible] Flash Tatum when he w[illegible] the store and freed.

"Here's your corn," P[illegible] "But listen, Jeff, if I fee[illegible] be coyotin' around my [illegible] his life."

"That won't be long," [illegible] "The oont's half dead [illegible] smoked up looks like."

"Stopped four slugs," [illegible] five to kill 'em."

The girl was suddenly [illegible] camel's wounds. It had b[illegible] hump and flank but ther[illegible] clotted blood. The hits l[illegible] holes burned in a rug. As [illegible] bag on the reaching head [illegible] to life, groaned, gurgled [illegible]

"He'll live to be fifty [illegible] camel," Jeff said.

"Maybe longer if we [illegible] from now on," Lorena sai[illegible] fully.

THE END

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In the 1940 Northwestern-Ohio State game, Ohio State ha[illegible] ball deep in their own territory. It was third down, the sco[illegible] for Ohio State. As the teams lined up, OSU's quarterback, [illegible] Scott looked to the bench to Coach Francis Schmidt, who sig[illegible] to kick. Scott lined the team up in kick formation. Then Sch[illegible] unconsciously wiped his brow with a handkerchief, forge[illegible] that this was the prearranged signal for a pass. Scott didn't fo[illegible] He checked the signals and called for a pass, which a North[illegible]ern man intercepted and ran for a touchdown. The final sc[illegible] Northwestern 6, Ohio State 3.

—James Torp, Clinton, Illi[illegible]

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INCIDENT ON THE BRIDGE AT ENNS

Continued from page 19

urz was walking her bicycle toward m. The Russkies had let her through. was humming a Danube song, as al.

I suppose you want to see my *Aus-skarte*, too," she greeted him.

Sure, why not?" said Sergeant Dill.

Because I left it in my bag and I left bag at my aunt's *Schloss* in Thurn-h. I had the devil of a time getting Russians to let me pass."

What's all this about? Forgot her *weiskarte?*" the lieutenant inter-ted.

Is that so bad?" Trudi El-burz in-ed, and the sergeant wished she ld be quiet, so he could ease her ugh without trouble; but he knew she ldn't.

ieutenant Purdy looked at her, and ergeant guessed that had the lieuten- been alone he would have found it ible to raise the barrier, perhaps after endly lecture, and even an invitation e Saturday-night dance at the Oster-ischer Hof in Salzburg. But since as watched by a sergeant and two ates, the lieutenant would find it nec-ry to display his incorruptibility. ry," he told Trudi. "You can't pass ine without your card. Why, we just ew orders saying all indigenous per-el has to have eleven stamps, start-ight now. This time I might overlook eleventh stamp, but naturally you come through with no card at all."

Why not?"

ieutenant Purdy hesitated. "How do ow that you are who you say you " he asked.

uppose I'm not? Suppose I'm some-else?"

ou don't get by here!" said the lieu-nt.

he Russians let me through," Trudi nded him.

ell," said Lieutenant Purdy with ty, "the Russians have their own n of security and we have ours. You go on back to Thurnbuch and get card, and then I'll see to it that you this post, although you have only amps."

hat's kind of you! That's real nice! ught this was a liberated country!"

hat kind of a country this is has ng to do with it!" Lieutenant Purdy and turned and entered the sentry to show that so far as he was con-d the incident was closed. The ser-saw that Privates Polchak and es were impressed, as no doubt the nant hoped they would be. When they got back to barracks they'd relate how their lieutenant had told off a *Fräulein*. This would get around the troop, and eventually might reach the ear of the commander. Everyone would know that no woman could sway Lieutenant Purdy—but this particular woman would have nothing to do, thereafter, with Sam Dill.

He watched the indignant swing of Trudi's hips as she marched her bicycle back across the bridge. Then he noticed a curious thing: The Russkies weren't raising their bar for her. She began to talk to the new Russky, and other Russkies surrounded them, their tommy guns slung at their backs as always, like part of their uniform. The new Russky, not so tall but as broad as Lieutenant Purdy, kept shaking his head and pointing back at the American side. The new Russky's head fascinated Sergeant Dill. He could swear that the new Russky, like Lieutenant Purdy, had a crew haircut.

TRUDI made quite a speech, in German, with the verbs sputtering like a string of firecrackers at the end, and stamped her wood-soled shoes on the planking. The Russky said something in Russian and pointed her in the direction of the Western democracies. Walking to the center of the bridge, Trudi leaned her elbows on the railing, and put her face in her hands.

Lieutenant Purdy came out of the sentry box. "Is she still here?" he said.

"If the lieutenant will pardon me," said Sergeant Dill, careful to observe proper form, "I think the lieutenant should let that civilian through."

"Let her through—with no *Ausweiskarte?*"

"Yes, sir. I know her. She's all right."

"Oh, she's your *Fräulein!*"

When you said a girl was someone's *Fräulein* in the third year of the occupation, it meant something quite definite. Purdy might just as well have said, "She's your mistress." Of course Purdy was only three weeks out of the Bremen port of debarkation, and couldn't be expected to know this, but Sergeant Dill found himself getting angry. "No, sir," he said. "She is not my *Fräulein.*" He knew the tone and inflection with which he delivered this simple statement would inform Purdy that from there on, this affair was Purdy's baby.

It was some time before Lieutenant Purdy realized the girl was crying. He watched, impassive as any Regular Army officer should be when he is only doing his duty, for as long as he could, which

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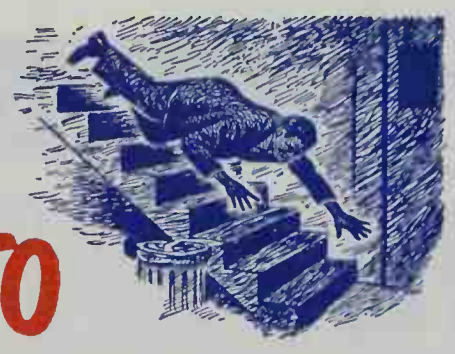

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was perhaps two minutes. "What's wrong with her?" he said.

The sergeant didn't think it necessary to reply. From now on, he wasn't giving advice, not for free.

"Don't you think we ought to find out what's the matter?" asked the lieutenant.

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, I think we ought. Don't you Sergeant?"

"If you say so, sir."

"Well, I think perhaps we'd better go out and find out what is wrong, anyway. You come with me, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

"BARBARIANS!" Trudi said, rubbing the tears from her face as they reached her side. "Barbarians!"

"Who, the Russkies?" asked Lieutenant Purdy.

"Both you and the Russkies," she said. "Do you think you're so different to us? Do you know what we call you behind your backs? You don't, do you? We call you 'Icebox Russians.'"

"Icebox Russians!"

"Yes. You're just like the Russians, except in your country everybody has an icebox."

"Now look, *Fräulein*," Lieutenant Purdy protested. "I want to help you, but my hands are tied. I've got very definite orders."

"Orders! Orders! I know what they call it back in the United States. I read the Stars and Stripes. Red tape, that's what they call it!"

The lieutenant saw that the new Russky was walking out on the bridge, with one of his men. Lieutenant Purdy mobilized what phrases he could remember from the course in Russian which suddenly had become so important in his last year at the Point. These phrases were designed to cover military contingencies. He could think of none that would fit this situation. He was wondering whether to try his German, which was sparse and awkward, when the Russian spoke first, surprisingly, in English. "Why don't you let this girl go to her home?" he demanded.

"Say, you speak English," said Lieutenant Purdy.

"At the military academy in Moscow we now learn English. They used to teach German."

"At West Point," said Lieutenant Purdy, "they're teaching Russian. They used to teach German, too. Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the Russian, without smiling, "it's funny."

"But you speak a lot better English than I speak Russian."

Trudi Elburz's foot began to tap the planking. "That," she said, "is because after one has learned Russian all else is easy. But, please, is it necessary to hold a conference? I want to get off this bridge—in what direction I don't care."

"I want her off the bridge, too," the Russian said. "I want her off immediately. I am not authorized to discuss things like this. Isn't it true that the *Fräulein* lives on the American side?"

"Yes, that's true," said Lieutenant Purdy. "But she can't enter the American zone without her *Ausweiskarte*. She left it in Thurnbuch. How about being a good guy and letting her go back and get it?"

"Already I have been what you call a good guy," said the Russian. "I let her out of my zone without papers. But she cannot re-enter my zone without papers. On that the *Kommandatura* is very strict."

"How do you expect her to have papers when you won't let her go back and get them?"

The new Russky locked his hands behind his back. His face reminded Sergeant Dill of a concrete pillbox, with eyes slitted like gunsights. "Who are you to criticize our methods?" the Russky said.

Lieutenant Purdy stuck out his c
"So what if I do?"

"So I have made up my mind.
does not come back into the So
zone."

"Under no circumstances," said L
tenant Purdy, "will she enter the An
can zone without her card!"

The girl looked at Lieutenant Pu
and she looked at the Russian. "
don't you both go home?" she inqu

"Now you know we would lik
wind up the occupation as quickl
possible," said Lieutenant Purdy.
only reason we're still here is becaus
Russkies won't leave."

"Untrue! Propaganda of the so-c
democracies!" said the Russian.
Americans and British want to turn
tria into a base for aggression. Th
fore we must remain to protect
Austrians."

"You're both wrong," said T
"The Russians won't leave Austria
cause if they left they wouldn't have
excuse for maintaining their line
communications troops in Hungary
Rumania. They won't leave Hun
and Rumania because that would
pose their flank in Bulgaria. They
in Bulgaria because that's the roa
Turkey and the oil lands in Iran
Saudi Arabia. So because both
United States and Russia want a d
with oil under it, I've got to stay or
bridge."

"Pretty smart girl," the sergean

TO A CERTAIN LADY, AT CHRISTMAS

**Hang your stocking near the fi
Tack it to a shelf,
Or leave it on—it seems to me
You fill it well yourself!**

—Richard Arm

marked, loud enough for Lieut
Purdy to hear. He hoped Trudi w
hear too, and understand that he w
her side, so far as duty and con
sense permitted.

"Oil has nothing to do with it,"
Purdy. "It is strictly a matter of ro
border regulations."

"On that I agree with you absolu
said the Russian. He turned and s
back to the eastern bank.

"I think," Lieutenant Purdy told
Dill as they returned to their side o
bridge, "that I did the right thi
showed firmness. It's national polic
everybody else shows firmness, I
be far wrong showing firmness, ca

"Well," said Sergeant Dill. "th
wheels aren't on duty here at this bri

PURDY went into the sentry
picked up the phone, and aske
Command Post, 898th Constab
Troop. Sergeant Dill knew the lie
ant was going to make another mi
He didn't care particularly what
pened to Purdy, the sergeant told hi
There was no other way for a second
tenant to learn, except by experienc
remembered how few second lieute
were left alive the second morning
his outfit was committed in Africa.

If he interfered at all, the sergea
sured himself, it was simply to save
self trouble, and of course to help
"Lieutenant," Sam Dill felt compel
say, "I don't think I'd report this n
yet, if I were you."

"Why not?" If the sergeant ha
way, Lieutenant Purdy thought, nc
important or exciting would ever h
at this post.

"Because once a thing like thi
into channels, you can never tell
it will end. Right now, you've go
trol of it, and you can make you

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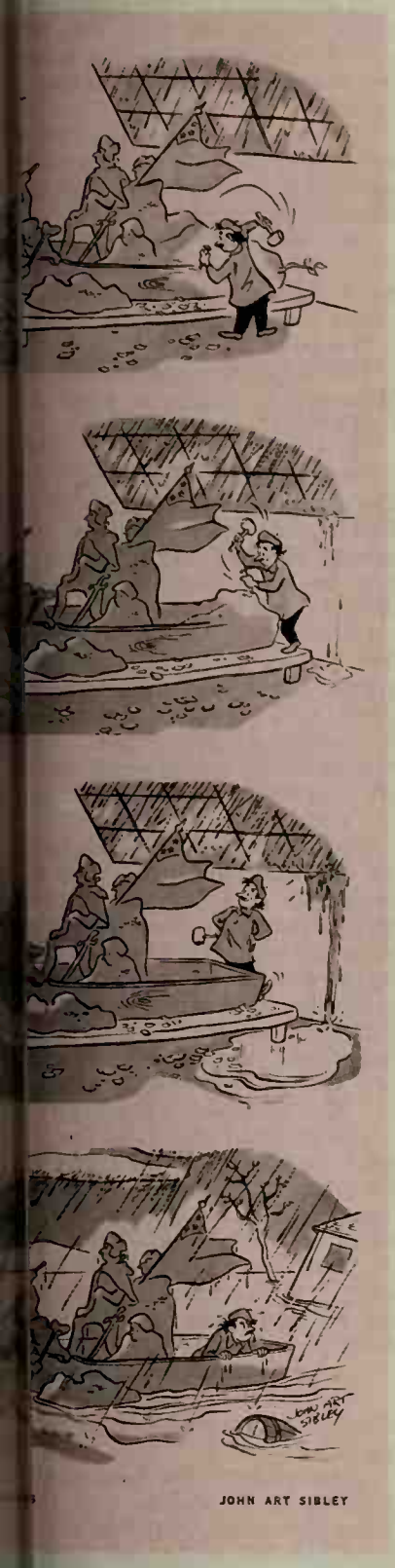

, but if you tell someone else then it gets to be official."

ould be official," said the lieuten- is is very serious business."

n get too official," the sergeant —but Troop CP had answered, lieutenant was asking for the cer. . . .

at Sunday the duty officer was urrows. So long as Major Bur- ained in Austria he would have om house, a staff car with chauf- d the little niceties, monetary rwise, that come with overseas e four Burrows children would

overness who spoke five lan- Mrs. Burrows would have a aid, play bridge with the wives ls, and be referred to by the natives as "Mrs. Major Bur- ut when Major Burrows re- the United States he would not r any more. He would be a he Boston water department, uld have no servants, no car, ps no home.

nt Purdy did not know these ut Major Burrows. He only Major Burrows was a very an who never made decisions were approved by the colonel, nsisted that all orders and re- n writing.

s a little incident here on the Lieutenant Purdy told Major "I thought I'd better report it." t?" said the major, the word sounding a warning to his acute sense of personal protection.

"Well, sort of an incident. It's just that there's a *Fräulein* stuck out here on the bridge. I suppose you'd call her a strandee." The lieutenant related the details.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "of course you were quite right in halting this girl. But there are problems in logistics. Who's going to feed her? Are there any facilities for her—ah, comfort?"

"Isn't that up to the Russians? After all, we've taken the stand that the Russians are responsible."

"*We've* taken the stand?" said Major Burrows. "Oh, no, Lieutenant. *You've* taken the stand."

"Oh!"

"Salzburg and Vienna may think you're responsible. After all, we have to consider the humanitarian aspects. If she's indigenous personnel, as you say, and not unauthorized personnel, then the Austrian government will have something to say about her rights."

"I guess we can feed her," Lieutenant Purdy said, "but I don't know what else we can do."

"I think it's a matter for the colonel," the major said. "Yes, it's definitely a matter for the colonel. He's spending the week end at the Inn in Gmunden."

The lieutenant became more uneasy. "Oh, why disturb him?" he asked. "I'll just let her come on through, and we can check on her *Ausweiskarte* tomorrow."

"Oh, no!" the major was horrified. "That won't do at all. I can't take the responsibility of permitting her to enter the zone. Orders are very specific."

"Well, what'll I do?"

"Just wait," suggested the major, "and report any new developments."

Lieutenant Purdy hung up the phone and said, "Did you hear that, Dill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dill, what do you think is going to happen?"

"It beats me, Lieutenant," the sergeant said.

"Well, have Polchak take a chair out to the *Fräulein*. Can't make her stand up all the time."

"Yes, sir."

"And see that she has cigarettes."

The lieutenant sat down at his desk and wrote in his log: "At 1450 sent chair and cigarettes to strandee."

TWENTY minutes later Dill noticed activity on the other side of the bridge. A Mercedes-Benz, red flags flying from its front fenders, and preceded by a small armored car, pulled up to the Russian sentry box. Two men, both wearing broad yellow shoulder boards, got out. They talked to the new Russky officer, who stood stiffly to attention. In the center of the bridge, her camp chair propped comfortably against the rail, Trudi smoked, swung a slender leg nervously, and pretended not to notice.

When the Russians' cars left she jumped out of the chair, crossed to the Russian end of the bridge, and asked a question of the young Russian officer. The new Russky was worried, the sergeant could see. His hands were not still, and once he ran his finger inside the collar of his tunic, as if it had suddenly grown too small. But he kept shaking his head no.

The girl returned to the middle of the bridge, saw Sergeant Dill watching her, and made a face at him.

"What do you think's going on?" asked Lieutenant Purdy.

The sergeant considered the situation carefully. "I should think," he said, "that the Russky is about in the same spot you are in."

"Oh," said Lieutenant Purdy. "Do you think I ought to call Major Burrows, and tell him about the talk over there, and the armored car?"

"I don't think so," said Dill. "Major

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ARROW

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If you're nervous as a witch...

because the caffein in coffee is keeping you up nights...

Switch **to rich, delicious caffein-free**

Sanka Coffee and sleep like this!

Sanka Coffee is superb coffee.

All coffee—real coffee—grand coffee—97% caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

For your convenience, Sanka Coffee now comes in two delicious forms—New Instant Sanka, as well as your favorite grind for percolator or drip method!

A Product of General Foods

Burrows is a nervous man. If you tell him the Russkies are getting excited, then he'll get twice as excited, and the first thing you know he'll be pulling G.I.s out of the boats on the lakes, and off the beaches, and alerting everybody, and ruining their Sunday."

"I guess this time I'll take your advice," Lieutenant Purdy said.

IT WAS another half hour before the major called. "The colonel," he said, his voice uneven with anxiety, "is burned up. The colonel said you ought to have better sense than create an incident like this."

"All he has to do," protested Lieutenant Purdy, "is tell me to let the *Fräulein* through."

"That's just it," said Major Burrows. "That's exactly what he can't do. It would be strictly contrary to all directives. He was forced to refer the matter to Zone Command, and Zone Command referred it to Vienna."

"Well, what did Vienna say?"

"You understand," said the major, not answering the question, "that you've put me—that is, all of us—in a bad spot?"

"Well, what am I supposed to do now?"

"It went to the highest—the very highest—quarters in Vienna, and Vienna says it is a matter for the Allied Council. They meet next Friday."

"I'm not supposed to keep this *Fräulein* out here until next Friday?" the lieutenant pleaded.

"I don't know what else to tell you," said Major Burrows. "I can't give you permission for her to enter the zone, and neither can the colonel, nor any of the generals. I guess it's what you might call a stalemate. Can't you persuade the Russians—"

"Why don't you come down here," the lieutenant said, "and try to persuade the Russians?"

He dropped the telephone into its cradle. Nothing had gone according to plan—nothing at all. When the colonel got back from Gmunden it was likely that Lieutenant Purdy would be on the next plane back to the States. They would bury him on duty at some obscure ordnance depot in the Arizona desert, guarding obsolete equipment. They might exile him to Alaska. He would never get to be a first lieutenant, much less a general. "This is ridiculous," Lieutenant Purdy murmured. "This can't be."

"It's rough," agreed Sergeant Dill.

"It's incredible," said Lieutenant Purdy. "We can't pitch a tent out there for her, now can we? Still, we can't make her sleep in the open."

"Either way, we're going to look pretty bad."

"Those stupid Russkies!" exclaimed the lieutenant. He stared with distaste at his opposite number across the bridge. The Russky glowered back. "Sergeant, isn't there anything you can think of?"

"Well," said Sam Dill, "there just might be. Depends on Trudi."

The sergeant walked out on the bridge. Trudi Elburz looked up at him, tilting her head on one side in the provocative way she had. "Well, Sam," she said, "you should be proud of yourself!"

"Can't say that I am," the sergeant admitted quietly. "And I'll be less proud when I tell you what you've got to do to get off this bridge. Trudi, you've got to jump."

"I see," Trudi said. "My presence here is embarrassing. You want me to drown myself. I won't do it."

"Do you want to get off the bridge, Trudi?"

"Naturally. But not that bad. It's out of the question."

"Winter is coming," the sergeant said. "You need a winter coat. And this winter your mother will need CARE packages."

"Sam, by now you should know you can't bribe me."

The sergeant thought: Well, I trie was going to be tough on Purdy. H sorry for Purdy. He had known second lieutenants and he might worse one at the bridge, after Purd booted around.

"Sam," Trudi said, "you know y never asked me to go to a conce Salzburg, or the opera in Linz. I music, Sam, and yet you never give me. You never offer anything e cigarettes, or chocolate bars, or n or blankets to make coats."

"Trudi," the sergeant said, "I'd love to take you to the concert in burg tonight. I'd like to take you where, Trudi, any time you want go." This was, the sergeant reflecte first sentimental speech he had ma Europe.

"Okay, Sam," she said. "Okay." the girls in the zone had learned A can slang, but the way she said sounded like home.

The sergeant returned to the s box. "Lieutenant," he asked, "car get a vehicle assigned to me fro motor pool tonight?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

The sergeant asked another que "Lieutenant, you're a good swi aren't you?"

"Pretty good, but—"

"Well, I don't think Trudi's so g The sergeant signaled her with his Kicking her shoes from her feet, calmly climbed to the bridge held her nose with her fingers, her eyes, and jumped.

Lieutenant Purdy dived. He had free feeling as he plunged irrevo toward the muddy Enns. He was mitted to a course of action—obv the only one open to him. And h headquarters would undoubtedly prove of this humanitarian gesture. else could they do?

When he came to the surface h the *Fräulein*, chin high above the struggling against the current. reached her in a few swift strokes, c her shoulder, and felt her relax. The ing careful not to fight the curre guided her toward the west bank. looked up, he saw a row of faces a end of the bridge. The square face new Russky was split into a grin new Russky looked very happy.

The sergeant waited at the shor not close enough to the water to n his boots in the ooze. "Lieutenan suggested, "don't you think I'd take over from here? Don't you I'd better take her to town in th jeep? It'll take the rest of the afte but we don't want her to suffer shock or anything."

"Certainly not," the lieutenant a

"And the lieutenant hasn't for about that transportation to Salzbu night?"

"I remember," the lieutenant n thinking as he did so that there things about the Army that no one Point had bothered to tell him.

WHEN it came time for Majo rows to write his report, as d ficer, on the incident at the Enns he gave it very serious considerati took him a whole day. He wrote th ports, and tore up each one. No how he phrased it, somebody was to be offended. It was puzzling. f problem had been solved, and orde had been followed. Finally he h idea.

"Commander, 898th. Consta Troop, U.S. Forces Austria," he "recommends an award of the S Medal for Second Lieutenant Purdy, 0-19076842. At risk to hi life Lieutenant Purdy dived in Enns River and rescued an indi female."

He was sure the colonel would with him that this covered everyth

THE END

OPEN HOUSE IN CANADA

Continued from page 25

l apparently inspired an enterpris-
ustrialist and Liberal member of
ent named Ludger Dionne (no
he quints) to start dickering for
ices of 100 Polish girls in his spin-
ll in St. Georges de Beauce, Que-
ter getting the Cabinet's okay, he
m all out from DP camps in Ger-
nd installed them in a dormitory
his plant as wards of the sisters
Good Shepherd Convent.
ase fast became a newspaper sen-
nd caused a public controversy
e federal government's entire
policy—or lack of one as its op-
charged—on immigration. "In-
d servants!" organized labor cried
mning Dionne. He retorted that
were getting the prevailing wage,
hat their airplane fares were be-
cted from their pay checks, and
they were so happy in their new
nd so busy that they didn't even
e for social engagements.

rtered Planes for Immigrants

s in the wake of this affair—but
dent of it—that Ontario's Pre-
eorge Drew, an aggressive Tory
om misses a chance to needle the
regime of Liberal Prime Minis-
am Lyon Mackenzie King, made
ments to bring the 7,000 British-
o his own province in chartered
(By mid-November one half of
0 had already arrived.)
careful observers in Ottawa cau-
t it's a mistake to think that
is, or should be, in for a great
immigration. "In the first place,"
hem said, "Canada has a housing
, too. In the second place, Eu-
nnot furnish an unlimited num-
oung, energetic and skilled hands;
needed for Europe's own recon-
n. Britain herself is woefully
man power as recent emergency
s emphasized, and nearly 10,000
m the Continent have already
ported by the U.K. to ease the
Our official policy still excludes
s on the grounds that they're
abor. Finally, this boom will be
braked if we don't find a solu-
our increasingly serious shortage
rican dollars to balance our for-
le accounts."
t a mere question of elbow room.
n Paul Bunyan and his blue ox
omplain of that in a country
area is 3,690,410 square miles
rgest in the world) and popula-
tion a mere 12,307,000—less than that of the state of New York. However, figures are deceiving. More than 56 per cent of Canada is wasteland which would support neither Bunyan, his ox nor an Eskimo.

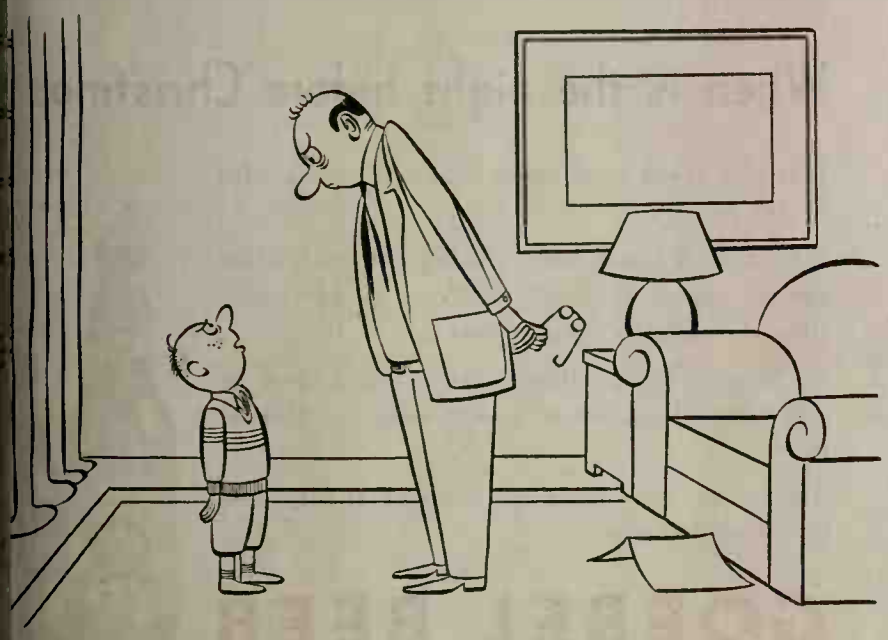
Nobody has been able to calculate with precision what the nation's absorptive capacity is. Estimates have ranged from a presumably authoritative 65,000,000 persons to a total thrice that. Government officials frankly admit they don't know yet what the answer is, although a Cabinet subcommittee is working on it. Result: Nothing more than a rule-of-thumb immigration policy was formed at first.

This lack of planning was deplored by organized labor. "We want as many immigrants as will give us the highest possible standard of living for the masses of the people," said the C.I.O. affiliated Canadian Congress of Labor in a brief submitted to parliament. "We do not want immigration used as a means of getting cheap and docile workers and breaking down the standards which organized labor has built up."

All in all, it is estimated Canada will admit between 80,000 and 100,000 immigrants this year. The 1946 total was 71,719, but that included a large number of war brides. Several months ago the government relaxed restrictions to encourage European relatives of Canadian citizens to come over, providing they weren't enemy aliens. It was thought such family ties would be a stabilizing factor and help ease the housing problem by having the new arrivals roost in their Canadian hosts' spare rooms. Canadians made more than 15,000 applications for relatives, but so far only a few hundred have arrived, partly due to lack of ships, partly to the difficulty of tracing them through DP camps. A thousand Jewish orphan children, not yet selected, also are to be admitted.

Teams of social workers, doctors, industrial representatives and government officials have gone to Europe to recruit the 10,000 DPs to come immediately for specific employment. Three thousand of these are being selected to work in the woods; another 5,000 will find jobs in the mines, railway construction gangs and miscellaneous fields. A thousand garment workers—tailors, seamstresses and the like—are wanted.

Some of the 3,483,038 French Canadians, all but about a million of whom live in Quebec, have been nervous lest immigration weaken their position as



"Your generosity of the past six years is not to be passed over lightly but, as I see it, the main issue right now is this afternoon's movie"

IRWIN CAPLAN

Of America's leading Cigarettes one is

OUTSTANDING

Have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PALL MALL? There's a reason.

PALL MALLS are good to look at — good to feel — good to taste — and good to smoke! PALL MALLS' greater length filters the smoke naturally through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos — gives you a smoother, mellower, more satisfying smoke.

PALL MALL — Good — Good — Good — AND GOOD!

-and they are mild!

When is the night before Christmas?

It comes much more often than just on the 24th of December.

It comes all those times during the year when the same spirit of friendly welcome glows warmly from doorstep to chimney-top . . .

. . . times when neighbors gather for a chat, or a game, and a glass or two of delicious Goebel Beer.

And it's in those enjoyable moments that Goebel Beer truly belongs.

GOEBEL BEER

Nationally famous for good taste

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN

…n's most powerful minority (30 …t of the total population), but …s have been mild except for emo…tbursts typifying the long-stand…l between Quebec and the rest …ominion, particularly Ontario.

… from such minor pettiness, the … of Canadians, according to a …allup poll, are enthusiastic over …tion. One of the fields where the …nds will be most welcome is the …ndustry, which is showing new … life after being set back on its …d heels 15 months ago when Ot…sed a 10 per cent discount and … Canadian dollar at par with the …n buck. The Financial Post of … reported recently that 18 com…ad set their sights on a $32,000,… ease in gold production.

…ctors are afoot again in the …st Territories, probing the crags … creek bottoms for a new Eldo… another Yellowknife. The lat…he lonely shores of Great Slave …00 miles from a railhead, has … $13,000,000 in gold since 1938.

"How about a round of golf tomorrow? Tuesday, you know!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

…o, probably the most important … mine in the world, provides the …fing for U.S. atomic bombs. Fur…e, authorities are confident that …itories hold untouched treasures … copper, tungsten and other met…

…ost exciting single development …g is taking place in the forsaken … Labrador (not yet part of … and the adjoining Dominion … of Quebec where two Canadian…n companies are jointly sinking …an a million dollars to measure …y be the richest deposits of iron … orth America.

…y to Exploit New Ore Region

… prospecting proves what the …es hope—existence of some 300,… ons of commercial ore—they are … to lay out $100,000,000 in ex… the region, including construc… a 350-mile railway down to the …St. Lawrence.

…ation's boom has been further …d by a fresh discovery of oil in … a resource in which Canada is …y lacking. At Leduc, just south …nton, Imperial Oil Limited, sub…f Standard of New Jersey, has … in seven wells since February …rilling six more. Half a dozen …tfits are boring expectantly into …ity. Whether Leduc will eclipse …alley, in southern Alberta, the …er important petroleum-produc… in the Dominion, isn't known, …ces look good.

…more amazing potentialities in sun burned away hundreds of thousands of bushels of last summer's grain crop in Saskatchewan) but, in the secondary development of hydroelectric power plants, might lure new industry out to the flatlands of central Canada and help balance an economy now lopsidedly agricultural.

The ubiquitous U.S. tourist is contributing his bit to Canada's postwar bonanza. It is officially estimated that some 25,000,000 American nomads will have spent upward of $230,000,000 in Canada in 1947, ogling everything from the Squawmish Indians of British Columbia to Evangeline's Acadian bower in Nova Scotia, buying all manner of goods, from beads to English bone china. The province of Saskatchewan alone turned something like a tidy $200,000 on dogs—the All-American Field trials were held at Frobisher, a village across the line from North Dakota, in mid-September.

Even though the famed Château at Lake Louise, Alberta, hiked its tariffs 20 per cent, it has just finished the biggest season in its history and on the average the traveler probably got more for his money in Canada this year than in any other country in the world, including the U.S. Canadians pioneered price controls and kept them on long after we junked the OPA. Sugar rationing has just been discontinued; the nation still has two meatless days a week. Newsprint, Canada's Number One export to the U.S., is still voluntarily but so rigidly rationed that the Winnipeg Free Press recently told 12,000 readers of its weekly farm magazine that it could not renew their subscriptions.

This self-discipline hasn't licked inflation completely and since controls were lifted last summer, prices have gone up, but food prices, for instance, have been ranging between three and 300 per cent lower than the dizzy figures in the United States. Government officials emphasize that $100 in Canada will go as far as $160 to $200 in the U.S.

The villain in this success story is the nation's evaporating supply of American dollars. Unless this deficiency can soon be fixed, prosperity for Canadians and the immigrants they're inviting to help share it will melt as fast as snow in a chinook wind.

Dependence on U.S. and Britain

Unlike the U.S., Canada is nowhere near self-sufficient and must export to live. Today she is one of the three biggest exporting nations of the world and her welfare depends on economic health in the U.S. and the U.K. As one statesman put it, "For better or for worse, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, we are wedded bigamously to London and New York."

Before the war, far from being a sinful or unpropitious romance, this combination supported a golden triangle of trade: Canada exported a tremendous amount of goods to the United States ($380,400,000 worth in 1939) but imported even more from us ($469,900,000). Simultaneously she had a favorable trade balance with Britain ($328,100,000 worth of exports against $114,000,000 in imports), and out of her sterling surplus she converted what was necessary to balance her dollar account.

Now Britain is all but broke and the dollar shortage is world-wide. Canada can't balance her accounts and is running out of U.S. dollars faster than a sailor on shore leave.

Take a look at the latest trade figures: In 1946, Canada sent $597,500,000 worth of goods to England, bought $141,300,000 worth in return. She sold us $887,900,000 worth of newsprint, wood products, minerals and other items that same year but purchased $1,405,300,000 worth of coal, oil, farm machinery, etc., in American markets. Her total official holdings of U.S. dollars on December 31, 1946, were only $1,245,000,000 and by January of 1948, it is expected that figure will have shrunk to about $550,000,000. It won't take many months more of adverse balances to melt them away.

After Britain's economic crisis crystallized there were murmurs in Ottawa of touching Washington for a half-billion-dollar loan.

Recently this loan, cut down to $300,000,000, was granted by the Export-Import Bank. Simultaneously, Canada announced a ban on imports of U.S.-made luxury goods like automobiles, jewelry, radios and refrigerators, and a quota system of restricting certain other U.S. imports. She will also seek other private loans in the United States, with which to help meet her dollar shortage.

Canadians know only too well how tightly their economic fate is tied to the U.S. dollar economy, and in the past they have been understandably sensitive about it. But their tremendous wartime accomplishments have done a great deal to change their state of mind. Never before, perhaps, have Canadians themselves been more excited about the new horizons within their own borders, or less in awe of the view commanded by their vigorous, restive kinfolk, the Americans.

"We are losing our inferiority complex," a leading Canadian observed in Winnipeg the other day. "We are neither a colony of England nor a suburb of the United States. That, of course, has long been a technical fact. Now we've generated enough self-assurance to convince ourselves that it is really true."

THE END

Caught by a cat's whisker!

Ever take a picture of a cat?

They move in darts and dazzles . . . seem to have lightning in their veins . . . cut your chances down to a cat's whisker!

But with wide-latitude Ansco film in your camera (especially if it's *fast* Superpan Press!), you stand a better chance of getting the picture— *even when it's cats.*

You'll be thrilled with indoor pictures *you* can make with a couple of inexpensive flood lamps, and a roll of Ansco Superpan Press in your camera. Get a roll *today* . . . and you'll be able to take better pictures *tonight!*

Ansco film won't make bad pictures good, mind you. But it'll make *any* good picture *better!* Ansco, Binghamton, New York.

The f3.5 Ansco Refle coming soo

ASK FOR **Ansco** FILM & CAMERAS

WINNER OF THE COLLIER TROPHY

Continued from page 28

ying progressed, particularly in ed service, experience with ice d and became a confused and problem. Planes took on ice so that the shape of the wing was d, the lifting qualities were re- r nullified and with the added ice they were forced down, often astrous results. Ice would col- the propeller and then be thrown hunks by centrifugal force. sound of ice chunks crashing the cabin was disconcerting to ers and rather terrifying when ashed through the cabin walls and s. Then the pilot's windshield e rendered opaque by the rapid on of ice as he was preparing to his only alternative was to reach Boy Scout hatchet and bash out s. Under milder ice conditions, a dime-store paint scraper and his r blades.

ilots Prefer Not to De-ice

times the pilot could escape from ing conditions by climbing or ing or the temperature would nd help him out. Or when it was t they were taking on no more ice original light and harmless load, ld continue on course unafraid. nds at flying preferred not to with ice if they could avoid it y usually did avoid clouds and ayers under low temperatures, knowing just why there was ice and not in others.

he carburetors or induction sys- engines would ice up on clear, days and this condition proved t stubborn of all. It was also t treacherous as ice in the in- system could reduce power or off altogether.

e late twenties and early thirties, it should be said in fairness to those sincere people who sought to "de-ice" the vital parts of an airplane by mechanical and chemical means, that they had no alternative assuming they, too, had learned that one sure way to melt ice was to apply heat. Most aircraft in use at the time were made of wood and fabric and if you put the heat on, you stood to burn up the plane. Suitable forms of stainless steel now in use to conduct hot air were unavailable and there was no pressing public air-transport business that required completion of published schedules with or without ice in the sky.

By 1936, though, the air lines were fully aware of the meaning of "icing conditions" when scheduled flights were canceled or interrupted by the sudden and rapid formation of ice on planes. The military airmen, too, recognized they would have a very great advantage over the enemy if they could operate without interruption through icy sky with ice-free aircraft. So both the air lines and the Air Forces bore down on the N.A.C.A. for a solution to this mounting and dangerous problem.

This is where Lew Rodert comes in, so we'll tell you about him. Born in Kansas City, he spent his boyhood on a farm near Garnett, Kansas, 70 miles to the southwest. His father was of German ancestry; and his mother, English and Welsh. Their parents pioneered westward around Civil War time and settled in Missouri.

Lew Rodert is a composite of the characteristics of his people—determined (stubborn when he's positive he's right), thorough and precise and unafraid of hard work.

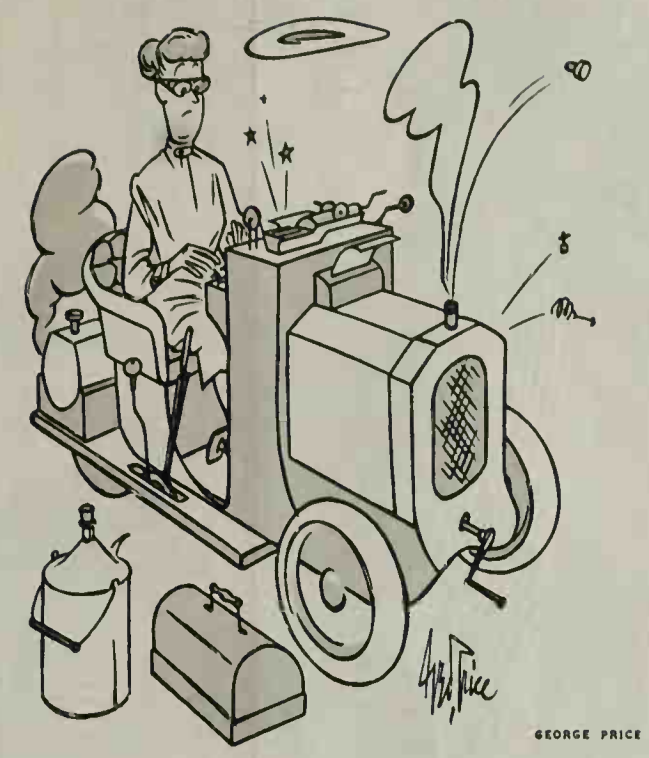
Graduating from Garnett High School in 1923, Lew worked his way through Kansas City, Missouri, Junior College by holding down a job with the telephone company. Electricity fascinated him and he determined to become an electrical engineer. In 1927 he entered the University of Minnesota, attending classes by day and working for the telephone company from 4 P.M. to midnight to pay for his tuition. His first year at Minnesota was pointed toward a degree in electrical engineering, but that young man Lindbergh had such a profound effect on him that one day Lew discovered he was devouring everything printed on aviation, when he should be studying electricity.

He abandoned electrical engineering at the beginning of his second term when the university announced the establishment of the School of Aeronautical Engineering. He signed up for the course and was graduated in 1930. In one hand he held a degree in aeronautical engineering and in the other a pilot's license, the university having encouraged his class to fortify their book knowledge with practical aircraft experience.

Followed then a brief period as design engineer for an aircraft company that was knocked out by the depression before

"Two Martinis—no olives. We want to help conserve food"

JARO FABRY



GEORGE PRICE

A typewriter, made out of a 1903 talking machine and 112 parts from a model T Ford, will tell the typist when a wrong key has been hit.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Typovox Typewriter Co.,
Providence, R. I.

Dear Sir:

I have just lost the services of three excellent stenographers—one right after the other—due to mechanical difficulty with the so-called typewriter I recently purchased from you.

Miss McCaffrey, the first to leave, inserted a piece of paper under the dashboard of the machine, released the emergency brake and started to type a letter to the Acme Nightgown Company, one of our most important clients. With the very first tap the Typovox backfired like an old Pope-Hartford, spattering Miss McCaffrey with grease; sparks flew out from under the space bar and the machine commenced playing The Lady from 29 Palms. That was the last I saw of Miss McCaffrey.

The next girl, Miss Newhall, didn't fare much better, even with goggles and a duster. After she had backed the machine out of the little garage next to my desk, she got in, retarded the spark and threw in the clutch. I believe she got as far as "Yours of the 10th inst. received and contents noted" before the radiator cap blew off. I haven't seen Miss Newhall since.

Miss Bomholtz, who claimed she was an expert motorcycle rider and would try anything once, was the next victim. The first thing she did was open the hood and check the plugs and ribbon. Then she turned on the ignition key, inserted an envelope, pulled out the choke and started to type an address. She no more than hit the shift key when the machine lunged forward and, although Miss Bomholtz held out her hand for a left turn and pushed violently on the back-spacer, the typewriter, spewing carbon paper and monoxide gas, careened wildly around the office and ran down Mr. Ramsdale, our auditor, who was on his way to the water cooler.

I'm not in the habit of carrying personal liability or collision insurance on any of my typewriters or adding machines, but in addition to my being sued by Mr. Ramsdale, the police are holding Miss Bomholtz for hit-and-run typing and have fined me $25 for operating a thingumbob without Connecticut plates.

I'll thank you to come around with a tow car and drag what's left of your lethal printing machine the hell and gone out of here.

Yours truly, Jack Cluett

Merry Christmas
Best from
Tony
HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
Hiram Walker's
HIRAM WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS
Walker's
De Luxe
Straight BOURBON Whisky
Distilled by
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois
Since 1858

...and to best friends, give *Hiram Walker's*

"Here's to you, Ed" — and the Christmas gift that says it best is one or more of these famed bottles with *Hiram Walker's* on the label.

Canadian Club has made the Hiram Walker name renowned in 87 lands, for this distinguished and distinctive whisky is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon.

Walker's DeLuxe is Hiram Walker's straight bourbon whiskey. 6 years old, elegant in taste, uncommonly good.

Imperial has behind it something that's good to know... Hiram Walker's 89 years of whiskey-wisdom.

Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin is the first thought for *fine* gin drinks because Hiram Walker makes it with *Imported Botanicals.*

• CANADIAN CLUB—Imparted from Walkerville, Conada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof • IMPERIAL—Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits • WALKER'S DeLUXE—Straight bourbon whiskey. 6 years old. 86 proof • HIRAM WALKER'S GIN—Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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IBM's research, design and engineering skill ar evident in the ease of operation, and in the distinctiv appearance and high legibility of the typing.

The IBM Electric Typewriter has been proving i merits in actual use for 17 years.

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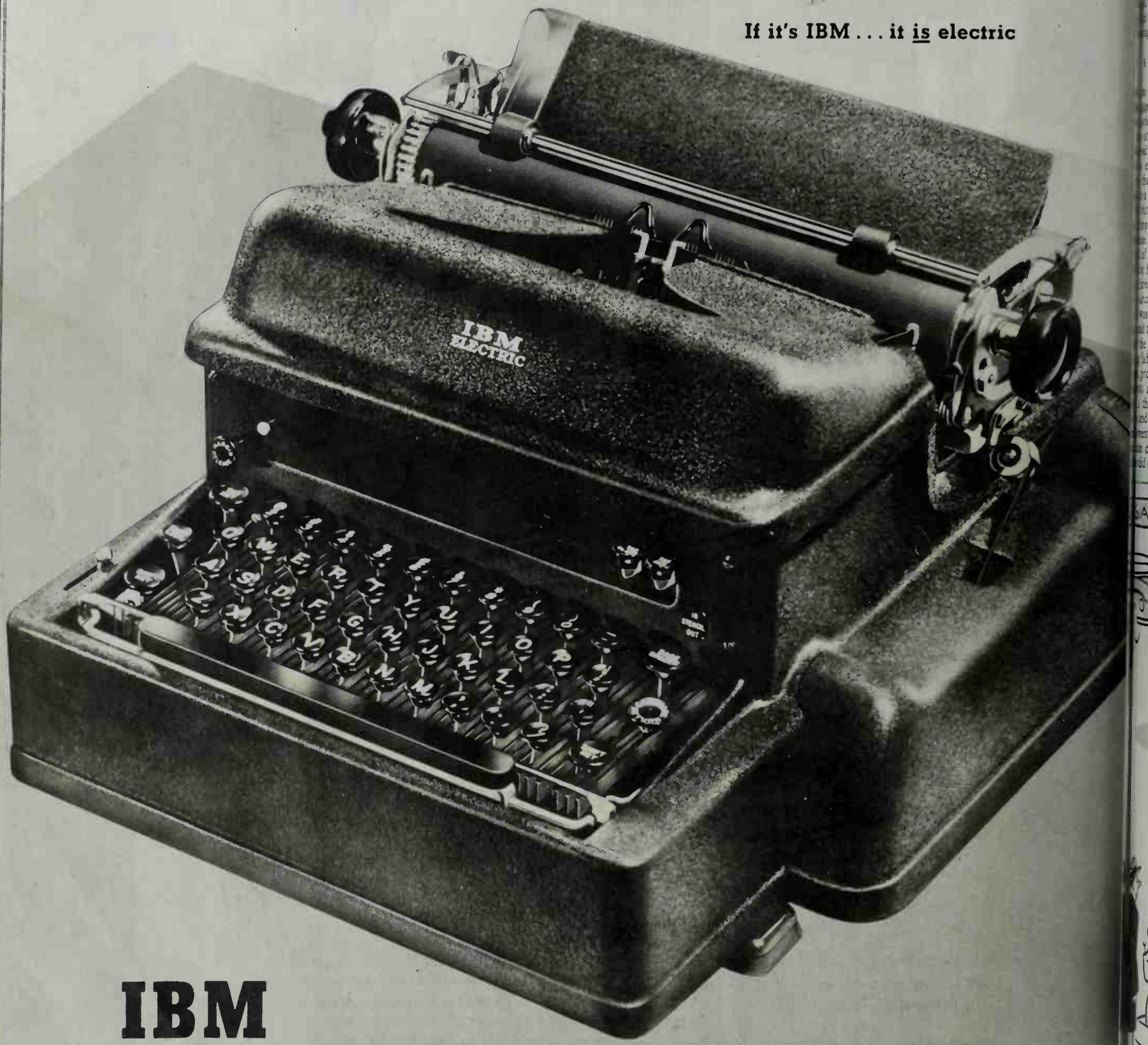


IBM ELECTRIC TYPEWRITE

For further information address

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION, WORLD HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, 590 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22,

ıld get into production. Through y friends at Minnesota he obtained pointment as teacher in aeronauti- ıgineering, mechanical engineering ıathematics at Duluth, Minnesota, r College. This was a good port economic storm, and while riding ıe depression he explored the op- ıities for a career in aviation. y he concluded that aeronautical ch work was his first choice and government's National Advisory ıittee for Aeronautics was the place ry it out.

there were no openings for aero- al engineers, and it was not until n 1936 that the Civil Service Com- n announced examinations would d for those positions. Passing the e then embarked on a campaign of ng the N.A.C.A. for a job.

A Campaign of Persistence

n not teaching classes in Duluth, aged in aeronautical research and rded the N.A.C.A. officials with of his findings, prepared in the ed scientific paper form. And he emphasized in his transmittal that he was a research man and a good job for N.A.C.A. if they but please take him on. N.A.C.A., mpressed by his campaign of per- ıce or concluding the best way to of this pest was to hire him and re him if he failed to make the ıired him in September, 1936.

aircraft-icing problem was boiling was handed to him with a stern nd to get results. Immediately he the support of other divisions of laboratory at Langley Field— propellers, aircraft structure, in- nts and flight testing. Then he a thorough evaluation, in wind and flight tests, of all previously rrently advanced remedies for on of the entire airplane against did take a little time out to court a young schoolteacher, Elizabeth Schumacher, of Hampton, Virginia, and they were married in 1937. They now have two sons and a daughter and live "in the country" about a mile from the Cleveland Laboratory, adjacent to Cleveland's airport.)

One by one the anti-ice cure-alls were eliminated either as being totally worthless or impractical of installation on commercial and military aircraft without penalizing their performance. To him and his associates, there seemed but one solution—heat. The Collier Trophy Award Committee credits Mr. Rodert with laying out a long-range program of scientific research on how to prevent airplane ice formation by the use of heat and making contributions that involved determining where, on the airplane, heat was needed most, the amount of heat to do the job and the development of a practical means of conducting the heat to those areas.

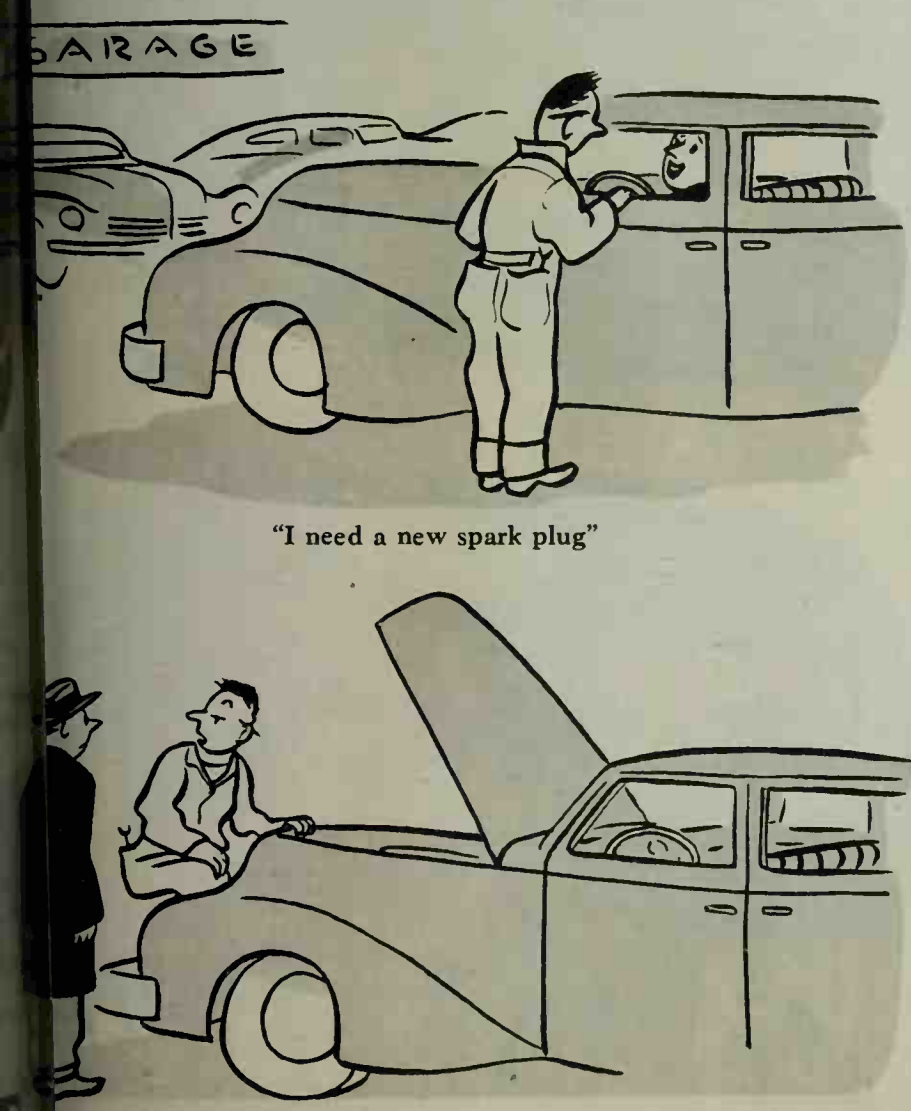
Now, after a decade of scientific research and testing under actual flight conditions Lew Rodert and his co-workers in both government and industry are unshakable in their conviction that the conclusive answer still is heat.

There are five major parts of the conventional airplane vulnerable to icing, and this is what can be done to protect them from treacherous ice formations:

1. The induction system (air intake department) of engines. Heat the number of parts on which ice can form even on a clear day. This can best be accomplished in new designs. For older models, heat the air as it is drawn into the engine.

2. Propeller: Heat the interior of hollow-blade types with hot gas or electricity by applying current to wires located inside. Solid metal blades can be protected by electrically heated thin rubber coverings mounted on the blade surface.

3. Wings and tail: Pipe hot air through their leading edges, the part first attacked by water droplets, which then



"I need a new spark plug"

. That's just for the parts, if we can get 'em. One hundred and thirty cks, plus labor, of course. Beats me why she's still running. In ad- ion, you need new bearings, new clutch, new carburetor, new . . ."

TED KEY

EVERY WOMAN ADORES

Flowers

FOR CHRISTMAS

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Give her Flowers-by-wire, too!

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freeze at particular temperatures and altitudes. The hot air can be taken from the exhaust heat of the engines or can be produced by gasoline-fired combustion heaters, one in each wing and one in the tail.

4. Windshield: Construct it with two layers of glass with space between for circulating hot air. The outer or exposed section reacts to the hot air like your iced-up automobile windshield does to your defroster. The second glass is shatterproof to protect the pilots from heavy birds crashing into their laps. A late development for the outer windshield is a chemically treated glass that takes electrical heating. But it still needs to be backed up with a second sheet of shatterproof glass.

Heat for External Parts

The fifth vital part is a grouping of things sticking out from the airplane called "protuberances." They include antenna wires (ice can break them) and masts and Pitot tubes located outside the plane to obtain correct air speed. Heat the masts with the electrified rubber covering similar to that on the propeller. Make the antenna wires stronger until radio engineers can enclose them in the plane. Heat the Pitot tubes electrically. Other external and vulnerable parts such as the engine cowling can be heated by the hot-air or electric-rubber method.

Such heavy and detailed matters as the number of British thermal units of heat or the wattage necessary for given under various conditions have no here. But Mr. Rodert and the N. have supplied this information aircraft industry as rapidly as developed.

The Rodert system is flexible a plicable to all types of modern and the nature of their operati feeder-line operator in the Sout not need everything that has beer oped for operation in areas wher mum icing conditions prevail m the year. He may need no therm icing for wings, tails, propellers o shield but the induction system engines can ice up on a day wher are dying from the heat on the directly underneath.

Lew Rodert and his anti-ice are now working closely with V Bureau scientists on a problem What's in a Cloud? They want t the water content, the size of th lets and their freezing peculiariti various temperatures, altitudes a graphical locations.

When these meteorological as airplane icing are completely and understood, the thermal ice tion system can be made so th effective and so amazingly simp will be difficult to believe sky killed people, destroyed planes air traffic and seriously threat airplane from reaching its goa weather operation.

THE END

ou've never owned a car so useful, so practical

NO sedan can match a station wagon for all-around usefulness. And no other station wagon is so practical for every use as the "Jeep" Station Wagon—the first with an all-steel body and top for greater safety and longer service. It's a roomy, comfortable family car. When you need extra big load space, all except the driver's seat are removable. Let your Willys-Overland dealer show you how fully the "Jeep" Station Wagon meets your family's needs.

LOTS OF ROOM inside the "Jeep" Station Wagon's all-steel body for passengers—space, too, for things you want to take along. When there's a bulky load to haul, such as a chair or washing machine to be repaired, removing the seats gives 96 cubic feet of cargo space.

WONDERFULLY SMOOTH RIDING on country roads as well as city streets. Independent front-wheel suspension absorbs road bumps, keeping the car level and steady. It's a thrifty car to drive—the world-famous "Jeep" Engine with overdrive delivers mileage to brag about.

ET IT SNOW or rain or the sun beat down—the "Jeep" ation Wagon's all-steel body and top can take it. Even ore important, you drive a "Jeep" Station Wagon with e secure feeling of sturdy steel around and above you.

'Jeep' Station Wagon

WITH STEEL BODY AND TOP

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

INDIA'S AGONY

BY WELDON JAMES

When Great Britain pulled out of India and the country was divided into Hindu and Moslem states, optimists hoped for peace in that troubled land. Despite the subsequent rioting and bloodshed, they still feel that an all-out civil war can be averted—and the "little people" on both sides hope so, too

Oldsters attending a meeting at a watering place in Punjab smoke the traditional brass water pipe as they try to restore peace to India

THE big men start the troubles," Mohammed Ali said, gesturing expressively, "but always only the little men get killed. When enough little men have been killed, perhaps there will be peace."

Mohammed Ali, a shrewd, grave-eyed old Moslem with a magnificent handle-bar mustache, was a bearer, or servant in India. During the worst of the rioting that I witnessed he was also my bodyguard, sleeping all night in the hallway just outside my door. It was safer that way, especially for Mohammed Ali.

The pattern of rioting and internal strife in India is harsh, ugly and sometimes beyond belief to Western observers, even those who were close to the brutalities of the European war. In the large cities it is a strange, sporadic terror that contrasts sharply with the raids, counter-raids, burnings and slaughter in the smaller towns, such as desolated Baramula in the Kashmir valley. But in every instance, as Mohammed Ali emphasized, it was the little people who suffered.

The terror in the cities—of which Calcutta was typical—came and went with terrifying suddenness. One moment a heavily populated area would be a bustling, peaceful city with thousands of Moslems, Hindus, Sikhs and Europeans pouring out of offices, overflowing the streets and cheerfully catching late afternoon busses and streetcars for home. The next moment you might hear three volleys of rifle fire—soldiers firing into or above the heads of a rioting mob—and the city became in short seconds a city absolutely frozen by panic.

Busses stopped, streetcars stopped and people froze in doorways, in cliquish crowds on the streets and sidewalks. Dhoti-clad, turbaned Hindus looked sidewise fearfully at near-by turbaned Moslems, essentially the same race, the same kind of people identifiable to an outsider chiefly by the traditional pantaloons instead of dhotis. Each feared the same thing—that the other would whip a knife from his flowing robes and carve up his neighbor or toss a homemade bomb or bottle of acid into the throng. They feared that civil war would immediately engulf all.

Sometimes most discouraging of all to the outside observer, the throngs in the business area could not go home at day's end because Hindu busloads dared not pass through Moslem residential districts, ditto the Moslems, and none dared travel afoot.

Thousands went back into their shops and offices to sleep on crowded floors, Moslems and Hindus together as they had worked together during the day, unafraid but now afraid indeed to travel the panicked streets where anything might happen. This division and fear among people who worked side by side every day is difficult to comprehend.

One night with John W. Thomason III, of the American Consulate, a wartime Marine major, I got a vivid idea of Calcutta's checkerboard division—not unlike most of India's—between the Moslems and the Hindus. The uncurfewed few blocks of the Hindu section had well-lighted streets and doorways overflowing with people—then the many blocks that border on the mixed section were dark and deserted with only police and soldiers visible. Then all of the Moslem section showed bright lights against children playing in the streets and next we saw dark, deserted, boarded-up, shuttered sections again. And so on.

Jittery Police and Soldiery

But there was no traffic save patrols and a rare American or European car. "They love to toss hand bombs at cars," said Thomason. "And if we drive too fast the jittery police or soldiers are likely to shoot—but actually there's little danger. Ever since the anti-British, antiwhite riots nearly two years ago the Moslems and Hindus have been too busy with each other to worry about foreigners. It's incredible. Even in these lighted areas you sometimes see a man gra stomach, stagger a few steps an down dead—but I've never yet s man who actually did the knifing wonder they panic."

The disorders seem most gr cities like Calcutta, but elsewh India the same tragedy occurs after time—a wave of death ar struction that flares up here and recedes, and strikes again a tho miles away. It revisits old victin reaches even Delhi and Karachi tals of the great new dominions Indian union and Pakistan. It dates the remote countryside an est villages. Last summer and fa of thousands of Indians died, women and children. Hundr thousands fled by camel and b cart and afoot in terror befo wave. And, at this writing, the not in sight.

Why? Why these senseless di in a land that cradled civilizatic before West was known?

Well, no answer can be simp country as old and as complic India. It goes back about 1,10(when the first Mohammedans into the country from the smashed Hindu temples and id converted Hindus at swordpoir it comes right down to 1947 w British, pulling out after tw turies, agreed with the Mosle

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

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eveloped Miniature Tube Circuit—extremely nd sensitive—easy on car battery.

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h Button adjustment knobs enable owner ttons for other stations at any time.

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- New built-in interference filtering. Higher gain, better selectivity with new stabilized I.F. Transformer.

LOOK! NEW FOOT CONTROL

Just *step on it* to tune in programs and change stations. No need to take your hands from the wheel or your eyes from the road. Wonderful new Philco Auto Radio accessory—optional with push button models at nominal extra cost.

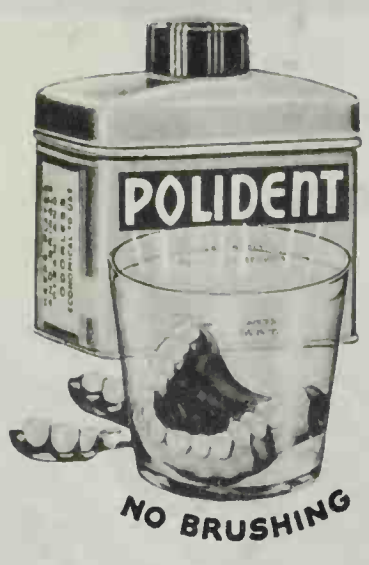
PHILCO *Famous for Quality the World Over*

False Teeth?

DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"

You can't Brush Off Denture Breath

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

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LOOSE FALSE TEETH? Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

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the Hindus, in hopes of peace, to divide India into Hindu and Moslem states.

Educated Moslems and Hindus (who constitute a small fraction of the literate 12 per cent of all India's four hundred millions) will stress for you the political and economic motives underlying the bloodshed. In some respects India's 95,000,000 Moslems have been the "have-not" minority compared with 265,000,000 Hindus whose leaders earlier accepted Western education and government careers under the British. To this day these leaders control most of the industry and finance, both Hindustan and Pakistan, though in the latter there is currently a tendency for Hindu capital to flee.

Hindu Guile Nullifies Decree

Then in 1906 the British, in an effort to check the rising Hindu nationalism and virtual monopoly of civil service, decreed 25 per cent of all government jobs reserved for Moslems—but Hindu veterans in superior posts almost invariably finagled the juiciest patronage for their coreligionists and discriminated against Moslem careerists in government as in business. Moslems who reached the peaks reacted likewise and communal intrigue with intense bitterness spread to the top level.

(This echoed right through the summer of 1947 when, after the division was decided upon, some Hindu top civil servants in Delhi downgraded their Moslem inferiors in order to prejudice their future in Pakistan, and Moslem toppers retaliated where they could—it was virtually true that only in the Indian army the Hindus and Moslems showed any fraternal professional co-operation and social good will during the interim partitioning period.)

As long as all Indians are primarily united against the British this situation is not too serious, but from the moment Indian independence loomed as a probability after the first World War it deteriorated apace into a communal split from top to bottom of the two communities with riots intensifying whenever independence seemed nearest.

But political and economic explanations pale beside the religious foundation of this tragic conflict—indeed they are imbedded in it because Hinduism and Mohammedanism are not merely religions but complete ways of life. And it is India's tragedy that they are almost intolerably antagonistic, opposed on almost every point, from clothing and food to heaven and hell, and the very nature of man.

The Moslems believe in one God, the Hindus in many. The Hindus worship idols, the Moslems abhor and smash them. The Hindus require music for their ceremonies and processions while the Moslems abominate it near their mosques. The Moslems eat beef but the Hindus deem the cow sacred and think all animals have souls. (The Moslems abhor pork but the Sikhs relish it and, like the Hindus, abhor beef—which means more trouble.)

Hinduism is limited largely to those born into it while the Moslems seek converts. Moslems believe in a pleasurable heaven, complete with houris, while the Hindus believe in an almost unending cycle of reincarnation after reincarnation, including the possibility of one's soul in the next life inhabiting an elephant or an ant or a mosquito. The majority of Moslems repudiate usury and scorn trade while the Hindus delight in high interest rates, banking and commerce. The Moslems are generally active and aggressive and tend to enjoy life while the Hindus are more passive and resigned, inclined to the past and the future rather than the present, and they preach—just short of suicide—that it is probably better not to live than to live.

I had seen what explosions these two antagonistic systems are capable of in great cities but I got a clearer and sim picture when I visited tiny villages in ern Punjab—so remote they are from any road save a meandering for camels and bullock carts. Man lagers had never traveled more tha miles all their lives until the trouble gan. Nine tenths of all Indians ar lagers living much like these Pun though less prosperously becaus land here is richer and more irrigat

In the district of Gurgaon, wh like a Texas county in size, is the M village of Ghairatpur Bas, wit mosque and two hundred familie rounded by three villages of the Hi the nearest of which was called Til

Gurgaon is a land rich in whe cattle, in peacocks and other fow the men of Gurgaon till the land a did in the days of Abraham an Moses. Their women go to the we draw the water and talk as they did days of Ruth. Time has not chan Gurgaon, nor have the people.

The dwellings of the poor are of

"I'll say one thing for your hamburger—you can eat it on meatless Tuesday"

COLLIER'S BILL

mud and timber, and their roo thatched; but the few houses of th like those of the soldiers who ha tired, are built of solid stone. stone walls surround the house barns of several kinsmen in a singl pound. And over them all, in villages, tower the trees called pipal and banyan, green refuge the baking sun.

A Land of Strife and Hatre

The people of Ghairatpur Bas l occasional peace with the people for hundreds of years, but they apart. For the Hindus despised saying they were of the same ra converted to the Moslem faith threat of the sword. The Moslen wise despised the men of Tikli, f counted themselves descendants conquerors of the Hindus, and e the sight of the one true God Hindus worshiped many gods an the cow sacred. They believ Moslems evil men for slaughter cow or any animal and eating it o ing it up as sacrifice.

The Moslems, on the other han the Hindus for not killing pests sects, or the crows and the ba monkeys that raided the fields: Hindus held that each of these soul, and ought not to be harmed

So the ground was waiting fo

Either a **red table wine** (like California Claret) or a **white table wine** (like Sauterne) goes with turkey. At today's prices you can offer guests a choice

To make any dinner festive . . . bring out good California table wine—like Claret, Burgundy or Sauterne—along with your turkey. Table wines are the pure fermented juice of vine-ripened fresh grapes. And so they taste particularly good with meals.

You serve table wine simply: pour everyone a glassful and leave the bottle on the table.

At today's prices, you'll find, it costs little to add wine's goodness to dinner.

TIME TO ENJOY WINE

IT COSTS SO LITTLE . . . AND ADDS SO MUCH

n you plan to entertain . . . wines like Sherry and Port are good to have on hand. These wines re made so as to retain some of the sweetness of the grape. California Sherry, for example, has a moderate sweetness and a "nutlike" flavor. It is a favorite with appetizers light refreshments. California Port is a richer, sweet red wine that tastes wonderfully good by itself. It also goes with fruit, nuts or cheese. Both Sherry and Port are inexpensive today.

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White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.

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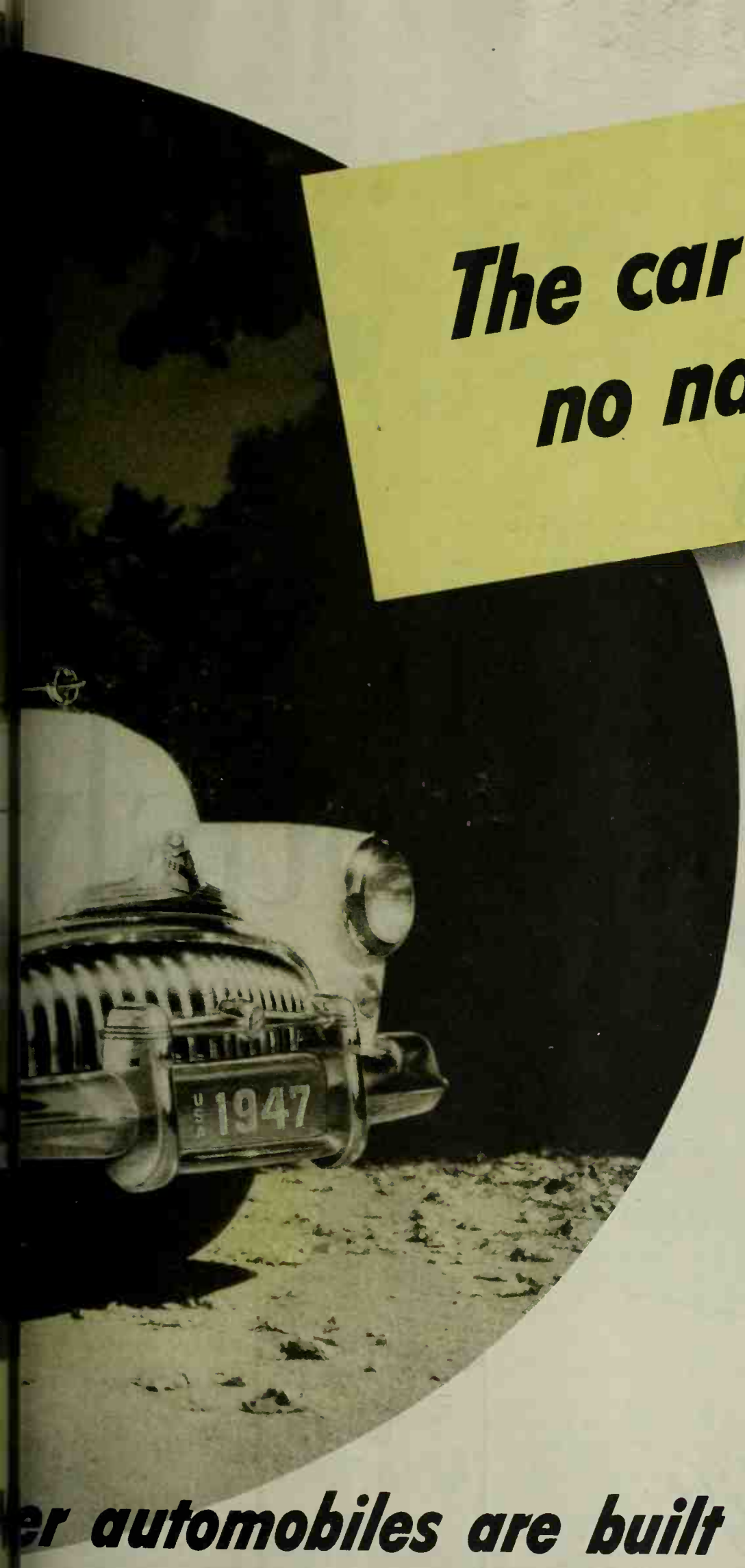
- ***FULL-LENGTH TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE*** — protects moving parts, gives steadiness in traveling.
- ***PERMI-FIRM STEERING*** — light but positive control with reduced need for adjustments.
- ***SAFETY-RIDE RIMS*** — for peak tire mileage, better car control, freedam from heel-aver on curves.
- ***STEPON PARKING BRAKE*** — s touch, eliminates awkward
- ***DEEPFLEX SEAT CUSHIONS*** — comfort in all models, thre on all seats.
- ***CURL-AROUND BUMPERS*** — f ariginated by Buick to prote Built for bumper jack.
- ***TEN SMART MODELS*** — in featuring Body by Fisher.

W

The car that needs no name plate



To see it is to recognize it – instantly and unfailingly.

But to know it – *really* know it, from firsthand experience behind its wheel –

That's to know what it's like to be the center of all eyes and the envy of every adventurous spirit.

It's to know what it means to have size and room all around you – and a ride that seems to cloak every mile in the deep, abiding comfort of your easy chair.

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It's to know something fine and good that is also friendly, obedient and faithful.

It is to know the very special contentment that Buick owners have and show – a contentment that starts to come your way the moment you see your Buick dealer and get your order in.

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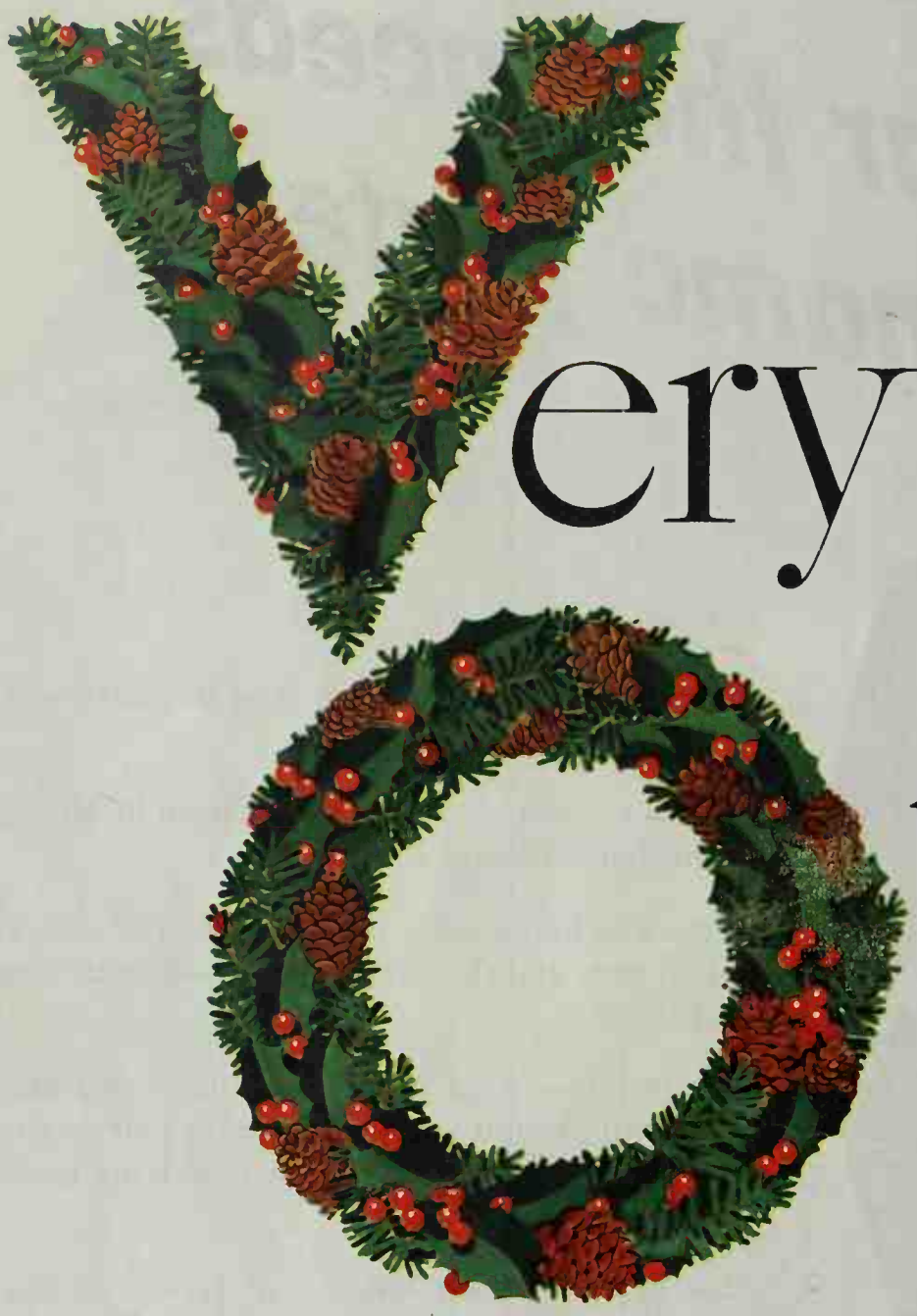

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CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

This Whisky is Six Years Old—86.8 Pr

Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

"Junior's sand bucket and shovel might still be in the trunk from our last trip to the beach" COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

ıen the runner from Ali Meo came to hairatpur Bas, and told how Ali Meo, day's journey away, was razed to the ound by the Hindus. All the men and omen and children had been killed, he orted, so that he alone had escaped tell the tale.

The men of Ghairatpur Bas now were ious for two of their shepherd boys d been slain in the far fields but one y before, and this they now blamed on the Hindus. Fearing for their own lage and their wives and their house-lds, they counseled together to smite ir enemies the Hindus before they ght be smitten themselves.

Old Men Argue for Peace

The elders of the village, the pan-ıyat, the Council of Five, all spoke peace, or at the least for waiting; so the mullah, the Reciter of Prayers, mal Khan; and so did Frizand Ali, a rned and pious man.

But Mohammed Riaz and Yakub an, who had served in the wars of the tish, and all the young men of Ghai-pur Bas would not have it. They rrode the words of the elders, and pre-ed for war. The women and children e sent away to a village across the ins, and the men promised to join m there, once the fighting had ended. Seeing their neighbors no more in the ds, the men of Tikli now set a guard ore their village and placed their men and children in a walled com-ınd. They armed their men with ves and lathees and *pharsas,* the crude tle-axes of every village, and some with rifles brought home from the s abroad. Some Hindus from other ages joined them near by so the men Ghairatpur Bas were outnumbered.

But the leaders of the Moslems skill-y divided their band into three ups, with 60 men in each, and they ıe in the night, not along the path ere the Hindus waited, but over the s. Without sound, they reached Tikli lf and all but surrounded it.

Then, shouting to terrify the people of li, they fired their few rifles and threw ted faggots onto the rooftops and trees and into the granaries, and rged through the village. Mohammed z and Yakub Khan, once havildars ıe army, killed many with their rifles, Mohammed Sadiq, the leather-ker, killed three with his *pharsa* ıe. Many, both Hindu and Moslem, e slain in the brief fight.

he rains had not come in four months the flames burned the wheat, the rways, the roofs, the trees and all pt the very stones. Many were killed n one of the Moslem bands pene-ed the walled compound of the ien and children and many were nded. The shrieks and groans of the g mingled with the shouts of the at-tackers and the weak cries of the women being abused.

As suddenly as it had begun the slaughter ceased, for the Moslems feared the arrival of Hindus from the other villages. At the signal of a ram's horn they vanished into the night, bearing their dead and their wounded with them, and two of the younger women.

On the second night, after they had burned their dead, the Hindus of Tikli assaulted the village of their neighbors in great numbers, killed many of the men the Moslems had left to defend it and forced the remainder to flee. Then they put the torch to Ghairatpur Bas, battered its walls with stones, and its destruction was greater than that of Tikli.

When troops from the government arrived and were placed between the two factions, there was no more fighting. The people began to return to Tikli and to Ghairatpur Bas, slowly, family by family, and began to repair their houses and to till their fields again.

Despite the coming of the troops, a scattered battalion, the killing and the burning spread to the places where no troops had been sent, and in all, 119 villages burned and thousands died.

But the town of Gurgaon did not burn, for the troops were numerous there, Punjabi paratroops who had fought the Germans in Europe. Wherever they went in the land, in groups of six to thirty, they brought an end to the warring.

Some of the troops were Hindu, some of them were Moslem, and these last were to go to Pakistan, when the boundary troubles ceased. But all were good soldiers and they worked for the end of the war. They favored no one, whatever his faith might be.

The Colonel Who Went Unarmed

Their English colonel commanding, sandy of hair and mustache, tall-bodied and fair of skin, was wise in the ways and tongues of the people. Trusting his men, and wishing to set an example, he sent some of his Moslem troops to the villages of the Hindus, and his Hindu troops to the Moslems. He moved through the villages unarmed, talking peace and forbearance, but he kept his soldiers armed.

Reporters came and photographed the ruins, but the Hindus saw only Tikli, and the Moslems, Ghairatpur Bas, and so did their newspapers. And far from Gurgaon men read and were angered and the killing spread. The colonel swore, but he said it had ever been thus.

The Hindus wrote nothing of Jemedar Abdul Ghaffar, commanding the Moslem platoon which had pitched its tent in the banyan grove on the path that runs by Tikli. But the people of Tikli, though they feared him at first, had come to love the jemedar. His men had stopped the raiding by night, preserved the peace and lived in good order. The elders implored the colonel to leave him there forever. And the elders of Ghairatpur Bas asked the same.

This could not be, but the colonel agreed to leave the jemedar and his men for a time, until the villages could work out their peace. There still remained danger of kidnaping and of murder in the farther fields.

The colonel finally persuaded the men of Ghairatpur Bas that they could not all move to Pakistan but must continue to live in the land of their fathers, and amongst the Hindus. He got them, and the elders of Tikli, to agree to a meeting of peace.

Meeting on Neutral Ground

But neither dared meet in the village of the other. So they met at a watering place far beyond. A few of the soldiers stood by, at a distance, but they were not needed. The people came without arms because they longed for peace.

They talked for hours, Hindu and Moslem alike. The accusing finger was pointed, the fist of anger shaken, as men reviewed what had happened and blamed each other for it.

But the voice of the elders was heard this time. Moslem and Hindu alike berated their peoples and agreed it was clear the Moslems could not slay all the Hindus, nor the Hindus all the Moslems. They advised to putting aside thoughts of vengeance and living in peace, no matter what happened elsewhere.

They agreed to return the cattle stolen and to enforce the peace among themselves, and to turn over to the law in Gurgaon any who might still seek to make trouble. But they made no demand of the women taken, for the men thought them lost beyond redemption and only a burden to their families if returned.

The men of Tikli and of Ghairatpur Bas smoked their brass water pipes in peace as they listened, and speech removed a portion of their anger. Then the colonel spoke to them briefly, praising the wisdom of their decisions and grieving that soon he must leave them, and go to Pakistan, which he must, because most of his troops were Moslem. But he would never lead them, he said, in war against their comrades, for they were his comrades too.

In his own tent later he said, "They will honor their pledges, and live in peace for a time, and forever, perhaps, if left to themselves. But if there is fighting elsewhere and the refugees come through with their tales of families roasted alive, of women abducted and of whole populations slaughtered—tales, unfortunately, too true—they will fight again. Their gods are too much with them, and too much opposed, and their ideas of God govern them too much in all they do."

Gandhi, whose peculiar mixture of religious sainthood with political genius has not always appealed to the Moslems, has piously urged the Moslems, Sikhs and Hindus to live in peace. But going communally political, he warned that if Pakistan "persisted in doing wrong" there "is bound to be war between India and Pakistan." Doubtless he means a really big war.

Many observers in Delhi and Karachi don't believe there will be a war—certainly not for some years. The big men don't want it and the little men all over India, like those in Tikli and Ghairatpur Bas, get wearied of blood baths eventually. Observers think that within a few weeks or a few months both governments will be able to control their populations and peace will come, "the troubles" will end.

Or they will end, as my erstwhile bodyguard Mohammed Ali was saying, when enough little men have died. But Mohammed Ali said that would take forty years. His astrologer had told him so.

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VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Continued from page 13

"You certainly may, young man. Matter of fact I was going to suggest it"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

It was such thoughts as these which went through Virgil Oliphant's mind as he sat listening in awed silence to the voice. There was no getting around it. The wonderful voice was his! He had always had it and hadn't known it! The man in his mind was himself, or could be. And—incredible notion—the man's accomplishments might be Virgil's accomplishments! Virgil began to tremble so violently that the collapsible metal chair rattled under him like the lid of a kettle.

". . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth," said the machine solemnly, and silence flooded over the little room once more.

Virgil leaped out of his chair, and a look of concentrated fright settled on his face. For with silence, with the end of the recording, the man in his mind slid away from his grasp, eluded his imagination like water on his palm and left him the man he had been before—the shy, ineffectual Virgil Oliphant, who was frightened by Christmas.

Virgil had to have him back, whatever the cost! He had to hear again that rich, firm voice, and take strength from it, live up to it, become the sort of man to whom such a voice should properly belong. In short, he had to have the recording machine for his own.

He pulled open the door of the booth, swallowed as though he were trying to swallow something too big to swallow, and said to the clerk, "I—I'll take it."

THE clerk snapped a notebook mysteriously out of somewhere and began to write figures in it, showing both rows of teeth at once. "Fine!" he said. "Fine!" Then, when he had calculated several kinds of taxes and added in some extra spools of ribbon, he mentioned a sum which was a little more than twice what Virgil had in his savings account.

So Virgil, whose moral belief in paying cash for what he bought would have persuaded him cheerfully to go without his dinner rather than buy it in installments, said, "You said something about—uh—easy credit terms?"

So that was arranged, and, in order to prevent delay, Virgil ran four blocks to the bank and four blocks back again, and gave the clerk all the money he had in the world except seventy-seven dollars. Then he signed his name to a lot of papers, shuddered a little as he wrote the names of the Alumni Insurance Company and Harold B. Weaver, Jr., and moved dizzily toward the door.

The clerk accompanied him. "You'll be glad you met me for years to come," the clerk said, squeezing Virgil's elbow happily. "What a surprise for the little wife! Your little purchase will make every day Christmas for her."

"I haven't got a wife," said Virgil.

"Oh, well," said the clerk, who was already beginning to make tentative signs to a puzzled little man in a brown overcoat on the other side of the window.

Virgil drew himself up to his complete height and, speaking largely to himself, said, "That machine is a Christmas present to myself." Then he hurried back to the office, sublime in the knowledge that he would have his machine on the following day. He arrived twenty minutes late, which made him glance apprehensively toward Harold B. Weaver's suite of offices at the end of the hall.

He did no work whatever during the rest of the afternoon, but sat at his desk, staring at a piece of white paper on which was printed: ALUMNI LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—"Every Employee a College Graduate." Beyond this he did nothing but contemplate the vastness of the miracle in the radio store.

From time to time Virgil let his glance wander cautiously to Miss Brinker's desk. Small and dainty, with huge brown eyes and soft brown hair, Miss Brinker bent over her typewriter, frowning prettily at her work; and Virgil felt within him an actual physical ache to be the man in the black Homburg hat, who might with his native charm and his magnificent voice compel inaccessible Miss Brinker's attention, her respect and perhaps more—perhaps much, much more.

Once, while Virgil watched, Charlie Doyle, the recently appointed head of the Statistical Department, stepped out of his glass cubicle and walked over to Miss Brinker's desk. Doyle's college years, or so his own account seemed to indicate, had been spent largely in the pursuit of touchdowns for the football squad, and he was still inclined, with encouragement or without it, to draw diagrams of certain ingenious plays in which he had distinguished himself. Virgil knew that Charlie Doyle and Miss Brinker had lunched together at least once to his certain knowledge, and this fact was much like a barbed hook in his side which he was impotent to withdraw. Now he saw Doyle smilingly address Miss Brinker and Miss Brinker look up from her work, returning his smile, waiting. It was impossible for Virgil to know what precisely passed between them, but it was enough for him to see Doyle whisper something to her, leaning audaciously close to her ear, and to see Miss Brinker laugh a stifled, merry laugh. Virgil could not, in fact, stand to watch any longer and he turned his head away in a flood of miserable and acute anguish.

Staring at the piece of Alumni stationery before him, Virgil could think of nothing but the recording machine. Its potentialities charged him with an inner excitement so uncontrollable that the very thought of work repelled him and made him, at five o'clock, dash out of the office and race the few blocks across town to his little apartment without bothering to wait for his bus. He had planned to spend the next hour or so in rearranging his scanty furniture to make room for the recording machine; but he saw at once, upon opening his front door, that he would have to change his plan, because his brother Homer was waiting for him, and he hadn't seen Homer for almost a year.

Homer, the only family Virgil had in the world, was sprawled across the room's one comfortable chair, an unlighted cigarette stuck to his lower lip, reading the Racing Form. He looked up and smiled sidewise at Virgil, his cigarette pointed toward his eye. "Hi, Virge," he said. "Surprise. Got a match?"

Virgil winced reflexively, as he always did when he saw Homer, because Homer's advent during the past few years had invariably heralded unqualified bad news. "No," Virgil said, "I haven't. How did you get in here, Homer?"

"Your landlady let me in," Homer said, smiling still. "Who has a better right to be let in than your own brother, Virge?"

VIRGIL didn't try to answer this question directly, but as a sort of reflex, looked apprehensively around the room to see if anything was missing. His action made him ashamed, although he knew in his heart that it was perfectly justified. There was no longer any sense in pretending there existed between them any brotherly devotion. They were, in fact, only half brothers, but it is unlikely that anyone would have suspected even that relationship, so opposed were they in every way. They shared in common only the legacy of their father's unusual height and the label of their father's preoccupation with the classic poets.

"I see," Virgil sighed resignedly, sitting down on the edge of his brass bed, "that you're still betting on the races."

"The sport of kings." Homer nodded. "Hoofbeats ringing on the turf. Lay out five and get back fifty—mostly."

"I haven't any money, Homer," Virgil said bluntly.

Homer laughed engagingly, somehow managing to keep the cigarette from falling out of his mouth. "Who said anything about money?" he said. "I didn't say anything about money—real money. I *could* use a quick fifty."

"Well, that's too bad, Homer," Virgil said severely, "because I haven't got a quick fifty or any other kind of fifty to spare. I only have seventy-seven dollars in the bank and that's the truth, so—"

"Why, Virgil!" Homer interrupted, simulating pained sensibilities. "You mustn't tell your own brother things like that. Especially when I know just about how much you *have* got in the bank. You see, you're the responsible type, Virg I know what you're going to do even b fore you do it. You put away ten do lars at least, every week, maybe ev more, for a rainy day. You can't help You should have pretty well over tw hundred by now. Remember I haven been around for a long time, Virgie. Y wouldn't hold out a measly little fifty your own brother, would you?"

Virgil leaned forward on the bed a frowned earnestly. "But you don't u derstand, Homer," he said. "Maybe y terday I did have something like you sa in the bank, but—but today I boug something—something expensive."

"What was it?" said Homer flatly.

"Well, it's—it's not here yet," Vir said defensively. "But I bought it and cost a lot of money, and now I only ha seventy-seven dollars in the world."

HOMER shook his head sadly so th the cigarette waggled in his mou "Oh, Virgil," he said slowly, "you'll ha to think up a better one than that. going out and blowing all your dou except seventy-seven bucks some lun hour. Oh, Virge! Tut, tut."

"But it's true!" said Virgil desperate "I know it was—was rash of me, Hom but it *is* true. And not only that bu owe a lot more on—on *it*."

Homer frowned irritably. "On *wh* for crying out loud?" he demanded.

"Never mind what!" Virgil said, ting up very straight. "It's someth very useful, and I spent the money."

After studying Virgil in silence fo moment, Homer shrugged his should a little. "Okay, Virge," he said, sigh heavily. "If that's the way you want Then he arranged his hands as thou they held a ukulele and, strumming visible strings, he sang in an unpleas tenor voice to what he evidently imagi to be the tune of The Old Oaken Buc "Oh, the old Alumni Insurance Co pany, the good old Alumni; every ployee a college graduate, a coll grad-u-ate . . . Yes, sir, Virge, the g old Alumni Life wouldn't think of hir anybody but a college graduate, wo they? They certainly would fire anyb mighty quick if they knew he *wasn* college graduate, wouldn't they, Virg

Virgil squirmed uncomfortably on edge of the bed as Homer carefully sented his hypothesis. "Well, I'm pr *nearly* a college graduate," he said last. "I finished three years, three mo and fourteen days of work, and pa all my subjects right up to the end you know it, too, Homer Oliphant."

"Got a diploma?" snapped Homer

"Well, you know *why* I haven't one," Virgil said miserably. "I w have had one if I hadn't tried to pull out of a jam at that Christmas pa just like I've always had to do. I w have had a diploma in June if I ha been expelled on your account. If y stayed sober enough to take the de daughter home, maybe *you'd* have bro down on the road and had to spend night in the car instead of me. Ma *you'd* have been expelled instead of I didn't *want* to take her home. brought her. I didn't even like her. had poppy eyes."

Homer shook his head from sid side, clucking his tongue sympathetic "That's a sad, sad story," he said. "V sad. You know, Virge, it's *so* sad I t I'll tell it to Mr. Harold B. Weaver, Jr the good old Alumni, just to see i thinks it's as sad as I do."

"No!" Virgil interrupted nervo "Please, Homer, you mustn't do that

"Oh, why not, Virge?" Homer blandly. "Weaver probably do really mean that about every emp being a college graduate. He'd prob be glad to make an exception in case. Don't you think so?"

Virgil stared bitterly at the toes o enormous shoes. "You know perf well he wouldn't," he said. "The w

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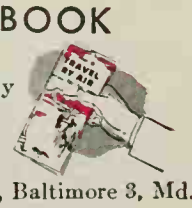

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ization is founded on the idea that
employees are college graduates.
the name. They even advertise
ney won't hire anyone else."
Homer raised his eyebrows as high as
would go. "You surely don't mean,
" he said in a shocked tone, "that
ed to get your job with Alumni?"
gil winced at the word, and contin-
stare at his shoes. Then, in sudden
ce, he said, "Yes, I lied to get it!
v I could do the job as well as a
e graduate—and I have, too. That
n the middle of the depression,
r. I needed a job. We all needed
oney. So when Mr. Weaver asked
I was a college graduate I lied to
nd told him I was. He wasn't
d! It didn't hurt anyone!" Plead-
ying defiantly to draw logic out of
d past, Virgil looked into Homer's
nd saw that he would as well have
controversy with a closed door.

MER, like the door, was not open
persuasion for, like the door,
was not listening. So Virgil
t for a moment about that other
o Christmas adventure and won-
with a transient flash of insight,
r it was that which had started him
road to his present state of disen-
ent with Yuletide matters. How-
did no good to think about that.
right, Homer," he said presently.
ve you the fifty dollars. I'll get it
the bank at lunch hour. Come up
office around two. But you've got
nise me one thing, Homer. You've
promise me that you won't be
again for at least six months."
nce Homer's sidewise smile re-
"Why, of course I won't, Virge,"
heartily. "What for? As a matter
, there's a smart dollar to be made
foran Tuesday . . . Oh, well. You
are about that. By the way, I'd
soon drop by here tomorrow in-
f your office. I wouldn't want

" said Virgil violently, thinking
his beautiful recording machine.
Come to the office!"
er looked startled, then sly, and
winked elaborately. "Why, Virge!
d rascal, you! I didn't think you
n you. Don't worry, I won't dis-
u. I know how it is."
don't know at all how it is!" Vir-
d.
Homer only winked again and
to the door. "Sure, sure," he
That's right. See you tomorrow,

he went out, and when Virgil saw
out again the next afternoon
e offices of the Alumni Life In-
surance Company, there remained in Virgil's bank account only twenty-seven dollars and forty cents, which didn't seem like enough.

But the wound mended and vanished and left no scar behind it when, on the following afternoon, he got home from work and saw that there was a workman in his room who was just finishing installing the recording machine. The workman knew all about the machine and wanted to talk about it but he went away at last. And Virgil was left alone with his extraordinary new possession. For a long time he just sat on the bed and looked at it.

The recording machine looked enormous in the little room, and its gleaming bleached wood contrasted oddly with the room's shabby paint, its marble-top bureau, its vase of dusty artificial oak leaves. After a while Virgil got up and ran his fingers across its mirrorlike surface. It seemed to shudder sensuously under his caress, and the memory of the fine strong voice stirred him again. There were a hundred, a thousand things he wanted to hear that voice say to him; he plugged in the microphone with stumbling fingers.

First of all, of course, he thought of Miss Brinker, but he saw at once that she was far too important to start on, that he must practice first before so great a plunge, so he set her tenderly aside in another part of his mind. He thought next of a waiter named Al, who worked in the Happy Hour Lunchroom, a restaurant in which Virgil had eaten his lunch every weekday for seven years. In all that time Al, a squat taciturn man with a grease-spotted apron had not once indicated by word or smile or nod that Virgil was anything but a total stranger to the Happy Hour. The only gestures which might possibly have been construed as recognition on Al's part were his throwing plates on Virgil's table with more abandon as the years advanced, seating him at tables progressively closer to the kitchen door and glowering wordlessly at his tips, irrespective of their size.

Submitting to these indignities had become a part of Virgil's daily life, and only now that he thought of Al in connection with the recording machine and the man with the firm authoritative voice did he realize how Al's silent bellicosity had gnawed at his soul and brought subconscious shame to his manhood. And Virgil realized also that he was afraid of Al.

Presently Virgil put on his hat and, standing before the microphone, closed his eyes for a moment and thought about the front door of the Happy Hour. Then he opened his eyes and began to move his feet up and down in a stationary position. Then he stopped and pressed the button on the machine.

Alone in his little room, Virgil snapped his fingers twice peremptorily. "Al!" he called into the microphone. "Al!" Then he paused for a moment and said more quietly, "Your name *is* Al, isn't it? Yes, I thought so. Now, I want some lunch. I think I'll sit at this table here by the window. No, not that one. This sunny one, by the window. That's right. That's a better way to treat an old customer." Virgil tossed his hat onto the bed, bent his knees a little and backed onto the bed. He drew his brows together into a frown. "You know, Al," he went on, "I *am* an old customer. I've been eating here every day for seven years. I should think that would entitle me to some consideration, wouldn't you? I think it's about time we changed things, Al. Now look. My name's Oliphant. I expect you to remember that. I also expect my food to be served decently, not thrown at me. Understand? And another thing. I expect to be thanked for my tips and I don't like Harvard beets. Right?—Right! Now bring me a menu."

Virgil stood up straight again and turned off the machine. His knees were shaking violently. He could almost see Al's surly face jeering at him contemptuously at the conclusion of this speech. Quickly, he reversed the spools and pressed the playback button.

Suddenly, out of the stillness, the machine called, "Al!" and Virgil stared. "Al!" And there he was back again, the man in the black Homburg hat, the miraculous other Virgil Oliphant, telling Al the waiter where to head in. It was magnificent. The voice was quiet and dignified and firm and packed with authority, and as it spoke its stern rebuke Virgil, in his fancy, envisaged a broken, contrite Al, sheepishly hanging his head as he twisted his grimy apron in his fingers.

It couldn't be and yet it *had* to be, and Virgil was more excited than he had ever been in the whole of his life. He felt as a man might feel who takes down an old jacket from the back of his closet and finds tucked away in an inside pocket a roll of thousand-dollar bills.

Virgil played the recording through six times without a pause, listening eagerly to every syllable; then he got up and looked for a long time at himself in the mirror. It was at first something of a shock and a considerable disappointment to him to see that he hadn't changed. He decided it would probably be best not to look at himself any more so that he might forget about *that* Virgil and grasp at the other, the splendid but regrettably elusive Virgil. He hurried back to the machine for reassurance, and as he switched it on again he wondered if Miss Brinker would think he looked silly in a Homburg hat.

IT WAS one in the morning when Virgil, from sheer exhaustion, turned off the recording machine for the last time. Even then, he lay awake for a while in his bed, gazing across at the great, shining box, half obscured now in the shadows. And, quite suddenly, he made a decision—a final, daring decision about the following day—a decision which would, in all likelihood, have astonished Al, the waiter, asleep in his bed.

At four minutes after twelve the following day Virgil reached the front door of the Happy Hour Lunchroom. He paused outside for a moment, looking furtively through the window until he saw Al stamping down the dining room toward the kitchen; then he hurried, shaken, on up the block to reassemble his courage. He walked twice past the Happy Hour in the next five minutes, bitterly chastising himself for his cowardice, and the third time he came to the door it occurred to him that he was in reality not gaining but losing courage through his equivocation. So he stopped,

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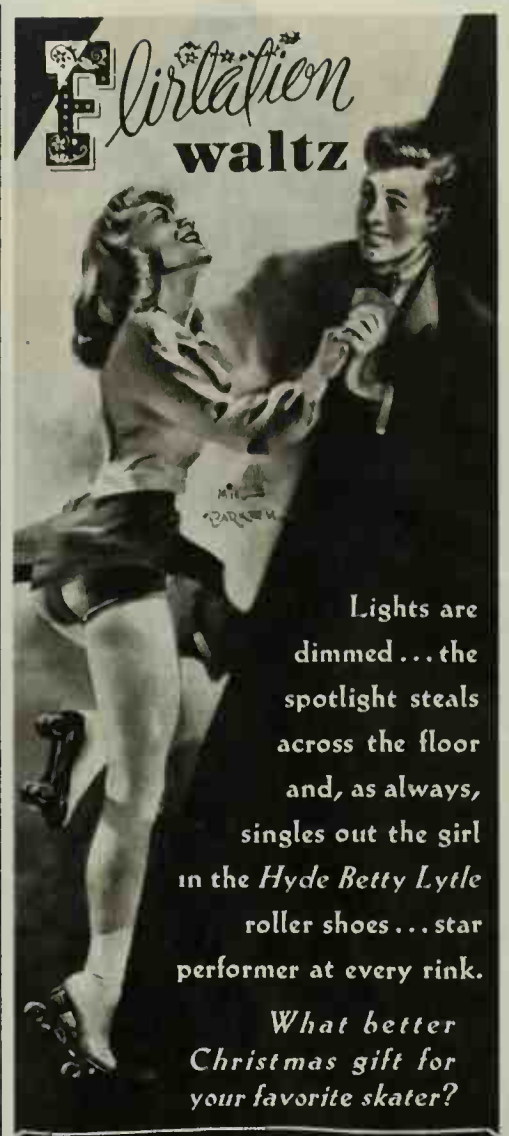
Flirtation waltz
Lights are dimmed . . . the spotlight steals across the floor and, as always, singles out the girl in the Hyde Betty Lytle roller shoes . . . star performer at every rink.
What better Christmas gift for your favorite skater?
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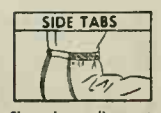
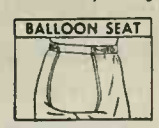
A Christmas Gift of Sleeping Comfort

For that important man—an important gift! Pleetways, the only pajamas with the patent-protected three-way comfort system. In many fabrics and patterns, $3.95 to $10, at better dealers. Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y. C.1

The patented underarm pleat that banishes all binding and bunching—and lets a man sleep!



Five size adjustments assure a perfect, permanent fit at the waist—without any binding!



Patented construction of the seat eliminates the old-fashioned, crotch-cutting center seam.

Without trees . . . it wouldn't be Christmas

TREES . . . straight-trunked little evergreens . . . growing by millions in the swamps and barrens of the North Woods.

Each winter whole trainloads of Christmas trees move out of the forests and roll toward the cities and towns. You see them stacked in rows along a thousand Main Streets, and being borne home in triumph by householders. Then how proud and fresh and green they stand in their tinsel finery!

Trimming the tree on Christmas Eve has become one of our fine traditions . . . one of the beautiful and tender rites that make this more than just a holiday.

In the Minnesota woods, Christmas trees are harvested throughout the season like any other crop. Across swampland where horses would sink knee-deep through the thin autumn ice, "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors haul sleds loaded high with evergreens. With their extra-wide, steel-grousered tracks, they steadily and dependably over treacherou and soft snow.

This is one of the myriad jobs done efficiently and at lower cost by "Caterp Diesels. Their work-power is a mighty in the production that makes America s

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himself, and, like a water-winged
r who at last decides to try
his head underwater, took a deep,
breath, closed his eyes and
himself through the door.
' he cried. Several of the custom-
ned to look curiously at Virgil,
a mischance, Al himself was at
oment in the kitchen. However,
al plunge over, Virgil was hurtled
l by the momentum of his plan.
ved like a sleepwalker to the
able by the window where he
er dared to sit before, sat down
ited. In a moment Al banged
e kitchen door. He caught sight
l at once, fixed him with a long,
nt stare and started slowly across
n toward him.

HE table Al stood menacingly,
started to speak, but Virgil was
k for him. "Al!" he said, rushing
. "Your name *is* Al, isn't it?" Al
hing. "I thought so," said Virgil.
want some lunch." And Virgil
aight through the speech he had
, even though parts of it hao
canty application to the situation
t he was already sitting at the
ble, but he was terrified to devi-
lable from the devastating origi-
fear the result would be altered.
d to him that the strong, com-
voice would come out of his
nly if the words were the same
the machine had spoken, that
provisation would necessarily
t in the wispy, ineffectual voice
ther Virgil Oliphant.
he had finished, at last, the part
e Harvard beets, Virgil waited
y. But Al neither sneered nor
, nor laughed contemptuously
his head in shame. Instead, his
s shot up in astonishment and he
way from the table a little, say-
ay, *okay*, Mr. Oliver. Don't get
eep your shoit on."
ant," said Virgil. "I'm not sore.
hat I've been eating here so long
ays seem to sit right next to the
and the beets and all—"
ou got to do," Al interrupted,
e what you want, you know,
hant. I'm no mind reader, you
f you don't want beets you got
e."
ss that's right," Virgil said, and
d up at Al, studying him cau-
And he saw that it was true—
y, magnificently true. Al was,
o far as Virgil was concerned,
same man he had been a few
before. The waiter, despite the
ing note in his voice, was look-
rgil with a new respect, grudging
perhaps, but apparent in the way he stood, in the way he folded his stained napkin less casually across his arm, in his shifting, reluctant eyes.

It was an extraordinary moment for Virgil. It astonished him, and his awe of the wonderful machine became altogether boundless. A sense of power, completely unfamiliar, swept through him and made his stomach ache pleasantly. Never before in the whole of his unassuming life had any sensation even approximating this one been known to him, and it made him long to reach out and grasp it and hold it forever close to him.

Also, it made him rash. It made him want to test the new power to make sure that it was real. If he had followed his original impulse to say no more than the recording machine had said, everything would, in all probability, have been all right. But in order to prolong his moment of triumph as far as possible, Virgil was presently carried away and completely lost in a sudden surge of madness.

"Well, I'm glad we understand each other then, Al," he went on. "Everything should be all right from now on." And then, because Al was about to walk away to get a menu from another table and that might break the spell, Virgil said the terrible thing. "Oh, by the way," he said, "I'll be bringing in a young lady for lunch tomorrow, and I'd like things to be as nice as possible, so you'll save this table for us, won't you? I mean—" Then he realized what he had said and whom he had meant when he said it, and a wild panic came over him. "That is, Al—" he began, stammering. "What—"

"Sure, I'll save this table for you, Mr. Oliphant," Al said. "Don't worry about it." Then he walked away to get the menu.

Virgil made a quick, desperate gesture at Al's back, then let his hand fall weakly to the table. He would joyfully have cut out his tongue if he could recall his words. It was too late now to pretend he had never spoken them. Al had heard him and promised to reserve the table for him, for them, for—he had to face the appalling truth—for himself and Miss Brinker on the following day. And he had never said anything more intimate to Miss Brinker than "Good morning" and "Good night" and "May I please have the Stouffer figures on the chief causes of accidents in the home for the 1933-36 period?"

He became possessed with the notion that he must somehow, some way fulfill his rashly made rendezvous with Al and the sunny table, or lose forever the new respect he had won from the waiter, and lose with it the magnificent new sensation

"I don't care if you do feel that you just can't fool the kids of today, Simms—we'd appreciate it if you'd try!" JEFF KEATE

"It's high time you learned the facts of life, George!"

"Why, Honey—what have I done?"

"You've been worrying—about our future—about how the children and I would get along, if anything happened to you—about a comfortable retirement for us. And there's no reason to worry."

"Oh no? Just how *would* you manage if I tangled with a truck? I'm making a good salary now, but we haven't much to fall back on. We don't have security. And I don't know what to do about it."

"But there is something you can do, George. I heard about it today. . . Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service. It's a new way of teaming up your Social Security with life insurance to give us the greatest benefit out of both. You can make sure that I'm always protected—and at the same time build towards a comfortable retirement for us . . . all for only a few dollars a month!"

"Say, that sounds wonderful. I never dreamed it was possible."

"Possible? Darling, 'Insured Income' is one of the facts of life—and it's high time we took advantage of it."

For your own peace of mind, make a date with the Mutual Life representative in your community—soon.

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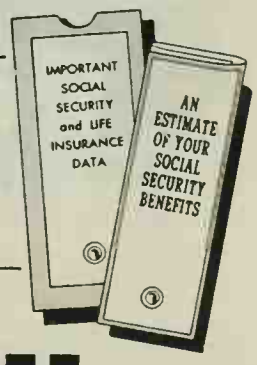

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fidence and power which he had so fleetingly—for the sensation nished like a soap bubble on the moment earlier.

ist of evasions darted quickly h Virgil's mind. He could eat here else tomorrow and tell Al he en sick. Or not eat at all. Or he ring someone else and pretend she iss Brinker, but he didn't know er young ladies even as well as he Miss Brinker. Then Virgil thought purposeful man in the Homburg o spoke Virgil's words so effec- on the machine, and he was d. But being ashamed didn't help him think of anything, and t length he left the Happy Hour, called across, "I'll keep that table and the lady tomorrow," Virgil nly wince and smile bleakly.

GIL saw Miss Brinker only once ring the afternoon, and he couldn't ked her then about lunch even if dared. Harold B. Weaver, Jr., had r her to take care of extra work ffice, and no matter how busy a ght be in her own department, at from Mr. Weaver she dropped ing and hurried to the big suite s at the end of the hall. It was as part of the company's policy as an about college graduates on its ad. So Virgil got only a brief of Miss Brinker as she hurried never made erasures on letters and who was a college graduate and who wore a fresh white cotton blouse under her business suit every day, and whose voice was spoken music! Why, she deserved the very best the world could offer.

Virgil had a fleeting vision of Miss Brinker reclining on a chaise longue in her business suit. Then he realized that what he really meant was that Miss Brinker deserved *him*, and he thought about his little one-room apartment, his minute bank account, which wasn't even his any more, his brother Homer, his depraved lack of a college diploma here in the Alumni's corridors; and the full consciousness of his unworthiness rushed over him and appalled him.

When five o'clock came and Miss Brinker was still closeted with Mr. Weaver, Virgil hurried, like a drunkard to his bottle, home to his recording machine, stopping only long enough on the way to buy a can of corned-beef hash and a quart of milk for his dinner.

Before he turned on the machine, before he ventured to address even the most tentative luncheon invitation to Miss Brinker, he first played back his speech of the night before to Al, the waiter, in order to give himself courage. And as he listened again there was no denying the fact that it was an extraordinary thing, this other voice, this instrument of power which was Virgil's, and it was certainly true that it had worked a miracle with Al.

"To put it bluntly, Mr. Haynes—I—ah—was wondering if perhaps you thought I deserved a raise, possibly"

RODNEY DE SARRO

a corner and passed him in the s invariably happened when countered her unexpectedly, his g refused to function normally was made agonizingly conscious eat size in contrast to her extreme s. So he drew his head farther en his shoulders in a completely e effort to look smaller than he s, smiled tentatively and looked once so that she wouldn't think staring at her.

Brinker looked up at him and re- is smile in a harassed, preoccu- of way, clutching her notebook 'Hello, Mr. Oliphant," she said. to hurry. Mr. Weaver."

, Miss Brinker," Virgil said but he said it mostly to her trim eating down the hall, and he felt , violent swell of indignation for B. Weaver, Jr., pressing in upon was wrong, all wrong, for this nt of feminine gentleness and to have to bustle down the hall otebook every time Mr. Weaver of another way to make more r the Alumni. She deserved so tter than that, Virgil cried in- Lovely, clever Emily Brinker, w more about life insurance statistics than Harold B. r., would ever know and who But there was also no denying that Al was not Miss Brinker.

His own comparison shocked Virgil, and he quickly turned off the machine. Miss Brinker was— What was she? Then Virgil told himself a truth which he had really known all along, but hadn't dared to speak even to his most private self. Emily Brinker was the reason, the complete, the final reason he had hurled all caution and better sense into the air, signed away his only security in the world and bought the recording machine in the first place. The moment he had heard the rich, strong voice in the radio store and imagined the man who owned it, who might be a new Virgil Oliphant, Virgil had thought of Miss Brinker. It had all been for her—to leave behind the clumsy, insignificant man and to become fine and splendid in her eyes—all for her.

And so Virgil steeled himself, stood up again before the microphone and imagined himself in the offices of the Alumni Life Insurance Company.

He didn't know whether to imagine it as nine o'clock in the morning when he would first see Miss Brinker or as a few minutes before lunch hour, so he thought he'd better try it both ways.

He closed his eyes and after a moment he could distinctly see the hall just outside the Alumni offices where the elevators were. He began to move his feet up and down again in the stationary walking motion. Then he put out his hand, turned an imaginary doorknob and switched on the machine. At once the silence in Virgil's little room seemed to come alive, as though someone had just entered it.

His eyes still closed, Virgil went on walking until, in his mind, he had reached the cluster of desks at the back of the vast, unpartitioned room which was the Statistical Department. He whistled as he walked, nodding occasional greetings along the way, and when he reached his own desk he took off an imaginary Homburg hat, tossed it onto the hatrack and sat down, smiling cordially. "Morning, everyone!" he said aloud, and in his fancy Virgil's eyes swept briefly across the eight other members of the Statistical Department to settle significantly on Miss Brinker, two desks away.

Virgil, in his room, frowned and made vague shuffling motions with his hands, as though he were sorting papers. Presently, he said, "Oh, Miss Brinker, would you be kind enough to get me the latest Peabody survey on the birth rate out of the files? I know you can put your hand right on it." Then: "Thank you, Miss Brinker. *Uh—Miss Brinker, I was wondering whether you had any plans*— No," said Virgil irritably to himself, "too wishy-washy. Got to be firmer. *Miss Brinker, I want you to have lunch with me today.* Well—mustn't be *too* firm. Offhand? *By the way, Miss Brinker, why don't you and I have lunch together someday? How about today?* Too flippant. Disrespectful. Businesslike? *Miss Brinker, I've been meaning to discuss further with you the November summary, and I see by the clock it's about lunchtime*— Transparent. See right through it. Maybe direct? Straightforward? *Will you have lunch with me today, Miss Brinker?* Adequate, maybe, but not very imaginative. Perhaps charming? Cosmopolitan? Man of the world? *Miss Brinker, I know of a delightful little restaurant near here. The waiter, a friend of mine. . . .*

And thus Virgil, until the spool of recording ribbon ran out.

UNTIL deep into the morning hours he kept vigil with the machine, speaking to it the infinite variations of an invitation to luncheon and listening with meticulous attention as it spoke his words back to him, warming his courage in the voice and the image of the wonderful Virgil Oliphant inside the box.

When at last weariness forced Virgil to bed, he had still not decided on the precise phrasing of his invitation, but there was nothing alarming about that, for however the splendid voice in the machine had chosen to speak it, the invitation had sounded just right—charming, gracious, gallant, never in the smallest degree overstepping the limitations of so slight an acquaintance. And the reason that Virgil was able to drop off to sleep so easily, the trace of a blissful smile only just fading on his lips, was because—regardless of how the man in the machine had presented the invitation—the Miss Brinker in Virgil's mind had invariably accepted it.

In the morning, a deep inner excitement apparently making up for lost sleep, Virgil bounded out of bed, switched off his alarm clock and, with an almost simultaneous gesture, switched on the recording machine. All during the time he shaved and dressed and ate his breakfast he listened with profound attention to every word and alternate word so that their sound and essence and spirit as well as their meaning might be instilled in him, their sense of confidence and power become a part of him. Then he hurried out of the house and almost ran to the office in order to keep the wonderful voice in his ears, and not lose it before he had a chance to address Miss Brinker.

(To be concluded next week)

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BIG DEAL

Continued from page 26

through?" The other man sounded
eved. "You don't know what a
' nuisance a woman can be."
Why'd you marry her if this is the
you feel about women?"
id you ever try to live out on Long
l the year around?" the plump man
l. "It gets pretty lonely." He
ed. "Besides, she can drive the car
o errands."
y God," the thin man said, "when
k how good she's been to you!" He
d across the table. He looked angry.
h, I don't know," the other man
He yawned carefully. "We've had
ights. I remember a couple. She
have walked out on me then . . .
." He shrugged.
it what?" the thin man demanded.
oney," the other said sadly.
ey. A couple of times she said if
d the money she'd pick up and go
o. But we didn't have the money."
thin one stood up again.
u mean," his eyes narrowed, "if
d money—"
plump one looked up, all sur-
"Hey," he said, "that's funny. Nei-
f us thought of you at those times.
e got a lot of money, haven't you?
full of it."
w much money would she need?"
. . . say six thousand?"
thousand? Just to get a divorce?"
plump man laughed deprecat-
"Well, no," he said. "About a
nd would do for the divorce."
hy'd you say six thousand?"
ve thousand for me."
r you?"
ell, if she isn't worth that much to
" The plump man shrugged.
e's worth all the money in the
to me." The thin man was furi-
But I never heard of a man who—"
uld give up his wife so cheaply?
after all, you're a friend of ours
don't want to bleed you—"
you serious?"
e thousand for me," the plump
id firmly, "not a penny less."
n I tell her that? That you'd take
for her?"
rtainly. Why not?"
wait till she comes back," the thin
id angrily. "If she wants to leave
I'll give you a check."
-uh, cash. You might try to stop
eck."
you're impossible."
just practical. You see, I don't
ou."
thin man snorted. "That sounds
oming from you."

THER spoke for a few minutes—
e plump man, smiling and reflec-
e thin man, glaring.
now you don't have a high opin-
me," the plump man said at last.
've got to be honest with you.
you won't think she's worth six
nd dollars. Just because she hap-
be beautiful—" He paused. "She
e bad points, you know."
n't want to hear anything more
ou."
you'll hear it. She snores some-
erce. Keeps me awake nights."
on't believe you," the thin man
grily.
her yourself then." The plump
as earnest. "After all, you don't
buy a pig in a poke. Then—"
l you shut up?"
walks in her sleep," the other
lly. "Naked. I have to go out into
ds and get her."
n't believe that either!"
n she gets kind of high on whisky.
hide the bottle, but she always
When she gets drunk she always
out a guy named George."

"That's you!" the thin one said. "I think you're crazy."

"No. This is another George. I can tell the way she talks about him. He sounds like a handsome fellow and you know I'm not that. So that's something you'll have to worry about. Jealousy. I think that's why she married *me*. Because my name's George, too. It's something in her past. She's a deep one."

"You're really crazy," the thin one said with distaste.

"And then," the other said dreamily, "she bites. You'll be sound asleep and suddenly in the middle of the night—"

The thin man was so angry he was trembling. "Don't think I won't tell her everything you've said about her—"

"MAYBE you'd better start now," the girl said. She had been standing silent in the doorway. The thin man was startled. The plump one just looked up and smiled.

"What's all this about?" the girl said. She came into the kitchen and put a shopping bag on the table between the two men. She was small and dark and very tanned, and although she was not really beautiful there was a nice, alive quality about her.

"'Passé' might be the very word you're groping for"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"You know how I feel about you," the thin man began.

"Yes, I know," she said. She gave him a faint smile.

"He's been saying the most awful things about you." The thin man leveled a finger at the other. The plump man eyed the finger and went on drinking beer.

"It isn't the first time," the girl said darkly. "What was it this time?"

"He talks about you as if—as if you were his servant," the thin man said. "She's getting *my* whisky," he quoted. "Doing *my* errands. He also said you were a damned nuisance. He said you snored—"

"That's a lie," the girl said ferociously.

"Don't think I believed him," the thin man said hastily.

"How would she know?" The plump man inquired. "She's always asleep when she snores."

"I don't snore, I whistle," the girl said.

The thin man looked startled, then laughed politely. "That's not all," he went on. "He said that you walk in your sleep . . . that he has to go out in the woods after you sometimes—"

"He said *that*, did he?" The girl stared at the plump man moodily.

"But you haven't heard the worst," the thin man said.

"That's what I want to hear. The worst."

"He offered to sell you for five thousand dollars . . ."

"Sell me?" She was really surprised.

"Well, I mean—" The thin man was nervous again. "He said if you wanted to leave him it would be all right with him, only he didn't have the money for a divorce."

"Did he," the girl asked, "did he ask you for money for a divorce?"

"Now wait a minute," the plump man said genially. "I merely said that we should have thought of him those times when you wished we had money enough for you to go to Reno. It was his idea. I want you to know he's been very generous and he should get all the credit."

"Where does the five thousand come in?" the girl asked. "The business of selling me."

"Well, *that* was my idea," the plump man admitted.

"Yes," the thin man said eagerly. "He said he wouldn't let you go for a penny less. But I'll be happy to give it to him."

The girl looked at the plump man thoughtfully. "Five thousand," she said wonderingly.

"Well," he answered, "there are a lot of chores around here. It wouldn't be fair to me if I had to give you up for nothing. You know I need you."

The girl stared at him.

"You know," he went on, reasonably, "if I got a hired girl it'd have to be one who could drive a car. That old broken-down car of ours. It would cost quite a bit, these days. Of course, if I got a pretty one, and I'm not denying I'd try to, a pretty one like you . . . well, she'd probably cost more. But then," he grew speculative, "maybe I could persuade her to marry me. It'd be cheaper in the long run. If I marry her," he spoke directly to the thin man, "I'll refund part of the money. The part I haven't used."

"Oh, you will, will you?" the girl asked.

"You don't have to put up with any more of his insulting talk," the thin man said. "I'm here now and I'll see that you get your divorce. Let him have his five thousand. I'd give ten thousand, twenty thousand, if you'd marry me."

"Oh, shut up!" the girl said. She was crying in a kind of vague, offhand way.

"You're upset," the thin man said. "I don't blame you." He put his arms around her shoulders. "How could you live with a man like that so long—"

"Oh, take your hands off me, you fool," the girl said. "Why don't you go back to the city—and count your money? Why don't you leave us alone?"

WHEN the thin man was gone in all his bewilderment, the girl leaned over the man who was still sitting in his chair.

"Well," he said, "I straightened that out once and for all. You always said he was a pest."

"Don't think," she warned him wickedly, "that you've eliminated *all* my suitors. That young butcher in town's been making eyes at me." She laughed. "Of course, I don't think he has five thousand but you could probably work him for a couple of sirloin steaks."

Then with a great and happy sigh she fell into his lap and, with her arms close about his neck, she bit gently at the lobe of his ear.

"Do you really need me, George?" she said into his ear. "Am I really worth five thousand to you?"

"When you behave yourself," he said gruffly.

THE END

"New COLEO cleans FALSE TEETH cleaner!"

Many of those million-dollar movie smiles require costly plates and bridges. That's why Colgate-Palmolive-Peet tested new Coleo in Hollywood.

8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser.

Coleo gets false teeth really *clean!*

No danger of offensive breath from dentures cleaned with Coleo!

False teeth cleaned with Coleo sparkle with cleanliness . . . have a pleasant taste!

Try the amazing new Coleo (with that special "fizz" ingredient) on *your* false teeth *today!*

NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

The Bosom Friend of Well-Dressed Men

A smart, long-wearing white shirt of fine rayon. The buttons are staunchly sewed on to stay . . . the fabric is washable and sanforized for shrinkage control. A really handsome shirt.

At your store or write M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York 1, New York.

Lion of Troy SHIRTS

Painting of Dane County, Wisconsin for Miller Brewing Company by Rasw

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Christmas in the country is a pleasure

that everyone would enjoy . . . but wherever you are, you can

relax and enjoy life with Miller High Life.

Enjoy life with . . .

Miller HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY · MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

EMERGENCY

BY CHARLES CARVER

The toy Pullman was very light in his hand. "I'm going to set it up around the tree," she said

T THE corner of Elm and Morrow the prowl car passed a particularly bright tree which d with dozens of red, green and e bulbs. The sight of it brought a wist to Officer Wheeler's bitter quy, for he had been speaking to himself than to Ellis at the . "There's an example," he mut- "They go out and freeze to stringing lights on trees—to vith the fire hazard and the elec- l—and for what? All part of the foolishness, that's what it is."

u should gripe," said Ellis. "I wife and kids. So I get the duty mas Eve."

o's griping? It's okay with me all want to go soft once a year." re, sure. Well, cheer up. Only ur and a half longer." The an- ion in Ellis' voice was lost on er, who was without family.

radio speaker began to hum. *wenty-four—Car twenty-four— r reported at 29 Morrow. . . .*"

eler flipped the switch. "Two Morrow," he repeated. "Okay. y-four." Ellis increased speed lly, for the roads were icy. . . .

address was a large house on a lot at the edge of town. It rrounded by trees, and Wheeler l with glum satisfaction that f them was illuminated. Leav- is in the car, he walked to the nd found the bell, which had idden under a holly wreath. the imposing size of the house r expected the door to be by a servant or perhaps, in f the nature of the emergency, ightened old lady. Such calls rely phoned in when the man house was at home. He was surprised, therefore, to find himself looking down at a small attractive woman who was neither terrified nor old. Wheeler guessed she was a little over thirty, and her shy smile of welcome disconcerted him so that he spoke even more gruffly than usual: "What seems to be the trouble?"

She opened the door wider and he entered. Over the top of her head he saw in the other room a Christmas tree. Near it was a mantel from which hung two small stockings. A wood fire flickered behind a brass fender.

"I'm Mrs. Barnes," the woman said, with the barest tremor in her voice. "I'm sorry to have bothered you on a night like this, Christmas Eve and everything. But my husband isn't here and I thought I saw a man in the back yard, in the shadows."

"Let's take a look," said Wheeler. Unconsciously he had drawn himself up to his full height.

She led him through the half-lighted house to a large back porch. "I was standing here," she said softly, "looking in that direction, toward the tool house, and something seemed to move by the large elm tree."

WHEELER peered in the direction her small arm indicated. There were many trees, but through the dark pattern of shadows he could see an oblong blur about two hundred feet away. "That the tool house?"

"Yes." She looked up at him helplessly. "You see, if Howard were here, if his plane hadn't been held up by the weather, he could take care of it. But I'm afraid to go out by myself. I'm quite certain I saw someone—"

"You want something from the tool house, is that it?"

She spoke anxiously. "Yes, I do. You see, we have some things for the children locked up there."

Wheeler stepped abruptly into the shadows. "Come on," he said, "I'll take you out and back."

At the tool house he held his flashlight while she unlocked the door. Inside there were two cartons, each about three feet square and a foot deep. With difficulty the small woman lifted one and held it awkwardly to her. Wheeler mutely took the other.

"It's a train," she whispered excitedly. "I have two boys, four and six, and it's their first train. We had an awful time finding one, but we did."

It was not in him to ignore her enthusiasm. "Kids like trains," he said.

"Oh, have you a boy?" she asked eagerly.

"No, I haven't."

"Girls are just as nice," she said. Her expression became suddenly compassionate. "Oh, it is a shame you have to be on duty tonight! Christmas Eve of all nights!"

"We get off at midnight." Bleakly Wheeler wondered what he'd do after midnight.

He followed her back through the house again to the cheerful room where the tree stood and the stockings hung. She put her carton on the floor and Wheeler placed his beside it. A flap had sprung open and he saw the glittering little tracks with their pronged ends. The cars were packed in boxes. They were bright red.

"Looks like a nice train," Wheeler said. He felt an odd urge to hold one of the cars in his hand. "May I look at it?"

"Of course!"

He reached down, picked up one of the cars, and turned it over. There was a name printed on the side—L-A-K-E-V-I-E-W. The toy Pullman was very light in his hand.

Mrs. Barnes knelt by the box. "I'm going to set it up around the tree," she said, "so that when the children come down in the morning it will be the very first thing they see." Her eyes were shining.

She reached into the carton and gingerly unwrapped a small metal object. "Look," she exclaimed. "What in the world—? 'Transformer,' it says. What do you suppose that is?"

Wheeler hesitated, but only briefly. "It probably fits between the wall plug and the tracks somewhere," he announced glibly. "That cord there sticks into the wall, and those wires—"

A HORN blew sharply. With a shock Wheeler remembered Ellis waiting in the prowl car. He stood up slowly, handing the little black transformer back to Mrs. Barnes. She looked at him in dismay, eyes wide with disappointment.

He stood looking about him for a moment, then walked to the front door and opened it.

Silhouetted against the gay wreath, Wheeler waved an impatient and most un-Christmaslike gesture to his driver. Then he turned back.

"As I was saying," he continued, "these two wires must hook on to the track somewhere. Now if we can find a piece with two little gadgets sticking from it—"

Earnestly he bent over the box of tracks and began lifting the bright sections out, one by one, while the woman sat and smiled wonderfully at him.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

Winter time—that's when children's lips get chapped and sore. That's when 'CHAP STICK' is the ready friend and comforter. 'CHAP STICK' is the famous lip reparative for young and old in every walk of life. So handy to use—so swift and lasting in results. Specially medicated, specially soothing, and *the only antiseptic lip balm.*

For chapped, cracked sore lips—insist on 'CHAP STICK'. And Mothers—buy a personal 'CHAP STICK' for everyone in the house.

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

Continued from page 17

many, that the little copywriter gathered his courage, staggered to his feet, pushed his spectacled face into that of the guest of honor and inquired:

"How would you like the unprintable knocked out of you?" Once again, the little man was edited, this time by all of his superiors who rushed him from the room.

A more continuous bid for business friendship is the junket, the traveling party. In its more dramatic forms, the junket can have direct cash-register results by winning newspaper attention for the entertainer's product or service.

When Pan American Airways System inaugurated its round-the-world service recently, it did so with a global flight of publishers, editors and public officials so prominent that their names alone made news. In their 13-day sky trek, guests met the world's great: Chiang Kai-shek of China, MacArthur in Tokyo, the leaders of the newly independent India states.

Along with the world travel and regal entertainment guests were showered with gifts. As the travelers boarded the plane in New York they were presented with gold wrist watches, a gift of the watch company whose timepieces Pan American uses. At Chicago, Governor Green of Illinois presented the travelers with silver cigarette cases—another form of business entertainment calculated to make publishers and editors friendly toward Chicago's aspirations as a world airport. Pan American felt its junket money was well spent when its guests made news wherever they went.

The supercolossal junkets naturally are produced by the movie industry. When Warner Brothers unveiled its movie, Dodge City, press agents put on their own lavish show. With Dodge City, Kansas, as the stage, there converged on the scene two trainloads of movie stars and the press, one from New York, another from Hollywood.

Mystery of the Missing Critics

For the visitors' entertainment, Dodge City males were induced to grow beards. So convivial was the junket that many journalists never did show up for the world *première* of the movie they had come many happy thousands of miles to see—and canned handouts had to be rushed back home to their editors. But the movie people regarded the reputed $50,000 cost of the junket and *première* as a good investment. The junket which attended the first showing of Union Pacific in Kansas City, Missouri, was reported in the trade press to have cost Paramount $75,000.

And more lavish junkets may be on the way. To launch its Arch of Triumph, Enterprise Pictures has been dreaming of an opening in Paris attended by American writers brought there in triumph by airplane.

Even such veterans of the airplane and train junket as New York's magazine writers were wide-eyed at the entertainment provided by an advertising agency acting in behalf of a cigarette company client. Insured for $1,000,000 each, the writers were flown to Nashville, Tennessee, in two airplanes, each equipped with a bar. In a local hotel, taken over lock, stock and bar by the host, the journalists found they could order anything—a case of Scotch or pompano *en papillote* in the dead of night—simply by picking up the phone and asking for "George."

Culmination of three days of Southern hospitality was the fishing party at which startled but willing guests were handed a fishing license by one functionary, a fishing rod by another—and as they stepped into the boat—a can of bait by a third. The most thoughtful gesture came a half-hour later on the lake. There as the guests settled down dreamily under the Tennessee sun, the Sunday afternoon stillness was broken by a gentle, almost apologetic put-put of a specially designed, fish-reassuring outboard motor. There glided into view a floating bar, complete with bottles, lemons, olives, ice and a soft-voiced barman.

"Your pleasure, sir," he whispered—so as not to startle the fish.

So important have fishing and hunting junkets become that executives invest in them as they would in a new cutting tool to speed production. The partner of a New York banking house owns fishing rights in Canada granted him by the King of England. The head of a great advertising agency owns a hotel at Cat Cay, off Florida, to entertain business friends.

But you can run a junket with less. The Kentucky Derby, the Army-Notre Dame game are good business fun too. And of course there are the night clubs. Some 3,000 cafés flourish in New York and a glamorous dozen are so well publicized by the syndicated Broadway columnists that they are visiting-firemen musts.

But taking the customer to the Copacabana to hear Lena Horne sing her heart out for love and $1,000 a night, or to the Stork to rub shoulders with Walter Winchell or Jim Farley or for a raucous time at Leon and Eddie's requires more than just reserving a table. Café society has its own usages, and to impress the customer, the thing should be done with style. Nightly, Sherman Billingsley c Stork Club is asked by entertaining nessmen to send over a bottle of c pagne—as if it were a gift, and of c to put it quietly on the tab.

The mightiest tycoon, inured to hours of daylight "yessing," will with pleasure at the welcoming rec tion of a barkeeper, a maître d'hô the owner of the joint himself. M Proser, head keeper of the Copaca once cooled his heels for three hour side a movie magnate's office in a attempt to sell a movie idea. Ba New York some weeks later Pros ceived a long-distance call from th movie man. "I'm bringing a pa friends to the Copa," said the ma "and do you think you could find minutes to sit at my table and cha me—you know, just as if we we friends?"

What to Do About the Ladie

Once the night spot is decided universal and delicate question female companionship for the v fireman. Wise business hosts try t this chore or pray the customer br wife. If not, the harassed host m his best. The maître d'hôtel of on bistro has a stock answer to the ine nightly requests for an introduct the young ladies of the floor show.

"Look for it on the menu," h smoothly to the guest. "If it isn't menu, we haven't got it."

In New York's garment center, out with visiting buyers has lon a familiar chore for the cloak ar models. But this chore may go th of the short skirt. The glamor girl formed a union—the National Association. The girls don't a much. They just want to be left al the buyers. The Models Associati lices the garment manufacturers, "white list" of those who don't as els to entertain. Flagrant violato the penalty of boycott by modelin cies. Good dress houses frown use of models for entertaining anyway. They get too chummy wi tomers, and spill trade secrets.

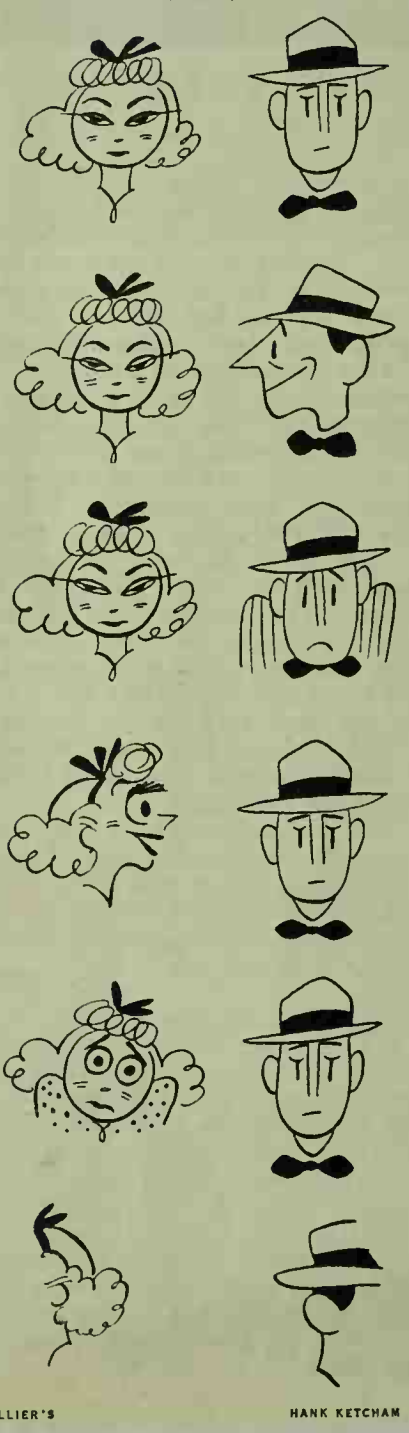
Checks for a night's entertainme run from a modest $30 for four conscious people to $400 if they c champagne. To close a deal lin domestic air line with Scandina air line's executives played hos Swedish prince and his entourage, with cocktails at an East Side nig carried on with specially prepare dinavian dishes until 4 A.M. by time, presumably, the deal was c mated. The cost: $2,300.

Night-club checks, according thority Billy Rose, have shrun siderably since speak-easy days hoodlums would peel off thousa lar notes to buy champagne for th and to impress their molls.

"Good food, good drink, good philosophizes Monte Proser, "the great equalizers. Get a man awa his desk and to a café; get him t and history is really made at night

But some customers are harde tertain than others. Prewar Japan chasing missions presented a new of the white man's burden to A businessmen who had to entertai One machine tool producer w out twelve Japs found, "They ne drinking. When I thought they h fill and would go home," he "they'd put their heads down on ble and go to sleep for a hal awaken, order several more rou repeat the performance. After t on about three times, I tried th thing. Four hours later the pr

FATE



COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

kok presents another style "original"... a
tinguished new idea in men's jewelry. Your
ials *sculptured* in masculine, three-dimensional
ck letters... your choice of three popular
kok Tie Bar designs, each in a handsome
-box. Tie Bars, $2.50. Cuff Links, $2.50.

New!

SCULPTURED INITIAL JEWELRY

Designed by

HICKOK

The new Extension Tie Bar—adjusts to fit any width of tie.

The Ascot Tie Guard—smart, dependable . . . fits any tie.

The exclusive Hickok Crocodile Grip—holds tie firmly in place.

A SKIN LEVEL SHAVE

for the man in your life

The Perfect Gift

. . . and a useful gift that keeps right on giving a close, smooth shave Christmas morning and every morning —a practical, time-saving gift well-groomed men appreciate, the—

PACKARD
ELECTRIC SHAVER

$19.75

Packard has four separate shaving heads. Everybody knows that four heads are better. That's why Packard shaves faster and closer—that's why with Packard you always get a— **SKIN LEVEL SHAVE** . . . in less than half the time required by messy, old-fashioned methods. Ask to see Packard in its modern traveling case. At better stores everywhere!

LEKTRO PRODUCTS, INC., MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

Yes . . . he's used to the best!

Guns from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

He pays $1000 for his Purdey shotgun...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

woke me up and told me to go home. My guests had gone."

How much drinking is enough—is a delicate question. An eager young man once maneuvered his superior to a bar and was delighted when the older man took over and ordered round after round of drinks. In the swift intimacy that double Scotches bring, the young man saw his chance. He looked earnestly into the bleary eyes of the boss:

"That layout department, Walter," he said, "how about me for the job?"

"Hell, no," said Walter, weaving from side to side. "You drink too much," and with full dignity walked out of the saloon.

Firms Foot Bills for Millions

Making business friends via the Gay White Way is a serious matter. Ask Sherman Billingsley, king of New York's plushier saloons, or Broadway Sam, the ticket tycoon. Fifty per cent of Mr. Billingsley's $2,000,000 yearly take can be traced to business entertaining. Three of every four of Broadway Sam's show tickets go to corporate charge accounts and monthly, during the season, "Broadway" sends bills topping $1,000 to at least half a dozen business corporations who entertained at the theater. New York's giant entertainment industry—the Madison Square Garden, the Fifty-second Street night spots, Broadway—could not live if used just for fun.

Largest dollar volume of business entertainment is spent on the business luncheon. Here the protocol can be as rigid as a quadrille. If your luncheon companion ranks you in income and position you call for him at his office. If it's a tossup as to who ranks whom, you meet at the restaurant or club.

The wise luncheon host tailors the eating place to the guest. When one radio executive takes Milton Berle, the comedian, to lunch, Lindy's on Broadway is a must. For Berle loves his cheesecake and blintzes. Another radio man who has business with the police department takes police commissioners to the swankiest luncheon spot he knows. To impress the commissioner? "Hell, no!" says the radio man. "To impress the maître d'hôtel and captains by drawing up in style in a police limousine so that they'll address me by name the next time."

In hustling New York where luncheons seldom last beyond 2 P.M., or in the more leisurely hinterland where midday repasts can go on to three, luncheons can be serious affairs where, away from telephones, considerable business can be done. The waiters of Keeler's Restaurant in Albany, New York, can sense when a machine-tool man who eats there has an important customer in tow. On such occasions the waiters clear the dishes quickly to give the machine-tool executive a chance at the tablecloth on which he elaborates his sales talk with scrawls of motors and cutting tools. Luncheon finished, the machine-tool man sweeps up the tablecloth and takes it with him.

So important is the business luncheon that a growing number of concerns are building private wining and dining facilities on company premises. Crowded hotels and restaurants where waiters shooed executives just as they were beginning to write on the tablecloth were partly responsible.

Many sizable companies now have their own office bars ranging from modest cabinets no bigger than a telephone stand to Hollywoodish creations which materialize at the touch of a button. Most of the elaborate jobs are concealed by paneling. A fine New York furniture house has been doing a land-office business putting in tasteful luncheon rooms, suitable for cocktail parties as well.

To put up business guests overnight near outlying plants, companies are also building guesthouses. One oil corporation has a seven-room guesthouse at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in a residential neighborhood. A housekeeper a ler preside, stand ready to me guest's clothes, serve him an snack. A well-equipped bar is open. Other companies rent ar apartments or take long-term le hotel suites.

One fabulous New York publ tions man does most of his im entertaining in his five-story, e appointed town house. To write tors and other business guests v awed at the troops of footmen, th ously costly *décor*, the Luculla and drink, the super press agent e "In my business it's necessary t my clients I can spend more mon they can." Most of this spen deductible for tax purposes.

Hardest licks at making friends are put in at conventions ever businessmen feel they hav thing in common they get togeth convention. The reasons for con —some 5,000 a year—range fr extermination (National Associa Pest Control) and selling ho (American Federation of Astrolo opening up new oil sources (A Petroleum Institute) and weighin monetary problems (American Association).

High tide for all conventions Machine Tool Builders Expos Chicago in September. Since pr every manufacturer in Ameri some sort of machine tool, close a million visitors came to look. tainment? Selling a machine too to selling a bridge, since a tool from $50,000 to $100,000. So tive customers can expect goo ment. Best treatment was that by a Middle Western machine-t who sailed to Italy, picked up back with a prospect, showed sights en route to Chicago, th returned him to Italy—all for

Morticians in Merrier Mo

Even undertakers' conventi gay. At one morticians' concla fin manufacturer displayed which at the touch of a button a bottle and two glasses from lined interior. This was set up a gag for delegates. Other gags v veal the merry and boyish he beat behind the somber frock c ting up suddenly in each other tion caskets and yelling bloody or placing before slumbering doors bronze signs which wa parking! Funeral in progress."

Because conventions provide revenues, hotelkeepers compet ously for them and do a little entertaining themselves. It s takes three to five years of w land a fat convention. Associa cials spend week ends samplin tel's wares, and entertainment the hotel) may run into several dollars.

Other entertainers who ente the radio people who "romance sor," and the night-club owner, favorite people with gifts of ch perfume and silver cigarette ligh

And so for the businessman w to have and to hold new bus moral is clear—entertain. But a few simple rules.

It is the man who needs the picks up the check. The custo were plied with gifts from their before the war found when came that they had to do so shopping themselves to butte men from whom they bought s

And be sure it's the guest wh ing the good time. Don't mak take of the businessman wh along a gorgeous model for a his biggest customer and afte too many, walked off with her b

THE END

...RECASTING...

The Season's Best

FROM SCOTLAND TO AMERICA

...ear's in Scotland naturally features a native son—Johnnie ... For only *Scotland's* moist atmosphere, crystal clear spring ...nd distilling craftsmanship... can produce the superb bouquet ...llowness of—Johnnie Walker.

And in toasting the holiday season in this country . . . a good host naturally turns to—Johnnie Walker. So glowingly rich, so purringly mellow... this matchless Scotch is not only appropriate but perfect—for any occasion, *anywhere.*

ASK FOR AND GIVE SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

While I sipped my coffee, Irene would sit across from me biting into a big red apple while she read the new script

A DISH OF APPLES

BY WALTER C. BROWN

I was numb with loneliness that night. I forgot about Chris, forgot that he was even more lonely than I

IT RAINED that night. There were five bouts on the boxing card, and when the black clouds gathered, they put the main bout on ahead of the semifinals. Down at ringside, hunched over my typewriter, I thought about Chris, alone in the house. Chris was only eleven. I remembered Irene telling me Chris was afraid of thunderstorms.

The windup ended in the fourth with a kayo, and then it came pouring down. I decided not to go on back to the office. I could write up my stuff at home, and phone it in to the paper.

I was noisy with the front door. I thought if Chris were awake, and scared, it'd give him a chance to pop out of his room, and talk a while. But there wasn't a sound from upstairs. Beyond the dim light burning on the hall table, all was darkness, and silence, and the terrible numb loneliness Irene had left behind her.

I went up the stairs and stood in the dark hall, staring at the dark door—our door, Irene's and mine. I forced myself to open it and go in. I closed the door before I clicked the switch. All of Irene's personal things were gone from sight. The window draperies had been changed, and the twin beds covered with a pair of brown spreads I had never seen before.

But all the changes in the world couldn't fool my memory. I remembered rising up on one elbow that morning, staring sleepily at the clock, mumbling, "Irene! We've overslept! . . . Irene!" I could see her dark hair spread on the pillow, the soft curve of her cheek, the long lashes of her closed eyes. Closed, just as if it were merely sleep that held her—

My sister Harriet had done all she could to change the look of the room. Harriet had a kind heart, a warm heart, but she was levelheaded, too, and practical. "Ken, I know this has been a terrible blow," she told me. "But you've got to face things—the realities. Life goes on, you know."

Harriet had been with me all that week, attending to things, smoothing the shock as much as she could. Harriet had figured out what was best for me to do, about giving up the house, and about Chris, Irene's son by a former marriage.

"You let me take Chris," Harriet said. "It will be better for you, and better for the boy, too. That way he'll have a regular, normal home life. You can't give him that, Ken, not with your job. I love Chris, and so does George. We'll make him happy. And we're only seventy miles You can drop in and see him."

Harriet had gone home the d fore, but she'd be back the next end, to get Chris. So this w first day alone, and I had taken riet's advice—I had faced realit

I'd had a talk with Chris. I plained about sending him to Harriet's—about the crazy ho a sports reporter, the drearines house without a woman. Every ing boy needed a woman's care.

The kid didn't kick up any fu far as I could tell by his face, seemed quite satisfied. Only af finished he'd asked gravely, "Th for all the time, is it?"

"No, Chris," I said. "It's j we get straightened out again." I tell him how long that might ta

(Continued on page 96)

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEATS

8 practical ways to give him luxury!

ET A... Shaving Mug and Shaving Lotion, Set B, with Shaving Mug and Men's Talc. oth are perfect "extra" presents . . $2.00

E CLANSMAN... a distinctive gift package at looks important, and is! Shaving Lo- n, Men's Talc, Hairdressing $3.00

TLE GENERAL... glistening cylinders of aving Lotion and Talc or Talc and Men's ogne in a handsome travel box . . $2.00

H... Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, 's Talc, Hairdressing, Men's Deodorant, 's Cologne and Hand Soap . . . $7.00

5 SET E... basic grooming essentials with the Seaforth scent of Scotch heather. Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc . . $3.00

6 THE ROYAL SCOT . . . flexible feather-weight DURALITE travel containers of Lotion, Talc, Hairdressing, plus Brushless Shave. $4.35

7 THE GRANDSTANDER... a wonderful way to say Merry Christmas! Shaving Lotion, Men's Cologne and Hairdressing $3.00

8 TRIO... here's a brand-new gift set that has Seaforth's luxurious new Brushless Shave Cream, Shaving Lotion, Talc $2.60

There's a set of Seaforth grooming essentials for every man on your Christmas list!

Seaforth's heather-fresh toiletries in polished stoneware mugs and jugs make a man feel luxuriously cared for . . . and look it! For a Christmas present that's sure to please, give him the gift with the lift . . . and watch him

Step forth with Seaforth!

Gift sets, handsomely boxed in brown tweed, $2.00 to $7.00. Individual items, only $1.00.

SEAFORTH, 10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20.

Sam Picariello, who scouted for Long Island U. last year, instructs the team before a game with Utah State. At the right, before the blackboard, is LIU's Coach Clair Bee. Note on the board instructions to watch especially Gilmore and Cleverley of Utah State

SETTLED OUT OF COURT

BY ARCH MURRAY AND HY TURKIN

It's no accident when a strange basketball team exploits its opponent's weaknesses with uncanny regularity. It's the result of patient, eagle-eyed scouting, which often converts defeat into victory

BEDLAM reigned in the catacombs of New York's Madison Square Garden. Jubilant St. John's supporters were storming the dressing room of the Redmen who had just upset a heavily favored DePaul five, 47-39, to capture the National Invitation basketball crown. The snarl was worse than any subway rush; the burly guardian of the locker-room entrance was toppled by the hysterical mob.

But Joe Lapchick, the towering genius who made St. John's the Notre Dame of basketball, just chuckled as he gripped one sweaty paw after another on this March night in 1944. "That one," he said succinctly, "was settled out of court. We really won it before we ever took the floor."

At the moment, nobody knew what he meant, or really cared. But an hour later, in the soft-lighted hush of a near-by restaurant, he explained that cryptic statement.

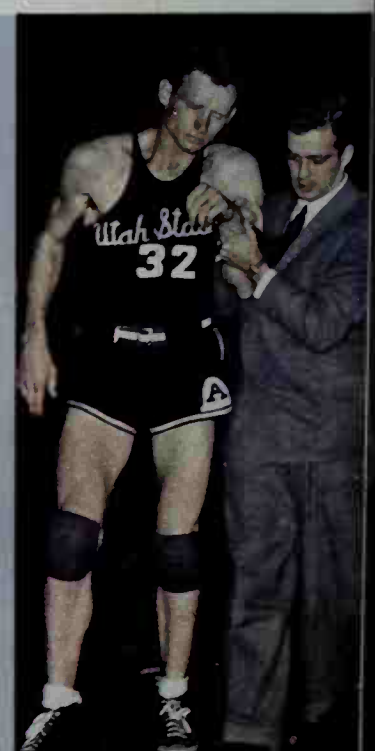
"I had watched DePaul play only twice; once in the regular season and then in the tourney semifinal. After the first game I suspected, and after the second I knew, that (1) the Blue Demons could be beaten only by bottling up George Mikan, their six-foot-nine All-America center, and (2) Mikan *could* be bottled. But it required some trick that hadn't been used before.

"It was my job to rig up such a plan. I finally decided to assign Ivy Summer, our crude but spirited freshman pivot, to keep Mikan away from the rebounds. Mikan is sure deat them, his big hands and fine tir enabling him to slap home rebo from almost any angle. The big t was to keep him from getting hands on them.

"I told Summer to play betv Mikan and the basket, to jump him on every rebound play, but n to try to catch the ball. His only was to take up vital space and block out Mikan. Ray Wertis Bill Kotsores were told to rush in grab the ball off the basket or h board while Mikan was tangling bulky Summer.

"Mikan is a tremendous ba Time and again he tried to break of the trap. But his youth and perience led to repeated fouls a

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN



Cleverley (29), a fast dribbler, is guarded by Long Island U's Art Tropin (21). At far right, Gilmore (32) is helped off the court exhausted. Score: LIU 56, Utah State 38

ed to reach over and around Sum-
r. You saw the result. The big
low went off on personal fouls in
fifth minute of the second half,
ving scored only 13 points as com-
ed with his usual bag of 20 to 30.
Paul had no one to fill his shoes,
we won going away."
Thus was a basketball champion-
settled off the court, won more by
ue of judicious scouting than by
other single factor. The story is
too unusual.

Pregame Plotting Essential

Fruitful study of the enemy-to-be's
ys has become the rule rather than
exception these days. The balance
power is so evenly distributed in
court sport that scouting and pre-
e plotting are now among the
t vital elements in winning basket-
.
's even more important in the
onal championship play-off tour-
ents that wind up the season. By
rch, the teams all have such vast
wledge of one another's talents
weaknesses that it takes deep
y to provide the deciding margin.
eover, the tournament teams are
evenly matched that one minor
, caught in the flash of a canny
t's eye, can make all the differ-
.
ast spring, when Utah's underdogs
ht their way to the finals of the
ional Invitation Basketball tour-
ent, the Utes captivated not only
crowd but also the local coaches.
before the final game several of
went to Vadal Peterson, Utah
h, and offered him the distillation
eir scouting efforts against Ken-
tucky. "Alex Groza, their All-Amer-
ica center, favors his right side, so
you'd do well to overshift your team
a little to guard his right side.". . .
"Kentucky likes to play a fast-break-
ing game from the opening whistle,
and taper off toward the end. Double-
cross 'em. Play a deliberate ball-han-
dling game for the first half and break
fast in the second half."

Peterson employed some of the tips
gratuitously offered him. He also un-
folded a few of his own—such as hav-
ing Wat Misaka and Arnold Ferrin
guard the Kentucky forwards toward
the side lines, edging them away from
the middle lane just long enough to
ruin the timing for their famed fast
break. The final score was: Utah 49,
Kentucky 45.

Certainly basketball has become
the most far-flung college sport, with
even dinky schools carding transcon-
tinental rivals. But mere mileage is
no barrier to ambitious coaches.
Lloyd Brazil of Detroit, for instance,
traveled more than 1,000 miles a win-
ter to scout opponents. When Honey
Russell coached Seton Hall, he cov-
ered 3,000 miles in one season for
similar "secret service." And when
geography or schedule conflicts pre-
sent too great an obstacle for personal
scouting, there are always Pinkertons
of the hardwood floor for rent at the
main meccas. Mike Pincus, former
CCNY pivoter, serves as scout at
Madison Square Garden for many
out-of-town teams. Harold (Chink)
Halton, ex-NYU, provides the same
service at Chicago Stadium.

Scouting is a relatively modern de-
velopment in basketball. A bit over a
decade ago, it was almost unknown.
The spies of the dart-and-dribble are-
nas even now don't catch the eye as the
ubiquitous football scouts do. They
don't have seats reserved for them in
the press box. They don't come
equipped with big field glasses and
reams of blueprints. Yet these days
they're doing as effective a job as the
sleuths of the gridiron—or better.

How many points is a good scouting
job worth? "About four or six," says
Lapchick.

"At least ten," insists Brazil.

"Ten is right," votes Everett Shel-
ton of Wyoming. "I would dread play-
ing a team without having at least the
fundamental information whether
they employ a man-for-man defense
and a fast- or slow-breaking offense.
Suppose, though, that I were to face
a team blind, then reschedule them a
day later. For the second game our
style of play would be likely to im-
prove from 40 to 50 per cent!"

Value of Weaving Offense

Shelton, mentor of the '43 national
champions, teaches a fundamental
weaving offense with some nineteen
basic plays, enough of a variety to
plumb almost any enemy's weakness.
But rather than waste 14 plays before
learning that the foe can be harmed
by the 15th, Shelton prefers to be pre-
pared.

Ev Shelton's prime probing plot is
to spot a lax defender. He immedi-
ately rigs up a screening play to ex-
plore that weakness. But Everett the
erudite is capable of detecting other
Achilles' heels. He endorses the prac-
tice of Valparaiso Coach Loren Ellis,
who often spends an entire evening
scouting a single key player, "so that
by the end of the game I know more
about that fellow than his coach or
the player himself!"

As Shelton puts it, "Get a player's
peculiarity down pat, and you've got
him 80 per cent whipped. If a boy is
the kind of grandstander who habitu-
ally tries to intercept passes instead of
following his man, we have a simple
move to feint him out of the play en-
tirely. If he dips his hands before tak-
ing a set shot, as so many do, he can
be blocked. If he can go only one way
—but wait, that reminds me of the
game in which we beat St. John's for
the title. We knew that six-foot-nine
Harry Boykoff couldn't go to his left;
that when he did turn that way, he had
to shoot overhand, ineffectively. So
we kept forcing him to his left, and the
big fellow, who held the court record
for points in one game, was squelched
for the night."

In another phase of scouting tech-
nique, Lloyd Brazil posted a fine rec-
ord at Detroit one season largely
because of a "nonstarting" regular,
Gene Malinowski. The pudgy sopho-
more was Brazil's chief trouble
shooter, although he never started a
game. For the first few minutes of
play, he'd sit beside the coach and ex-
change observations on the game. An
astute analyst in his own right, the
canny youngster was quick to spot the
strength and weakness of both teams.
Once he went into the game, Malinow-
ski would direct any changes neces-
sary in the Titans' style of play.

The first coach to take up scouting
in a big way was Howard Cann, the
NYU pilot. Even then, it happened by
chance. But let Howie tell it:

"Back in 1930, we were up against a
tough task. Fordham was our biggest
rival in all sports, and a victory over

Another victory for Long Island U, this time against Tennessee, by 42-32. Tennessee's Marshall Hawkins (48) goes after a loose ball. Long Island's Dick Holub (22) guards from behind with Ed Kassler (28) facing Hawkins

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them in tiddlywinks was worth two football decisions over anyone else. Well, the Ram court squads of that era were to basketball what the Army and Notre Dame powerhouses have been to football. They were big, tough and the best team within a thousand miles at least.

"In desperation, I took a trip over to see the late Ed Kelleher's gang drub some club. I had no preconceived plan; I was just vaguely hoping to ferret out some weakness. But flaws were hard to find on that Fordham squad. Bo Adams, Ed Daugherty & Co. could do everything with a basketball but make it recite Shakespeare. Watching them that night, however, I suddenly was struck by the sight of the orthodox play that kept their stationary guard deep in their own back court throughout. What was the use of keeping our man down there with their guard when we were on defense? It was sheer waste of a player.

"Sure, all this seems obvious today. But remember that basketball of that era wasn't so fully developed a science. Anyway, in charting our plans for the big game, I told the squad we would drop Gyp Schuman back to our foul line on defense. That would give us a virtual five-man defense to their four attackers no matter how fast they broke. History records the success of that guess. We wrecked their split-second timing, with Schuman on the loose wreaking much of the havoc. The scoring dynamite of the high-powered Rams failed to explode, and we upset them in decisive fashion."

That was the beginning for Cann. Now he's completely sold on scouting. He uses as many as 50 men—mainly Violet veterans of previous squads—to scout for him in a single season. Six assistants spot and chart every NYU play at home. Howie orders movies made of all his team's games, and reruns the reels the next time NYU preps for the same enemy. This gives him and the team a good idea of the other coach's style and of the foibles of the holdover players. He subscribes to the local papers of towns in which all his opposing teams are situated.

Scouting in Local Newspapers

"Let the sports writers be my scouts!" Cann chuckles. "They may not dwell on the technical stuff I'd prefer, but newspaper clippings often reveal important facts like injuries to players, which player is going hot, etc. Even generalities about their weakness or strength are so important that I tack them on our bulletin board for our players to scan and study. It was through a press clipping I learned that Valparaiso had been hit by a flu epidemic just before the first Garden game two years ago, and that its speedy forward had wrenched his knee. I passed the paper on to Coach Clair Bee of Long Island University, first foe of the Valpos, and his Blackbirds trounced the favored invaders by 20 points."

Several other scouting reports bore fruit that season. Kentucky's eagle eyes reported that St. John's was vulnerable to a screen pass from the right, so the forewarned visitors drubbed the Redmen, 73-59.... Dribble detectives found that Arkansas seldom shot from the outside, and the Razorbacks were stopped by a tight guard in midcourt.... Toledo's deadly two-handed overhand set shot artist had his timing ruined when, on the tip of scouts, he was rushed as soon as he leaned back.... And Detroit stymied a fast-breaking rival by taking advantage of a scout's observation that 80 per cent of the time the team threw the ball to the right side on an out-of-bounds play. Nat Holman, veteran coach at CCNY, prevented an upset at the hands of the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy, thanks to provident spying. Two days before the game, Nat assigned his assistant coach to scout the Mariners in action. The report shocked him. Young Lieutenant Earl Brown, former star ball and basketball player at Notre D had drilled the raw servicemen in a set of screen plays that called for than one switch on defense.

"We hadn't faced anything like t four war years," recalls Holman. teams of course are trained to s their man-for-man guarding assign *once*, to foil the usual screen play. B Mariners had a hocus-pocus attac necessitated *two* successive chan defend on the same play. I immed called an extra practice session, de entirely to multiple switching in g ing, and the game with Kings proved to be almost a replica o practice period!"

As Holman so aptly sums i "Ability to solve problems is what a team good under pressure . . scouting enables you to learn the s problems in advance!"

Freer Use of Movies Predicte

Holman can't afford extensive movies in scouting, but that's a c thing. As Clair Bee told us recen the little bandbox of a gym whe Blackbirds stop in to practice sh between classes, "I understand that colleges send scouts secretly arme 16-mm. cameras and telescopic le film future football foes in action. sort of thing is considered uneth basketball, but I expect to see th when it will be a widely ac practice. Since it has proven so va in football, it would no doubt same in this game. I'm using mov season, but only to scout the weak of my own team."

Movies, however, are an exp item. Not all colleges can afford t though they may, eventually, if the sport keeps blossoming at its c record-breaking rate. Cost: $1 game. In New York, games are by a specialist named Leslie Wini sells prints only to teams involved game he's shooting, but 'twasn thus.

"There was a time a few years Winik reveals, "when certain c (which I can't name for obvious re used to send me out to take mo teams they were to play later. Th of thing is strictly taboo now. I s snap only for the teams playing."

While Clair Bee is no superstu action movies, he's been sold on sc in general and has many feath LIU's headgear to show for these His proudest prize from scouti bagged on a March night back i His Blackbirds had moved to the n tournament final with 23 straig tories, but still were quoted as unc against the powerful Loyola qui Chicago, winners of 21 straight the toughest in the Middle West.

"We were sound fundamental pl Bee recounts. "But they had a si ten center named Mike Novak, w not only a terror on offense, but w of the first and the best of the nc lawed goal tenders of basketball. were the days, you know, when a skyscraper could stand in front basket and knock out your best s all night. It was heartbreaking. idea for us was somehow to ena set shot artists to pass him.

"Well, we scouted them thor Out of the welter of data bobbed j little loophole: When Novak jun knock down shots or passes, he leaped with his right arm upraise made his left side vulnerable, for h arm would then have to be twist his head and left ear, reduc effective height and reach. I orde boys to bank their shots off th board from the right side of th (Novak's left) and they obeyed fully. John Bromberg sank tw ones that way. Irv Torgoff, a l

"IT PAYS TO TAKE CARE OF THE IMPORTANT 4/5 ths* OF YOUR DRINK!"

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5 wick lasts years—it's asbestos

6 flame-guard built not to break

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ward, drifted far to his right and sank all five of his goals that way, too. We took a quick lead and were never headed.

"Forcing the point, we double-guarded Novak, with stress on his right or strong side, and he wound up with the lowest total of his college career and pro career. Mike made only one point that night as we romped, 44 to 32."

Another scouting addict is Howie Hobson, recently installed as Yale coach after putting Oregon in the court forefront, who insists that scouting is one of the most vital and least appreciated aspects of basketball.

Hobson reveals, "I like to use two men to scout a game, one a spotter and the other a tabulator. Then you can collect all the important data you need without a break in observation. Two trained men can bring back all the vital details, such as who usually takes the rebounds, who loses the ball on interceptions or throwaways or held-ball or walking, who makes the shots, what spot on the floor each shot is tried from, etc."

Luisetti Couldn't Be Anchored

Hobson, along with other basketball *cognoscenti*, admits there are times when all the scouting in the world won't help enough. "When Hank Luisetti—who is still the greatest player I ever saw—performed for Stanford, we hatched some deep, dark plans to stop him, after many nights of studying him on other courts. We decided to slough off a player from their weak-shooting guard and assign him as an extra anchor around Luisetti. So what? So Hank scored only 18 points that night. Funny thing, we were satisfied. He had tallied 50 against Duquesne that season."

Nat Holman insists that his famous Celtics of yore had the scoutproof style. "Expert ball handling is impossible to stop," he explains. "I used to pass the ball to Dutch Dehnert in the bucket, and if there was a chance at all for me to cut in, he'd flip a perfect spot pass; otherwise he'd pass out again. We kept feeding him in the pivot spot, and he kept sizing up the play. After prolonged passwork finally made the enemy relax somewhere—zoom!—one of us would cut in, take a pass in the clear and nudge it into the ring. No desperate passes. No long heaves, or rushing your luck."

But practically every club is scoutable and scouting becomes more intensive every year. Coach Hank Iba, of Oklahoma A & M's topflight team, scout conference foes as many as half a d times a season. Some high schools i court-cradle country of Indiana s one another 20 times a season!

Most coaches believe that scoutin still in its infancy, or at best not pas adolescent stage. Howard Cann l forward to the day when a coach send his scouts to a town in which rival team is stationed, a few day advance of the game. They could around beer *stuben*, barbershops, l lobbies and poolrooms. "That w says Cann, "they could pick up plen stuff that the fans, the writers and the coaches don't know—off-the-r details that affect a player's conditio edge."

But John D. (Honey) Russell, wh coached and played college and basketball for almost 30 years, prefe do his own scouting for his Boston C of the Basketball Association of Am "I know my own personnel best, so make the best deployment of forc combat the team I see firsthand. I t as far as Chicago, between games o schedule, just to scout a future riv there's some game I can't cover my send two of the best players on my —one to scout offense, the other fo fense."

Actually, it isn't always a trained who discovers tips leading to victories. Advice from a 55-cent tomer led to one of NYU's most no triumphs. About 10 years ago, C had one of its finest teams, and n as top-heavy favorite over Cann's A few days before the big game fo metropolitan title, a gallery sleuth to Cann with the suggestion that Milt Schulman do the shooting change. "City will be ganging u Rubenstein and Maidman all nigh predicted. "Why not let Schulm some shooting on his own?"

NYU's best floorman, Schulma a superb feeder, a precision passer great defensive player. He'd neve centrated on shooting before. This he did, and came through with thr baskets that turned the tide.

So whether the information com trained scout, newspaper clipping o ing fan, there's no doubt that such prebattle plans come many vi on gym and Garden floors these Yes, more games than you'll ever s are actually settled out of court!

THE END

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"It's Christmas Eve, see? And all the toys in the nursery suddenly come alive—and they hold a strike meeting, and . . ."

COLLIER'S

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

gets a big play, since it doubles as nment and ammunition.
pite comes only after the third West- e bloodletting serial and the sixth y Mouse have run their course.
BILL LEONARD, New York, N. Y.

AMBASSADRIX SCHULTZ

SIR: I think that Sigrid Schultz' Ger- s Underground Wants War (Nov. most startling and deserves a lot of nt. I feel that she should be given a igh position in our American gov- ht in Germany.
A. A. PHILLIPS, Newport, R. I.

at piece by Sigrid Schultz in which ribed how Germany tries to play off estern powers against Russia, like ssy with two potential wooers, re- me somehow of Kipling:—

your sweetheart runs off with your mrade, be loath
hoot; you'll swing for it, 'pon my th.
him take her and keep her, that's ll for them both."

paganda is hypnotizing us into ng concern toward Germany out of portion to her importance and value.
WM. S. MAXWELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

PE OF THINGS THAT CAME

SIR: I enjoyed J. Lawrence Angel's What Shape Next? (Oct. 25th). He nention the color of the new Ameri- n's eyes. What is it? He should eek in Texas—his new generation is here. The boys are really leggy, ipped and slender. Of course their rs will broaden when they get running around and out of sports ol. As to the girls—the teen-agers g all right too. Some are enough e Jane Russell worry.
JACK JACKSON, El Paso, Texas

uld be more honey colored, not so ue. As for Texas girls—woo, woo!

EPORT JOHN L. LEWIS?

IR. DAVENPORT: I wish to thank you most excellent article by Lewis H. Let's Get Germany Off Our Back!, reference to John L. Lewis in your l page (Nov. 1st). I have watched .R. group do its level best to crucify nd his coal miners. If it had suc- in breaking the man and the con- of his men in his work, we might e in as bad shape as is Britain.
born in the coal fields of South nd began working in the mines of ntry at the age of eleven, so I know ng of what a coal miner has to put . John L. is a saint in their eyes and F.D.R.s in the world could not get in John and his people.
wis could be sent over to England ouple of years, England would be out of the mud that Lewis Brown pictured in his article.
GEORGE W. EVANS, Seattle, Wash.

my three months with the military ment in Bavaria, I saw clearly that had no plan, and that no one had xcept Russia. The Germans were o-operative and willing. They had pes since the Americans, the ex- of democracy, were in their midst. on was further confounded be- open rivalry and jealousy between mmanders and between the mili- command and military government. me sick at heart over the whole d came home much earlier than I cted. The solution given by Lewis n is so obviously the correct way, ld be so simple in its execution, I ee why it is not adopted.
SAM H. LONG, Tupelo, Miss.

BUNNAGLEISMS

DEAR SIRS: Col. Stoopnagle, who has named his dog General so when he throws a stick he can cry, "Brigadier General!", has a Bunny side. Cried the Col. recently: "No wonder I got up at six o'clock this morning, I'm as hungry as anything." Then he added more philosophically, "If it weren't for half the people in the United States, the other half would be all of them!"
DOROTHY LEFFLER, New York, N. Y.

ALL ABOARD FOR SHANGRI-LA

DEAR SIRS: "I PROPOSE." Anent Frank Gervasi's recent article What's Wrong With U.N.? (Oct. 25th), in the event of a conflict between any belligerent peoples in the future, regardless of what the cause: Communism, democracy, racial controversies, aggression by would-be world rulers, etc., I propose the belligerent groups pick a spacious country and issue a proclamation that all peoples who do not wish to participate in the great cause or war be allowed to migrate to this spot as neutrals and that the aggressive parties on all sides allot a reasonable length of time for this migration and that these people in their country be free from atom bombs and any form of attack until they reach their destination.

Then let the others Fight It Out. . . .
P. S. I wonder how many people would actually be in the fray!
STEVEN CHRISTOFF, Toledo, Ohio

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT

DEAR SIRS: Stanley Ekman's cover (Nov. 8th) of the boy alone in a deserted stadium stirred the poet in me.

IT WASN'T OUR DAY

There'd been less than a minute of play
in the game,
The score stood at nothing all,
When Walsh crossed the goal and the fans
all exclaimed:
"Oh, why did he fumble the ball?"

Out from the bench raced big Frankie
O'Shea,
Now surely the foeman would yield!
He ran for a touchdown the very first
play—
But we had twelve men in the field.

Finn stood in the end zone, his eyes on
the sky,
His feet planted firm in the grass,
There was nobody near him, he'd passed
them all by,
Oh, why did he bobble that pass?

The final score stands forty-seven to zero
I can sing no victory song,
My heart sadly bleeds for each Tech
football hero.
Why did everything have to go wrong?
HAL MARCH, Hollywood, Cal.

Sue gets Clue for Lew

It was the annual Christmas mystery . . . one you, too, have had to solve. What could Sue buy for her Lew? What would have all that a gift should be?

Sue's clue for her Lew can be a clue for you

Of course, a jeweler helped. Showing a piece of brilliant jewelry, he pointed out the mark "Gold Filled" in the metal. "There", he said, "is the high sign of high quality. For 'Gold Filled' is a time-honored metal made the 'Old Sheffield' way. It has long-wearing layers of solid karat gold on a strong supporting metal. It has beauty, durability, value, quality . . . quality that must conform to U. S. Government Standards. Yes, anything stamped with the mark 'Gold Filled' or its abbreviation 'G. F.' is a gift that is well received."

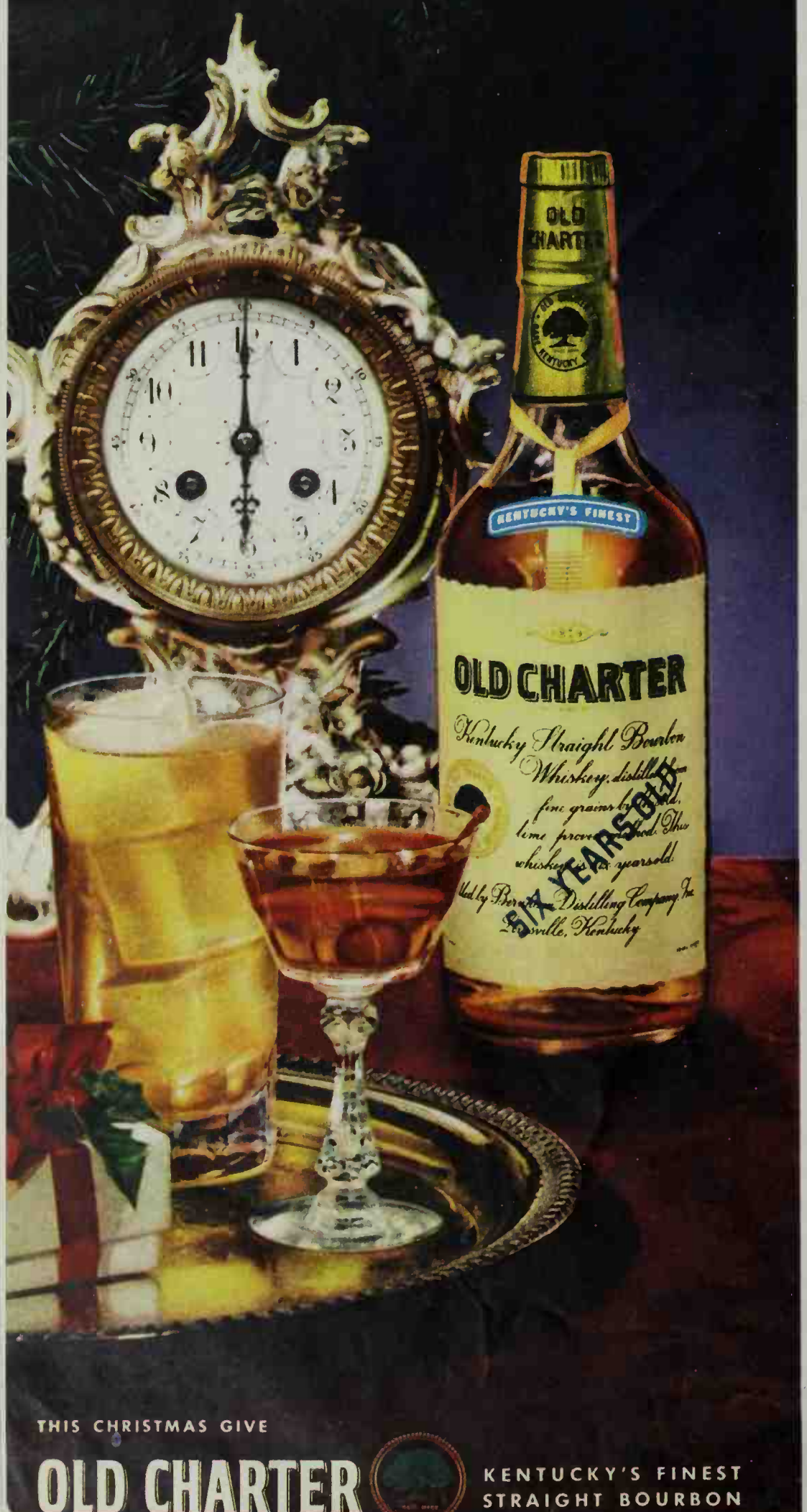
Look for the mark of Gold Filled . . . either "G. F." or "Gold Filled" . . . and you'll be sure of finding quality.

Gold Filled
Made the Old Sheffield Way

Look for and buy only Gold Filled jewelry, pens, pencils, watch cases, and eyeglass frames.

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock
it waited 6 years for Christmas '47

Discover for yourself the richness and flavor of Old Charter. Six years (yes 6!) have made it smooth, mellow, delicious! It's the whiskey that didn't watch the clock. Try it. You'll agree it's Kentucky's *Finest* Straight Bourbon Whiskey.



THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE
OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

POLITICS ON THE CAMPUS

Continued from page 15

the university committee and the chairman of the appropriations committee to be their guests at a University of Missouri basketball game.

Basketball in the Middle West is more important than almost anything else, and the legislators promptly accepted. Before the game Bob and Charley took their guests on an intensive tour of the campus. This included the veterans' deplorable housing areas and dinner in the veterans' mess hall. At the basketball game the appropriations chairman was introduced to the student body. He got booed!

"That," he told Bob Pierce, laughing, "will cost you $700,000."

Later when a member of the party was cheered, he said, "For that I'll put back $350,000."

The final increase in the appropriation, ascribed entirely by University of Missouri President Frederick A. Middlebush to the politicking of these students, was $3,000,000!

Systematic Drive on Legislators

This is not an isolated case. In the spring of 1946 a legislative action committee was formed by students of the University of Minnesota. During the summer vacation two students from each county called on their representative and told him about low salaries, crowded conditions and inadequate services. During Christmas vacation they followed up with another heart-to-heart talk with their legislators, indicating clearly that voting parents stood solidly behind them. The result: Last spring the legislature appropriated for the University of Minnesota a record $20,000,000, including $6,000,000 for new buildings.

At several colleges I learned that student interest in a United States of the World is now far beyond the bull-session stage. Students have built an effective national organization which demands that a government like our own do for all countries what ours once did for thirteen bellicose, divergent colonies and for a nation divided against itself. I met slight, clear-eyed Harris Wofford, of the University of Chicago, who has just turned twenty-one. Though he still doesn't need a daily shave, he is probably better informed on the problems of world government than half the membe Congress.

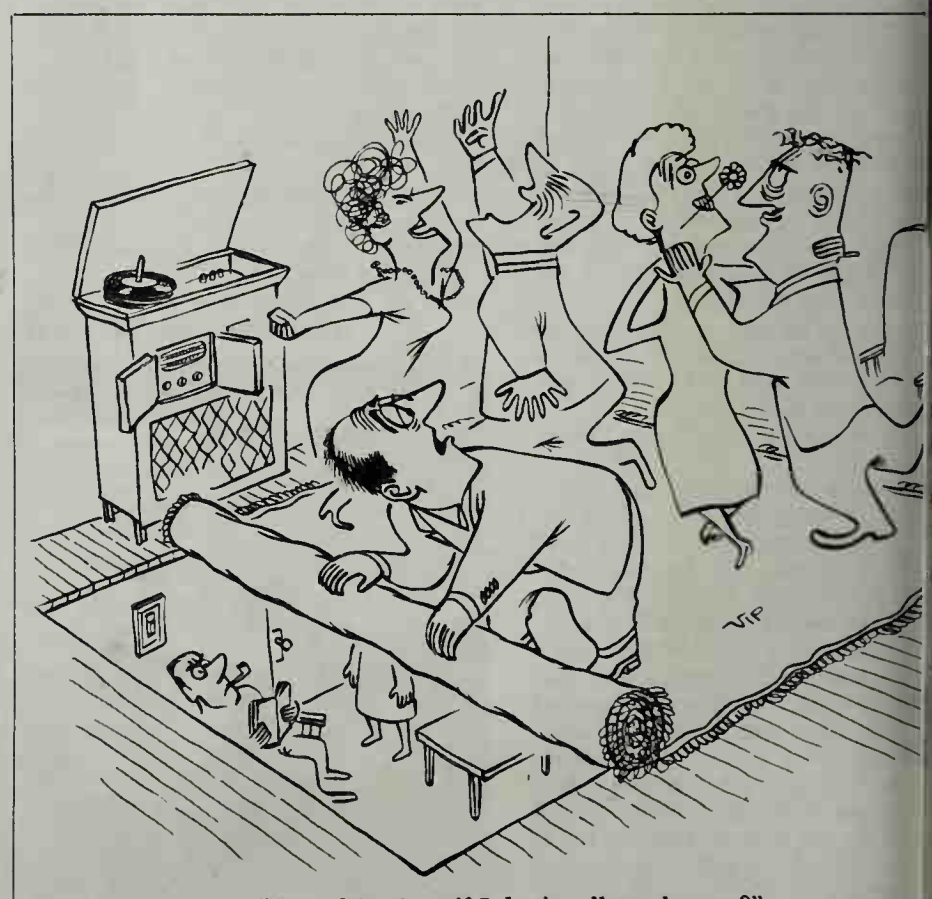
Harris is the founder of Student ' Federalist, which is the oldest org tion seeking world government i istence. It has 159 chapters and paid members in high schools an leges. Harris started it when he 15-year-old high-school student in dale, New York. While studyin evening and listening to radio's Mr trict Attorney, Harris decided to bath. He turned up the radio, fill tub and climbed in. Then the det story ended and a speechmaking pr began.

"If I hadn't been in the bathtub, Harris, "I'd have tuned in a jazz ba shut the radio off. But I was in th and I had to listen."

What he heard was an appeal Clarence Streit, Dorothy Thon Clare Boothe Luce, Thomas Man others for a united world. They an immediate uniting of the democ to defeat Hitler, and the organizat an association which would ultim result in a united world—"a United of all mankind."

His imagination was fired. ' Wofford began a campaign for thi in the Scarsdale High School. After disappointments he finally organiz first chapter of Student World Fede Gradually the idea caught on in schools. Harris took a year off fr studies and toured the country b and day coach, lecturing and pleadi fore student groups. Today his org tion is one of the most powerfu influential college groups. Young ford now journeys summertimes to tals of international student activit as Prague, Brussels and Paris, wh observes and counterattacks the u ing struggle of the children of Co nism to control world student lead

Student Federalist groups are no debating societies. The 103 memb the University of Minnesota chap cided to canvass the population of Sauk Center, Minnesota, scene o clair Lewis' novel, Main Street. Fo weeks following a kickoff dinn which Lewis was the principal sp Federalist members rang doorbell tonholed surprised residents, gave



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-word summary of world problems, bed a united world as the solution sked for signatures to a petition to nt to the United Nations. Of Sauk r's 3,000 people, 1,000 signed.

ondered how down-to-earth student cians can get. At the University of go I talked with a practical politi- Bill Birenbaum, an ETO AAF vet- who is an officer of the American ans Committee's Chicago chapter, rganizer, mentor and instructor of ating team which took top honors egional contest at Denver. In one entence Bill, who can talk without ning, explained the way his AVC r runs an election of liberals vs. ingers:

ch party has a master list made up ry AVC member, and a delegation each party braces every member at once during the campaign to ex- objectives and enlist support for its dates; but starting two weeks be- e election, we hold a daily caucus n strategy, and on Election Day we he opposition, too) have from two automobiles constantly in opera- nning supporting voters from their tories or classes to the polls, and by oon, poll checkers study their lists cover who hasn't voted, and the oundup begins; so that when the lose, any member who hasn't voted ther got a broken leg or double onia."

d been told that U.S. students easily be outmaneuvered by Com- -trained youth leaders who are in- ated in parliamentary trickery indergarten. To the University of nsin I went to find out how the portant U.S. student organization, ational Students Association, or- d only in September, had met the unist tactics.

n lovely Janis Tremper of Rock- ollege, intense Mildred Kiefer of sity of California and veteran Hunter of Wisconsin, I learned of ds militant conservatives had used t down militant left-wingers for tion control. Over a Scotch and Madison's Hotel Lorraine (both ad to prove with driver's licenses ey were twenty-one—they were, rely) these youngsters traced, step , the eight-day battle involving dent delegates representing 1,100,- dergraduates of 351 colleges and ng of the leaders continuous, ss sessions as much as forty hours Out of the convention came a con- n, by-laws, a "student bill of rights" and victory for the conservatives.

One problem was typical. Unless the association represented the entire United States it would have little right to existence and no standing with other countries. To win student respect and support, it also seemed essential for the convention to stand solidly against racial discrimination in education. But to demand immediate, equal educational rights for Negro students would drive Southern colleges out of the association. The left-wingers, recognizing that a split on this vital issue would give them control, held steadfastly for demanding immediate racial equality. Though no less concerned with the principle at stake, conservative leaders recognized that before they could reform they must first unite.

The result, after numerous stormy sessions, was By-Law No. 1, a model of compromise which might have been written by a career diplomat: "The USNSA will seek to secure and maintain equal . . . opportunities for education . . . regardless of race . . . political belief . . . or economic circumstances; especially by securing eventual elimination of all forms of discriminatory educational systems anywhere in the United States. . . ."

Improved Interracial Relations

That by-law held the association together. Quietly the students have already begun eliminating discrimination. At the association's regional meetings in Southern states this fall, for the first time in history, Negro and white students met together and discussed mutual problems. In two regions, involving seven Southern states, including Louisiana, South Carolina and Mississippi, Negroes have been elected regional vice-presidents!

To the uninitiated the large number of new student organizations, with their initial abbreviations, is perplexing. A generation ago the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A. and a debating society were about the most controversial organizations on the average campus. Today a college may have fifteen or twenty active groups whose political differences are sometimes almost imperceptible to the casual investigator but in which students find marked distinctions.

One young radical, trying to explain some of these subtleties as they affected his own and a rival group said to me, "You see, it's like this. *They* oppose the Marshall Plan and so do *we*. But *they* oppose it because it isn't operated through the United Nations, and *we* oppose it as an instrument of economic imperialism. So you see the two organizations are poles apart."

These student organizations are usually autonomous, and the principal aid they receive from headquarters is in the form of prominent speakers, gratis, and literature. They hold meetings as often as once a week, arrange debates (on the Truman Doctrine one debate drew 400 listeners on two days' notice), circulate petitions, organize speakers' bureaus (20 Bates College students made 60 speeches last year; 40 Michigan State students made 344 talks before 38,000 people), punch doorbells to get out election votes (one group visited 10,000 homes in the past year), carry sandwich boards, publish newspapers and conduct classes in city election tactics.

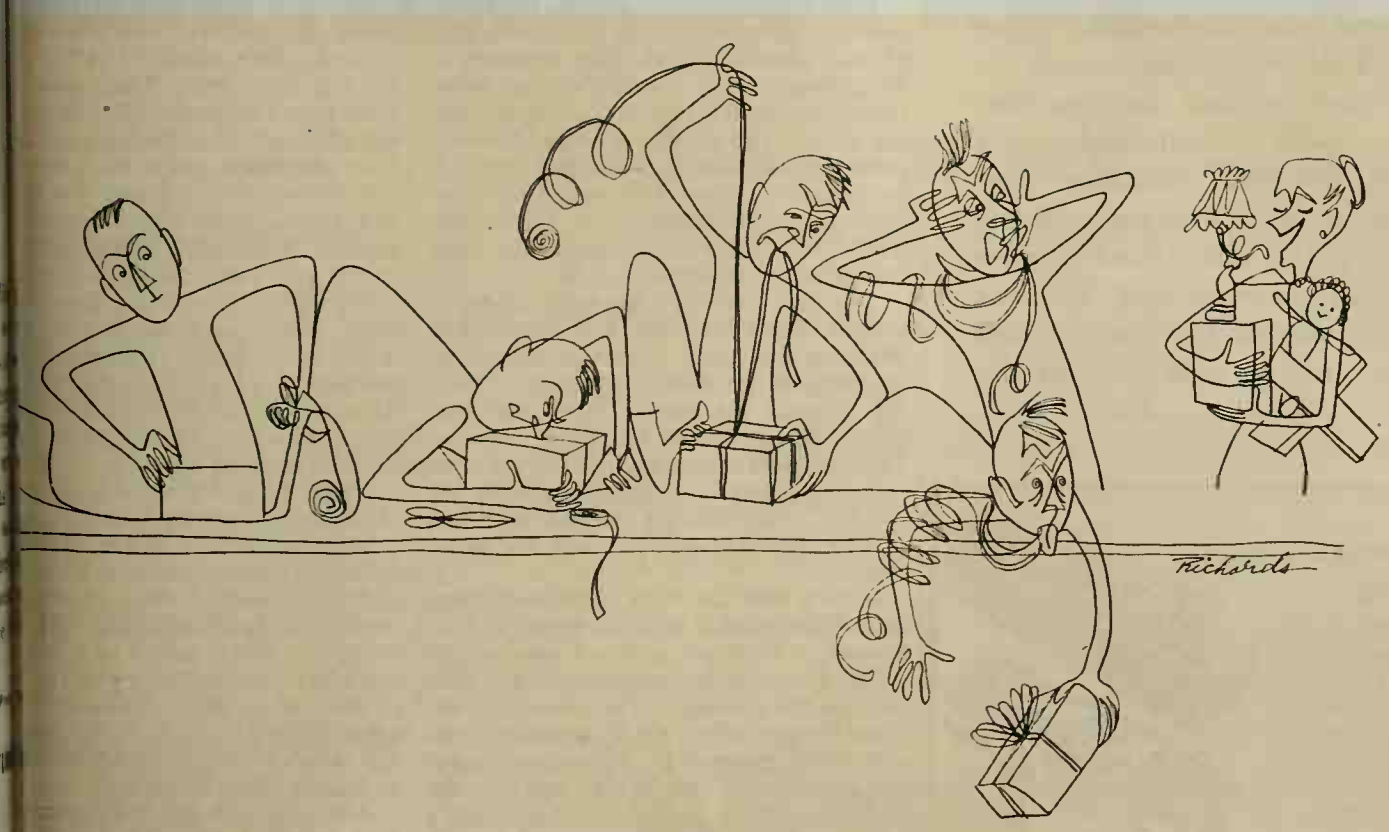
On slight provocation they will start an "investigation." Jerry Green, president of the Progressive Citizens Committee at Ohio State, in October had under way three secret investigations: discrimination against Jews and Negroes in off-campus rooming houses; anti-Negro discrimination on the basketball team, and efficiency and democracy in the Student Senate.

Occasionally the tactics of conservatives in quashing "leftish" opposition would win approval of a commissar. At Cornell the American Youth for Democracy chapter desired to forward a resolution to Congress asking for increase in veteran subsistence. They held an open meeting, ran off a quick and one-sided debate, introduced the prepared resolution and called for a vote. To their considerable embarrassment it was soundly defeated. Opposing such an increase, the AVC and veteran fraternity members had quietly packed the meeting.

Of the principal national organizations there are several political groups besides the Student Federalists which wield real influence, and one or two which give university trustees a constant case of migraine. From right to left they are:

Young Republicans or Democrats.—These groups usually hibernate between elections but in some instances they are continuously active, as at Columbia, which has forty paid-up members, and Minnesota where 100 members are almost solidly behind Stassen, and where the club constantly embarrasses the Republican State Committee by passing resolutions for the reduction of tariffs and maintenance of present income-tax levels.

At Ohio State cofounders of the Young Republican Club, William Saxbe and John Spittler, told me that twenty-six



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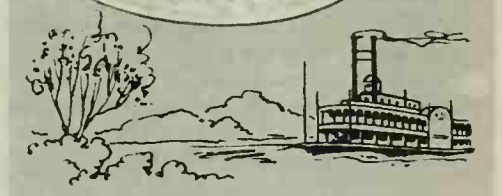

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of their members work part time as pages on the floor of the Ohio House of Representatives. Saxbe, a veteran, is a member of the House and has risked his political future by bucking the American Legion in leading his group to oppose a state bonus and by holding up to ridicule the infamous biennial appropriation which the state legislature makes to the Legion and other veteran organization budgets.

Saxbe and Spittler's explanation of how their club happened to be Republican is typical of modern freewheeling college political thinking which cares little for labels.

"When we organized," said Saxbe, "the Republicans were the outs, and we figured maybe they would listen to us. So we called ourselves 'Republicans.' "

Collegiate Council for the United Nations.—This is devoted to upholding the United Nations through chapters in 137 colleges. Students hold model General Assemblies, Economic, Social and Security Council meetings, and attempt to resolve many of the problems perplexing the nations at Lake Success.

Middle-of-the-Road Liberals

Students for Democratic Action.—A subsidiary of the Americans for Democratic Action, this supports New Deal philosophy, disavows Communist support and is openly anti-Henry Wallace. Only recently organized, it is popular (one chapter already has 100 members) because it represents middle-of-the-road liberalism. It is ready to campaign against the reactionaries and the left-wingers, but more often it will merely try to persuade people to register and to vote.

American Veterans Committee.—The AVC has as many as 1,000 members in one chapter. Student AVC groups are now in some 225 colleges and this year have a total of more than 20,000 members. The AVC is politically mature, strictly nonpartisan ("We are interested in legislation—not in legislators") and rarely dominated by leftish leaders. The AVC will take up any cause concerning the veteran At Harvard, when subsistence checks arrived late, the AVC arranged for veterans to borrow money from local banks. At Cornell the AVC broke up a college-bookstore practice which prevented veterans from getting a student discount on textbooks. When at Ohio State a Nisei Jap-American veteran was refused space in a rooming house, the AVC picketed the landlord into submission.

Young Progressive Citizens of America.—This organization is less than a year old and already claims 3,000 members in 65 colleges. It is conducting an intensive drive in 50 additional colleges, with the aid of the parent, Communist-supported PCA. On opening day last fall, on campuses from University of Connecticut to University of California, YPCA set up tables at registration lines and exhorted students to join.

This organization is the political entity behind Henry Wallace. It is formidable, left-wing and smart. (National headquarters advises student chapters to "Meet the campus big shots. They can help you." "Don't forget the lesser 'wheels.' Their support is important." "Work with religious groups." "Don't overlook the faculty." "Service new students with lists of best eating places, cleaners and laundries.")

Here is how the PCA sometimes operates: When Henry Wallace spoke in Baltimore, in October, pressure was put on Johns Hopkins University to have him address the students. The university offered the gym assembly if opposing views were also presented. Prominent opponents were not available, and so the Baltimore PCA rented the university's Levering Hall. PCA announced that "a group of Johns Hopkins students" had invited Wallace to speak there, implying that the students acted in response to university's refusal to let Wallace addr the assembly. This maneuver was v publicized.

But when Wallace did speak it from a sound truck in front of the c pus. To win student sympathy as a m tyr to free speech he implied in his sentence that the university had de him the use of Levering Hall and late his speech attacked the university's p dent. But a check with the city autho reveals that the permit for Wall street talk was issued even before req was made to rent Levering Hall, w obviously, it was never intended to This kind of chicanery doesn't foo dents for long.

Students League for Industrial De racy.—With 20 chapters, it is the pri Socialist organization, has the same osophical objectives as the Comm i.e., a classless society and people's ership of the means of production the two are in violent opposition SLID insists that "the revolutio achieved by peaceful, democratic and that these means are themselves important than the objectives. To d action left-wingers, who want their lennium right now, this is fainthe pussyfooting and they will have n it. Because its program is largely tional, SLID gives little offense.

American Youth for Democracy.— AYD stimulates most of the charg collegiate Communism. This is par cause the AYD objectives and pr are no thorn in the side of the Com nist party and partly because AYD lier this year was publicly describe the House Committee on Un-Am Activities as a Communist front, f in 1943 with the same ideology a much the same personnel as the Y Communist League. It was orga within 24 hours after YCL was di to conform with shifts in Communi icy.

I put this question to an AYD m who admitted to me that he was a munist: "How many AYD studen Communists?" About 15 to 20 per he told me, on the basis of his in knowledge of AYD college clu wasn't necessary to ask whether controlled the organization. He ha ready observed that, in student g as among others, "10 per cent of members did most of the work and ran the show."

Exiled From the Campus

Both the influence and size of college groups have been somewhat gerated. Two thirds of AYD men are not in college. There are less 4,000 members in the 65 college cha But of these, 25 clubs have been ba from campuses and at least ten hav yet received recognition. To be ba is a serious handicap. Inability t bulletin boards, the newspaper, me rooms and other facilities weakens college club almost to impotence Ohio State, for example, the ban AYD meets across High Street fro campus in a Unitarian church of Reverend Frank G. Ricker is pasto a recent meeting of this group only students showed up.

"After I heard that," a student tol "I stopped worrying."

Most politically active students demn the banishment of AYD even emphatically than they condemn itself. An undergraduate told m university that is afraid of a few ra can't have much faith in itself. We to hear all kinds of opinions." Sai other, "We'll run into Commies in life, won't we? The sooner we lear to handle them the better."

Although colleges vary widely i dent political attitudes—usually r ing the opinion of parents—on no campus that I visited does any cons

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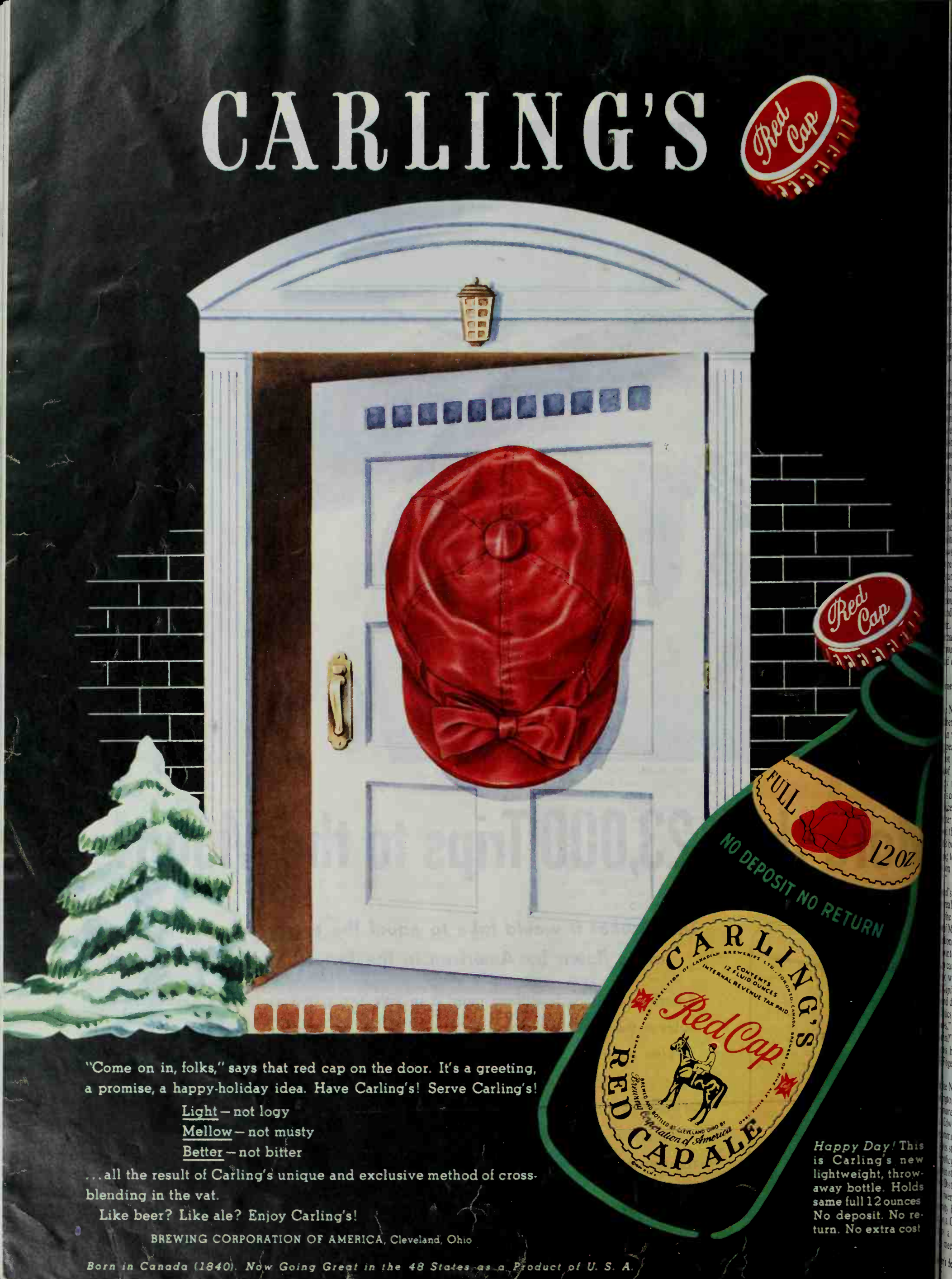

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...communist or radical group exist... there been any alarming in... At some schools it is actually ...thing. Two years ago an AYD ... was started at Missouri. But there ... enough interest to keep it alive. ...ll no application to renew its char... made.

...described as a hotbed of Com... and soon to be investigated is ...versity of Chicago, one of few ...institutions where real political free... permitted both faculty and stu... Because its students are unusually ... there is no emphasis on sports ... social fraternity whirl) and unu... "selfish," Chicago should provide ...fficient opportunity for Communi... activity.

...the investigation are likely to be ...nted. There is a Communist ... with Steven Bryant as president. ... works openly and officially "to ... to the campus the principles and ...-day implications of Marxist the... The members are assiduous letter ... and frequently express their point ... on current issues in letters to the ... publication, the Maroon, and to ...versity figures. But what hampers ...fectiveness is that from the huge ... student body of this metropoli... versity they have been able to en... only eleven members.

...compares with a membership of ... the University of Chicago's anti-Political Economy Club, of 150 in the ...Social Science Club, of 800 in the ...an Veterans Committee, of 200 ...d World Federalists, of 49 in the ...ety of Reconciliation ("those ...lieve in love as the effective force ...reforming society"), of 30 in the ...an Youth for Democracy, 112 in ...ng Progressive Citizens of Amer... 71 in Students for Democratic ...

...arked one observer: "Hotbed of ...nism indeed. Chicago is just a ... of precocity."

...ell's Communism Is Academic

...Number One Cornell Communist ...n Fogel, a mild-mannered man ... who wears horn-rimmed glasses ...eaks dispassionately on obscure ... philosophy with a slight sugges... a lisp. Very little left-wing ...takes place at Cornell without ...on-operation or endorsement. He ...e-chairman of AYD, secretary... of the History Club and presi... the Marxist Discussion Group, a ...roup of 25 who are organized, ac... to a bland official university de... to "discuss the ideas of Karl ...

...'s description is only slightly ...listic. "Our object," he says, "is ...e philosophical and political the... Marx before the campus for con... ...." But the Cornell group—like ...mpert at Harvard—conducts ...campus classes in Marxism which ...wholly disparage the tenets of ...ism. They also organize meet... debates on abstruse topics such ... of Socialism," "Oppression of ...," and "Is Socialism Possible in ...?" During the past year 1,500 ... have attended such meetings. ...gal hopes, been influenced by ...

...Northwest at the University of ...ton, Communist activity is some... more marked but no more effec... Orvin Alexander, organizer for ...mmunist party in Seattle, who co... student activity with headquar... there, claims there are thirty ...ist members in the party Uni... District Branch and probably un... twenty in Union Bay Village, ... housing project. In addition ... a Communist faculty club with ... a score of members. These ...ents privately keep their mem... ...ership secret and only occasionally get behind a public meeting, as when the Communist national chairman, William Z. Foster, spoke at the Seattle Civic Auditorium, September 24th.

But student Communists at University of Washington have an unhappy, even perilous time. When caught distributing handbills by other students, they are subject to extralegal but thorough and immediate punishment.

The dean of one liberal college told me that campus Communism would neither undermine our schools nor subvert our students. "What is more likely to do harm," he added, "is the alarming increase in anti-Semitism among students. Intolerance has always been a more formidable enemy to society than Communism ever will be."

Signs of Anti-Semitic Feeling

I looked into it. In the East, gentile undergraduates generally are undisturbed by the increase in Jewish students. But they seldom seek out their friendship. In the Middle West, there is often an open hostility toward "Eastern Jews." But this has less to do with race than with individuals. Said one college official, "We get the second-raters. The best of them get their pick of Eastern schools and the rest come to us. They have a superior attitude and try to run everything on the campus. They look on us as dumb farmers. Naturally we resent it. They give us trouble."

At the University of Missouri the editor of a student publication made a personal check on undergraduate attitude. "For a week, every time I talked with other kids," he told me, "I made it a point to make some disparaging remark about Jews, obviously going out of my way to make cracks. Ninety-nine times out of 100 my remark was not criticized but was actually used as a foundation for a further slur. We may not be typical but we're sure anti."

At the University of Iowa resentment flared to such an extent that a Jewish faculty member was attacked and beaten by students.

Not always are violent demonstrations indicative of a general attitude. At Minnesota, offensive signs were painted on campus buildings, the mildest of which was "Kill the Jews." The F.B.I. found the outbreak to be the work of only one student, a veteran who claimed he had been oppressed by Jewish officers during the war.

Anti-Semitism is a social problem and rarely stems from campus leaders. The veterans don't believe in it, they think they went to war because big wig was pushing little around. Nonveterans find such concepts in conflict with the ideals which stimulate their thinking.

Extremes of intolerance and of radical thinking are no more today as in the raccoon-coated Ivy College of the goldfish-swallowing era. There is still plenty of college spirit, but, inside, it has crystallized the new idea expressed by one student. "So little effort, so few changes, would make such tremendous improvements in this world. It seems we all ought to try to do something."

That young man—and the 150,000 other leaders like him—will come out of college better equipped to make those changes than any other group of students in history. Never was our academic atmosphere more favorable, never have young people been more receptive. Neither Roosevelt nor Truman nor Marshall nor Dewey nor Taft nor any other leaders today developed from surroundings of such favorable portent.

And perhaps there is the extra promise of realism in the remark of a young World Federalist. "I don't want to be President," he said fervently, "but please, God, just for a little while, let me be Secretary of State."

THE END

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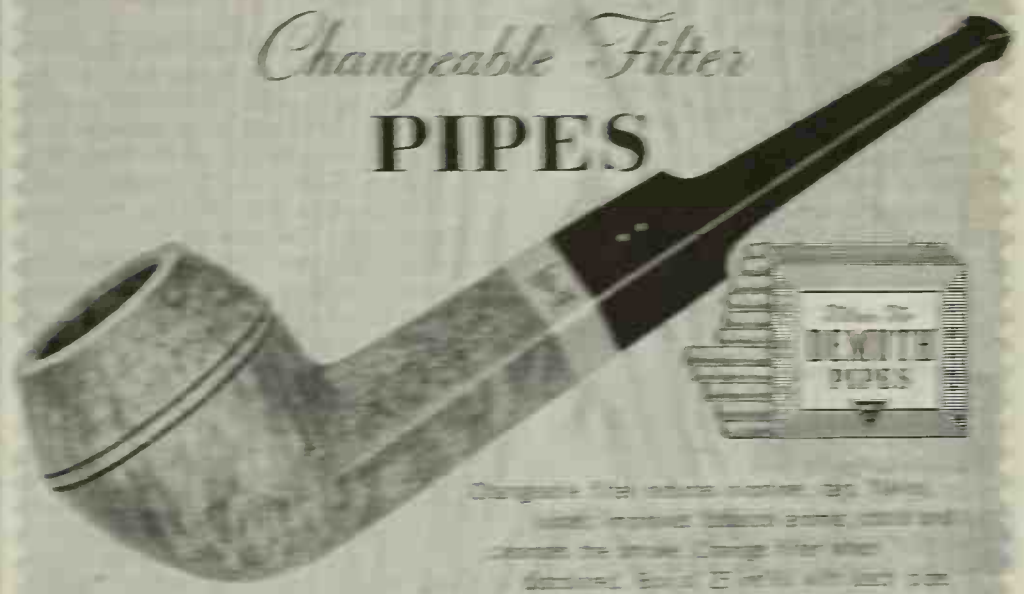

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JOLLY TIME POP CORN

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THAT'S what Pin Money Club members are doing right now! Ever since 1908 our Club has been helping girls and women readers of this great magazine to make money in spare time.

So, if you are thinking, "Where's the money coming from," to pay bills and taxes and meet today's high cost of living, send a card or letter for our free folder, "*There's Money For You.*" It will help you join us now.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Department C-11
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

A DISH OF APPLES

Continued from page 80

"Just till you get the book finished?"

"That's it," I said, "just till I get the book finished." I didn't tell him that now the book would never be finished.

Well, that had disposed of Chris, but I felt like a lying heel for putting it over on the kid that way.

So that was my start at facing realities. I followed through by going back to the office. The boys were swell—no prying and probing, no windy condolences. Just a handshake or a touch on the shoulder, and, "Sorry, Ken" or, "A tough break, guy." And after that, strictly business. As Harriet said, life goes on. . . .

I turned out the light and closed the door gently on that room. I stood in the dark hall, thinking about Chris. A quiet boy, Chris—nice manners, a nice kid.

I remembered Irene saying one time, "Ken, I wish you and Chris knew each other better." No, Irene wasn't complaining. It was just a wistful thought. I always got on fine with Chris, but with the hours I had to keep, we never had much chance to get chummy. And sometimes I felt a little awkward with Chris. I figured he might resent my trying the paternal stuff. Chris knew I wasn't his real father—that his real father was dead.

Well, the next seven days were going to be a lonely and haphazard time for the boy. Anyway, Chris wasn't a jittery kid. He was sturdy, self-reliant. Irene's recipe for children was lots of love, but no coddling, no wrapping up in apron strings. All week I'd been amazed at the way Chris could look after himself.

I went into the little sewing room I'd fixed up as an office when I started writing my novel. I had to get busy and turn out my fight story for the morning column. But it knotted up my insides to look around the little room again, to see the manuscript of my half-finished novel stacked neatly on the desk.

THE book had been Irene's idea. I'd told her about a man I knew—the story of his life, the inside story. And I laughed when Irene said I ought to make a book of it. Knocking out a sports column was one thing, writing a novel was something else. And where would I get the time?

"You could do it, Ken," Irene said. "Start it. Write a couple of pages a day," she pleaded. "Just to please me?"

So that's how the book got started. It was tough work, and I bogged down badly until Irene came to the rescue. Irene told me to pretend I was just talking to her, telling her the story. And the idea worked—it worked out fine.

"Now you've got it, Ken!" Irene said, and there were tears in her eyes. Irene was so proud of the book—so proud and happy every time I added another page, another chapter.

I sweated over that book every night, after I came home from the paper. And no matter how late I finished, Irene always came in with a pot of black coffee and a dish of apples on a tray.

The coffee was for me, the apples for Irene. While I sipped my coffee, she'd sit there across the desk, biting into a big red apple while she read the new script. Now and then she'd glance up at me and smile, with a slow dimple breaking in her cheek. Then she'd take another crunch of apple and go on reading.

We didn't have a title for the novel. It was just The Book. It was going to do wonderful things for us. It was going to buy us a house in the country, and leisure time and gracious living. And later, when Chris was old enough for college, we were going to pack up and go see for ourselves if the world was really round.

I didn't know then what an act Irene was putting on. Only later, I found out from Doc Grayson that Irene had known it was only a matter of time for her—a short time. All I knew was that Irene and I had moved even closer to each other, that she had her heart shining in her eyes; her voice was as gentle as the touch of velvet. I looked at the pile of neatly typed sheets and I hated them, thinking of the hours of work they represented—hours I could have shared with Irene.

I slammed the script into a desk drawer. I opened the typewriter and started pounding out the story of how Red Cavanagh had knocked out Danny Petrucci. I didn't give a damn about either of them. I didn't give a damn about anything in the world.

So I finished the job, and slapped the cover back on the machine. I was checking through the story when I smelled something. I jumped up, sniffing, startled. It smelled like coffee.

It was coffee, and the smell of it gave me an awful jolt, as if time had suddenly turned a somersault. I went down the stairs on rubber legs. There was a light in the kitchen, and Chris in pajamas and bathrobe, making coffee on the gas stove.

"What goes on, Chris?" I asked.

"Coffee," he said. "It's for you." He looked at me, sleepy-eyed, half grinning in a sort of embarrassed shyness. "Mom—Mom told me that any time you were working late on the book, and I was awake, I was to get up and put the coffeepot on." I guess Chris saw the queer look on my face, because he added anxiously, "It's—it's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure—sure it's all right," I said, trying to get the choke out of my voice. Everything inside me was suddenly topsy-turvy.

"It'll be ready in a minute," Chris said. "I'll bring it up."

"Okay," I said, and I got out of there fast. I needed a minute or two alone to get myself pulled together.

In a little while Chris came up the stairs. He had the stuff on a tray, fixed just like Irene always fixed it—coffeepot, cup, saucer, spoon, napkin. No sugar, no cream. And Irene's little silver dish with the apples. Three apples—always three apples. "One to eat, two to look at," Irene always said.

It was like seeing a ghost. My hand was shaking as I poured the coffee. I stared at Chris. "When did your mother tell you about this—about the coffee?"

"Oh, a long time ago," Chris said. "It was the day Mom sent for Doctor Grayson. After he went, Mom told me she might get sick and have to go away—and if she did, I was to help you—"

Chris' eyes began to moisten, and his tongue stammered, and I said quickly, "So she showed you how to make coffee, Chris?"

The kid nodded, biting on his lip.

"It's fine, Chris," I said. "You c
tainly made a good job of it. . . . And
told you about the apples, too?"

Chris nodded. "Mom said not to f
get the apples. Three apples, in the sil
dish. And always wash them first—"

I couldn't say anything, I couldn't e
swallow the lump in my throat. To Cl
it was just three apples in a dish, but
me it was Irene speaking—Irene wh
pering to me to remember, to pret
that she was still there, across the d
from me—

BUT it wasn't Irene. It was Ch
eleven-year-old Chris, and all
sleepiness in his eyes couldn't cover
the loneliness and lostness that was h
den there. I blurted out the first th
that came into my mind—I asked Chr
he'd like to have an apple.

He reached out and took one. He
into it, a slow, crunching bite, just
way Irene used to do, with the same
sorbed, meditative look. I noticed
lashes, long and curved. Irene always
Chris looked like his father, but I
now that he had Irene's clear brown e
and Irene's lashes.

And I saw something else—that as l
as Chris was in this house, there
something of Irene, too, something
even death couldn't take away. I
must have known that, when she w
pered, "Never forget the apples, Chr
three apples, on the silver dish."

"Chris," I said gently, "maybe
made a mistake. About sending you
to Aunt Harriet's. Maybe you'd ra
stay here—with me. Just the two o
together. Would you like that better"

Chris made a choking sound as
gulped the bite of apple. He bit har
his lip, trying not to cry. But two t
came sliding down his cheeks. "Y-y
he stammered. "Oh, yes!"

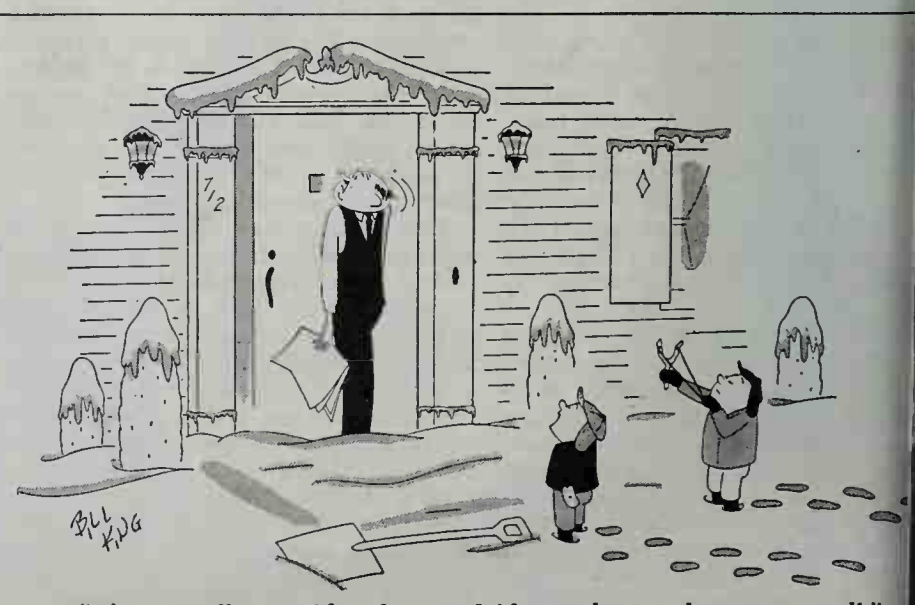
"Okay, Chris," I said. "We'll stick
gether. We're going to run into s
knotty problems, but we can make it
of a game, Chris. And once we get
book finished—"

I saw it all clearly then. I coul
more for Irene than just finish our b
Chris was also writing a book—the l
of his life, a page a day. I could
Chris through those first faltering c
ters, show him how to hold the
teach him to write with a firm, bold h
Irene would like that, best of all.

Chris' voice cut into my expan
dream. "Dad, your coffee's getting c

I lifted the cup and drank. It was
ble coffee, overbrewed, strong as
with sludge on the bottom and
grounds floating around on top. It
the finest cup of coffee I ever tasted.

THE END



"It's generally considered a good idea to let us clean your walk"

COLLIER'S BILL K

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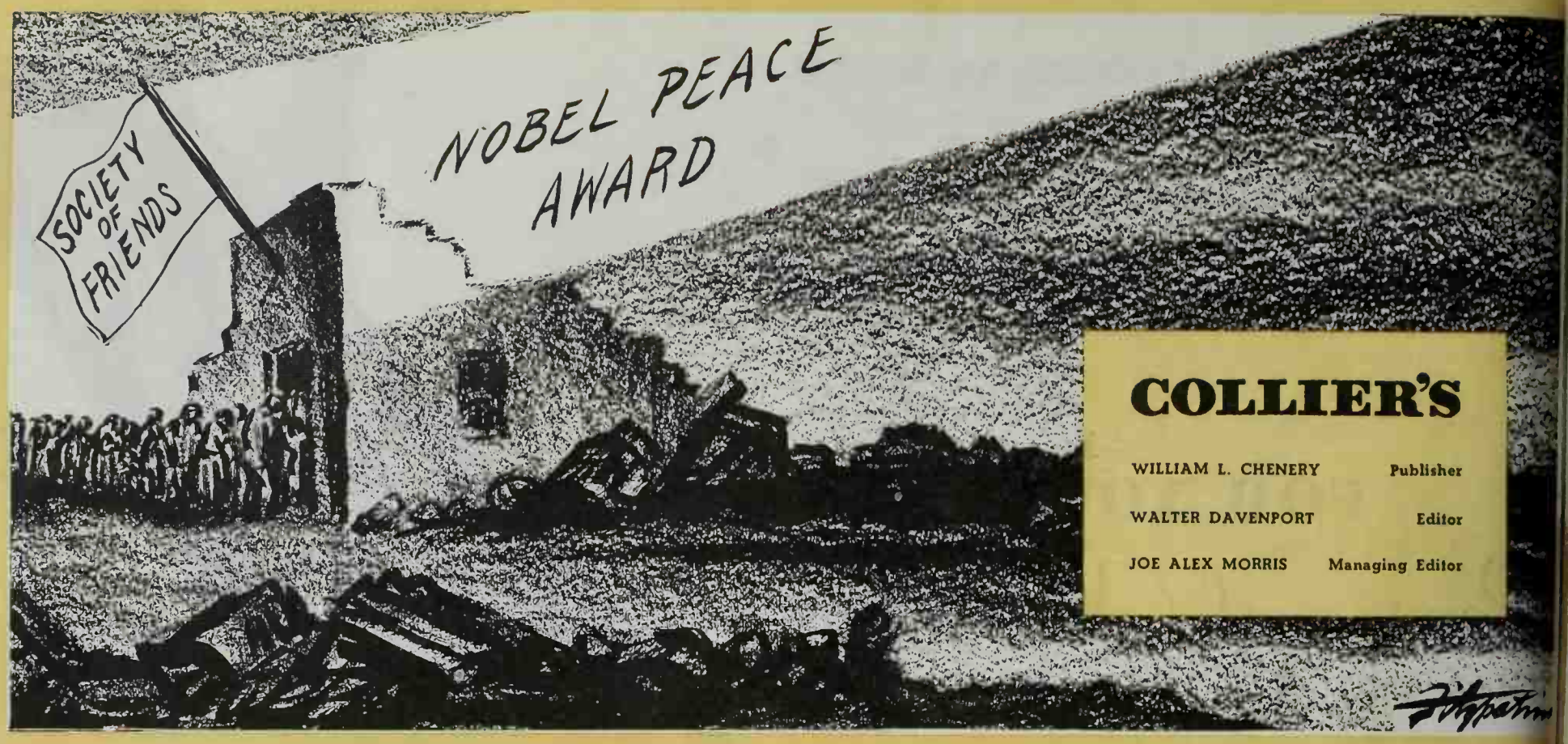

REAL PEACE WORKERS REWARDED

WE DON'T know when any news item has gratified us more than the recent announcement that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1947, by unanimous vote of the prize committee, had been awarded to the London Friends Service Council and the American Friends Service Committee—share and share alike in the total prize of almost $40,000. The Friends are far better known by the familiar name of Quakers—meaning the church adorned by such members as Herbert Hoover, Dr. Rufus Jones, Clarence E. Pickett and David Hinshaw, among many others.

For our money, these people are genuine believers in and workers for peace. They have been at it for 300 years this year; ever since the Friends' founder, George Fox, laid down the principles that war is an egregious crime any way you look at it and that the highest human virtue is practical helpfulness toward one's fellow man, no matter what his creed or color or politics or how he wears his hat.

The Quakers haven't succeeded in abolishing war, God wot. But in and between wars they have conducted huge and shrewdly managed relief operations—more than $60,000,000 worth, for example, in more than 20 countries since World W They were even able to get permission from thoroughly brutalized Nazi government to do important charity work in Germany in the last years before World War II.

We aren't trying to proselyte for the Qu don't belong to the group ourselves, and ha present notion of joining up. We just wan proffer the sincerest congratulations to both Friends and the Nobel Peace Prize Committee what seems to us as fitting and merited an awar that committee ever has made.

LET'S BE NICE TO DE GAULLE

AMONG the safest bets one could make at this writing would be a bet that General Charles de Gaulle, for better or for worse, is the coming top man in French government circles. De Gaulle's sensational successes in the recent French municipal elections, on a straight-out platform of no compromise with Communists, brought his political stock overnight from far below par to far above.

That being the case, wouldn't it be politic for our State Department to hush-hush such of its employees as dislike De Gaulle?

True, the general is a moody, opinionated France Firster who likes to compare himself more than favorably with St. Joan of Arc, and with whom many a diplomat finds it hard to get along.

It is also true, though, that this wartime inspirer and heartener of the powerful French underground is in peacetime the idol of great numbers of French voters. If anybody can save France from the Communists, De Gaulle can. The cardinal aim of the Marshall Plan is to save all Western Europe from the Communists.

Why, then, shouldn't our government overl General de Gaulle's peculiarities, pay due respe his crotchets, and treat him with the deference w he considers his due? We shouldn't give him much, of course, if and after he becomes the of headman in France; but it would be foolish to s or irritate him unnecessarily.

The man is pro-American politically, and Eu is so short on pro-Americans just now that we' smart to butter up any and all of them that we find.

MAKE IT UNANIMOUS

IT'S much to be hoped, we think, that Congress at its next session will make the community-property principle applicable to all federal income taxes.

Under this system, now in force under the laws of only a few states, husband and wife can file separate returns on one half of the family income apiece, and thus keep the total tax lower than if only one return were filed on the entire income.

These state laws are 99 per cent certain not to be repealed. Why not, then, make it unanimous, and thereby wipe out this unfair advantage in favor of taxpayers in the community-property states?

True, the proposed change would not benefit taxpayers in brackets below $3,300 a year. Therefore, to make it palatable to all federal income taxpayers, it would have to be packaged with other reductions in favor of the low-bracket group.

But it looks like a highly desirable change theless. It would do two things:

(1) take an estimated $700,000,000 to $900, 000 worth of pressure per year off middle- upper-bracket people, increasingly hard press inflation, and

(2) release a considerable portion of that am for investment in new enterprises or busines pansion. Let's have it.

KEEP PUNCHING AT T.B.

JUST a reminder: Don't forget to buy plenty of National Tuberculosis Association Christmas seals this year, for decorating Christmas packages, letters, cards, etc.

These little stamps help enormously in financing one of the most important and effective crusades in the history of U.S. medicine—the war on T.B.

When the NTA was formed in 1904, tuberculosis was the champion killer among diseases in this country. Since that time, T.B. has sunk to seventh place.

The disease still, however, is far too prevalent— knocks off about 50,000 of us a year—and per public education in its early detection and trea is a MUST if T.B. is eventually to be cut t irreducible minimum in the United States.

Why not double your customary Christma purchase this year?

Collier's

DECEMBER 27, 1947

TEN CENTS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

A STAR TO LIVE BY

A veteran revisits his chaplain

PAGE 11

WE ARE PLOWING A NEW DUST BOWL

PAGE 12

PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF

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Now beer and ale
to Mr Dorsett bottles
that you don't
take back

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I made 'em prove that the new MOTOROLA Auto Radio is better . . . and they did!

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COLLIER'S

December 27, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAI

PEACE ON EARTH

DEAR SIRS: After reading Frank Gerv article What's Wrong With U.N.? (25th) I am convinced that its princ office consists in its revelation of the m status of those concerned in the prese tion of peace. Irresponsible people start a world conflagration but to rem the risk it may take the eternal vigilanc all people. None may evade the risk a pleasure. The way to conquer an enem to know it for what it is. In this the U ably assists. Until better machinery be provided let us not scrap the U.N.

Peace cannot reign in a region of d ness. Much light is needed to clear paths for peace everywhere.

C. F. EMERSON, Pembina, N. D.

WRECK OF TECH

DEAR SIR: After each look at the Nov cover I get madder and madder. A Stan Ekman should be boiled withou Wasn't he ever a young boy like th in the stadium? Didn't he ever have c hood disappointments and reverses th hoped to keep to himself and would rather died than have them come t attention of even his closest chum? Ekman flouts this lad's heartbreak. better see that Tech wins the remaind its games and get this fine lad, even yo 1 at his age, back in the clouds.

CLAUDE BITNEY, Milwaukee,

INCOME OUTGO

GENTLEMEN: Misunderstandings abou income tax like the one evidenced by I Withheld (The Week's Mail, Nov. shouldn't be put in print.

The amount of the income tax du never been a deduction, in computin due, against net income. If it were the start of what would happen wi married man with net income of $25 a year went to pay his tax of $191.3

Net income:	$250.0
Less: Personal exemption:	$ 1,000.00
Tax on $250,000 present rates:	191,339.50
	192.3
Balance: (On which Name Withheld would recompute tax):	57,6
Tax on such a "net income" of $57,660.50	30,9

Thus, if the original tax of $191,339.2 been withheld or paid in quarterly $250,000 a year would be in a posit

(Continued on page 41)

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Who is this Man?

PERHAPS you can guess, even before we give you a clue.

You may have met him first when he was taking an active part in putting over the Community Chest Drive in your town, or helping to raise Red Cross funds.

Being a good, solid citizen—and a home-town booster, too—he's the kind of man who likes to lend a hand at neighborly jobs like these.

In fact, the life career he has chosen for himself is that of helping people.

For example, there are hundreds of people—right in your town—who will evermore be grateful to him for having shown them the key to greater security and peace of mind.

And there are boys and girls—right in your neighborhood—whose dream of a college education is coming true, thanks to him.

There are widows, too, who are facing the future unafraid, because he helped arrange it that way for them . . . and many a work-weary businessman who has been able to retire to enjoy the carefree years that lie before him—all because of this man.

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GEORGE DE ZA

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Along the Paraná River in the Argentine, the religious needs of the 75,000 settlers are supplied by a fleet of seven "floating cathedrals." Except for the pilothouse, the entire superstructure of each vessel is a church, complete with a steeple containing a bell and surmounted by a cross.

Psychologists who have experimented with various kinds of animals state that most mature animals learn little or nothing from their fellow animals. For example, in one test in which several monkeys inexperienced with locks watched an experienced one obtain food numerous times by unlocking the door of a cage, none learned anything about it by observation. Each had to be locked in the cage and solve the problem by the trial-and-error method.

The most widely heard speech of all time was "Acres of Diamonds," a version of the idea that there are riches in your own back yard, written by the American educator and clergyman, Dr. Russell H. Conwell (1843-1925). During the last fifty years of his life, Dr. Conwell gave this inspirational lecture in person 6,000 times before 8,000,000 people who paid some $5,000,000 to hear it.

Of the several species of tapeworms that infest man, one of the most dangerous is the *Taenia echinococcus*, which may penetrate the brain and produce a tumorlike condition that can be fatal.—*By Henry Schmiel, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

For the study of objects traveling at high velocities, a movie camera that takes 11,000,000 pictures a second has been developed at the University of Rochester, N.Y. It so slows down action that if it were used to photograph a rifle bullet traveling one foot at 2,700 feet per second, the projection of the picture at normal speed would require almost three minutes.—*By G. M. Connell, Washington, D.C.*

A singular case that mystifi York detectives in 1938 was covery of the embalmed bo woman washed up on the sou of Long Island. After a we learned that six months bef woman, a foreigner, had die visiting relatives in New Yor wishing to follow a family had obtained a permit to bur sea. It was granted with the p that the casket be weighted do 500 pounds of iron and low miles from land. As this wa no one knew how the corpse e

In 1931 in Sydney, Austr eccentric named Harry Lasse several promoters how he, as prospector 30 years before, h covered a chain of rocks in the back country that contained sc 000,000,000 worth of gold. B the fantastic tale, they organ expedition and, led by Lasse out to claim the fabulous reef. failed to find it after a search c months, the leaders realized it only in the man's imaginati ordered their party home. Lasseter went on—and died o Despite the publicity given th attempts to locate the reef wer later by at least ten other expe and their rescues cost somethi $2,000,000.

Every Mohammedan is taug if he lives a righteous life on eternal rewards befitting a king his when he dies and goes to P There, after a feast of 300 cou will be endowed forever wi health and vigor of a young m then given a palace with servants and 72 gorgeous possessed of perpetual yout beauty.

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ERESA WRIGHT and DANA ANDREWS *o-starring in the Samuel Goldwyn Academy Award-winning film—"The Best Years of Our Lives"*

"—General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

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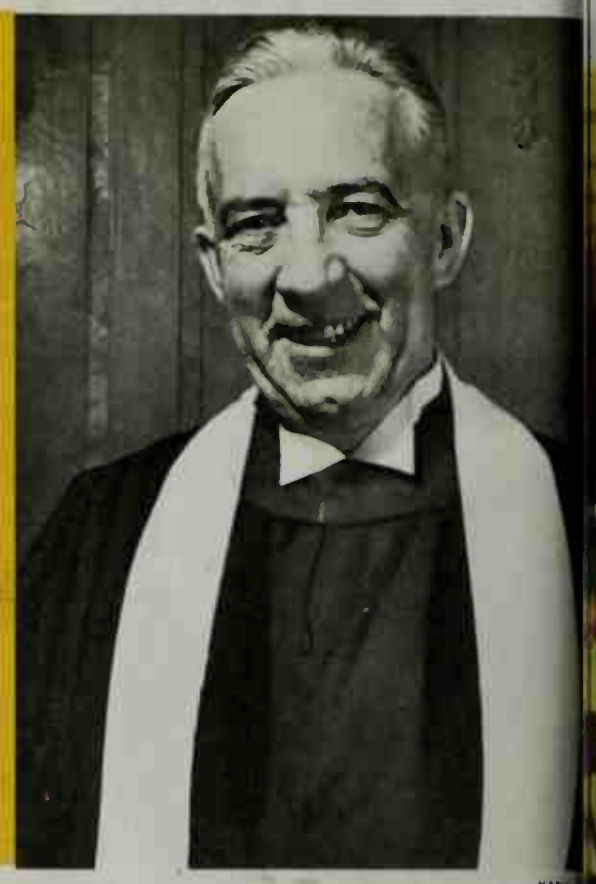
TRADE MARK REG.

THE WEEK'S WORK



Former Army Chaplain H. Lincoln MacKenzie of Greens Farms, Conn.

THE padre in Howard Whitman's A Star to Live By (p. 11) is the Reverend H. Lincoln MacKenzie of the Congregational Church of Greens Farms, Connecticut. Mac, as he is known to the world and his happy flock, is forty-nine, married, has been at the Greens Farms Church (founded in 1711) since 1939. From '42 to '45, he was an Army chaplain, serving with the 118th General Hospital in New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea and Leyte. He came home with a shipload of wounded in '45, aboard a Norwegian tanker, taken over by the Allies.

Whitman first met MacKenzie at the General Theological Seminary in New York, where Mac was catching up on the world, taking courses.

"Mac is contagious," Whitman enthuses. "He gives out so much, it's like being next to a radiator on a cold night. . . . He talks with a Scotch burrrr, and his deep-lined face works as he talks."

MacKenzie told Whitman of a Joe who got it near Port Moresby. When MacKenzie got to him, he could only utter sounds of pain and fear. MacKenzie held his arm and recited the Twenty-third Psalm. The soldier quieted. His face, MacKenzie said, "took on an expression of serenity."

Whitman asked, "What do you think when a fellow dies in your arms like that?"

"In that case I thought to myself," he answered, "this lad isn't really gone. Only his worldly cloak is gone. There's another part of him that's indeeestrrrructible."

THE editor's favorite nightmare is that Something Awful Has Happened to a subject after the magazine has gone to press. In the case of The Crusaders' Doggie (p. 59), a round-robin rumor had it that Holy Cross Coach Alvin Julian, hero of the piece, had suddenly left us. When finally tracked down, it appeared that Julian had merely suffered an attack of indigestion, sustained from participating too freely in the rubber-chicken, bullet-pea banquet circuit, a wheel he rides with vigor, if not *rigor mortis*. Julian loves to make speeches.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Joyce Micaela Kent is, in a way, responsible for Young Notes in New Carols on p. 20. Joyce boasts an I.Q. of 146. An accomplished composer, oddly she's just an average performer on the piano, ukulele and harp. Joyce c poses entirely by ear, taking a c of days to work out an idea, the ting her music teacher to set it for her. Her compositions— and music—range from fu marches to malagueñas. One of came to Collier's as a possible C mas feature. It got the editors to ing about new carols, and a inquiry showed there were p of them in our schools. The was a selection of five for publica

YEARS ago Morton Thom saw a woman under opiates d in a hospital with a man at her while a doctor said she had onl hour to live and should he brin back. "I never forgot it," says Th son, "although I left the room be I heard the answer. When I left lywood recently to return to w there it was in my notebook—al the answer. So I went to work on Last Word (p. 56)."

Thompson describes himself a beat-up ex-newsman and the re author of the movie My Brother T to Horses. He's married to Fra Pindyck, literary agent, and now l in Auburn, California, where "I hunting, fishing, prospecting and ing a book for Doubleday, Pindy Thompson, and writing for the m zines—all like mad!"

DICK FRIENDLICH got the for I Told You So (p. 40) all wittingly from his wife, Betty, in when he wrote her from Foggia, I where he was with Uncle Sam, to N Delhi, where she was with the O that he'd bet on the Browns to beat Cards in the World Series that y "She replied by air mail I must h rocks in my head," says Friendl "since even she knew the Cards w going to win. This keen perception the part of the girl who in seven y of wedded bliss with a sports w never indicated she knew third from an umpire, amazed me.

"Since then I have resumed my ties as third-string sports oracle of San Francisco Chronicle. My w writes radio scripts and keeps mouth shut, since Francia, one. our Scottie, Malcolm, make so m noise I couldn't hear her anyway.

This week's cover: Christma Peacetime, by C. C. Beall. And all heartfelt greetings to the readers Collier's. . . . TED SHAN

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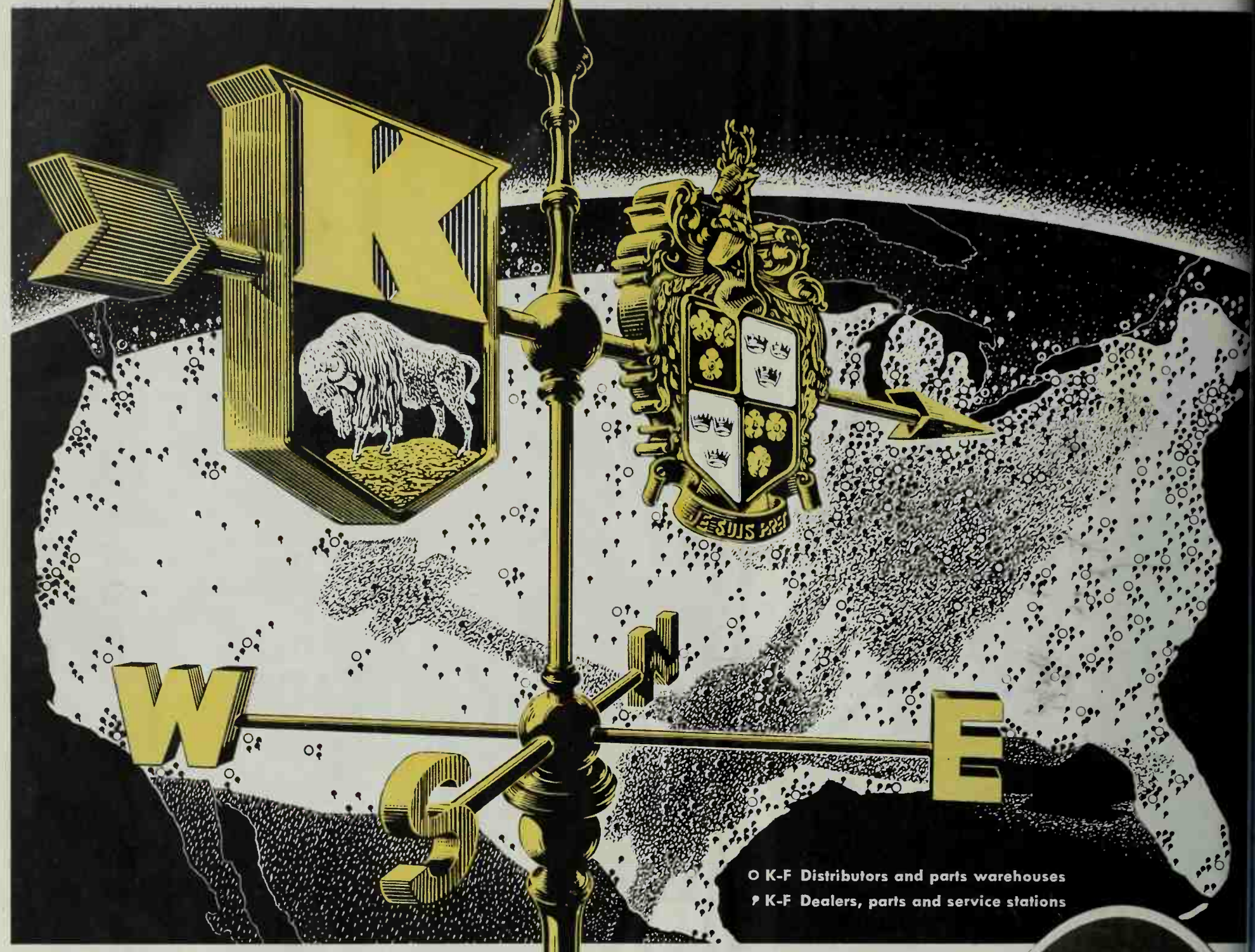

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A STAR TO LIVE BY

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

When Americans fought for the foxholes and the beaches and the jungle thickets all over the world, the chaplains gave them the faith to carry on. Can they still do it? What has the padre to offer Americans who are perplexed and doubtful at Christmas, 1947? What paths lead to safety and hope? The Reverend H. Lincoln MacKenzie was a wartime padre in the Pacific theater. But he did not leave his faith there. He came back to put it to work in the Congregational Church at Greens Farms, Connecticut. Here is a conversation between him and a veteran named Joe. It might be any chaplain — Protestant, Catholic or Jew — speaking. And Joe might be any American, including you.

JOE: So this is peace! I'm more confused now than I was at the front, Padre. And I'm more scared. Listen, Padre, what did we fight for? Out there in New Guinea when the going was rough I could talk to you. You gave me the answers. Who's got the answers now? The church and the synagogue? Oh, no, Padre. I go into the church with my problems—and what do I come out with? The same problems!

Padre: Religion is failing you, eh, Joe?

Joe: And how!

Padre: Maybe you have a legitimate gripe there, fellow. A good many of us clergymen are counting noses in the churches instead of getting out with our people and wrestling with what ails 'em.

Joe: That's what I mean, Padre. In the war we were scared, we were homesick, maybe we had trouble with our wives or sweethearts—whatever it was, you padres had the answer. Where are you now? That's what I want to know! Where are you now?

Padre: Too many of us are in our studies, writing sermons. You're right, Joe, we ought to be out in the parish. We ought to be ringing doorbells. We ought to be making religion live.

Joe: You agree with me, Padre? My gripe's okay?

Padre: Sure I agree with you. I'm trying it in my own parish. I go out calling any time of the day, same as in New Guinea.

Joe: But what can you tell them, Padre? You can't make sense out of a cockeyed world. You can't dress up this mess we're in and make it pretty.

Padre: How old are you, Joe?

Joe: Thirty-one.

Padre: You haven't lived long enough to see that we've had messes like this before. We've come through. The thing that brings us through is our convictions, Joe—the things we believe in. When we're not sure what we believe in, we get confused and our minds are fogged. That's when we grow afraid.

Joe: We're in a real pea-soup fog now, Padre.

Padre: We are. We used to have convictions about God. When man was a few hundred years younger, he felt he was a big shot and that his earth was the center of the universe. He believed that God personally made him in His own image, and personally watched over him. Then science kicked over the applecart. Our own little earth has come to seem very insignificant in the plan of things, and man feels quite deflated.

Somebody tells us we are descended from monkeys. Somebody else says we came from sea scum. Today most people don't know where God fits into the picture. They don't know whether they came from Adam and Eve, from monkeys, from sea scum—or what not.

Joe: Well, what about it, Padre? I ran a radar station in New Guinea. *(Continued on page 53)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

WE ARE PLOWING A NEW DUST BOWL

BY WESSEL SMITTER

The big Diesels are breaking the plains with gang plows sixty feet wide and already the 1947 drought has warned that the rain cycle is ending. Soil experts say you can look for the dust storm any time now

EWING GALLOWAY

Huge gang plows like this, which turns over 4½ acres an hour, are opening th pattern, land for the golden flood of wheat. When dry days come, this land will blow erosion h

IN CENTRAL Kansas, in Oklahoma, Nebraska and Texas they still tell stories about the dust storms that swept out of the Great Plains back in the thirties and spread a pall of gloom across half a continent. There is the one about a gopher that burrowed nine feet up above the ground before realizing that it was no longer on terra firma. There is the one about the farmer in Kansas who developed a reputation as a soil taster by sticking his moistened hand out of the window, sampling the mud on his finger, and saying, "That's Texas going by."

They are old-timers, mostly, who tell these grim jokes, but the old-timers are not the only ones who remember what it was like to cough mud, to eat from a cloth-covered can, or to wake up in the morning and find one ear filled with sand. It is barely fourteen years ago that the first dust storm brought disaster to the Great Plain and drove men to lengthy and expen sive measures which, they were sure guaranteed that America would neve again choke on its own topsoil.

The Great Plains are probably na ture's richest gift to the farmer. Mo than 1,200 miles deep and averagin some 500 miles in width, they contai some 400,000,000 acres, about a fift of the total land in the United State More than a quarter of this vast acre age is almost ideally suited to the pro duction of wheat; nearly all of it i the kind of land that the hill farme in the Ozarks, the sharecropper in th deep South, or the stone picker o his small plot of ground in New Engl land is likely to call up in his dream

Its eastward slope is just right fo good drainage, there are no hill swamps, rocks or gulleys to speak of

U.S.D.A.

pattern, made by contour plowing, provides more than a pretty picture: erosion has been stopped by farmers and the U.S. Soil Conservation Service

U.S.D.A.

Dust storms like this darkened the skies of the thirties, smothered many a farmer's livelihood, ruined great areas of U.S. farmland. They may come again

r temperatures are just right to pests and plant diseases under ol, and the natural fertility of the such that farmers do not know it is to lay out money for fertiliz- nd even today, land that has cropped for a quarter of a cen- s still capable of producing 20, 40 bushels of wheat per acre after year without an ounce of plant food.

addition to this, the land offers d footing for heavy machinery adaptable to large fields. All of adds up to a couple of facts, y, that the Great Plains repre- machine-minded farmer's Uto- nd a bountiful source of food e American consumer.

U.S. Soil Conservation Service -sometimes they are called men in their home towns—are ed about this farmer's paradise. The question about which they are most concerned today is: Are we headed for another Dust Bowl in the near future? Nearly all those I talked to were men whose work keeps them in close contact with what is going on today on the plains. All those I talked to said yes. And most of them added that it will be worse this time; that it will be more difficult to bring the wild land under control. All this in spite of the new soil-control techniques that have been learned in recent years.

Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson recently stated, "What is happening today closely follows the pattern of the disastrous plow-up after World War I that gave us first a bankrupting surplus and then a horrifying Dust Bowl."

What was the pattern then? What is it now?

At the time of World War I, there was a sudden food shortage and a world-wide demand for more wheat. Then as now, the wheat growers did a magnificent job during the war. Rain fell when needed. For three straight years wheat topped the two-dollar mark, and farmers had money to spend for more land and newer machinery.

But the big expansion did not come during the war; it came later. Records show that wheat plantings were less than 50,000,000 acres in 1917. Two years later that figure had topped the 70,000,000 mark and was still spiraling upward. A lot of this increase was due to a change in farming techniques.

"There had been a revolution in farming," a seventy-year-old Kansas farmer said, "and nobody knew it. The gasoline engine and the rubber tire put the horse on the shelf. I used to keep 22 head the year round. Used to keep 200 acres in hay, oats and pasture, but when I got a tractor, a combine and a couple of trucks, I got rid of every horse on the place and put all that extra land into wheat."

Multiply this farmer's experience by that of a million others working the plains, and you have most of the story. There were others, of course: lawyers and doctors who bought land and machines and got into the wheat game, but in the earlier postwar boom, it was mainly the farmer who turned the grasslands into wheat fields.

Prices broke in 1920, but plantings continued to be heavy for three or four years. Plans had been made, new machinery bought, and farmers hoped to beat the unfavorable market by hammering down costs. It didn't work. In the early thirties the price of wheat fell to thirty-five, twenty-five, and then twenty-four cents a bushel. Two-bit

(Continued on page 64)

U.S.D.A.

These sand dunes, some 100 feet high, are end product of heedless plowing

THE NEXT HILL

BY JOHN C. NEFF

Thirst can kill a man in the desert
—and a selfless love can save him

THE wolf's howl came again through the black night. Jed had allowed his head to rest on his knees, but now he sat up. Easily, so as not to frighten the horses, he moved his long arms about, to get the chill out of them. From somewhere in the north, and a little more to the west, came the wail of another wolf.

Jed Dodge stood up, working his dry mouth. He removed the smooth pebble that had been under his tongue all night and swallowed. Then he put it back again. It would be morning in a little while. He hadn't much time left. He had taken the whole night, just thinking about it.

Suddenly he left the horses and mules and stepped over to where the water barrel rested at the rear of his father's wagon. Again he paused. He listened. There was no sound but the eerie murmur of wind touching the dead buffalo grass and the still-warm sand. There was no sound from the wagon except the rough snoring of his parents. It was the way they used to snore after an exhausting day in Mister Landemere's lush, rich fields way back in Ohio. It meant they wouldn't wake easily.

Jed let out his breath and relaxed. He had little difficulty in lifting the water barrel down to the ground, for it was not half full. He carried it several paces from his father's wagon and set it on the ground. Then he went noiselessly to the front of Missus Cotter's wagon. In a few minutes he was back, carrying a small jug, the one poor Sam Cotter had kept his whisky in. When he had filled it to the brim, he returned it to the Cotter wagon. No one, now that Sam was gone, would ever think of l ing into it for water. Quickly, Jed lifted the b back onto his father's wagon. Then he once r began to pace back and forth beside the tiny c

From time to time he glanced at the long s of land immediately to the west. At sundow had climbed it. As it had been every day they crossed the Mississippi the sunset was bril But he'd come away disappointed. The old- who'd helped them outfit their wagons in St. L had told him that when he saw the mountains, t be almost at the river. He'd said reaching the and their first glimpse of the Colorado mour would occur in one day. After that, he'd said, troubles would be over. But they hadn't re the river. And Jed hadn't seen the moun

Frantically Jed sank his fingers into the sand. Mary brought him a pick. "Use this," she said, "and I'll get a spade from your father's wagon"

wasn't sure why, but his father and uncle were on him more each day. For years he had them talk about this wonderful journey from Landemere's Ohio farms to the unfenced m of what would be their own land in the do Territory. And in another year, in 1876, were saying Colorado would be a state! Free d been there for the taking for a long time. the war, gold in the mountains had drawn of men out there. But it was the chance of ing new farms that had inspired Esau Dodge ncle Harry Owen and Sam Cotter to travel rd. Besides, they'd got the wanderlust, Jed rd them say, during the war. It was in their nd it had to be satisfied. Neither man spoke w: They were despairing. Jed remembered how they came back from the war full of ideas and enthusiasm. Of course if they'd had money enough maybe they could have traveled on the railroad and they wouldn't have had to do this by wagon. But they didn't have money. They'd started out with their belongings—and hope. It was all gone now, that hope. Vanished. Maybe war did something to some men, Jed reasoned. Maybe it made them too anxious, too impatient, too tired. Maybe they lived so intensely during the war that this slow, plodding, dragging across the earth was by comparison a maddening thing.

Jed himself suffered from none of his elders' disenchantment. The goal of their journey was for him still a goal to be achieved. All his life he had been inspired and stirred by marvelous tales of the conquest of the West, of Carson and Frémont and Pike, of Indians now pacified, of the building of the railroads, of the founding of territories and new states . . . and always the men who had done these things were young—young like himself, young and heedless of disappointments.

Those other thousands had all succeeded: There was no reason why their own little train shouldn't succeed as well!

JED looked away from the night. On the eastern horizon lay a thread of light. It was the gray light that comes before dawn.

He sat down and watched it grow, and he saw it make a silhouette of Missus Cotter's ancient Conestoga wagon—the only wagon, now, without a man. Now that Sam was dead, Mary Cotter and her mother were alone. Things were doubly hard for them, for Sam had been good to his wife and Mary. From the time Jed's pa and Sam and Uncle Harry Owen decided to quit slaving for Mister Landemere and strike west for Colorado and farmland of their own, old Sam had been the life of the party. Sitting there on his wagon, he always sang to his wife. Even after they left St. Louis and reached the plains and everyone was struck by the idea that maybe they were lost, Sam kept right on singing to her. It was just as if he had been telling her not to worry, that what the man in St. Louis had said about getting lost was a lot of foolishness, that plenty of folks had crossed the plains and desert without a speck of trouble, and that he'd soon be building her a stout home on land they could call their own. He'd always sung softly to her, as if he wanted no one but her to hear. Now Sam was dead. There was no man in the Cotter wagon, no one to sing. . . .

"Jed, boy! Jed!"

Jed shook himself. He had fallen asleep. But a glance at the horizon told him it had been only for a minute or two. He looked up at his father's unshaven face.

"Mornin', Pa. Sleep?" He had to swallow once to get the words out.

For an answer Esau Dodge pointed a finger to the west. Jed looked beyond the wagons. There was no color on the horizon, no clouds, nothing at all but the rising sun. It'd be a scorcher again.

"Look, Pa. I'll drive Missus Cotter today. I could take the lead with her wagon, Pa."

The elder Dodge stood without speaking. He was a monument of indecision.

"I studied the stars last night," Jed went on, lying, "an' I reckon I know the right way now. Maybe I should take the lead, Pa."

"All right, son. You'n drive for Missus Cotter." Esau leaned closer and added, "She ain't rightly fit to be drivin'." He paused, looked off into space, and then went on, "Every day the sky's the same. Empty. Hot. An' I keep thinkin' how Harry an' I used to talk about this trip, how great it would be an' all!" He turned and looked at Jed. "But mind now, mind what I have to tell you now. . . ." His voice trailed off and Jed saw that he had forgotten what he meant to say. It was as if he no longer cared.

Uncle Harry Owen, a short, pudgy man, came up and planted himself in front of them. "What d'you make of it, Esau?"

"Dunno," said Esau.

Jed repeated what he'd told his father about the stars. "So I'll just be first today in Missus Cotter's wagon."

Uncle Harry puffed up. "Not on your life, you won't! I'll do the leadin'," he boomed petulantly. He looked westward, intently. It was as if he were trying to prove he knew all about leading.

"What about the horses, Jed?" Esau cried suddenly.

Until today Jed had herded them. "They'll stay close by, Pa." An idea flashed across his mind: Maybe the horses, left on their own, would lead them to water! He told this to his father.

"Maybe," said Esau, but his voice was flat. It had none of its old vigor.

"Then let's get started," cried Jed. "We're gonna see that river today sure. Then the mountains." He knew both men were staring at him as if he'd just gone loco. As though to prove he meant what he said, he stood on his toes and again peered westward. "We're gonna see that river today sure," he repeated.

The sun climbed higher and grew hotter and shriveled everything beneath it. Jed ran his tongue over his dry, cracked lips. He held the reins loosely in his hands and watched the waddling mules below him. He thanked God that mules could stand heat almost more than any other kind of team. He did not raise his gaze from their backs. There was little point—for ahead were his father's wagon and Uncle Harry's, and beyond them was the sizzling ocean of land. Everywhere the sky was colorless.

Suddenly Missus Cotter took to complaining again. She and Mary were under the stifling Osnaburg wagon sheet behind him.

"Sam, if we only hadn't left Ohio! I know—it wasn't ours, Sam. But there was grass, an' water was always in the well!"

Jed listened as Mary tried to calm the woman. She had a voice that was rich and full for her twenty years. It was a voice he could listen to forever.

"There, Ma, lie down now."

"But, Sam, if only we hadn't come! Remember how back home I used to sit on the porch an' rock quiet like."

"But, Ma, do lie down again." There was a trace of panic in Mary's voice.

The wagon went on, bumping and creaking. In any direction he looked, Jed could see waves of heat rising to the whitened sky.

"Sam, oh, Sam!" moaned the woman. "I believe I'm thirsty, Sam. Go out to the well for me, Sam."

Jed turned and looked under the wagon sheet. Mary was staring at her mother. Jed said, "I guess we'd best stop for a spell." Then he turned away. He didn't want to look at Mary just now. He didn't like seeing her this way. Not with her small blue eyes beginning to brim over with tears. "She's right tired, your ma is. We'd best stop." He began to draw in the reins.

"No! Don't stop. For God's sake, no!" Again there was that panic in Mary's voice.

"But the bouncing an' all. Maybe we best?"

"No, Jed. We got to go on. We must!" The panic was gone. It was as if she had drawn courage from his own doubt.

"All right," he said quietly. She must know, after all, that they couldn't stop now. There could be no stopping now, unless they reached the river. They must reach it before long. Before the water in the barrels went down, inch by inch, to nothingness.

"Sam! Stop them mules. Hear me, Sam?" Missus Cotter was sitting up now, thrashing her arms against her daughter's breast.

"Ma! It's *me*, Mary!"

Jed looked away. The mules waddled slowly forward.

"It's all right," whispered Mary after a little while. "She's asleep now." And then, above the wagon noises he heard her deep sigh.

ESAU DODGE'S big wagon groaned heavily up ahead. And beyond it, Uncle Harry's. Jed wondered how Mary and her mother stood it. For a moment he had a mind to sing to them. The songs Sam had sung. But he didn't. He saw it might frighten Missus Cotter more than ever.

In the middle of the afternoon, when Jed figured they had come about ten miles, the weather changed abruptly. At first he thought he must be seeing things. An enormous cloud appeared in the northwest, hugging close to the ground. It was jet black at its center and frayed grayish on its edges. That must be one of them rainstorms coming, like the man in St. Louis talked about, Jed thought. His father and his uncle must have seen it too, for they had stopped their teams. Jed drew his reins in, locked the brakes and got *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

RUSSEL WRIGHT

In Lower Silesia new nationals of Poland, like this girl, are pressing every member of each farm family into the task of making "recovered" territories pay off

PRESS ASSOCIATIO

Hitler's former arsenal in Upper Silesia is the core of Poland's new indus[tr]y Lachma life. Here molten steel runs from a furnace that was captured by the So[viets] rocław, w

THE POLISH DREAM

BY ERIKA MANN

MY VISA to Poland was granted within two days. With it, I received a letter from the Polish embassy at Prague warmly recommending me to all Polish authorities en route and giving assurance I could cross the boundary by automobile at whatever point I saw fit. My trip seemed to be getting off to an incredibly good start.

My road map indicated that a point near Jelenia Gora, formerly known as Hirschberg, would be the most logical spot for crossing the border. When I arrived in my ancient German Adler (vintage 1932) the usual formalities were quickly disposed of. My Czech visa, which was valid for a single journey and no more, was canceled and I proceeded through four kilometers of weed-infested no man's land toward what appeared to be a minor Maginot line.

The edge of Poland was spiked with a three-ply fence of wicked-looking barbed wire. From behind it Polish soldiers shouted a stern refusal to let me proceed. I demanded to see the commandant. In due course he appeared on the scene, elegantly dressed in an outfit of black and silver. The young man perused my credentials, commented politely on the excellence of their quality as diplomatic papers, and informed me, with regrets, that no one, not even an ambassador, would be permitted to cross the frontier at Jelenia Gora. The place to go, he said, was Frydlant, some 70 kilometers distant.

History repeated itself at Frydlant; the Poles refused to be moved by my plight. Once again frustrated Czech customs officials had to be talked into permitting me to cross back into their country.

Then, on the second day of what had begun to look like a really hopeless venture, I encountered a Czech patrol that was better informed than the officials with whom I had previously had contact. These men told me there were just three crossing points that were open to automobiles along the entire 758-kilometer Czech-Polish border. The nearest authorized frontier, they said, was at Náchod, 90 kilometers away. An hour after my Adler had limped into Náchod I was permitted to enter what Poland calls her "recovered territories."

The former German region in what is now western Poland, an area smaller than the land ceded by Poland to Russia but vastly more valuable, is the dreamland of the much-partitioned neighbor of the Soviets. The grant of 61,000 square miles was made at the Potsdam Conference in compensation for the 104,000 square miles in eastern Poland that went to Russia.

The new addition is rich in raw materials, in developed industries, and in agricultural assets. In the face of the destruction wrought there, the actual value of Poland's gains is hard to assess and probably lies below the Potsdam estimate of $9,000,000,000. Even so, this acquisition is worth substantially more than the lost lands behind the Curzon line, estimated to be $3,600,000,000. Potentially, at least, Poland is today one of the wealthiest countries in Europe.

Dispute Over Lands Foreseen

But these so-called recovered territories were likely to be among the most hotly disputed issues when a peace treaty with Germany came up for discussion. Would the land exchange agreed upon at Potsdam be considered permanent? The Poles, who stand ready to fight for their new hopes, would say yes—most emphatically yes. The Russians, who have never been popular with the Poles, would not hear of any further changes either. Germany, on the other hand, and with her, Poland's Anglo-American allies, were inclined to question the finality of the Potsdam settlement.

In defending her claim to what constitutes a third of her entire postwar territory, Poland was ready to insist that these territories are ancient Polish soil, which in the course of eight centuries the Germans acquired illegally by means of aggressive warfare; that they are indispensable to Poland, whereas Germany can manage [w]ithout them; that while Germany [m]ust derived the greatest possible be[nefit] from her eastern and northea[stern] possessions, Poland is eager and [ready] to develop and exploit these [lands] properly, to her own advantage as [well] as to that of Europe.

For the first couple of driving h[ours] after you get over the border, L[ower] Silesia does little to justify the [Polish] claim. Although villages, farmh[ouses] and country hotels in the areas [near] the border are comparatively in[tact] they seem all but uninhabited. A[bandoned] doned hamlets, untilled fields [and] roads disfigured by pits mark the [desolation] of a spooky landscape. More [than] two years have passed since its in[habi]itants fled. All German street n[ames] and signposts have been replace[d by] Polish letterings, which, of co[urse] bear no similarity to correspon[ding] markings on available maps. You [can] easily get lost in the silent maze.

Finally I became hopelessly m[ired] up and decided to park by the si[de of] the road and wait for help to c[ome] along. Night had fallen and I felt [quite] too cozy. An officer who was pa[ssing] by stopped at my hail and came [over] to the car. He was not entirely s[ober]. He squeezed his body hal[fway] through the door window and un[ceremoniously] attempted to open my [coat]. When I resisted he suggested, w[ith] broken accent, that since it was ge[tting]

WIDE WORLD

Lachmann, 27-year-old war nurse and one of the last of the Germans left in oclaw, works at collecting scrap iron for the Polish government steel trust

RUSSEL WRIGHT

Even though it seemed to the author that Polish farmers were well treated, men like this peasant resented their government and the "Russian archenemy"

New lands wrested from Germany by Russia make Poland potentially one of the wealthiest countries in Europe. Startlingly, a well-known journalist finds that hatred for the Soviet Union is almost universal among Poles in this hotly disputed territory

I had better join him in his quar-

leclined, and the man became so stent that I was forced to jerk my hto motion with enough abrupt- to shake him loose. He was tly hurt in the process, I was soon rn. The street down which I fled dead-end and when I turned back d another way out I encountered one but eight officers, including ersistent one.

top!" they shouted. "Stop, or we t!"

ng after I had halted they were ointing their weapons at me and n't like the nervous way in which did it. I decided on a small of- e of my own. Jumping out of r I raised my letter as if it were ld and at the top of my voice ned:

Watch out for yourselves, or you'll ceedingly sorry!"

Unwelcome Escorts

men were taken aback and low- their firearms. But they would t me proceed until four of them anned the running boards and st had formed an outer, walking ade against the danger they said ght contained. I felt anything ure and it was not until they one, suddenly, at the entrance to st, that I considered myself safe.

After numerous false turns and detours in the black woods I reached Walbrzych, the first sizable town on my route. It was breakfast time and I was very hungry. The embassy Poles had said I would be well fed wherever I went, but if this prediction was to prove no more reliable than their information on the boundary, my chances were slim.

I went into a restaurant, sat down and when the waiter approached asked doubtfully, in English first, then in French and finally in German:

"Eggs?"

"Ja wohl," replied the waiter. "Ham, too?"

He brought three eggs and a portion of ham the equivalent of the weekly ration of a large English family.

At a neighboring table two men were reading the morning papers. Secretary Marshall figured in the headlines. We got to talking.

They spoke German without an accent and, when they learned that I was a newspaperwoman, they wanted to know for what sort of newspaper I was working.

"A conservative one," I said, curious as to how they would take it.

The two smiled nostalgically.

"Conservative, oh, beautiful!" one of them said with great feeling.

They were not Germans, they stated. They were "autochthones"—Polish by ancestry and blood, although, like their parents and grandparents, born under German domination. More than one million autochthones live in the recovered territories, Germans who, owing to some remote Polish background, have been nominated Poles.

Of the 32,000,000 Poles Hitler set out to enslave, not more than 24,000,000 survived. Over 6,000,000 civilians including 3,200,000 Jews perished under the Germans.

Many Germans Stayed On

An acute man-power shortage prevented the postwar government from relieving the recovered territories entirely of their German population. The majority was expelled according to the provisions of the Potsdam agreement, but an admitted 400,000—specialists, mining engineers, technicians—were allowed to stay. Together with the autochthones they form about one third of the present population of the reclaimed areas.

My neighbors in the restaurant didn't like their government and said so fairly soon, if in very low voices. Nor, for that matter, did they like the Russians, whom they considered beasts.

"But we are at their mercy," they lamented. "Look at the Marshall Plan and the chances it offered our country. We wanted to go—even the government knew that we had better. But then the Soviets said no."

It deserves to be noted, though, that while in the early days of the Marshall talks this attitude was widespread among thinking Poles, including Socialists, it altered quickly and radically. By the end of August most Poles seemed to feel that the reindustrialization of Germany was America's real objective and that whatever aid non-German Europe might eventually receive would be too little, too late and too dearly paid for by a German power renaissance.

Figured at the official exchange rate, breakfast was expensive. The dollar rates 117 zlotys, and I paid 380 for my meal. Unofficially you can get up to 700 zlotys for one greenback, if you are ready to break the law and to search at great length for one of the few spots where such transactions take place. Poland's currency black marketeers can be sentenced to death if they are caught, and consequently they are not too easily found.

Except for a few beer-drinking soldiers, the autochthones and myself were the only guests in the place.

"People can't afford these prices," the waiter told me. "A skilled worker makes about 9,000 zlotys a month, just enough to buy twenty decent breakfasts."

(Continued on page 34)

IT WAS forty years ago, when Ella and I were only in the second grade, but I remember it vividly because it was the first time either Ella or I ever saw an automobile; it was the first time our Uncle Steve ever saw Miss Naney Hilton; and it was the first time Miss Nancy saw either Uncle Steve or Rosebud, the housebroke hog. It is impossible to say now who was the most impressed, but there is no doubt it was a remembering day all around.

Neither Ella nor I knew Miss Naney Hilton would come to our house in an automobile, but we knew she was comnig. The day before—that was a Friday—she had kept us after school. "I think it is neeessary," she said, "that I eall on your family."

I couldn't see any benefit in that. "We ain't got any family," I said, "except Uncle Steve."

Ella giggled. "And Rosebud," she said. Ella was my twin, and because we had been raised so close together I looked on her as another boy, or almost. Her hair was cut short (or at least as short as mine, which was cut whenever the spirit moved Uncle Steve to eut it) and she wore overalls the same as I did.

"Rosebud?" Miss Naney said. "Is she your aunt?"

"No'm."

"A little sister?"

Ella started to giggle again. "Rosebud ain't kin," I said.

Miss Naney eolored faintly. "Very well," she said. "Tell your uncle that I wish to talk to him. I will drive out to your house tomorrow afternoon."

So the next day, eating midday dinner, Ella and I were telling Uncle Steve how all of us ought to go fishing, right away. We had neglected to mention Miss Naney's prospective visit. "The Plutney kids eaught a trout as big as a hog this morning," I said. "They caught so many they had to throw 'em away."

Unele Steve was a man who worked hard when he worked; he owned his ranch and maybe five hundred head of eattle and he looked after them almost without help. But it was no trouble to talk him into fishing on a Saturday afternoon. He said, "All right. You and Ella dig some worms, and—"

He stopped. He tilted his head to one side, listening.

We all heard it. It was a noise something like the wind rattling palm fronds, and more like a bunch of hogs eating eorn. It kept getting eloser and louder. "What in hell?" Ella said.

"Don't cuss," Uncle Steve said, still listening. He was puzzled, even though he was a man who had traveled as far as Jacksonville and Tampa more than onee; he had even been to Gainesville to school one year and he knew a lot of things. But all at onee he yelled, "That's an automobile!" and ran to the door.

Ella and I took one look at each other. "Miss Nancy!" Ella said, and we went out the baek door, fast.

WE CIRCLED the house and headed for the front, keeping a bunch of guava bushes and some palmettos between us and the road. But we got to the guava bushes in time to crouch down and watch the ear go past. I still remember it. It looked big as a train engine, blaek and shiny, and there was nothing pulling it and nothing pushing it. Miss Nancy Hilton sat high up on the front seat. She had a scarf wrapped over her hat and tied under her ehin, and the ends of the scarf whipped in the breeze. There was a man driving. He wore a cap with green spots on it and a pair of goggles so big they hid most of his face.

The ear stopped right in front of the gate; it sighed and went quiet, kind of settling down like a dog going to sleep. The driver took off his cap and goggles and got out, and I could see he was Mr. Elbert Adams whose father owned the bank in Tonekka. He opened the car door for Miss Naney and she told him to wait and went up the walk to our house.

Ella pulled at my sleeve. "Come on!" she whispered.

We ran baek to the kitehen. Uncle Oscar was at the wood stove, and he was beginning to sing, but not louder than a whisper yet. He always started to sing on Saturday afternoon. He was an old Negro with white hair and only one eye and he used to say he didn't need a calendar to keep time: He said he would know Sunday anyway because he woke up with a hang-over. But he was a good cook and he'd been with Uncle Steve since Uncle Steve was born.

"What devilment y'all up to?" he asked.

**The hog was housebroke—
the household was heartbroke**

THE HOUSEBROKE

Miss Nancy falling to the floor in a wild flutter of petticoats was something to see. Making grunting noises of amazement, Rosebud started after Miss Nancy

OG

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

Ella put a finger to her lips and tiptoed across to the door. I went after her.

Miss Nancy was sitting quite straight upon the edge of the big chair, and across the room from her, on a straight chair, Uncle Steve was sitting even straighter. He was looking at Miss Nancy with a dazed, moon-struck expression, the way I saw him look at a fourteen-pound trout he caught one time. Miss Nancy wore a white shirtwaist with a black bow tie. A sailor hat sat on top of her piled blond hair, and her hair was blown just a little by the wind.

"The children must have forgotten to tell you," Miss Nancy was saying. "I wished to talk to you about them."

"What have they been up to now?" Uncle Steve asked.

Miss Nancy looked around her at the room, her lips tight and her eyebrows just a little high up on her forehead. It was a big room with a wide-planked floor and unfinished cypress walls. A long table ran down the middle, and the dinner dishes were still on the table. The chairs, except for the big chair Miss Nancy sat in, had deerskin bottoms and there were a pair of pants over the back of one chair, a saddle over another. Uncle Steve's big rifle was in the corner; outside the window, fishing poles made a kind of tangled spider web. Just inside the front door was a wheelbarrow Ella'd been playing with, and a couple of lizards were chasing each other over it. On one wall I had nailed some fish heads that I was proud of. I was, in fact, proud of everything in that big, littered room, and of the house itself, and of living with Uncle Steve. Because life with Uncle Steve was the best thing Ella and I had ever known.

"I'd like to see the children's room, if I may," Miss Nancy said.

OUR room opened off the front one and Miss Nancy stood at the door looking in. "They both sleep in here, Mr. Crandall?"

"Sure," Uncle Steve said. "They ain't but eight."

"A very impressionable period and one in which they should have the proper training." She came back to her chair and sat more on the edge of it than before. "Mr. Crandall, how is it that you are in possession of these children?"

"Sister Ella died a couple of years ago and I went down and got 'em. Their daddy was already gone —got bit by a rattlesnake."

"There were no other relatives these children could have gone to?"

"Not as I know of," Uncle Steve said.

Miss Nancy kept looking around as though there was something she expected to see and hadn't. Then she'd look back at Uncle Steve. I guess she'd expected him to be older than he was. He was only twenty-six, twenty-seven, and he had a grin like a kid with a mouth full of candy. Only it seemed to vex Miss Nancy. "Who looks after the children?" she asked him. "I mean, their clothes and the housekeeping and cooking?"

"They sort of look after each other. Uncle Oscar does the cooking. Of course, Saturday nights when he's drunk and Sundays when he don't feel so good, I cook."

Miss Nancy put her handkerchief to her forehead. "You mean these innocent children are being raised in a house with a drunken uncle, and—"

Uncle Steve explained to her about Uncle Oscar. "He don't cause any trouble," Uncle Steve said. "He just likes to get drunk on Saturday night. Lots of folks do."

"It is scarcely the proper background for children," Miss Nancy said. "But I had suspected something of the sort. Edward is—"

"He's a hellion," Uncle Steve said agreeably.

I poked Ella and pointed a thumb at my chest with pride.

But in the next room Miss Nancy was saying. "He isn't bad, not really. Not yet. But he's like a wild thing. He's like an elf. And that beautiful little girl—with her hair cut like a boy's and her tattered overalls! And her profanity!"

"She does cuss," Uncle Steve said. "I reckon it's natural, living around men. But seems like she's worse than Eddie."

"I wished to speak to you about it before I mentioned it to the Juvenile Court in Tonekka," Miss Nancy said grimly. "As their teacher it is my duty." She was sitting very straight on the edge of her chair now and you could tell that she was going to do her duty, however she saw it. "Also, I understand there is a woman here." *(Continued on page 63)*

YOUNG NOTES *in* NEW CAROLS

EACH year, at Christmas, carols are a cherished part of the holiday festivities. Mother and Dad know most of the pretty tunes the children sing in school just before the holidays. This familiarity enhances the season's magic for everyone in the family. The carols on these pages are new ones that the grownups have as yet not had much to do with. They were composed by American school children and their fresh, gay spirit makes them a welcome addition to the old repertoire.

These compositions are a product of our changing educational system. Since the beginning of progressive teaching, about 20 years ago, educators in music have been leaning increasingly toward more creative instruction methods. Beginners and advanced students are composing their own music and through this self-expression are learning to perfect their technique. Composing used to be one of the last things to be learned. Now it has become one of the first.

The newer methods are gaining momentum within organizations like the Music Educators National Conference, of which the Creative Music Committee is a part; the Music Teachers National Association, and the National Association of Schools of Music. Last summer the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, made several remarkable discoveries that promise to shorten the road to artistry. Scores of students wrote compositions of all descriptions and had the satisfaction of hearing them performed.

Fred Waring, whose orchestra and choral group are one of the most popular, chose the five carols for Collier's from a group of compositions written by school children all over the nation. He judged them for the appeal each would have to the listener, the freshness of the melodies, and the suitability of the words and music to the season.

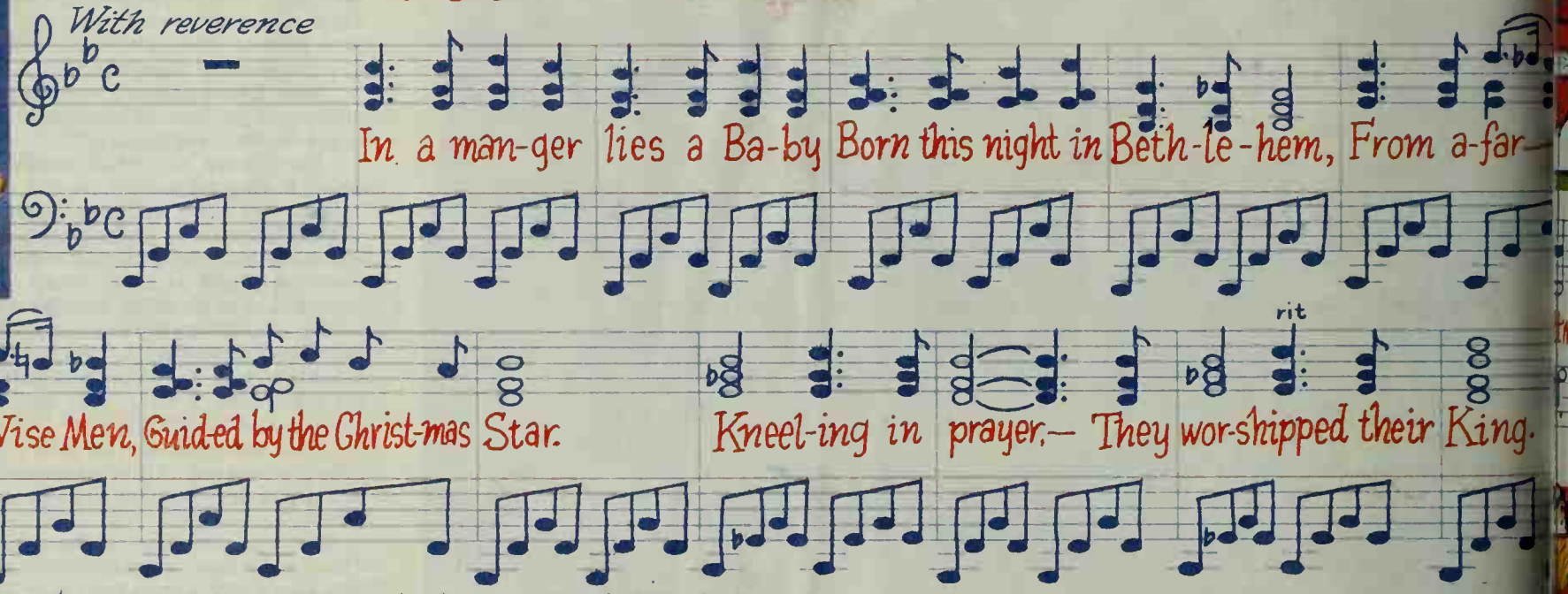
Heigh Ho The Holly is by seventeen-year-old Ann Walker, a high-school student in Berkeley, California. Jane Starr Ward, age ten, who composed A Christmas Carol, lives in Rockville, Maryland, and is a member of the Junior Division of the National F... tion of Music Clubs. Betsy ... twelve, from Athens, Ohio, ha... posed The Christmas Star to the ... of a poem by Eugene Field. Jani... Morris, seventeen, from Trento... Jersey, composed the words and ... of Christmas Lullaby. Worship ... Joyce Micaela Kent, eleven, wh... in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Joyce writes completely by ea..., her music teacher classifies her ... unusually artistic child with ou... ing creative ability.

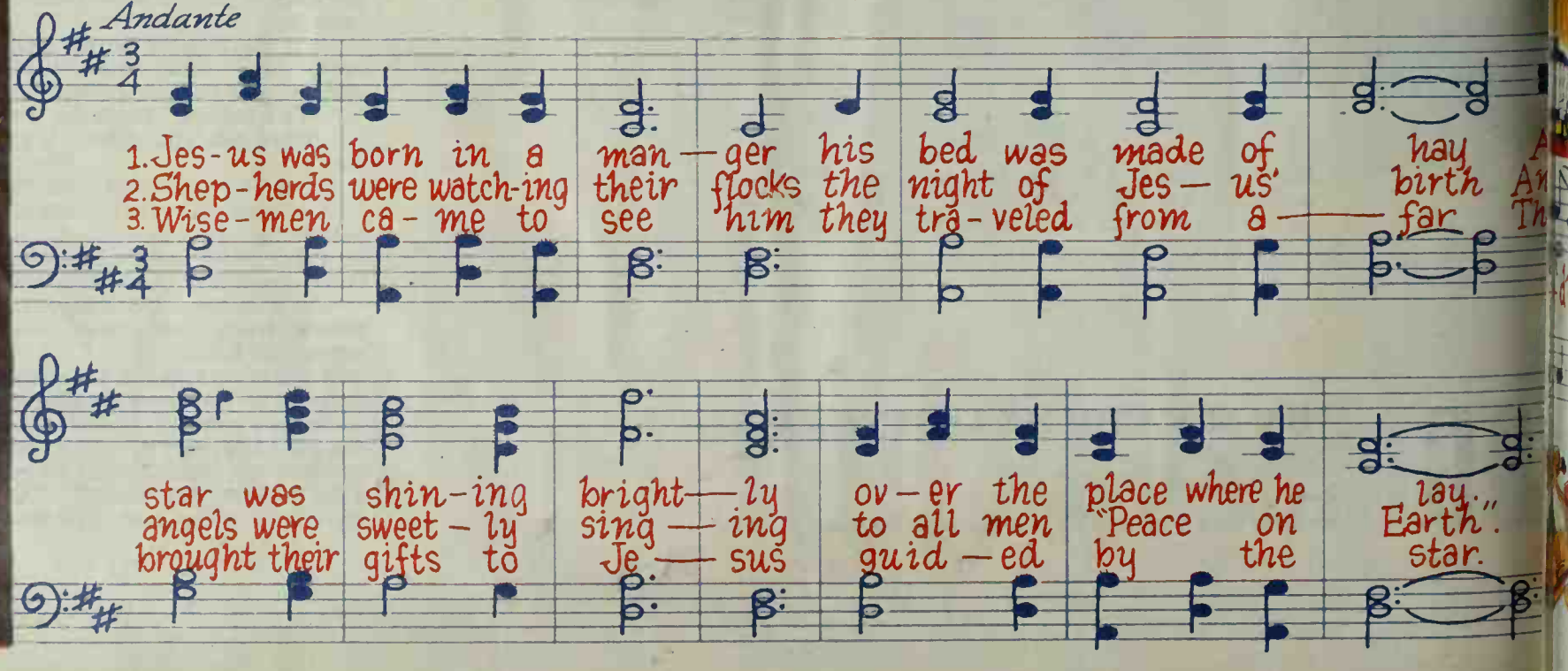
Mr. Waring thinks you wi... humming these songs this Ch... as you hang up your stockin... put the tinsel on your tree.

BARBARA B...

WORSHIP *by Joyce Micaela Kent*

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY JOYCE M...

With reverence
In a man-ger lies a Ba-by Born this night in Beth-le-hem, From a-far—
came three Wise Men, Guid-ed by the Christ-mas Star.
Kneel-ing in prayer.— They wor-shipped their King.
rit

A CHRISTMAS CAROL *by Jane Starr Ward*

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY JANE ...

Andante
1. Jes-us was born in a man—ger his bed was made of hay
2. Shep-herds were watch-ing their flocks the night of birth
3. Wise-men ca-me to see him they tra-veled from a—far
star was shin-ing bright—ly ov-er the place where he lay.
angels were sweet-ly sing—ing to all men "Peace on Earth".
brought their gifts to Je—sus guid—ed by the star.

CHRISTMAS LULLABY *by Janice Ann Morris*

Dreamily, Slowly but moving

mf Lul-la—by, mp Sleep, Ba-by mine. Hush now, close your lit-tle eyes; Go to

Slightly faster

sleep. ritard An—gels mf hovring round thy head Sing "Hal-le lu-jah." Shep-herds mf come to gradual kneel by thee and

hail you "Prince of Peace!" Dolce Lul-la—by, mp Sleep ba-by mine. Hush now, close your little eyes; Go to slight ritard sleep. ritard

8va

HEIGH-HO THE HOLLY *by Ann Walker*

Heigh-ho the holly that greets us on our way Heigh-ho the holly on Merry Christmas day. The jingling of the

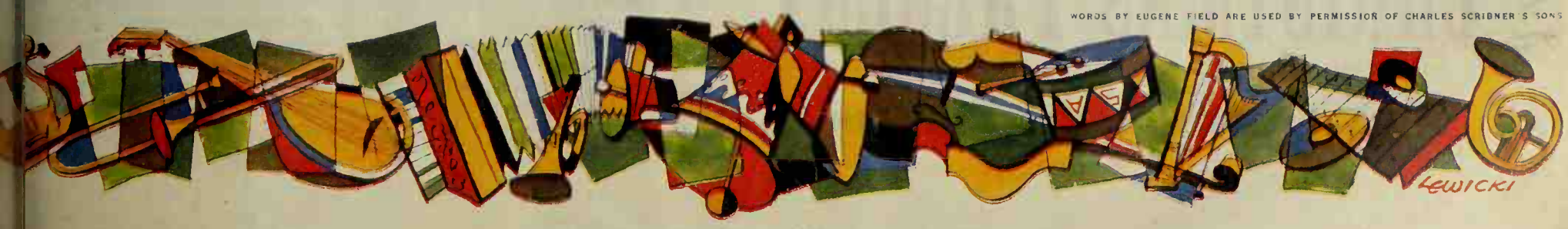
mas bells the Tannenbaum we see And old Saint Nick in breeches red be-side the chim-ma-ney Heigh-ho the holly on Merry Christmas day.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR *Music: Betsy Baker—Words: Eugene Field*

Once a love-ly shin-ing star seen by shep-herds from a-far gently moved un-til its light made a manger

dle bright There a dar-ling ba-by lay pil-lowed soft up-on the hay Then his mother sang and smiled this is Christ the Holy Child

WORDS BY EUGENE FIELD ARE USED BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



DECORATIONS BY JAMES LEWICKI

Drawing upon some unsuspected well of energy, Miss Brinker raised the prodigious volume. . . . The thing came hurtling down on top of Homer's he

VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

The Story:

VIRGIL OLIPHANT, a young statistician with the Alumni Life Insurance Company, has the physique of a well-proportioned skyscraper—and the courage of a country mouse. Under the dynamic direction of HAROLD B. WEAVER, JR., the Alumni Company pursues a strict policy of hiring only college graduates. Virgil, who has been with the firm 11 years, has never admitted that, because of a prank played by his no-good scoundrel of a half brother HOMER, he failed to graduate from college.

It is the Christmas season, and Virgil is lured into a shop by a seller of recording machines. The salesman makes Virgil talk into the machine; then he plays back a wire recording of Virgil's voice. Instead of the hoarse, unprepossess wheeze he expected to hear, the vo that caresses Virgil's ears fairly reeks distinction. The man who owns such voice should wear a Homburg hat, decides; such a man might even summ up sufficient courage to ask EM BRINKER, Alumni's loveliest secretary have lunch with him! Virgil take deep breath and buys the machine.

That evening his brother Homer vi Virgil and duns him for fifty dollar practically all Virgil has left in the wo after the unparalleled expense of recording machine. After Homer lea Virgil practices at length on the record listening in awe as he hears his o superb voice snap out commands to

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

sullen restaurant waiter who has been orizing Virgil for years.

he next day Virgil lunches at his l restaurant. He demands—and gets ecent service from Al and, flushed n his success, blurts out that he will coming in the next day with a young ; they will want the sunny table by window. "All you gotta do is tell me t you want, Mr. Oliphant," says the orised Al. The worm seems to have ned.

After spending most of that night cticing asking Miss Brinker to lunch, gil plays the recordings back to him- in the morning and, imbued with pride and confidence in his powers ersuasion, sets off for the office.

Conclusion

AS HE got out of the elevator Virgil paused for a moment in the corridor and closed his eyes as he had done the night before alone in his room. An icy hand fingered its way up his long spine and clutched the nape of his neck. He squeezed his eyes tighter shut, but the hand did not relax its grip.

Anyone chancing to pass through the corridor at that moment might perhaps have imagined that he had surprised Virgil at his prayers, but after a moment the passer-by would have seen the young man's mouth pucker and begin to whistle something a little like Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean, as, with a pitiful display of nonchalance, Virgil stepped into the offices of the insurance company.

But the other Alumni employees inside the office scarcely looked up from their desks as he entered, because they had seen Virgil Oliphant come to work on a thousand other mornings, and they, of course, had no way of knowing that an improbable achievement of electronic science had made this morning for Virgil abundantly different from any of the others.

Still whistling his unmelodious dirge, Virgil marched toward the Statistical Department, but as he drew near to it, his steps lagged perceptibly and his whistle grew more breathy and wavering until at last it gave out altogether in one pathetic little wheezing sound. He sat down quickly at his desk, bolt upright, gripping the arms of his chair in his huge hands, groping desperately through his memory for the calm, strong voice which had so lately echoed in his ears. "Morning, everyone!" he said, almost before he knew he was really going to say it. And after he had said it, and his eyes had swept briefly across the other members of the Statistical Department, he turned them significantly toward Miss Brinker's desk and saw that her chair was empty. Miss Brinker was not at her desk.

Virgil's first reaction was one of intense relief at the possibility of postponement of his mission, but this reaction quickly turned to apprehension when he learned that Miss Brinker was again closeted with Mr. Weaver, had indeed gone directly to his office the first thing in the morning. Ten o'clock became ten thirty and ten forty-five, and apprehension became furious anxiety as Virgil stared bleakly at Miss Brinker's untenanted desk, its smooth surface unmarred but for two tidy stacks of papers at the upper left-hand corner, as neat and as daintily arranged as Miss Brinker herself.

As he stared at it Virgil doodled desperately on a piece of office stationery. "By the way, Miss Brinker," he scribbled, "why don't you and I have lunch together— I want you to have lunch with me today, Miss Brinker— I've been meaning to talk over the November summary at lunch —lunch lunch lunch lunch—Miss Brinker Miss Brinker Emily—"

WHEN after a while he focused his eyes on what he had done, Virgil was horrified and scrabbled the paper into a tight ball and pulled it to tiny bits before he threw it in the wastebasket. He went back to staring at Miss Brinker's desk and, before he knew it, back to doodling. "By the way, Miss Brinker—" His telephone jarred him back to reality.

It was Mr. Doyle, the new head of the Statistical Department, who wanted to check over the November summary with Virgil at once. As Virgil rose to answer this ill-timed summons he felt himself disliking Charlie Doyle even more than he usually did, but there was no denying such a summons. Feverishly he gathered together out of the file all the papers connected with the November summary, jammed them under his arm and, planning to get the thing over with as quickly as he possibly could, rushed into the little glass-partitioned cubicle which was Charlie Doyle's private office.

As Virgil entered, Doyle was sitting with his feet on his desk carefully smoking a cigar which he imagined brought dignity to his plump, somewhat boyish features. He was about Virgil's age, and held his present position despite the fact that he had been with the company only four years. After his college football career Doyle had taken a business-success course and planned one day to be president of the company. Today, it seemed, he wanted to talk.

"Take a load off your feet, Oliphant," he said, smiling professionally, "and tell me what Santa Claus is going to bring you for Christmas."

This was more than Virgil could bear at that moment. "I'm pretty busy outside today," he said. "I've got the November summary here. What was it you wanted to know about it?"

Doyle waved his cigar vaguely. "In a minute, Oliphant. You know what all statistics and no play did to Jack, don't you? Friend of mine told me a good one the other night. Did I tell it to you? The one about the test pilot who decided to learn to play the guitar?"

"No," said Virgil automatically, wishing at once that he had said yes.

DOYLE smiled in happy recollection of his story, and he tilted back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head. "Story," he said. "It seems there was this test pilot who used to test out these planes all the time . . ."

And while Virgil listened miserably, Doyle told him three long stories in quick succession, pausing only long enough between each to laugh uproariously. From time to time Virgil glanced furtively at the clock on the desk before him, and when he saw that there remained only six minutes until twelve o'clock, a wild panic gripped him and he decided to take the bull by the horns. "It's almost lunchtime, Mr. Doyle," he said desperately. "Maybe we could take up the summary after lunch, don't you think? I mean—"

Doyle frowned up at Virgil in irritation. Plainly he couldn't conceive of Virgil wishing to be elsewhere when Virgil might listen to his stories. "Quite the busy little bee, aren't you, Oliphant?" he said sourly. "You mustn't let *me* keep you. Let me know and we'll take up the summary at *your* convenience."

Virgil left the office miserably, knowing instinctively that Harold B. Weaver would hear of his insubordination, but there had been no other way. As he closed the door softly behind him, the first person he saw was Miss Brinker dressed for the street and only just adjusting her hat before the mirror by the water cooler.

Virgil plunged across the room to the filing cabinets, dumped in the November summary under BIRTH RATE—FALLING, and turned back to face Miss Brinker. He placed his hands on the surface of his desk to steady himself, and cleared his throat. Then he glanced down at his desk for an instant, and saw a note there which said: "Thank you. I'd love to have lunch with you today.—E.B."

Virgil stared at the note blankly, and a little shiver ran through him. Then he saw beside the note a piece of office stationery on which was scrawled, sidewise across the page: "By the way, Miss Brinker, why don't you and I have lunch together today? I know of a little place near here—"

When he looked up again, Miss Brinker had turned away from the mirror and was facing him, smiling a little shyly. "Ready?" she said.

Virgil returned her smile vacantly. "Oh, sure!" he said and began to move toward her like a sleepwalker.

"Hadn't you better put on your coat?" suggested Miss Brinker. "It's cold." And so Virgil did that.

(Continued on page 26)

CLEAN BLOOD

BY ROBERT E. PINKERTON

The two trappers were cut off from civilization. In the end there was but one law: Kill or be killed

It astonished him to know that in this instant of danger he had recognized the situation, analyzed it and taken actio

FROM the air the lake had looked like the bottom of a well with forest, rock ridges and finally snow fields and peaks rising around it, and as far as one could see in any direction were more peaks and white emptiness. No man could ever have penetrated to this valley, and that was exactly what Dave Harper wanted.

After his outfit had been unloaded and the plane had gone, Dave grinned as he remembered the pilot's parting words:

"I'll bring a strait jacket when I pick you up next year. You'll go nuts, staying here alone ten months."

Townspeople's dread of loneliness amused Dave Harper. He didn't mind being alone, but it wasn't that he disliked people. He had always got along well with everyone and when he'd trapped in the Yukon country he'd spent every Christmas at a trading post or settlement. He'd felt that men liked him and he'd gone back to six months in a lone cabin with a warm feeling inside. But you can't have a crowd around while running a trap line.

This fur pocket business was different. Not even Indians had reached the unknown valleys in the Coast Ranges and no man had seen them until someone got the idea of using a plane. A pilot set you down in August and didn't come for you until the ice went out of the lake the next June, and if you had an ulcerated tooth or broke a leg you took it as best you could. You took it as if you were on the moon. . . .

Dave Harper didn't worry about being walled off. In this pocket was fur that had never smelled humans and by next spring he'd have ten thousand dollars worth or more. You had to take chances to make that kind of money.

A week after Dave arrived he'd nearly finished work on a cabin, and he'd rambled through a long valley north of the lake. He'd picked this end because it had a stream and a large swamp, and now sign told him there was so much fur he could come back year after year. He spent a day examining the south valley and again found plenty of sign.

Dave was relieved when he found moose tracks. A plane permitted only six or seven hundred pounds freight and a big share of that had to be traps and equipment. Sometimes a man in a fur pocket didn't have much to eat except rabbits. The sign of moose promised Dave he'd live like king.

When his cabin was built he cu trapping trails. He was working thre miles back from the lake one da when he heard a plane. He didn believe it at first, mostly becau he didn't want to, but soon he knew another trapper had come to hi pocket.

He ran. If he got there in time th stranger could hunt for another place but when he was still a quarter of mile from the lake he heard the mo tor again. He reached the shore a the plane disappeared from sight.

Dave's world now held two men He'd thought of this, running dow the trail, and he had to take it. It wa like having a tooth pulled or an arm cut off. When it was done it was done

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD

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VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Continued from page 23

When at last they had reached the street and the icy wind stung their faces, Virgil finally remembered his manners. His mind had been busy with the extraordinary thing which had happened to him —with having Miss Brinker, lovely, inaccessible Miss Brinker, here at his side on her way to lunch with him—all without speaking a word, all without ever once using the fine, persuasive voice which had practiced a hundred ways of asking her to lunch. It was very curious.

Finally, he said, "It's very nice of you to have lunch with me. I—I'm glad you got my note."

"Well, I almost didn't," she said, and she slipped her hand daintily through Virgil's arm, causing a delightful tingling sensation to creep up to his shoulder. "I just happened to go over to your desk and I saw it."

"Well, I'm certainly glad you happened to see it," said Virgil, and, standing politely to one side, he opened the door of the Happy Hour.

Al, the waiter, remarkably enough, had indeed saved the sunny table by the window, and any malice which might have remained to Virgil summarily left him when Al called him by name and grimaced at Miss Brinker in a way which suggested that he was smiling.

WHEN they had been served, he felt a great compulsion to say something; but he could think of nothing worth saying. Miss Brinker was eating daintily, her small, graceful hand seeming to make the fork it held a gigantic implement. Watching her in quiet wonder from the edge of his eye, Virgil tried surreptitiously to draw his hands farther upside his cuffs so that they wouldn't look so clumsy, but it did no good. In his hand a fork looked like something left over from a doll's tea set. Their silence pressed in upon Virgil painfully, and he couldn't imagine why he hadn't practiced things on the recording machine to say to Miss Brinker *after* the invitation.

Miss Brinker broke the silence. "My, this is good," she said, referring presumably to her meat loaf.

"That's good," said Virgil, relieved. "Do you cook?"

"Oh, yes, lots."

"You do?" said Virgil. "But you're so good at the office. I mean, figures and all."

Miss Brinker stopped eating. "Is there something wrong about that, Mr. Oliphant?" she said, without any particular inflection.

"Wrong? *Wrong!*" Virgil repeated in alarm, sensing the peril of his position. "Oh, no. I just meant you're so awfully good at your job—better than most men."

Her lovely smile set everything all right again. "Oh, I don't think *that's* true," she said, "but I think it's nice for a girl to try to do more than one thing, don't you?" And she added modestly, "Anyway, I'm not half so good at statistics as you are. You're the best one in the department."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said Virgil, blushing happily. Then something depressing occurred to him. "Of course, there's Charlie Doyle—" he began tentatively, staring hard at his plate.

"Oh, no," Miss Brinker interrupted. "Charles—I mean, Mr. Doyle is a nice man but he doesn't know much about statistics. Not nearly so much as you do."

"You think so?" said Virgil.

"Not nearly," she repeated firmly.

Virgil returned to his meat loaf in a glow of enchantment. She had said it, beautifully, clever Miss Brinker had said right out that he knew more about statistics than Charlie Doyle! It was a moment to be cherished—dear and unforgettable.

Presently Miss Brinker laid down her fork and frowned charmingly, as though she were considering her words before she spoke. "You know," she said at length, "I don't think Mr. Doyle got the most out of his college education."

Virgil, who had hoped that Miss Brinker's meditation presaged a change of subject, felt vaguely betrayed. "I guess he played a lot of football," he said.

"That's just it." Miss Brinker nodded. "He played left end. Did you play football at college, Mr. Oliphant?"

"Well, only a little," Virgil hedged, unsure whether it was good or bad. "They thought I'd probably be good because I was so big, but I guess I was *too* big or something."

Miss Brinker carefully picked up her water glass. "Oh, no, I'm sure it wasn't that," she said. "I mean . . ."

"You don't think so?" said Virgil.

"Well, I mean, I don't know *really*," she said. "I just meant—well, I think it's nice for the men to be big." Then Miss Brinker's composure seemed suddenly to leave her altogether. She looked down at her plate and busied herself extravagantly with her fork.

Virgil's throat constricted convulsively. "Well—ah—how do you mean?" he said. "I mean, there are lots of other companies who don't—"

"But don't you think," Miss Brinker continued eagerly, "that all of us graduating from college sort of shows something? I mean, sort of shows what a nice organization Alumni is?"

"It seems to me," Virgil said boldly, "kind of snobby."

Miss Brinker's charming little mouth fell open in surprise. "My goodness, I never thought of it *that* way," she said. "I think being able to go to college is a great privilege and we should all be very proud of our diplomas. You act as though—well, as though you were ashamed of yours, Mr. Oliphant."

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that," Virgil said unhappily. "I just meant that lots of fine people like—like Abraham Lincoln didn't graduate from college—"

"Abraham Lincoln," said Miss Brinker solemnly, "was a very unusual man."

"Yes, but I mean about actually *graduating* from college," Virgil went on doggedly. "If you studied just as hard as a college graduate, for even only three and a half years, even only for three and a *fraction* years, say, you might know even more than some college graduates who spent their time doing other—uh—activities, don't you think? The diploma itself doesn't mean so much, does it?"

"Oh, my, yes!" Miss Brinker said firmly. Then, as though some shadowy valedictory echo whispered somewhere, she said, "A college diploma is a symbol of work well done. It's a badge of honor to be displayed proudly, because it is proof that you had the backbone and stick-to-itiveness to finish the job."

"But," Virgil persisted desperately, "it's only a piece of paper, isn't it?"

Miss Brinker smiled again now, serene and lovely. "Of course that's all it *really* is," she said, "but you'll have to admit, Mr. Oliphant, that it gives you a nice warm glowy feeling in here"—Miss Brinker daintily tapped the front of her neat white blouse—"to know you can go home and take out your diploma and just look at it whenever you like, doesn't it? Really? I mean?"

Virgil felt like a cornered rabbit. It seemed impossible that Miss Brinker [illegible] exquisite instrument of his so recent [illegible] could, in a matter of minutes, plunge [illegible] into such complete anguish. It wa[illegible] supposed, a matter of caring more [illegible] tensely than he had ever imagined c[illegible] about anything before—an infinite ca[illegible] about Miss Brinker's slightest whim, [illegible] most casual word, her most trivial [illegible] comfort, and, of course, a supreme c[illegible] about the profound rapture she co[illegible] build in him—in all matters but the [illegible] concerning college diplomas.

"I haven't—" he said. "I didn't [illegible] But he couldn't go through with it [illegible] nice glowy feeling in here," he rep[illegible] miserably.

When they had finished and ste[illegible] out into the freezing sunshine, there [illegible] mained to them a quarter of an [illegible] before they had to be back at the o[illegible] so they strolled together along [illegible] avenue looking in the shop wind[illegible] Miss Brinker's arm through Vi[illegible] making it tingle in the extraordinary [illegible] delightful way. They passed the [illegible] store where Virgil had bought the re[illegible] ing machine and secretly he blessed [illegible] they passed, hoping the clerk with [illegible] blond mustache was watching so th[illegible] might see Miss Brinker and envy V[illegible] her hand upon his arm. Twice [illegible] Brinker looked up at Virgil and fo[illegible] reason at all smiled at him her sh[illegible] charming smile, and each time whe[illegible] looked away again her words at lunc[illegible] about big men sang through Virgil's [illegible] like triumphant choir music, and [illegible] time he stood up straighter so tha[illegible] head no longer seemed to grow dir[illegible] out of his shoulders. In fact, so [illegible] gether satisfactory a conclusion to [illegible] luncheon was the intimate stroll d[illegible] the avenue that by the time they rea[illegible] the office again Virgil, in his pecul[illegible] airy state, had all but forgotten the [illegible] sode of the college diploma.

They parted, by prearrangement [illegible] the street door of the office building [illegible] when Miss Brinker at last took her h[illegible] from Virgil's arm and thanked [illegible] Virgil was astonished to discover [illegible] comparatively easy it was for him to [illegible] her to have lunch with him again on [illegible] following day. Miss Brinker blush[illegible] little, smiling as she looked down at [illegible] neat gloves; when she looked up a[illegible] she avoided meeting Virgil's eyes, s[illegible] she would love to and hurried toward [illegible] elevators.

Virgil, in a paroxysm of abandon, to[illegible] a half-dollar from his pocket, crossed [illegible] sidewalk to where a sixteen-year-old [illegible] wearing a red suit and a long white be[illegible] hitched haphazardly over his ears w[illegible] dolefully clanging a bell, and dropp[illegible] the coin into a caldron the youth had [illegible] up for that purpose. "Ah—M[illegible] Christmas," Virgil said.

"That's right, Doc," said the boy, [illegible] went back to clanging his bell.

It was not until Virgil was upstairs a[illegible] seated at his desk again that it occurred [illegible] him that it was the first time he co[illegible] remember in recent years that he had [illegible] Merry Christmas to anyone before s[illegible] one else had said it first.

THE next three days were the most [illegible] markably perfect days Virgil had ev[illegible] known. On each of them he lunch[illegible] alone with Miss Brinker at the H[illegible] Hour, talking, listening to Miss Brink[illegible] talk, watching her lovely eyes sm[illegible] across the table at him or frown in pret[illegible] concentration as he recited to her fro[illegible] memory some particularly engaging tab[illegible] of statistics. And when evening ca[illegible] and Virgil sat alone in his room with t[illegible] great gleaming recording machine. [illegible] spoke into it things addressed to M[illegible] Brinker—bold, daring, improbable thin[illegible] which he could not possibly have s[illegible]

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

"You're missing half th' fun, Slug, not picking out th' presents yourself"

COLLIER'S

Here they come, Mom! And Jim won't need the wish-bone—they've got their PLYMOUTH!"

to her face—then listened spellbound to the man in the black Homburg hat making plausible the implausible, accessible the inaccessible, with his wonderful voice. And Virgil, as he listened, would keep repeating, whispering, over and over again to himself: "That's me. That's my voice. That's the way I sound when I talk to her. That's me—me—"

Naturally, Virgil didn't say certain bold and daring things into the machine right at first, but worked up to them gradually, through progressive stages of bravery. For example, he became entranced with the possibility of taking Miss Brinker to dinner in the evening and perhaps to a movie. Such an expedition, it seemed to him, would automatically place their relationship on a different, highly desirable level. Co-workers in an office eating lunch together was one thing, but an evening date was quite another—a thoughtful, more serious step, a subtle declaration of intent.

Virgil even ventured to hope that such an engagement might take place on Christmas night in order to add to its importance, but it developed in the course of their luncheon conversations that Miss Brinker had promised to have Christmas dinner with her married sister in Hackensack, New Jersey, so Virgil determined to substitute Christmas Eve. So he practiced this highly personal and vastly more significant invitation at length, and it was not until he had finally uttered it and Miss Brinker had miraculously accepted it that Virgil dared go on to say the other things, alone in his room with the recording machine.

THERE was only one cloud, or so it seemed, which darkened the otherwise faultless skies for Virgil during these days, and that was the sordid shadow of approaching pauperhood. Taking Miss Brinker to lunch on four successive days had helped reduce his total capital to six dollars in his pocket and one in the bank to keep his account open. Christmas Eve was to be payday, but a payment on the recording machine would fall due before another payday, two weeks hence, and if his Christmas Eve date was to be even moderately more festive than a lunch at the Happy Hour, Virgil would have to rely on a Christmas bonus from the Alumni. As such a gratuity had invariably turned up in the past with the regularity of Christmas itself, he wasn't particularly worried about it. It was only that one couldn't be certain. And if it didn't turn up— When that thought occurred to him from time to time, Virgil shuddered and thrust it hastily into the back of his consciousness.

Otherwise, these last few days before Christmas were perfection itself. But for some reason there is a natural law which limits the duration of unbridled bliss, and which revealed itself to Virgil on the day before Christmas Eve. For when he got home from work at six o'clock, he found waiting for him in his room his brother, Homer.

Homer was standing beside the recording machine, regarding it curiously, and at sight of him Virgil's heart sank, and all the joy ran out of him.

"Hi, Virge. Noel, Noel," Homer said, without looking up. "Quite a box you've got here. I hear people are sending them out instead of Christmas cards this year. Or maybe you're not so broke."

Virgil hurried across the little room and thrust himself between Homer and the recording machine, so that he looked like a man defending somebody or other from an assassin's attack.

"You get away from this machine, Homer!" he said passionately.

Homer retreated a step, startled by Virgil's vehemence; then quickly he regained his assurance and put a cigarette into his mouth. He produced an injured expression. "And you told me you had only twenty-seven dollars," he said. "How could you say that, Virge?"

"It was the truth!" said Virgil. "I—I told you I'd bought something with the rest of the money I had in the bank. Well, that machine is what I bought. Anyway, I still owe a lot on it."

Homer watched Virgil's face carefully for a moment in silence, then he nodded his head in exaggerated agreement. "Oh, sure!" he said. "I can just see you, Virge. You only had a hundred dollars to your name, so you went out and put yourself in hock for a couple hundred more to buy that thing. That sounds just like you, Virge. Just like you."

"I can't help it, it's true!" Virgil repeated defensively. "Anyway, what's it got to do with you anyway? I gave you fifty dollars when it was almost all I had, only a week ago. You promised you wouldn't come back again for six months. You promised me, Homer!"

"*I* promised?" said Homer incredulously, pointing his long finger at his vest.

"Yes, you!" said Virgil, almost shouting in his despair. "And now I only have six dollars, so you might just as well go back to your rich friends out at the race track if you need money so badly!"

"To *who?*" said Homer in astonishment.

"Well, somebody," said Virgil. "Anyway, I only have six dollars, and I owe that and that's the truth."

After a moment's pause, Homer chanted, "Merry Christmas from the Alumni to all its college graduates."

"What?" said Virgil.

"Tomorrow," Homer mouthed gently, "is payday."

"I know, but I already owe—" Virgil began.

"And the day after tomorrow is Christmas," interrupted Homer. "Christmas. Payday. Christmas. Bonus. Lots of money. Merry Christmas for all."

Virgil writhed in abject misery before the recording machine which he loved so dearly; its shining surface seemed even now to be sliding out from beneath his fingers. "I can't—can't promise, Homer," he said weakly. "You have no right—"

"Imagine getting fired on Christmas Eve," Homer said lugubriously. "Imagine. Getting kicked out on the street after eleven years on Christmas Eve without a bonus. And all because you wouldn't lend your own brother a little quick century for Christmas."

"Century!" said Virgil. "Do you mean a hundred dollars. Why, that's my whole bonus!"

"Well, after all, Virge," Homer shrugged, making his voice sound astonishingly logical, "it's just a present, isn't it? Not like you earned it or anything. You'd never miss it." Homer slowly got up from where he had stretched himself full length on the bed.

"But, Homer, don't you see," Virgil said desperately, "I can't, I just can't."

Homer strolled leisurely to the door and, as though it had only just occurred to him, he turned back, and said, "About Emily Brinker, Virge. I know you wouldn't want to get fired and have to stop seeing her for lunch, would you?"

Virgil grew suddenly rigid with terror. The very mention of that beautiful name in Homer's mouth made him feel faint, and he had to lean back against the recording machine for a moment.

The gesture did not escape Homer. He smiled in surprised pleasure, as though he had uncovered more than he had bargained for. "Just thought I'd mention the charming young lady in passing, Virge," he said. "Charming, that's the only word. Well, I'll see you in the funny papers, and by that I mean the Alumni office at two tomorrow afternoon. That'll give the ghost time to walk, time for me to get my beauty sleep and time to get to the bank all at the same time. Right?"

Virgil didn't reply, nor was there any need for him to do so. His indescribably desolate expression was answer enough for Homer.

Homer opened the door, smiling amiably. "Well, Merry Xmas, Virgil c sock, pip-pip and all that sort of ro he said, in what it presumably pleas him to fancy was a British accent. A when he had closed the door behind hi it was some time before his voice, ra in a peculiarly independent version Come, All Ye Faithful faded away.

Virgil sank down onto the bed, a after a while he blew his nose pass ately; his pocket handkerchief alw looked like a woman's in his great han

He lay there for a long time as t room grew dark around him, just star at the ceiling and thinking about M Brinker and the Alumni and the kind life a man might lead if he happened be lucky enough. And it was nea midnight when he got up and turned the recording machine.

It was not easy. No single act in Virg recollection, in fact, had been any m difficult for him, any more empty reward, less charged with hope. B did it because he had to do it, for M Brinker, even if he did lose his job as now seemed inevitable, she w learn his ignoble secret, it was certa infinitely more to be desired that know, at least, that he had confes openly, and not hear deviously so apocryphal tale of Homer's. An Virgil stood joylessly before the mic phone—for the first time he entert no slightest hope of success—and for himself to address Harold B. Weave

"I'm not a college graduate, Weaver. I haven't any diploma, Weaver— You see, Mr. Weaver, I expelled before graduation because Over and over, this way and that Virgil told his ignominious story, and way did it sound any more credible t any other way. The stark and sim fact that he had spuriously taken a and held it for eleven years, invaria stood out from any mold of words in its ugly nakedness.

And, incalculably worse, even the voice which spoke back these words fr the recording machine was not the sa The fine, strong timbre of the voice the same, but there was in it a subtle l A part of its previous quality of thority, which had so exhilarated Vi in the past, had mysteriously left it, had been replaced by an overtone wh sounded to Virgil remarkably apology. The distinguished man in black Homburg hat was speaking Vir words because he had to, but all plainly he spoke them under protest. heart was not in it, and deep inside Virgil knew that the other was right, such sordid confession did not belon the mouth of such a man, and at las shamefaced submission, he turned off recording machine. There was to be magical strength poured into him, happy miracles this time. This w job which must be faced alone, carrie its logical conclusion, on the shoulder the old Virgil Oliphant.

VIRGIL had already been awake an hour when his alarm clock s off the next morning, but he let it exh its noisome clangor in a kind of b pleasure before he got out of bed. F didn't matter whether he was late early or on time for work this partic morning, this Christmas Eve morn this last morning of all.

But the habit of eleven years an responsible conscience got Virgil to office at his usual hour, only to learn Mr. Weaver was locked in his office Miss Brinker, and had left instruct that he was not to be disturbed under circumstances. This state of af brought about in Virgil a condition nerve-racking suspense so acute tha debated the rash possibility of brea into Mr. Weaver's office anyway.

But again the discipline of time r him hesitate and when lunchtime c he was still sitting at his desk, viol twisting paper clips into little bows

CHRISTMAS SURPRISES

Gorgeous wrappings, lavishly tied,
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—Helen Small

COLLIER'S **"Remember when you had to use a pillow?"** BARNEY TOBEY

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his huge fingers. He hurried out of the office in order to avoid Miss Brinker, for he felt now that any contact he might have with her, in his unshriven state, would be contaminating, treacherous to her, like a leper who rings no warning bell. First he must purge his soul to Harold B. Weaver, Jr., and when he had been chastised and fired without a Christmas bonus he could go to her perhaps, a cleansed, repentant pauper, and throw himself upon whatever shreds of mercy she might conceivably summon up.

That the prospect of any such mercy being forthcoming was dubious, to say the least, was all too painfully plain to Virgil when he recalled Miss Brinker's somewhat extended disquisition on the high significance of college diplomas at their first luncheon.

Virgil did not go into the Happy Hour, but hurried past it, feeling a great swelling ache in his chest as he saw the sunny table by the window, untenanted and inviting, the table at which he had first tasted the incomparable bliss of Miss Brinker's company, the table at which he would now, in all likelihood, never sit again. So intemperate became Virgil's flood of sentimental recollection that he experienced even a passing spasm of affection for Al, the waiter, as he moved away. There was, in fact, no escape from memory in the vicinity. Each landmark held within it a past joy for Virgil, in spite of the surprisingly brief span of his active romance. Al, the bright shop windows, the radio store, even the pubescent Santa Claus at the corner, filled him with an anguish of spirit. And when at last he got back to the office it was after one o'clock, and it occurred to him momentarily that he had eaten no lunch.

The Alumni office was enjoying that climate peculiar to offices on Christmas Eve, when anticipatory celebration is the watchword and work is the furthest thing from anyone's mind. It would have been difficult to create an atmosphere less suited to Virgil in his present frame of mind. It sank him into a deep, black gloom from which there seemed to be no possible rising.

VIRGIL went straight to his desk and called Mr. Weaver's private secretary, who told him that Mr. Weaver would be free now to see him in five minutes; then he dropped into his chair, conscious that he had taken the first, the irretrievable step toward his ultimate ruin. In four minutes by the clock over the water cooler, he rose and marched slowly across the office, out the door and down the corridor to the big suite of offices at its end. As he walked, Virgil looked neither to the left nor to the right; his glazed eyes stared straight ahead of him; his step was firm; his long arms were stiff at his sides. His expression was that of a man on his way to meet his executioner, resigned now to his destiny, his inner struggle behind him, a man to all intents and purposes already dead.

When Virgil opened the door to Mr. Weaver's private offices the first thing he saw, after Mr. Weaver, was Mr. Weaver's framed college diploma hanging on the wall. Virgil's shudder was almost imperceptible as he closed the door behind him and turned back into the room.

Harold B. Weaver, Jr., was a small, round, balding man in his middle forties whose speech, a series of sharp little explosions, somehow resembled the sounds made by a child's cap pistol. It was his disconcerting habit, while talking, to interject little asides to himself into his conversation, after the fashion of a Shakespearean comedian, but without in the slightest changing the tone of his voice or taking his eyes off the person he was talking to: the result was that people were never quite sure which parts of Mr. Weaver's conversation were intended for them and which parts were merely eavesdropping on Mr. Weaver's subconscious mind.

COLLIER'S **"He's trying to finish them up before closing time"** ROBERT DAY

Now he said, "Oliphant. Merry Christmas. Old employee. What can I do for you? Everybody loafing outside, I'll bet. Not me. Miss Brinker and I put in a hard morning. Happy work, happy work. Christmas bonuses. Wait a minute." Mr. Weaver shuffled through a great stack of company envelopes on his desk and finally pulled out one with Virgil's name on it, and held it out to him. "Bonus," he said. "Merry Christmas. Hundred-dollar bill, straight from the bank. Well, take it."

Virgil stared miserably at the proffered envelope. "I—I can't," he said. "There's something I've got to tell you, Mr. Weaver. When you've heard it I don't think you'll want to give me a bonus."

"Company policy," replied Mr. Weaver, looking puzzled. "Everybody gets one. My father's policy."

"But, you see—" began Virgil. Then he stopped abruptly and placed his hands on the edge of Mr. Weaver's desk for support. "Mr. Weaver," he said, "I'm not a college graduate."

"I know it," said Mr. Weaver. He leaned back in his chair, returning Virgil's incredulous stare with a look of cool, even appraisal, which suggested that his eccentricity of speech did not necessarily reflect a scattered mind.

"You—you—?" Virgil said.

"I know all about all of you," Mr. Weaver interrupted briskly. "I knew everything about you the day I hired you. It was easy to find out. Just called the dean of your school and went on from there. You finished three years and some months of college, got in a jam with the dean's daughter at Christmas, trying to cover up for your no-good half brother, and got expelled. One of the reasons I hired you in the first place. He graduated, you didn't. Right? Bad judgment. Been wondering when you were going to tell me about it. Too bad you told me. Now *you* know *I* know. There's been a big change in you lately, too. More confident, not so mousy. Everybody's noticed it. Too bad. You're fired, Oliphant. Company policy."

Virgil could feel a hot, stinging ache starting behind his eyes. He blinked several times, and slowly drew his head down between his shoulders. "Yes, sir," he said.

As he turned away, Mr. Weaver started to speak again in his explosive little voice. "What good is a company policy if you don't follow it, Oliphant? No good, is it?" he asked. Virgil stopped and shook his head mechanically. "Of course not," continued Mr. Weaver. "That's why I have to fire you. Don't like employees who don't follow the policy. But then, I don't like the policy."

"What?" said Virgil vaguely.

"Know where the policy came from?" snapped Mr. Weaver.

"Well, I suppose," Virgil said, "your father thought all his people should be college graduates because he was one."

"Ha!" said Mr. Weaver. "That's all you know. My father was a poor boy, son of immigrants. Couldn't get through the sixth grade, though. Left back twice. Thinking too much. Couldn't make the seventh, so he quit and made a million dollars. Founded this company on a shoestring. But for some reason he always thought if people went through college they'd be twice as smart as he was. So he started his policy." Mr. Weaver paused only long enough to spin around in his chair and point his stubby finger at his framed diploma. "See that thing?" he demanded. "Cost my father a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. 'Go through college, Harold,' he said to me, 'so you'll be smart.' Well, I was flunked out of Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth and Missouri State Agricultural College. Finally he sent me to *that* place. Never heard of it, did you? Neither did anybody else. Samsonville Institute of Higher Learning. It's in Tennessee. Great place. Before they'd give me that piece of paper over there my father had to build them two new dormitories and an indoor swimming pool. That makes me a college graduate."

Mr. Weaver swung back again in his chair to stare at Virgil. "Is that sensible, Oliphant?" he said severely. "Is the Alumni policy sensible, I ask you? Why, my father wouldn't even have been able to hire himself. Ha! Business slogan. Funny joke. 'Every Employee a College Graduate Except the Man Who Started the Company.' Do you realize he wouldn't have been able to hire Abraham Lincoln, Oliphant? Is that sensible?"

"No, indeed!" said Virgil earnestly, the flickerings of a magnificent suspicion beginning within him

"Why, there might be a lot of Lincolns in the world for all I know," continued Mr. Weaver. "Do you know? Of course not. Nobody knows. But, anyway, that's the Alumni policy, Oliphant, and so you're fired. Out of respect for my father."

"But if—" Virgil began desperately, all his happy suspicions now vanished, but he got no farther. He was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Miss Brinker, who stepped through the open door of the smaller office of the suite and said, without the smallest glance at the horrified Virgil, "Mr. Weaver, they have called from outside to say there's a Mr. Oliphant to see you. Shall I show him in?"

"Oliphant?" said Mr. Weaver petulantly. "What's the matter with you, Miss Brinker? Here's Oliphant right in front of you."

Still Miss Brinker would not take her eyes from Mr. Weaver's face.

"It's—it's my half brother, Homer," Virgil explained quickly. "I'll go out—"

"Oh, *that* Oliphant," said Mr. Weaver. "Send him right in."

AS MISS BRINKER crossed over to the door, Virgil tried as hard as he could to gain her attention, to catch her eye, to see if he could tell what she was thinking, but she refused even to glance at him. She had heard, then, through the open door. She knew everything now, and this was her forbidding answer. Her lovely face was solemn in the extreme, and it seemed that there was in it a new sad sense of purpose.

Miss Brinker opened the door and Homer sauntered in. He smiled engagingly at Mr. Weaver behind the desk and winked at Miss Brinker in passing. When he saw Virgil his lanky body stiffened for a moment in puzzled suspicion. But he relaxed at once. "Hi, Virge. Glad to know you, Mr. Weaver. Virge is always telling me what a great little company you've got here. He's crazy about working here, aren't you, Virge?" Homer paused expectantly, and when no one answered him, he said, "By the way, Virgil, wasn't there something you wanted to see me about? I won't have to take up any of Mr. Weaver's so valuable time?"

"Why, that's perfectly all right, Mr. Oliphant," said Mr. Weaver, an ominous dearth of explosions in his voice. "Plenty of time, plenty of time—"

Virgil turned to face Homer, and stared at him without malice, seeming almost without recognition, and said dully, "You're too late, Homer. Mr. Weaver knows anything you can tell him. I'm fired."

As Homer listened to what Virgil said he continued to smile, but a curious thing seemed to happen to his smile. His big teeth continued to sparkle from between his stretched lips, but the over-all effect altered convulsively into a fixed and horrible grimace.

Mr. Weaver watched this metamorphosis complacently from behind his desk. "That's right," he said, snapping properly again. "Had to fire Oliphant. Didn't graduate from college. Too bad, but that's our policy. Too bad for you, too—right, Mr. Oliphant? Meal ticket gone. I'm glad you dropped by. Good time. Now you can hear me hire him back again under our new policy. New position. New Year's resolution." Mr. Weaver turned to Virgil and spoke in a rapid, offhand manner. "Doyle's office," he said. "Head of your department. Raise. Good man, Doyle, but notions. Belongs in Sales. What are you looking so funny for, Oliphant? Don't think you're the *only* one around here who isn't a college graduate. Ha! Plenty more. I hired 'em all, but they haven't had the guts yet to tell me. I've been planning this new policy for years. 'Hire good people, Harold,' I said. 'Never mind where they came from. See how it works.' Well, it works. New policy. From now on *anybody* can work for the

"But should parents try to control a child's future?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"CONTROL THE CHILD'S FUTURE!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "How about controlling his *present,* woman?"

"Oh, we *must* do that — we must, indeed," said Elsie. "By controlling him now, we'll make life easier for him *and* ourselves later on."

"Then what's all the shouting for?" snapped Elmer. "What's all this double-talk bout controlling his *future?*"

"I'm simply wondering," swered Elsie, "whether parts should try to influence a ild to take up some special ofession—or whether the child ould be encouraged to pick s own life's work."

"My son can't *creep* yet," oaned Elmer, "and already you've got him working."

FREE—Foolproof recipes for luscious candies and cookies that almost make themselves—in *Borden's Eagle Brand Book of Magic Recipes.* Send post card to Elsie, Dept. C-127, P. O. Box 175, New York 8, N. Y.

"If you think," continued Elmer, "that you're going to *influence* him into selling your doggoned Borden products, you have another think coming."

"Then," giggled Elsie, *"I think* there couldn't be a nicer job than selling a product with the many, many wonderful uses of *rden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk."*

"I've been tricked!" roared Elmer. "I've been trapped! Why can't I keep my big mouth closed?"

"Nobody can keep his mouth closed," blithely chirped Elsie, "when he sees the smooth icings, the heavenly candies and cookies, the super pie fillings made with Eagle Brand. And they're all so easy to make—you see, Eagle Brand is a satiny blend of whole milk and pure cane sugar."

"What's all this cooking chatter got to do with my son?" demanded Elmer. "*I* say the kid'll be anything he makes up his mind to be!"

"That's just it!" said Elsie. "So, instead of parents making up *their* minds to make their sons engineers or doctors, they should study the child. And if he shows a natural *bent* for — say, building things, help him along with building toys . . . if he shows any mechanical talent for taking things apart—"

"Hide your watch!" guffawed Elmer. "Now, let's forget this stuff, Elsie. All the kid's interested in now is eating—and you can't make a life's work of that."

"WHY, WHY have we never had ice cream like this before?" folks keep asking . . . Answer: never, until now, was there such ice cream as Lady Borden —never such richness, such smoothness, such *flavor!*

"Lots of folks," smiled Elsie, "would *love* to make a life's work of eating new *Lady Borden Ice Cream!* It truly *is* fit for a golden spoon. Such a luscious blending of golden cream with choice fruits and nuts — with chocolate and vanilla of *character!*"

"What do you mean—*character?*" asked Elmer.

"Between you and me, Daddy," said Beulah, "Mother means it's definitely *good.*"

"Naturally, it's good, dear," agreed Elsie. *"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

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AT HER
PARK AVENUE
APARTMENT

SERVES THIS
SPARKLING WATER

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Yes ...a dime-size bottle for 5¢!

Yes ...it's bonded for quality!

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mpany who knows his job. If he is a college graduate, fine. If he isn't a lege graduate, fine. College or no l—" Mr. Weaver's voice trailed off o a wholly uncharacteristic mumble he suddenly caught sight of Miss nker, and he began to stare in fascion at her stealthy activities.

And, indeed, Miss Brinker might have tured the attention of an even less-assembled mind. She had unobtruely carried a chair to a position directly hind Homer, next to the filing cabinets, d now she methodically and daintily unted the chair as though she wished haps to reach something on top of the inets. This she did. She took up an rmous ledger which was kept there. ss Brinker did not step down then with great book or read it or make an ry in it.

nstead she turned about carefully on chair, so that she faced Homer's ad back, and, drawing upon some herto unsuspected well of energy, sed the prodigious volume over her d. It remained poised there, trembling certainly like some primitive aerial struction, for only a moment; Miss nker's lovely face took on an exssion of solemn purpose. Then the g came hurtling down on top of mer's head. "You—you—you leech!" d Miss Brinker passionately. "You *lege graduate!*"

t that moment Homer, who had in assumed his insolent slouch, turned, ned presumably by some diluvial inct—but he turned too late, and only casual manners, which had caused to keep on his hat, likely saved him m some sort of brain rearrangement m the encounter. He staggered zily for a moment, and presently used his eyes on Miss Brinker, who in the act of raising her bludgeon a ond time. Homer didn't wait, but the terrified expression of a man finds himself in a roomful of people e suddenly insane, he turned and fled ough the door.

HE clamor of Homer's exit had only just abated when Miss Brinker, still ding on her chair, dropped the ledger h a mighty thud, burst into a rain of s and rushed off into the smaller ce, slamming the door after her.

Virgil, who had observed the last few ments' activities through a haze of inated inaction, came suddenly to . He took one great step in the dition of the smaller office into which s Brinker had disappeared so sumily, but Mr. Weaver stopped him.

Business before pleasure!" he barked, newhat obscurely. "Job for you, Oliphant. Write me a memo to be distributed to the entire staff explaining the new Alumni policy. You're the man to do it."

Yes, sir," said Virgil. "And I want to thank—"

Department head now," interrupted Mr. Weaver. "You need an assistant. k an assistant."

Miss Brinker," Virgil said.

Don't forget your bonus on your way ," said Mr. Weaver, and as Virgil ked up his envelope, Mr. Weaver ked up a paper and began to stare at it great concentration, which seemed to icate the close of the interview.

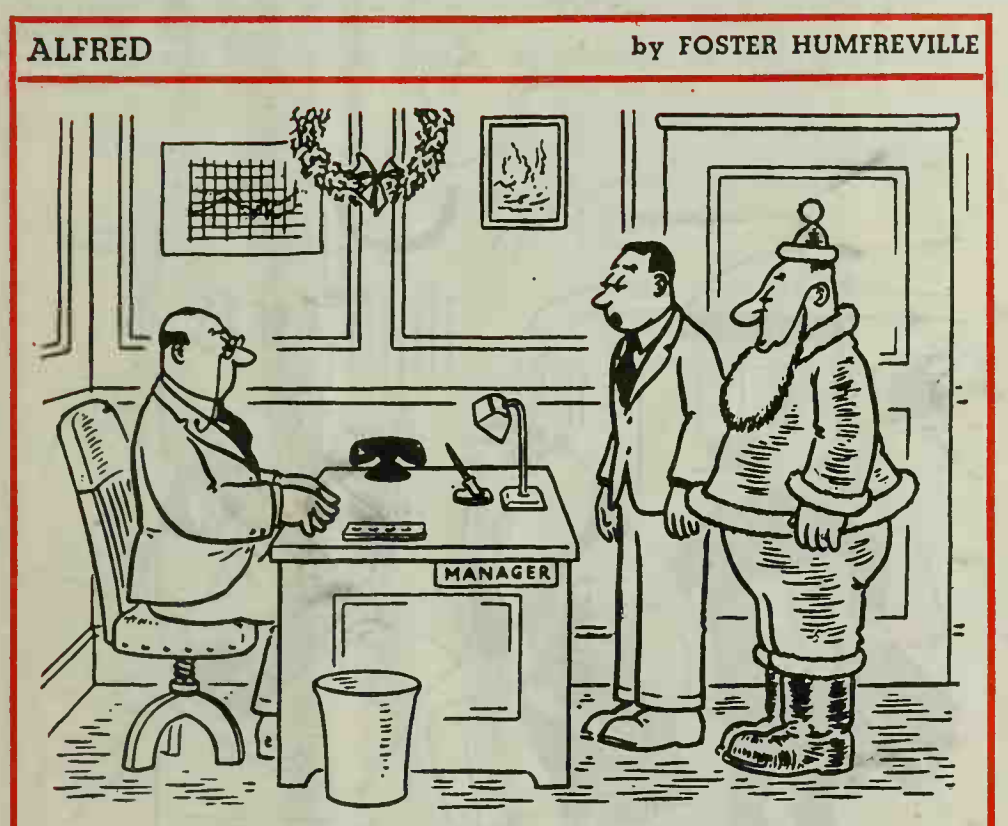
Thank you," Virgil felt impelled to , "for all the things. Merry Christmas."

Mr. Weaver didn't look up from the er he was apparently reading. "True, ," he said meditatively, "as far as it s. But how far is that?"

Virgil turned and tiptoed hurriedly the other office. But Miss Brinker not there. She had escaped apparly through another door leading into main office, and through this door Virgil now plunged. In the far distance he caught a fleeting glimpse of Miss Brinker hurrying into an elevator, and rt of panic overtook him. He started to run, stretching his great legs into racehorse strides and giving no more heed to his startled co-workers than if they had been pieces of furniture, and presently he had run down nine flights of stairs. But even Virgil's legs couldn't keep pace with the descending elevator, and on the ground floor there was no sign of Miss Brinker. Out on the street Virgil began to run again, his heart hammering wildly as he spotted and pursued an elusive green feather which bobbed in and out of the sidewalk crowd a block away; the feather decorated Miss Brinker's hat.

It was three blocks away on a side street off the avenue that Virgil finally caught her. His recent athletics had momentarily relieved him of the capacity for speech; he stopped her by placing a great hand on her arm, gasping for breath and gazing at her intensely.

When Miss Brinker turned and looked up into Virgil's face it seemed that she might be going to cry afresh. Her lower lip trembled helplessly like a little child's, but in the end she said, haltingly, "I don't know what you must think, what



"I'm afraid, sir, we'll just have to give up the idea of Alfred's stomach shaking with merriment"

kind of girl—I hit your brother on the head. I couldn't help it. He—you—"

"Oh, that was fine," Virgil panted reassuringly. "I should have done that years ago. It's only that I don't quite understand why—I mean, aren't you upset about the—ah—the college diploma and all?"

"Upset!" repeated Miss Brinker, and this time the tears did spring up uncontrollably in her great round eyes. "Oh, Mr. Oliphant, it was—it was fine and noble!" she said passionately. "When I think of what you did for that worthless —for that—and to think he could have worked for the Alumni, and Abraham Lincoln couldn't! Oh, I think I'm going to cry again!"

"There, there," said Virgil, patting Miss Brinker's arm in an ecstasy of compassion. "It's nothing to cry about. It's all over now." And as Virgil spoke his happy reassurances, his very soul swelling with joy, he guided Miss Brinker tenderly along the street, not consciously aware of a specific destination, oblivious to the icy wind, half his mind turned in upon himself and the miracle of his existence. He told Miss Brinker that she was to be his new assistant and that he was to set down the new policy for the company, and she congratulated him on his promotion, and before they knew it they stood at Virgil's front door.

This fact at first startled Virgil, then charged him with a delightful inspiration. He turned suddenly to Miss Brinker. "It's only three o'clock," he said eagerly. "This is where I live. I don't want you to think—I mean, I wouldn't want you to think, but—anyway, let's go up, and you can rest for a while, and then we'll write out the new Alumni policy. Will you? Please?"

She seemed at once to sense in his voice his great inner urgency to obliterate as quickly as possible the company dictum which had so nearly brought him ruin. Without hesitating for a moment, she smiled up at him sympathetically and nodded her head.

Once in his room Virgil began a great scurrying after Miss Brinker's comfort. He made her sit in the big chair and put her feet up on another and he gently placed a blanket across her knees. Miss Brinker, meanwhile, in a flurry of embarrassment, protested that she was fine and didn't deserve such attention, but Virgil would hear none of it, and when at last Miss Brinker came to resemble a North Atlantic steamship passenger in readiness for a go at the hurricane deck, Virgil said, avoiding her eye in a peculiar way, that he must run out for a minute —only a minute, he promised.

It had something to do with pencils and paper with which to write out the new Alumni policy, which was odd because there were two newly sharpened pencils in plain sight on the dresser and beside them a box of typewriter paper. But Virgil was halfway out of the door before Miss Brinker had a chance to point out the pencils and the paper. And when the chance finally arose, for some reason she said nothing. There was in Virgil's manner so curious and pronounced an urgency that she let him go.

Consequently, after experiencing for a few moments the somehow mildly disturbing sensations which come about by being left alone in someone else's house, Miss Brinker disengaged herself from the cocoon which Virgil had built around her and crossed over to the great gleaming cabinet against the wall with a view to listening to some music to pass the time more pleasantly. She turned the button readiest to her hand and waited calmly for what she not unnaturally imagined to be a radio to warm up and play some music for her. Instead, something else happened.

"Miss Brinker, Emily, *I love you!*" cried an impassioned voice. Miss Brinker replied to this assertion with a stifled shriek of stark terror. She looked about her wildly for a moment, then started for the door. The voice froze her to immobility. "Emily, darling," it continued tenderly, "you're the most beautiful, the most wonderful girl in the whole world. I can't live any longer without you. Will you marry—(No. Better. Dignified.) Will you be my wife?"

Miss Brinker had now recognized Virgil's voice, and some of her immediate alarm left her. She moved cautiously back to the machine, raised its lid and peered inside. There she saw, among other things, two mysterious spools of ticker tape slowly winding and unwinding, and a small, shiny microphone. While Miss Brinker's knowledge of mechanical matters was sharply limited, her mind was an alert one, and when she finally closed the lid of the machine again there was about her charming mouth the beginning of a fresh and subtle smile of wisdom.

Meanwhile, Virgil's voice talked on. And presently Miss Brinker had overheard comments addressed variously to Al, the waiter, Mr. Weaver, Charlie Doyle, someone who appeared to be a clerk in a hat store, and, with abundant frequency, to herself. Sometimes there were things which the voice spoke to her, highly specialized panegyrics to her charm and beauty, which made her blush violently. But once when the voice asked again a particular question of her, Miss Brinker almost inaudibly whispered something back.

WHEN Virgil returned at last, he found Miss Brinker exactly as he had left her, muffled in the big chair and smiling up at him. The recording machine lay closed and silent. It might not have raised its voice for a year.

Virgil stood very straight in the doorway, his remarkable size filling it easily, and returned her smile. His was somehow a new smile, a smile of peace.

In his hand Miss Brinker noticed that he carried a five-cent pad of paper and an unsharpened pencil, but she noticed something else, too, and she remarked on it at once. "Why, you have a new hat," she said. "My, I like it."

Virgil affected to be surprised that she had noticed it and turned his eyes upward. "Oh, yes," he said. "Well, I left my other one at the office and I thought as long as I was out—it's just a hat."

"Oh, I don't think so at all," Miss Brinker said, with considerable thoughtfulness. "I think a black Homburg hat makes a man look more distinguished than any other kind of hat—a big man, I mean. It looks just right on you."

"Do you think so?" said Virgil; he closed the door behind him and entered the room, his great frame swinging with a subtle new grace. "Thank you," he said. "Well, if you're feeling rested enough we might get to work."

"Oh, I'm feeling fine now," said Miss Brinker. She sat up straighter to show how well she felt and frowned in a businesslike way, accepting from Virgil the pad of paper and one of the sharpened pencils which had been there all along.

Virgil took off his hat and placed it very gently on top of the recording machine. Then he leaned back against the beautiful wood, his fingers lightly caressing its satiny finish.

Miss Brinker sat attentively, her pencil poised above her paper. Only once before they began did she permit herself a momentary glance at the recording machine. It was a tender glance, an intimate, knowing, trusting glance such as one might give an old friend with whom some glad secret is shared. Then she looked back at Virgil, and for a moment their eyes met.

Virgil cleared his throat. "Memo to the entire staff," he said in his fine, strong voice. And Miss Brinker's pencil darted efficiently across the page. "Happy New Year! From today on, everything is going to be different. . . ."

THE END

THE POLISH DREAM

Continued from page 17

Things, however, were not as simple as all that. One of my autochthones was an accountant for a nationalized factory, and the other ran a private law practice. As a state employee the accountant was one of 8,000,000 entitled to ration cards. Apart from government functionaries, this third of the population includes "nationalized" workers, scientists, intellectuals and others considered essential. By and large these people are able to cover about 65 per cent of their minimum needs on the "controlled market" where food is exceedingly cheap. There, 11 zlotys will buy a pound of butter. Another 15 per cent of their requirements is filled on the "free market," where it takes 200 zlotys for a pound of butter. The remaining 20 per cent is left for extras.

The lawyer belonged, theoretically at least, among Poland's hungriest citizens. There are 3,000,000 so-called nonessential workers, including, besides lawyers, businessmen and private employees. My lawyer received no ration cards whatsoever and depended entirely on the free market. Actually he was making fair money, around 20,000 zlotys a month, and while he, too, spent most of his earnings on food, other commodities were still so scarce there wasn't much he could buy in nonessentials anyway.

Peasants Don't Fare Too Badly

Other nonration card holders are Poland's 13,000,000 peasants who are expected to feed themselves. On the whole they succeed in doing so and profess no dislike for the current system.

It appeared that Poland's population begins at Walbrzych. From here on, "recovered" Lower Silesia, though studded with ruins, looks like a going concern.

I moved on and when the car started to boil stopped at a medium-sized family farm for some water and talk, and received both from the old lady of the house.

"They're all out in the fields," she said in French, "even the children. There's too much to do for anyone to be idle."

Like everyone here, the family had received its slice of recovered land with the compliments of the state and was not, thus far, paying any taxes. While the Polish farmer has to meet his quota and surrender a part of his crops at ceiling price, he never deals directly with the authorities but delivers his share to a local agency composed of peasants. When I was there, the government was not telling him what to grow. But in spite of what sounded like an extremely friendly and liberal arrangement, my rustic hostess spoke no more highly of the government than had the urban autochthones.

"Half of Poland," she complained, "half of our country has been given to the Russian archenemy. He took our farm, too, and sent us packing. The soil is richer here, that much I grant you. But we don't belong here; I, for one, don't, although the children feel quite at home."

If the average historically minded Pole finds it hard to overcome his nation's traditional distrust and hatred of Russia, the people of the recovered territories have their special and additional axes to grind when it comes to the Soviet Union. The 1,689,000 *évacués* from east of the Curzon line are automatically and fiercely anti-Russian. So are the Germans and autochthones. Only a small minority composed of government officials, nonpolitical treasure hunters, adventurers, pioneers from Central Poland and Jews, many of whom owe their lives to Russian protection, deviates from the Russian feeling.

Next stop was Breslau, now called Wroclaw, capital of Silesia and once a blooming metropolis of 750,000. I had known the place in prewar times, but hard as I looked I could not find one landmark, not one familiar sight to assist me in picking my way through this gigantic accumulation of rubble. Soviet artillery accounted for not more than 30 per cent of the destruction wrought here during 80 days of siege. The rest was done by German demolition squads in what was probably the most colossal "scorched city" operation of the war.

Today the rubble heap at Wroclaw shelters some 200,000 persons, most of whom seem to speak, or rather whisper, German more fluently than Polish. Virtually everybody here appears frightened of something or other. No sooner had I sat down for dinner in a ground-floor restaurant, which was all that remained of a four-story building, than the main cause of this general anxiety became clear to me.

After having addressed the waiter in English, I was joined almost immediately by an English couple who asked in a whisper whether they could be of any assistance. The waiter who had only just gone to fill my order, returned hastily and, glancing at the table at my back, muttered, *"Achtung! Geheimer!"* ("Attention! A Secret one!")

The individual he referred to was a shabbily dressed man of no distinction who looked bored and sleepy. The waiter demonstratively cleared the suspect's table of its clean cutlery and an unused glass.

"That's how he knew," whispered my female friend. "They rarely consume anything—can't afford to, I suppose—but simply sit and listen. We have a disgusting lot of them around here."

Her husband, a physician, proved quite well informed on the city.

"The place looks awful," he said, "and I should wish, even from a sanitary viewpoint, that they'd start cleaning up. Factories, however, are held to be more important than living quarters, and perhaps they really are."

He said that 70 industrial establishments had thus far managed to reopen in, or near, Wroclaw and that they employed some 25,000 workers.

The industrial picture was even brighter than that, as I was to discover eventually. But Wroclaw officials would not say so. There was practically nothing that they would say when it came to issuing any factual information.

"Go to Warsaw. There they'll surely know," I was told.

I started for Warsaw.

To demonstrate her disapproval of any such strenuous venture, my old car broke down in ever-shortening intervals. She boiled, coughed, jerked and whistled, and kept losing water, oil and gasoline. Time and again she simply refused to move at all, although she usually spared me the misery of a total collapse on the road, waiting until we were in front of a hotel before folding up. This was often in the middle of the night.

Feeling of Mistrust Is General

On one of these occasions I came to understand that neither fear nor dislike of the powers above is exclusive with the recovered territories but that many a citizen of central Poland shares the feeling of his brethren to the west.

It was 1:30 A.M. and the car would not move another inch. The hotel looked pleasant enough, although its owner resented being aroused from his sleep, particularly since there wasn't an empty bed in the house. Two surplus guests, both of them Poles, sat on hard chairs in the corridor, vainly trying to get a little sleep. I produced my letter, and suddenly there was action. The elderly proprietor dashed to his room and came out dragging his own bed across the hall and put it into a tiny office. The tiny office had to be emptied of all its furniture before the bed would fit in.

Meanwhile, my car proved to have collapsed on the wrong side of the street and a young policeman came to say it had to be moved. Even while he helped me push the automobile to where it belonged, he breathlessly professed to be a very unhappy man.

"I shouldn't say so," he said, "not with this uniform on. But then, I've been with the British during the war and I've seen what democratic liberty is."

He wouldn't answer, though, when I asked in what respect his liberty had been encroached upon here.

It was only in Warsaw that I found civic reconstruction in full swing. After the ill-fated insurrection of August, 1944, and the "punitive action" that followed, virtually nothing remained of the capital. Now it must be rebuilt, as quickly as possible and at any price. On this point, if on few others, the average resident of Warsaw sees eye to eye with his government.

"It's a matter of pride," I was told by the elderly owner of a small pub. "They didn't want us to have a capital any more, but we'll show them."

Oddly enough, his reference, spoken in French, was not to the Germans but to the Russians, who, to his mind, had deliberately failed to free the city at the critical moment.

"They don't want us to prosper," he declared, "yet things are far better now than they were last year."

At this point he was interrupted by a Polish customer, who seemed to resent our French conversation.

"Speak German, everybody!" he demanded drunkenly. "German, most beloved tongue in Poland."

When I left, the drunk left with me, without paying his bill, incidentally. He kept staggering along beside me and wouldn't even quit when I had arrived at my destination. The boys in the garage politely refused to rid me of my escort. Warsaw, they muttered, was full of people whom one had better not offend, and since this "gentleman" (he looked like a bum) seemed to like my company, they would rather not interfere. It was not until I produced my letter that the character, now entirely sober, took his embarrassed leave.

If there are things which the Polish government wishes to hide, the facts concerning the so-called recovered territories are not among them. A prodigious amount of relevant material has been issued and is readily available to foreign observers. According to these statistics, 33 per cent of Poland's entire coal output comes from mines that were formerly German. So does 50 per cent of her railway wagons, 25 per cent of her iron and 10 per cent of her steel. After the realization of the all-embracing three-year plan, now in its second year, the relative importance of the reclaimed areas will be greater still. By the end of 1947, 3,200,000 hectares of recovered land were to be under cultivation, as compared to the 832,000 hectares tilled in 1945. If all goes well, Poland will be an exporter of food by 1950. Even today she is an exporter of coal, the only European country now in that enviable position. Of the 58,000,000 tons expected to be produced, 28,000,000 are marked for export.

Nationalism Strong in Warsaw

While in Warsaw I listened to dozens of Poles, both within the government and without. Among ordinary citizens Communists are hard to find. By and large, people profess to a nonpolitical, or even an antipolitical, attitude which resents "Socialism" as a manifestation of Russian influence rather than as an economic or political doctrine. Nationalism proved a passion with virtually everyone to whom I talked, and the very tangible successes which the nation achieved under the current regime somewhat mitigated its unpopularity.

Seemingly unaware of the sentiments they arouse, top-ranking officials appeared cheerful and confident. When I went to see General Victor Grosz, director of the press department of the Foreign Office and senior spokesman for the government, the Harrison Report had just resulted in an American refusal of aid to the Poles.

"While we are, of course, most disappointed," General Grosz told me, "the report had its pleasing side, too. What could be more satisfactory than this official American admission that we are doing well?"

"I want a gift that won't look as though I bought it on the spur of the moment"

COLLIER'S — THURSTON GENTRY

A detailed UNRRA report on the subject, however, shows that Poland's economy cannot possibly develop much further unless it is aided from the outside. "Without industrial investment from abroad, Poland cannot expand her industrial production appreciably beyond present levels," the report said.

Russia had not, at the time I was there, seen fit to interfere seriously with Poland's internal affairs, but any Polish failure resulting from the rejection of any loan application would make the Poles completely dependent on the U.S.S.R.'s meager offerings.

I found Poland's affairs were being run efficiently. Prices had been stabilized; the Polish treasury showed a surplus for the year, and while Polish trade with the Soviet Union was higher than ever before, it represented only 43 per cent of the nation's total exports, with 57 per cent going to other countries. Only the Communists claim that "democratic freedom" has had much of a part in the successes boasted by the government. But then democracy, as understood in the Western nations, has no roots in Poland, where a medieval feudal society was succeeded by a Fascist one and where the vast majority of the people had never been permitted to decide anything for themselves. This was pointed out to me by an intellectual in Warsaw who was not a Communist.

People Don't Want Feudal Rule

"Liberty, though duly rationed, is more readily available now than it has been at any time in the past," he said. "We simply cannot afford democratic freedom in the Western sense. Our people are patriotic and hard working, provided they are told what to do. Since they want Poland to thrive they do not—could not possibly—want the return to power of the gentry under whose feudal regime millions of Poles had to go to work in foreign countries, while other millions were left to starve at home. If those seasoned antidemocrats were offered a nice democratic chance, if they were 'free' to stage a comeback, they'd most certainly do so and that would be the end of freedom."

In the course of five crowded weeks, I covered some 1,100 miles of Polish ground and came in touch with scores of persons of all political shades. Wherever I stopped I found people busy, friendly, healthily ambitious, and almost incredibly optimistic. Unlike most of the Western Europeans, they seem happily oblivious of the threat of another war.

When I was there, the "Information Center," backed by the Communists of nine countries, including Poland, had not yet been set up, but it is a safe guess that the average hard-working Pole has little time and less love for any such Soviet affair. Nor, on the other hand, is he likely to grasp the seriousness with which "the West," especially the United States, views this new Cominform. That Polish Communist participation in the Belgrade venture might be deemed an unfriendly act by the country as such, is surely beyond him.

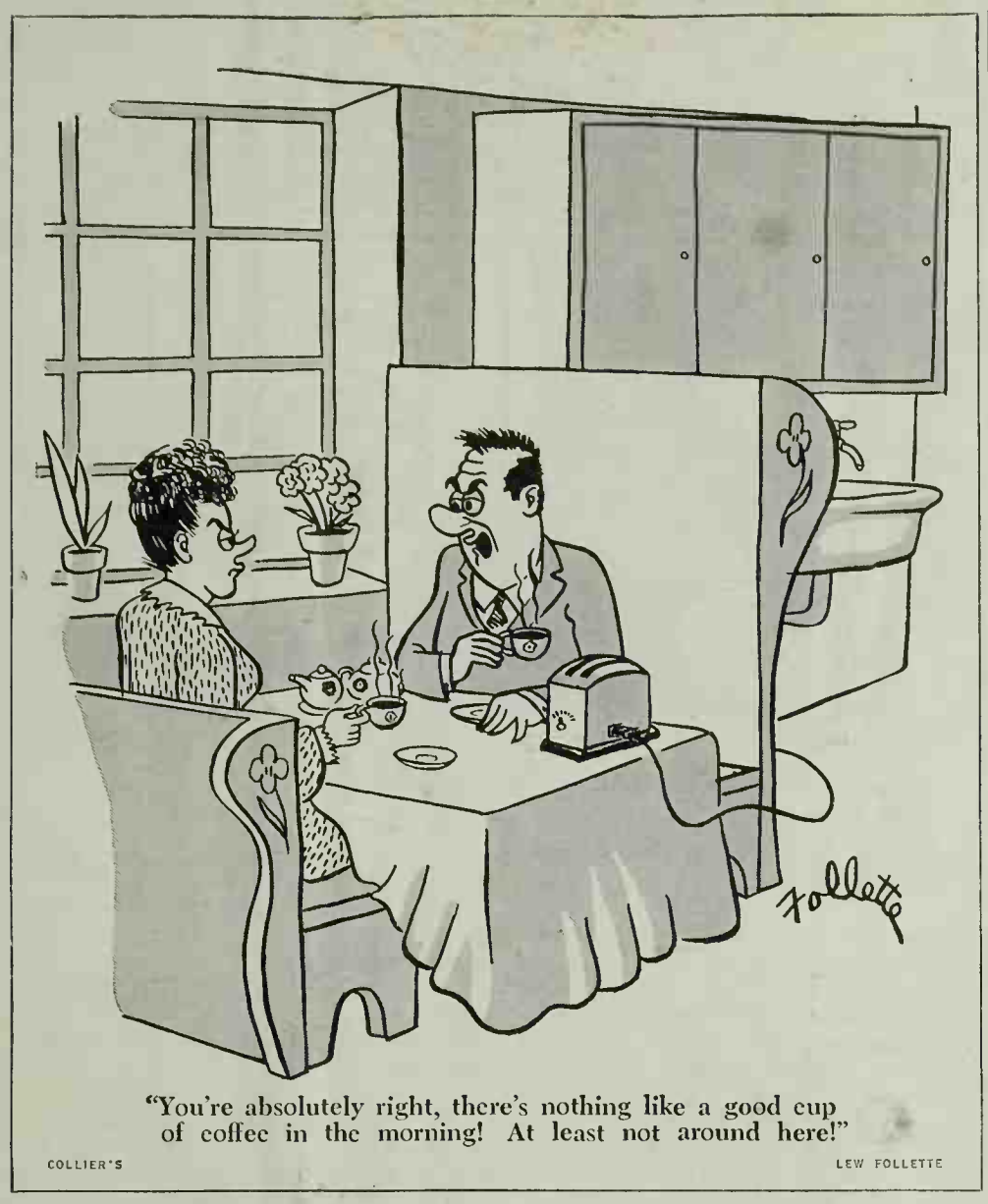
To his mind, Silesia, Pomerania and one half of East Prussia have long since become an integral part of Poland, a part in which the nation has invested an irretrievable amount of work and faith. In the industrial and mining centers of Silesia the chimneys smoke 24 hours a day. The "recovered" Baltic ports of Szczecin (Stettin), Gdánsk (Danzig) and Gdynia (Gdingen), which in 1945 seemed wrecked beyond repair, operate today at 70 per cent of capacity, with 60 per cent of their quays and 30 per cent of their machinery repaired or replaced. Anywhere in the reclaimed areas, except for the far western fringes, you may drive from dawn to dusk without passing an untilled field.

Flimsy Historic Basis for Claims

But Poland's "historical right" to her "recovered territories" is upheld with a fervor hardly justified by historical fact. To establish this title, government historians and propagandists hark back to the year 1100 when Polish tribes penetrated to the Oder and Neisse rivers and Poland's western frontiers were identical with those agreed upon at Potsdam. As for her present northern boundaries, they too are alleged to have historical precedent. The Polish state reached its greatest expansion along the Baltic Coast in the 12th century, only to lose most of its western and northern territories in the two centuries that followed.

Having lost, or "ceded," almost half of her entire prewar territory to the Soviet Union after World War II, Poland cannot possibly survive without the "reclaimed" lands. Poles therefore will shun no effort to demonstrate to the world their resolution and ability to solve all problems at stake. They will never agree to return, wholly or in essential parts, the acquisitions on which they base all their hopes for a happier future. Nothing short of successful military intervention from the West, or a super-Munich abetted by the Soviet Union, could sever the "recovered territories" from a Poland which, after untold sufferings, is grimly determined to recover.

THE END



"You're absolutely right, there's nothing like a good cup of coffee in the morning! At least not around here!"

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CLEAN BLOOD

Continued from page 24

He found the man carrying supplies into a tent set up a half mile down the shore. The fellow was about Dave's age, thirty-five, and his astonishment was so great he couldn't speak.

"Hello," Dave said. "Tried to get here before the plane left."

Still the man was silent.

"Maybe the plane's bringing another load for you," Dave said. "Then you can switch to another valley."

"No," the man said.

The man was sore, obviously, and Dave didn't blame him. He kept sizing Dave up. If you're stuck on the moon with a man you want to know what he's like; Dave was making his own estimate. The fellow seemed all right, but a long winter lay ahead.

"Eating time," Dave said. "Better come along."

IN THE cabin, while Dave mixed biscuit and fried moose steaks, the man spoke only once, saying his name was Gib Dodson.

After they'd eaten, Gib Dodson pushed his plate away and said, "No law gives a man a right to a valley."

"No law in the books," Dave said, "but there ain't even any books here."

"Meaning I can't set a trap? Lose the six-hundred plane fare?"

"I made a prospecting trip, just looking. Cost me three hundred, and then three hundred more to come in and three more to get out. I've worked pockets before and this time I figured to get the best I could find. Which makes it seem like I'd earned something."

"So you own the place. And I go nuts, just sitting."

"Most men crack, being alone and not busy," Dave said.

Gib jumped up angrily but after a moment he smiled.

"Why can't we go pardners?" he said.

Dave remembered two experiences he'd had on the upper Tanana. "Maybe it's my fault but pardners don't work out with me. I try to be good-natured and I keep working. It's sitting around, thinking when you got nothing to think about, that turns a man queer. Downright silly not to talk to a pardner even if he hates your guts. Maybe he's got more cause to hate yours."

"Then you expect me to sit for ten months and turn queer?" Gib was angry again. "It ain't my fault I landed in your hole."

"Being sore ain't getting us anywhere," Dave said.

Dave had seen from the first what would have to be done, but he didn't like it.

"I wouldn't want to see any man lose a year's work through no fault of his own," he said. "I'll give you the south end."

Gib stared as if he didn't believe it. "Mean you're letting me . . . that's what I call white!" he exclaimed.

His expression and manner changed. He was warm and sincere.

"Maybe I ain't too white," Dave said. "I picked the best."

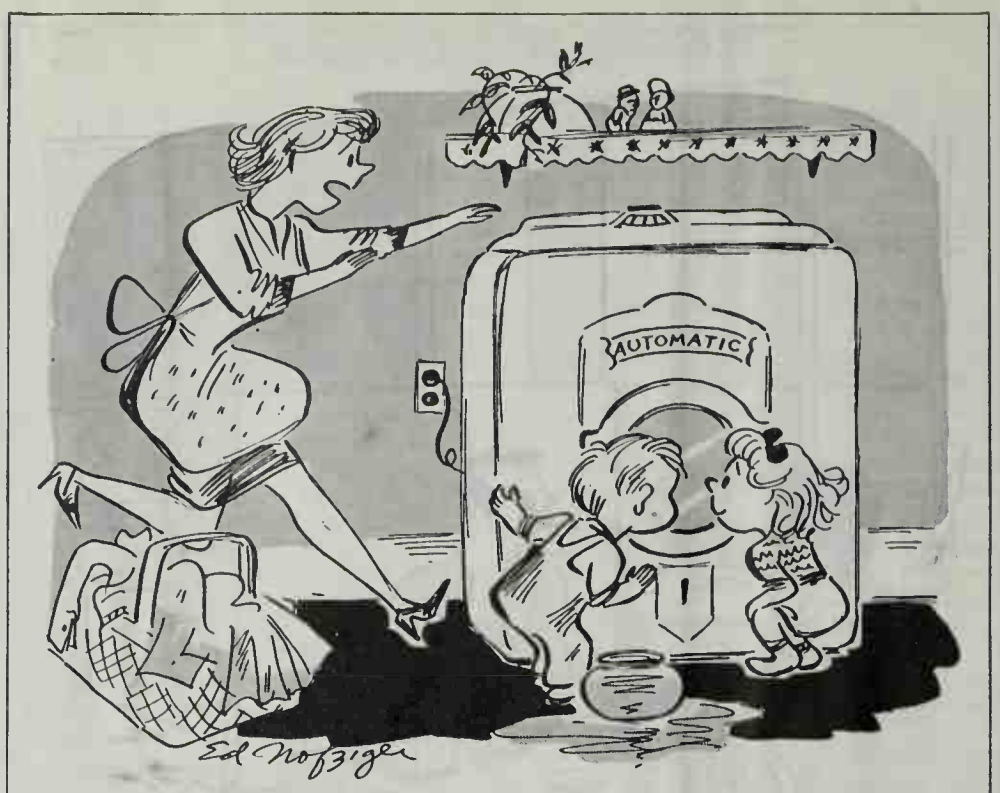
"You got a right to. You got a right to tell me to go to hell, only you don't."

"There's a catch to it," Dave said. "Don't use poison. So much snow, you can't track down half the fur you kill. I don't want this pocket wiped out. And don't work this side of the south end of the lake."

"Sure!" Gib said. "That's more'n fair."

"I was going to run a line there myself, so we'll both lose. But what can a man do when there's two in a hole like this?"

Thus the agreement was made. Dave's dreams of working the pocket alone were [illegible] he realized that being tough would only start a grudge fight. Now there seemed to be little chance of trouble.



COLLIER'S "Goldfish? What goldfish?" ED NOFZIGER

Dave met Gib's friendliness with a suggestion that Gib live with him until another cabin was built and he offered to help brush out a trail down the side of the lake. Moose had made the task easy and they finished before night. Gib brought supplies and helped cook and clean up. He wasn't the best of housekeepers and his ax work was crude, but he was husky and always cheerful.

The first evening Dave discovered Gib was not an old hand at trapping. He'd trolled for salmon out of Ketchikan and had tried trapping around Behm Canal. The last two years he'd gone up Unuk River as far as he could in his gas boat and had frozen in for the winter. Always he'd had a partner and on the Unuk other trappers had been near him. His former partners wouldn't risk flying to a pocket in the mountains.

"They said I'd go bushy, living alone," Gib said, "but I wouldn't mind turning queer for ten thousand bucks."

"If a man keeps busy he don't go queer," Dave said.

DAVE kept busy. He had miles of trapping trails to slash out, cuddies to build, snowshoes to make, wood to cut and stretcher boards to hew. He tanned two large moose hides to have leather for mittens, moccasins and a parka. Beyond the swamp, he found fine fur country on a higher plateau, and that meant more trails and cuddies. He didn't have enough traps and had to prepare deadfalls.

Gib went to the south end of the lake each morning and always was back before Dave returned. At the end of a week his cabin wasn't finished. Busy as Dave was, he gave Gib a hand to get a roof on and hew door planks. Gib's work had not improved and he liked to stop to talk.

Dave was relieved when Gib moved to his camp. He liked Gib but the fellow didn't have the bursting energy of a successful trapper. Dave thought of little except fur. Gib talked of Ketchikan and inconsequential things, such as girls and getting drunk, but Dave thought that if they didn't see each other too often they should get along fine.

A week later Gib found Dave working far back on the second plateau.

"Don't you keep track of the days?" Gib asked. "It's Sunday."

"I can't spare Sundays," Dave said.

"Day off does a feller good after being alone all week."

"Who'd you figure on visiting if I wasn't here?"

Gib chuckled. "Ten months would have been a long time," he said. "I was lucky to find you. Come knock off."

Dave looked at the sky. "See them mare's-tails," he said. "Winter hits quick in these mountains."

He went on working; Gib went on talking, but Dave's mind was on trapping. He was irritated the next Sunday when Gib returned.

THE first heavy fall of snow kept Gib away for a time. Soon it would be cold enough to begin trapping and Dave, ready for it, cut firewood and heaped it high about the cabin. The lake, chilled by a second snowfall, froze over the first clear night and he began to set traps. Gib, who now had only a mile of easy walking over the lake, overtook him on the trail.

"Sunday again," he said. "You ain't taken a day off since I came. You'll kill yourself, man."

"I been doing it for fifteen years and I'm still alive," Dave said. "Got your traps out?"

"No. Snow slowed me cutting trails."

Dave finished a set. When he moved on, Gib followed.

"One man leaves too much scent along a trail," Dave said. "Two leave twice as much."

"Meaning you don't want me along?"

"It don't help any."

"Hell! If you're going to be nasty about it—"

Gib walked back. Dave wondered if he'd been too rough, but the fellow was a trapper and should understand, and he should be setting out his own traps.

Dave was too busy to think much of it. He was out before dawn and back after dark and he took so much fur he was kept busy skinning and stretching till late. The second plateau had given him more than he'd counted on but he had nothing to do except work and Dave could be perfectly happy when he was getting results.

In mid-November he came home to find Gib sitting in the cabin. Gib was as good-natured as if nothing had happened and he had supper prepared. Dave was glad to see him but after they'd eaten, Gib talked more than ever, and faster. He was like an excited kid. Later, when Dave skinned his fur, Gib became silent.

"How many days' catch is that?" he asked at last.

"Just today's," Dave said.

"More than I've taken in a week." Gib's face twitched. "You've got all the best of this pocket."

"Lot of fur in your end."

"And you held out on me about that upper plateau."

Dave finished skinning a marten. "I didn't find it till after you came," he said quietly.

"I won't make wages in what you left for me."

Dave didn't speak. He knew how these things started.

"No wonder you don't want me around," Gib said. "You don't want me to know how good the north end is. To hell with you."

Gib left. Dave was sorry another rift had developed, but he saw it had been in the cards. Gib had no business in a fur pocket. You had to work for pelts and if you were alone you had to keep busy so you wouldn't think too much.

IN DECEMBER, Dave started taking even more fur than before and he wondered if the storage shed would be big enough. He was so busy he lost track of the days. Long after dark one evening he found Gib waiting for him in the cabin.

"Merry Christmas!" Gib shouted. "Even an old grouch like you ought to take one day off a year."

He waved to a bottle of whisky on the table. "Roast in the oven, too," he said. "Thought you'd never come."

He opened the bottle and slopped liquor into tin cups. Dave drank. He had no objection to liquor, though he'd rather give the same weight in a plane to tea, lard or extra traps. But Gib had come to make amends and that was worth much. Dave let loose and they had a good time, but after they'd eaten and Gib poured more drinks, Dave eased up till the bottle was empty.

Gib was jovial for a while but he was fresh to liquor and it took hold. Dave, keeping alert, got an impression the man was cracking up. Gib may have planned this party with the best of intentions, yet underneath was bitterness, and with liquor it came out. Next morning his good nature was gone. When Dave skinned his fur and hung it in the shed, Gib stared at the rich pelts.

"So you don't use poison," he said. "Double-crossing me."

Dave knew this was serious. "Get busy!" he said sharply. "Quit sitting in that shack. Catch yourself some fur."

All Gib's malevolence flared. "How?" he said. "After the raw deal you gave me. Hogging the best ground. Giving me no chance! A man who'd do that—I get you now. Wanting me to get fur so you rob me of it before the planes come."

It wasn't an accusation. Dave knew it was an idea that had just struck Gib. The man was lazy and he couldn't take loneliness or another man's success, but before Dave could find an approach to this new and grave problem, Gib started swiftly toward the lake and home.

Small men, Dave thought, could get along well in town. Plenty of people would listen to their small ideas, and just speaking them got the poison out of the system. The wilderness was different. If you couldn't get rid of a notion it festered, and no telling how far it would spread through you. Dave had fought it himself in the past.

He was more disturbed than he would admit. Six months must pass before a plane came, and that could be a long time. He went back to trapping, to working long hours; he tried to forget Gib Dodson—and he couldn't. He knew Gib wasn't getting out every day as a trapper should. Gib was hugging the stove and brooding.

Weeks passed, and winter had really come to the mountains. Snow was deep and cold intense. Some days Dave could not visit his traps.

A bad storm let up one noon and he decided to spend the rest of the day washing clothes. When he went to the lake for water, he saw something move halfway down the shore. A moment later an animal crawled slowly onto the ice.

The cross fox was dead when Dave

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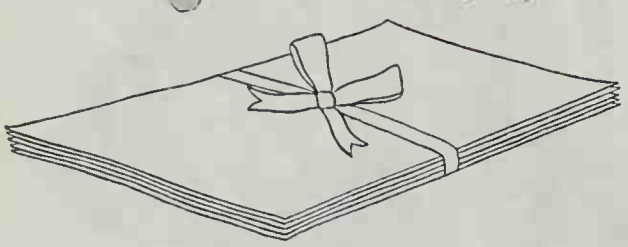

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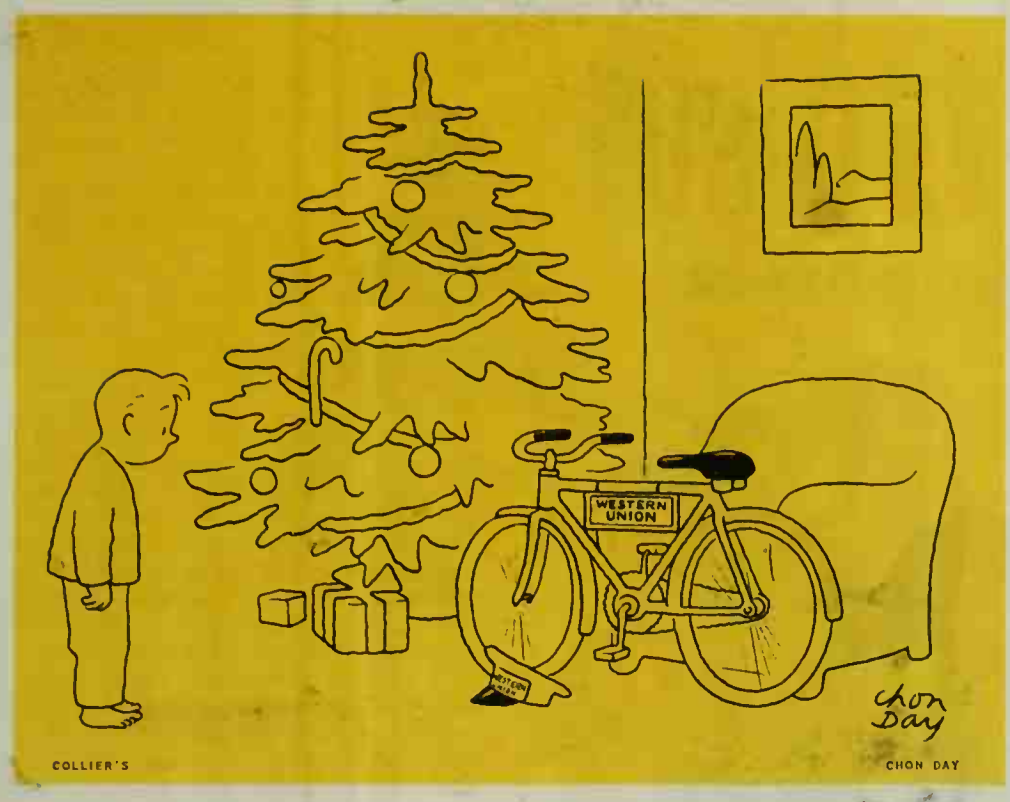

nched it. Froth at the mouth and scratches on the hard snow meant convulsions. Ten minutes later Dave slammed open Gib's door.

"Here's a pelt of yours," Dave said.

He looked around. On a shelf was a bottle half filled with white crystals. He dropped it into the stove.

"You won't poison any more fur," he said.

Gib stormed to his feet. His face, ordinarily so amiable, was totally different. Dave's anger cooled when he saw it. It wasn't that Dave was afraid. There were symptoms he didn't like.

"Think you're a damned god running the pocket?" Gib shouted.

"I told you not to use poison," Dave said.

"And you gave me the no-good end before I got to use it."

Dave stepped outside and pointed to the trail. "That snow's four days old," he said. "You haven't looked at your traps once. Too lazy. So you scatter bait. Rob me of next year's catch."

DAVE went home and his anger grew. He was still fuming at bedtime but years in the wilderness had taught him a man must control his thoughts. If he brooded he'd go nuts. That's what Gib had done, and one man off-center was enough.

In the weeks that followed Dave accused himself. Gib needed support and Dave owed that much to another man even if he were a weakling. For the first time, Dave Harper found loneliness oppressive. It did not touch him but he could not escape the knowledge of what it must be doing to the man only a mile away. Dave had dropped Gib's strychnine in the stove, and he'd left a worse explosion. Dynamite was made by a slow process, but it let loose with a bang.

It let loose in late February. Dave was going home at dusk when he felt a touch in the left sleeve of his leather coat. He was already falling when he heard the rifle. His arms slipped from the shoulder straps of his pack and he rolled into thick brush and deep snow. It diminished him to know that in this instant of danger he had recognized the situation, analyzed it and taken action. He had no weapon but he had no fear of another attack. Gib had seen him fall and would be unnerved by what he had done or he'd play it safe. If the bullet had only wounded, the intense cold would finish the job. Gib need only wait a few days. Then he'd have long months to cover all traces, work out an alibi story and take Dave's fur to his own cabin.

Dave heard a rustle of brush; heard it again more faintly. He crawled out and crept toward the lake. It was darker but he could still see where Gib had returned to the trail from his ambush. At the lake Dave saw a black spot far out. It moved swiftly toward Gib's cabin.

He cooked supper, and while he ate and for long afterward, he struggled with the problem, and always he wound up against an immovable fact. With two men in a tiny universe and no laws except what they made, one answer was clear. Gib had made his laws. Dave would have to do the same and kill Gib before Gib killed him.

Dave was appalled. In all his life he'd never had occasion or desire to kill anyone. He argued that Gib had been unbalanced by loneliness. He should have recognized Gib's weakness and bolstered the fellow, should have taken a day off occasionally for a visit. But no matter how Dave argued he always came back to the essential fact that he could not dare to survive so long as Gib was alive.

For two days Dave fought the idea, and he wasn't helped by the necessity of constant watchfulness. He didn't dare let smoke show at his cabin in daytime, didn't dare look at his traps. Gib might try another pot shot and he could do it as safely as he had the first time. Dave finally decided he must act if he were to live.

He started early the next morning, crossing the lake before daylight and circling through the timber until he found a trail behind Gib's cabin. He followed it north and found a ravine where a creek had bubbled over the ice, leaving a sloping, glassy surface. At the bottom lay a quarter of moose. The trail beyond told how something had been dragged away, probably another quarter of meat.

Dave went on. The moment had come and again he tried desperately to find another way out. He wondered if he should play square, give Gib a chance. That would ease his conscience.

DAWN had come when he sighted Gib's cabin. Smoke did not rise from the stovepipe. Gib couldn't be home, for the temperature was low. Gib might be hunting him and Dave went forward and listened. He shoved the door back.

Nothing happened. Dave saw a figure on the bunk. Gib peered from his robe, astonished and terrified.

Dave felt completely dismayed: He'd come to kill Gib in cold blood, and he couldn't kill a man who was helpless.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Sick?"

"Broke a leg," Gib said.

Dave looked ahead to how he would have to take care of this man, lose time from trapping, do the work of two men, and he welcomed the chance. A moment ago he'd been ready to shoot Gib, and now he had to save Gib's life. It wasn't just or reasonable, and it was wonderful.

"I was packing in meat," Gib said. "Slipped. Two days ago. Dragged myself here. No fire since. Nothing to eat."

Dave started a fire. It would take hours to get the cabin thawed out so he could begin work on that leg, and he had meals to cook and splints to whittle.

Gib lifted himself upon his elbows when he felt the first heat.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Just happened by," Dave said.

The lie gave him a guilty feeling. For a time his relief had been so great that he was blinded to what Gib must be thinking. Dave, alive and unhurt, would know of the attempt to murder him, and Gib could be thinking of little else. Yet, even when Dave recognized this, his sense of relief carried him above it. As he boomed the fire, brought in wood and started a meal, his elation had a touch of hysteria. He didn't have to kill this man. He could look at his hands and not find blood on them. He cheerfully kept saying over and over again that everything would come out all right; Gib was silent. His gaze followed Dave and revealed his distrust and fear.

Dave set Gib's leg. One bone below the knee had been broken but it was a clean break. The carefully whittled splints were fitted and bound with strips of flour sacking. Dave remained until dark, doing the chores and making Gib as comfortable as possible. He returned the next day, and the next, every day; crossing the lake, cutting wood for Gib, shooting meat for him, cooking his meals. It cost Dave hours at the traps and his catch dwindled. He thought of how much he was losing but this failed to bring bitterness. He'd not killed a man.

Gib did not respond to Dave's cheerfulness. He lay week after week, brooding and suspicious. If Dave turned suddenly he found Gib glaring at him. Gib found fault and made nasty comments.

"You don't fool me," he said one day. "You figure to keep me alive till the planes come and then turn me over to the marshal."

Dave was astonished. "Why?" he asked.

"It's why you came here that day."

"Forget it," Dave said. "You've been a damned fool all along."

"I ain't any more."

Gib couldn't believe Dave had overlooked that pot shot; he thought Dave was only waiting till they were back in Juneau before acting. Still Dave didn't worry. Gib was helpless. When he was on his feet they'd have an understanding.

IN APRIL, Dave entered Gib's cabin one morning and built a fire. He had a queer feeling. Something was different. Gib didn't speak. Dave looked around. Gib lay on his back, swathed in his robe.

Then, as Dave fried moose steak, he understood. The corner behind the stove was empty. Gib's rifle had always stood there.

"I'll look at that leg," Dave said, and jerked off the robe.

The rifle lay along Gib's body. Gib's right hand grasped it behind the hammer and a finger was on the trigger.

Dave dropped on Gib and wrestled the weapon from him. He ejected the cartridges, splintered the stock with an ax; he battered the lock, hammer and trigger until the rifle was useless.

"So you figure the leg's all right," he said. "There's half a moose up the trail. And don't go past this end of the lake."

Dave went home. They were back where they'd started, except that Gib no longer had a rifle. But Gib still had an ax and a knife, the nights were long and dark, and the fellow was twisted and desperate. He'd wait, getting his strength and trying out the leg.

It was still cold enough to keep the traps going and Dave took more fur. After a couple of weeks he began to scout the other end of the lake. Gib was moving about, cutting wood and lugging in meat. He walked without a limp.

When his catches started shedding, Dave took up his traps. He'd never carried his rifle on the trap line but he did now, if only to keep it out of Gib's reach. When the traps were greased and stored, he had nothing to do except guard against Gib and scout down the lake.

Late in May the ice broke from the shore and lifted. The lake surface was no longer safe for walking, but elsewhere Dave could not find evidence Gib had come near him. Rains began to melt the lake ice and snow in the thick forest. Dave baled his fur for shipment and hid it in his tent far back from shore. He slept there too.

Nothing happened. Dave wondered if Gib had accepted the situation. Without a weapon he would have to take a big chance and perhaps he didn't have the nerve.

More rain and bright sunshine brought spring to the pocket. Ice in the lake rotted and a gale broke it up. A plane could come any day now and Dave was happy. He'd get out with his fur, get out with a free conscience.

A WEEK after the ice was gone he was splitting kindling on a stump before the cabin. It was a beautiful day for flying and he had an ear cocked for the first sound of a motor. Gib Dodson spoke.

"Lift 'em, you crook!"

Dave turned slowly. He was not prepared for the revolver Gib held.

"Didn't know I had it, did you?" Gib said. "But I'm not shooting till I know where you hid your fur."

Dave knew Gib would shoot. His eyes told that. He'd get the fur and shoot and there'd be no one to accuse him when he returned to the outer world.

A violent rage swelled within Dave. He'd played square, tried to be decent, and it had cost him his life. He wondered if he himself had been the weaker for not shooting Gib long ago.

"Lead me to the fur," Gib said.

Dave looked at the ground, calculating. "I'll show you," he said.

He half turned, lifted the ax as if to bite it into the stump, swung about and let it fly at Gib's head. He heard the revolver as he lunged forward; he saw the ax knock the weapon from Gib's upthrown hand. The next instant he was battering at Gib's face and body.

Dave had no thought now of not killing this man. He was compelled by his rage to do no less. He'd beat Gib senseless and end his life.

Dave fought heedlessly and unsparingly. He didn't try to protect himself. He battered through Gib's defenses; he kneed and elbowed and gouged, until at last Gib went down and lay motionless.

Dave staggered away to look for the revolver. He'd end this now, as he should have ended it long ago. He had a right to his little world and to protect himself in it.

The weapon lay on the trail to the lake. As Dave bent to pick it up he saw blood on his hands. It was Gib's blood, red, smeared across his knuckles.

Dave stared at it and at the revolver. This blood, he thought, was clean. Water would rinse it away. The gun and what he planned—he'd have that blood with him always.

He looked back at Gib. The fellow stirred. He was beaten but he'd live. And Dave was alive. He could always have clean hands.

He went to the lake and threw the gun far out. He squatted on his heels, rinsing off the blood, watching the red color fade. As the last traces disappeared, an airplane zoomed over the ridge to the west and began to spiral down.

THE END

I TOLD YOU SO

BY DICK FRIENDLICH

"Oh, Ray has told me so many things about you," Evelyn blurted. She looked confused as though she'd said the wrong thing

THE city is big enough to swallow an ex-husband, as though he had never really existed, so the sound of that familiar voice at my elbow was like a doorbell ringing suddenly in the middle of the night. I hadn't heard it for more than a year.

He was asking the bartender for some small change to use in the cigarette machine. I turned around and there he was, looking so nice and sweet and scrubbed that I had to check the involuntary desire to reach out and pat his cheek, in the old way. I certainly should have felt silly.

He saw me, and his eyes widened with surprise. Then he smiled as though he were pleased and said slowly, "Well, *Marty*." Just like that.

"Ray, of all people!" was the best I could manage, but then Elsie Logan was with me and frankly, I didn't know the procedure. I turned back to her and said, sounding like a schoolgirl, "Elsie, this is Ray Quist, my ex-husband. Ray, Mrs. Logan."

He bowed gravely. "I have a friend with me at one of the tables. Won't you join us?"

It was the polite thing, and I didn't know if he really wanted us. Elsie cast a quick look at the far side of the room, and she must have seen that the only person sitting alone at a table was a girl. So she said she'd love to, but she was already late for a dinner engagement, which I knew she didn't have.

Ray guided me to the table where this young thing was toying with what looked like a Pink Lady. This would be Evelyn, of course, the one Rosalie Gibbons had told me about. If she was going to be the second Mrs. Quist, I thought, she'd better forget Pink Ladies. Ray detested sweet sirups in his drinks.

She was really quite pretty—all pink and white, big eyes and page-boy blond bob. Not what I'd call assured, though. She looked actually frightened when Ray introduced me as his ex-wife.

"Oh, Ray has told me so many things about you," she blurted. Then she looked confused, as though she had said the wrong thing. I laughed and said they undoubtedly were all lies.

At first, I wasn't entirely at ease myself. After all, I had lived with the man for a little over a year, and even though I had been done with him for a little longer than that, he had been mine exclusively. Typical feminine reaction, of course.

But when I realized that I had been brought there because of a typical masculine quirk, it became more fun. I caught Ray watching me eagerly as Evelyn and I exchanged banalities, and it dawned on me that this was his way of telling me that there was an abundance of fish in the sea. I could almost read his thoughts: "Look, Marty, look what I found. I'm not grieving a little bit about you."

It was so little-boyish, so typically Ray that I almost burst out laughing when I understood. I began to feel sorry for Evelyn, poor little thing. I could have told him then that she was much too naïve, too unsure of herself, to please him. He preferred the good companion to the adoring worshiper.

So I cut it short, pleading, like Elsie, a nonexistent date. As I laid my hand in Ray's, he held it for an instant, with a reminiscent smile.

I WASN'T very surprised when he telephoned next day. His reason, he apologized, was sheer curiosity. He wanted to know how I liked Evelyn. I said she was simply a darling girl and of course he was going to marry her.

"Nonsense!" He laughed. "We're only friends." Which made me fairly certain, naturally. Then he said there were a lot of things he'd like to talk over with me, and was there any reason in the world why he shouldn't take me to dinner tonight?

"I'm sure it's perfectly legal," I replied. "Why don't you come round here about six and I'll give you a cocktail?"

As I hung up, I thought about the last time I had seen Ray—before yesterday, I mean. It had been so breathtakingly abrupt. And so silly, too.

I had known him almost all my life, but until the day he proposed, I had never thought I was in love with him. That was just after Pearl Harbor, and his commission had come through. I, for one, have never subscribed to the doctrine that you'll recognize Mr. Right the moment you meet him, and Ray was handsome enough, had always been gay, always gentle. My feeling toward him might very well have been love, but I was not going to rush to the altar just because the bugles were blowing. I said yes—if we both felt that way when the war was over.

He picked up a bug and a medical discharge a month before V-J Day. We were married the week the Navy released him, and I must say that we were perfectly happy. For a while.

We had our first little disagreement one morning after we had been out on a party and Ray was feeling terrible. I pointed out to him that most people knew better than to mix gin and Scotch in large quantities.

"I wish you wouldn't always know what I should have done when it's all over," he snapped. This was, I knew, a reference to the discussion we'd had over his job at the agency. Since his old firm had gone out of business during the war, he'd chosen to join another agency instead of going into a partnership with a friend. At the time, I didn't say much about it, but when it became apparent that he was not very happy at the agency, I did mention that I had believed all along he should have taken the partnership. The remark seemed to irritate him.

After that, there seemed to be little differences of opinion cropping up all the time, about really inconsequential matters. Such as how much nicer it would have been had we gone to Balboa Island the first summer instead of going to that cabin Ray's uncle owned in the mountains, where it rained all the time. And that awful secondhand car that always broke down, when he could so easily have waited a few months longer for a new one. Little things like that.

The finish was absolutely ridiculous. One evening as we were preparing to go out, he asked me if I had any money, because he had paid someone a twenty-dollar bet that afternoon and hadn't time to cash a check. He had bet on the Red Sox to beat the Cardinals in the World Series.

Meaning absolutely nothing by it, I swear, I said, "How could you be foolish enough to bet on Boston? Why, everybody knew St. Louis was going to win."

For a moment, I thought he was going to strike me. I had never seen him look so angry. Then, with a kind of controlled vehemence, he grated, "By heaven, I've stood for a lot of your second-guessing but when you take in baseball, too, I give up!"

He whirled and strode out of the room. I heard the front door slam, and that was the last I saw of him until I heard his voice behind me, asking the bartender for change. His letter arrived next day. Very stiff and formal it was, saying that since we didn't seem to be temperamentally suited, would I have the courtesy to sue him for divorce. I did.

But when the doorbell sounded that night, I was remembering only our happy times, and as he came inside, with that shy, uncertain smile, I knew that he was remembering them, too. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to put his arms around me and kiss me, hard and hungrily.

AGES later—a few minutes, actually—we were down to earth again, sitting on the sofa and chattering like idiots. He would kiss my hand tenderly, and I would touch him on the cheek, the old familiar routine, and then we'd try to tell each other what fools we'd been.

I laid my head on his shoulder. "Darling, you were lured here by the promise of a drink, and a drink you shall have. Martini?"

"Martini," he said, and kissed me. I rose and went to the kitchen door. Then I turned and said:

"Ray, sweet, I could have told you the moment I saw Evelyn that she simply wasn't the girl for you."

He didn't say anything for a few seconds. Then he smiled slowly and gave a wistful little sigh.

"Yes, Martha, I imagine you could have told me."

It was funny, hearing him call me Martha. It had always been Marty. As I mixed the drinks, I recalled that "Martha" had meant that he wasn't pleased. I stopped suddenly and pushed open the kitchen door. The room was empty.

Today I received the wedding announcement, but I don't believe Ray had anything to do with that. He would never be so cruel. Evelyn must have sent it. I could have told him you had only to look at her to know she had a mean streak.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

me a claim for refund of $160,402.39. Ah, I'm sure Name Withheld would be the first to yell when that loss of revenue was passed back to him through higher rates.
ROBERT E. ANDRE, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

He's that? What did you say about deducting 6% of line A from the Syntax?

FAIR FANETTE

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: We always enjoy Collier's but your copy for Nov. 15th is super. The cover of the two little cockers is the very most appealing picture of those adorable dogs that we have ever seen. In fact the whole magazine is a collection of art pictures—even the ads, and the funniest funny cartoons and interesting stories.
MRS. A. G. BUNDY, Long Beach, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA STORY

DEAR SIR: The lavish attention given to Philadelphia in your issue of Nov. 15th (Clipping the Clip Artists, featuring a Philly product, Mr. MacDougall) (Main Line Football, about George Munger, of Pennsylvania) makes this home-town boy glow with pride. Why, it was practically a Philadelphia story, because Golf Is a Game by Quentin Reynolds might just as easily have celebrated young Kelly's triumph in the British regatta. His father boosted him for the triumph from the cradle.

Lady Love Wears Black had its moments, too, although the pigskin bag giveaway was early spotted. Mr. Cohen might be able to use this idea: A physician is about to certify the death of a rich mother-in-law from natural causes, when a visiting physicist from Chicago, on going to the family bathroom to wash his hands, finds that the Kleenex is radioactive. (From force of habit he had his Geiger counter in his jacket pocket.) The son-in-law is suspected but clears himself when it is learned that the Kleenex was planted by a vengeful servant girl whose boy friend was a janitor in a cyclotron lab, in order to punish the daughter for firing her.
WM. S. MAXWELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

RED TAPE

DEAR EDITOR: In his last chapter of The Morgenthau Diaries (Nov. 1st), Mr. Morgenthau told us many people could have been saved from Hitler's torture machines if proper precaution had been taken.

What about the poor children who are dying from disease and starvation right now? I have a three-year-old third cousin in Poland. His mother is dead; his father and grandparents have begged us to bring him here and save him from starvation.

The Red Cross told us to get in touch with the Immigration Department in San Francisco. When I called there, the man in charge told me the little fellow would have to be brought in on the quota; that it would take years because the quota was full, and then he banged the receiver in my ear. I wrote to the American consul in Poland and didn't even receive an answer.

There are hundreds of people here in the United States who would gladly open their homes to the poor starved children in Europe. Why can't we eliminate all that red tape and give these kids a chance?
MRS. B. R. WINFREY, Santa Rosa, Cal.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: I subscribe to your paper because I enjoy the funny pictures. Most of them, I find, are a very definite tonic in this peace-ridden country of ours. Would it be possible for you to print a special edition for me? When the paper is going the rounds through the family I am continually bombarded with questions: "Dad, why can't we have a Frazer-Kaiser?" "Dad, when are you going to buy us one of these console radios? Look they're only $1295. (How much is that now?—130 divided by 5 equals 26.) See, Dad, only 26 quid and there you are!" Or are we? Perhaps you could also omit the adverts for whisky—it grieves a fellow who has to go out and drink what we know as tenpenny, the lowest form of alcoholic life.
H. M. HARMAN,
(Just an average Englishman)
Coventry, England

GRIEVED GOURMET

DEAR SIRS: Pommes de terre soufflées (Gourmet's Paradise Nov. 8th) or blown-up potatoes are produced not as the article states by pulling "French fries" out of boiling lard, then redunking them in same, but by steam. Sections of raw potato are kept in ice-cold water until thoroughly impregnated by the water. These chilled sections are then immersed in boiling hot fat. The heat of the fat acts on the internal moisture content of the sections to produce steam. The expanding steam seeking an outlet enlarges the potato sections.

It is quite evident that some wag at Antoine's pulled Author Lehman's leg. The net result may be that housewives from coast to coast will produce tons of grease-soaked French fries in their efforts to achieve pommes de terre soufflées.
C. F. PURSCHER, Baltimore, Md.

THE UNION FOREVER

DEAR SIR: Probably no stated fact in Lowdown on the Slowdown (Nov. 8th) could be successfully contradicted. But working on construction jobs every working day in the year, I have failed to see a single slowdown atrocity such as Hartwell cites.

What I *have* seen is intolerable labor unrest, material shortages and official hindrances. Let's soft-pedal the sour notes. Chicago isn't the U.S.A. as Hartwell seems to insinuate. It's not *all* cankerous.
CLIFF DEAL, Santa Monica, Cal.

. . . I feel the entire problem is religious. We must get back to "rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Sheer old-fashioned honesty will cause most of our labor problems to vanish.
J. H. DWYER, REP, U.B. OF C & J OF A,
Halifax, Nova Scotia

DO UNTO OTHERS!

DEAR SIRS: After reading Lewis Brown's and Sigrid Schultz' recent articles on Germany and all the articles on what to do with the Japanese, I wonder if the old idea of "Forgive thine enemies" will ever again find its way into international relations.
EILEEN WALTHERS, Bronx, N. Y.

NOEL

DEAR EDITOR: I am wondering if your Christmas cover will command the respect that "Praying Hands" did last year. I'll bet many others throughout the world saved that cover. Why not reprint it every year?
WILBUR SEIGAL, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

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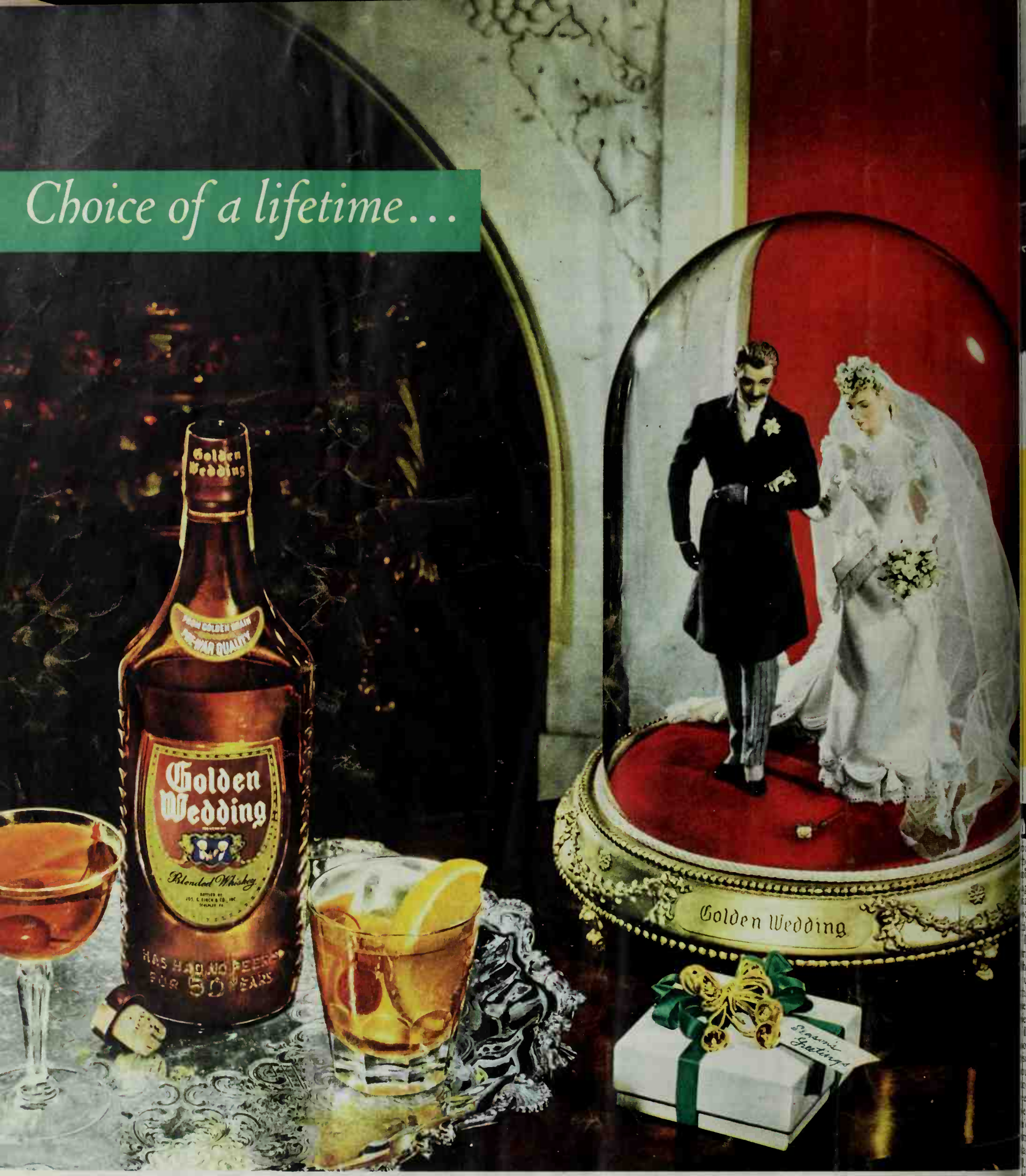

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The author is the editor of Dinamani, a daily newspaper in Madras, India. He was an accredited correspondent for the combined Indian press at the United Nations and has traveled in parts of America

ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH

BY A. N. SIVARAMAN

A dark-skinned newspaperman from India takes a tour through Dixie and learns what it means to be a "colored man" in the land of cotton

"YOU will have no trouble if you wear a turban," they told me. "You will enjoy the uth. The people are very hospitable. e Negroes are nice fellows; they ow their place and they are quite ppy where they are." This epitoizes my Southern friends' assurances out the American South. But I deed to go without the turban.

I had made up my mind not to re- to India without seeing the South. ad been warned against going beuse of my color, which is not at all ite. But the more people warned , the keener was my desire to go re.

I made it a point before I undertk the journey to try to meet and cuss my project with as many uthern friends as I could see in New rk. While some assured me that I d not at all be afraid of anything, re were some others who said, ou had better watch your steps." If entioned that I was an "East In- n," I should have no difficulty at was the general impression that I .

But since I was going South on a dy tour, I made up my mind that I uld not reveal my identity till I had some time played the role of a olored person."

I first went to Knoxville, Tennessee, h an introduction to the Tennessee lley Authority from a State Departnt official who had also arranged for my hotel accommodation. I had no trouble at the hotel.

I did not want to waste that night without an experiment, so I went out on my own and entered a third-rate restaurant.

As soon as I entered, one of the waitresses ran toward another waitress, who in turn went to the cashier, and there was almost a conference of the entire staff, which it appears finally decided to accept me. Perhaps they decided that if I were a Negro, I would not have dared to come in. After I was taken to a table, I found that I received more courteous attention than most of the others. The waitress actually chided me for not telling them that I was not a Negro.

At the hotel I always received the most courteous attention. It was obvious that the manager had taken the precaution of keeping everybody informed that the man with the dark complexion was not a Negro.

I was not quite at peace with myself whenever I rode the elevator, because the young colored elevator girls seemed to wonder at me. They could not understand why I was admitted into the hotel in spite of my color. They were too immature to be irrational! One girl even asked me whether I considered myself a colored person or not. I am not at all sure that I gave her the right answer.

During my 15 days in Tennessee, I was impressed by one fact: The moment the people knew that I was not a Negro, they were more than anxious to make me feel at home. It is not the color, but the historic background which is the main factor behind segregation.

This was brought out very clearly when I was talking to Mr. X in the agricultural department of the TVA. He invited me to his home for dinner. I mentioned the fact that some people mistook me for a Negro, and added that by my definition, I was a colored person.

When I mentioned that, my would-be host blushed terribly and said, "If you have the slightest trace of color in you, my invitation is now canceled." I was slightly embarrassed, but he recovered from his self-inflicted shock and said, "No, what I mean to say is I couldn't have a Negro as my guest. *My grandfather owned slaves.*"

When I was leaving Knoxville, the train for Chattanooga was about an hour late, and I was sitting in the waiting room for whites. I was bored with being stared at, and went across the street to a small, dirty-looking restaurant, sat near the counter and asked for a cup of coffee.

The waitress stared at me, the usual conferences followed, till the manager came to me and said, "You can go out. We don't serve colored people."

I coolly replied, "I am not a Negro."

Stumped, perplexed, and dumfounded, the manager went away from

me. Obviously he took three minutes to recover, and as a result of some secret signalings I found a cup of coffee before me.

There is another side to this story. I was just sipping that cup of coffee when a white person came and sat near me, and greeted me, "How are you making, my friend?"

I immediately recognized that he was the person who had been sitting near me in the waiting room, and I asked him if he would have a cup of coffee with me.

He said, "No, thank you. I came in just to see if you were being waited upon and served. I was anxious that they should not behave foolishly."

As I left the restaurant, the manager apologized to me and said, "Sometimes we get some niggers from the North who walk in. That was why . . ."

Put Out of Jim Crow Section

The real South began for me when I left Chattanooga. On the train I was shown to the "colored" section of the car. I personally had no aversion to sitting there, but I wanted to know the lay of the land. I went to the conductor and said, "I am a United Nations correspondent from India."

He stared at me. "Then you can't sit here. You have to go and sit on the other side with the whites. It's more comfortable over there. I shall ask someone to remove your baggage to the other car."

When I went and sat in that white section, there were eight ladies and four drunken rowdies. Immediately as I went and took my seat, the four men got up, and two of them sat in front of me, one of them by my side, and another behind me. The one sitting at my side made some nasty gestures toward me, and the one behind me was saying something which put me in mind of what I had heard about the Ku Klux Klan. Actually, they were more drunk than color conscious, but what bothered me was the fact that the ladies in the compartment felt amused instead of feeling disgusted. It took them about fifteen minutes and a secret chat with the conductor before they started behaving like co-passengers.

An hour later almost all the passengers had got down at one station or another, and I was all alone when four young ladies entered the car. The conductor had directed them toward my side of the car. But here they found a colored person. "Holy smokes, why did that conductor send us here?" And there was a lot of argument among them. Two of them were trying to rush out and get down from the train. You could read agony in their terror-stricken faces.

On my part amusement changed into pity, and I said, "Ladies, I can understand your excitement. I am not a Negro. I am from India."

That brought peace to their minds. They sat down, and the first thing one of the ladies did was to pull out a bottle of whisky in that dry county and come out with a friendly gesture! She confessed her first reaction at seeing me was really terrible. She was mad at the conductor for driving her into this trap!

In Muscle Shoals, Alabama, I had opportunity to talk to an 86-year-old man from Mississippi who had owned a plantation himself. He was sure that segregation of Negroes was bound to vanish in the course of years, but he wanted to die before it vanished. For him it was unthinkable that any Negro should try to shake

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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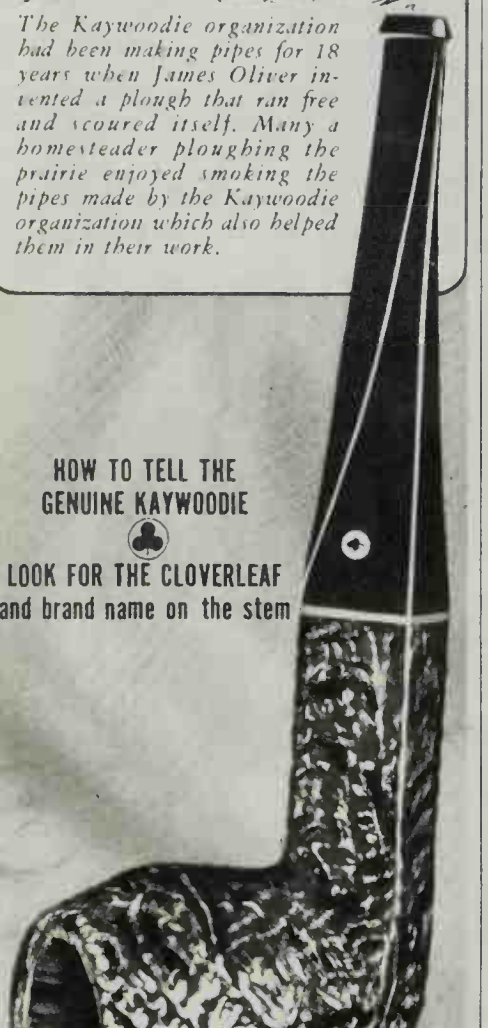

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hands with him. The poor old man was running a race toward death and wanted to overtake the color bar.

The next stage in my visit was a place called Starkville, Mississippi, and the problem was how to reach there. Railway facilities were meager, so I traveled by bus.

At Starkville my host was a highly cultured, well-placed public servant with the broadest of human sympathies. He took me to the Sunday school and introduced me to all the members there. I had discussions with many of them on the status of the Negro. They seemed to have no doubt in their minds that the Negro was happier where he was than where the Northerner would like to place him.

I drew my friend's attention to the lack of educational facilities for the Negroes.

Whites Must Be Edueated First

My friend had his explanation: "But you cannot expect us to bother about the education of the colored people till we are sure that the whites have had enough. We have not done enough for the education of the whites here. We don't have the money. We don't have industries. The North could help us to industrialize ourselves. They are not giving that help."

The journey from Starkville to Jackson was by car along with my friend, who discussed with me the color problem and asked me how it compared with the caste system of segregation in India.

The caste system in India is more or less like the color caste in the South. The one difference is that the older section of the present generation in India is apologetic about it, whereas in the Southern states of this country the attitude is different. In India the younger generation is determined to destroy the caste, and there is no segregation in public places like schools, railway trains and toilets.

The Indian caste system was based on certain customs associated with religion, and is not the same as secular segregation. The leadership in India, social or political, is in the hands of people who believe in the removal of caste segregation. In the Southern states the liberal is forced to keep his thoughts to himself.

By the time I reached Jackson I had spent about 15 days in the South, but there had been nothing very adventurous about the whole thing. My hair isn't kinky, and I don't wear a hat.

In Jackson I stayed at one of the top-notch swanky hotels, swanky even by New York standards. My friend had gone to the hotel in advance, arranged my reservation, and even deposited my baggage in my room. So I had only to go to the desk, pick up my key and go upstairs. I went and stood before the elevator, and the colored girl there stood slightly embarrassed and puzzled. I got into the elevator.

She turned to me and said, "You'll have to step out. *We* colored people are not allowed to ride these elevators."

I smiled somewhat stupidly. It went against my grain to say that I did not belong to her race. I could not say that I was not a colored person. So I gently mentioned to her, "Please don't be bothered. I am a guest in this hotel and I am going to my room."

She took me upstairs but I know that she was trembling with fear. If by chance I was not a guest, she was sure to lose her job. She was, therefore, immensely tickled to death with joy when an hour later she found me shaking hands with a white person. I had already learned that in the South it would be an atrocity for a white man to be polite to a Negro.

It was at Jackson that I really ran into a situation which almost amounted to an adventure. From Jackson I was going to Baton Rouge, and my host took me to the railway station to buy my ticket. While we were at the counter, I saw two men run toward a cop, and a few minutes later the cop came to me and said, "You'll have to go to the other side."

I kept quiet, and my friend told him I was an Indian. He was not concerned with that. Two men were objecting to my presence and he could not let me stay, and that was that. It required a lot of persuasion by my friend before the cop would leave us to ourselves.

I had no reason to expect any trouble the next morning when I was to take the train. But it was forty-five minutes late, and I was feeling somewhat hungry. I went to the ticket clerk and asked him whether there was a coffee shop in the railway station. He showed me the colored section of the waiting room. I took that opportunity to tell him that I was not a Negro. He apologized (for what I do not know) and directed me to a restaurant across the street.

I walked warily into that restaurant and introduced myself to the waitress. "I am a newspaperman from India, *from India*. I want to avoid any misunderstanding. I would like to have some breakfast."

She stared at me, moved toward another waitress, and after the usual conference, she came to me and said, "Sir, I could see that you are an Indian, but most people here will not be able to know that. Will you please sit in that corner?"

I replied, "No, I don't want to embarrass you."

"Sir, I hate to see you go without breakfast. Do please sit there, or if you insist I shall serve you in here."

I assured her that I was not that hungry, and that I appreciated her sentiment. Then I decided I would try another place and went into a neighboring restaurant. I approached the counter, and this time it was a stout, rough, tall type of person. I repeated my formula. "I am a newspaperman from India, *from India*. I want to avoid any misunderstanding. I would like to have some breakfast."

He turned to me, stared me in the face menacingly. "You don't look to me like one. You have to go out."

I was not willing to retreat at the first assault. "I don't mind going without breakfast, but I do mind your taking me for a liar." I pulled out my purse and was going to show him my papers, when he dived under the counter and came out with a club thirty inches long and about two inches thick. In a moment I found it within eight inches of my head, and in another half a moment I was away from the restaurant by thirty yards.

I went back to the depot. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing, and repeated this story in good humor to the ticket clerk. He insisted upon taking me to the diner in the train, and did not leave me till I was fully fed. He paid the check.

At Baton Rouge I expressed a desire to see the all-Negro college which was located within a few miles of the city. As we were approaching the college, my host asked me if I would like to shake hands with the colored person that I was going to meet. I was not able to understand that question at all for a moment.

A little later I understood the significance, but I simply said, "Oh, yes, most naturally. I expect to shake hands with any person that I see. Won't you?" His reply was not quite definite.

Three Handshakes for the Dean

We were introduced to the dean of some department (I think it is safe not to mention names). The dean extended his hand toward me and I shook hands. Both of my white companions followed suit. He was very proud of the college which he was working, and he assured me that the lynchings we hear about in connection with the South are not very common, that life is quite smooth where segregation is accepted. He thought that lately the state was giving more attention to Negro education. I said something about India, and he said, "Here we have constitutional rights, and we are asking for nothing more than those rights."

When he mentioned the Constitution I was able to see a sudden change in the faces of my companions. Finally I took leave of the dean and shook hands with him again.

This time my two companions did not shake hands with him.

On our way back, my companion said, "We shook hands with him as we wanted to make him happy, but that fellow is talking about constitutional rights. He must be shown his place. I have never shaken hands with those darkies but I did so today. I like those fellows but when they talk of constitutional rights, they must be shown their place."

I recalled an episode in the life of Theodore Roosevelt, who was chided by some of his friends for tipping his hat to a Negro who showed him that courtesy. Theodore Roosevelt's reply was, "I want to show that in good manners, the white man is as good as a Negro."

THE END

What did the brilliant and dangerous Dr. Norman know or plan to do that led to murder in a web of mystery? Who among the "unexpected" guests had the most to fear, and found the chance to strike?

A tensely paced story of the emotional crosscurrents and tangled secrets that bound a group of people together—and of how hesitant and uncertain love rose clear and triumphant out of the ominous confusions.

Beginning in Next Week's COLLIER'S

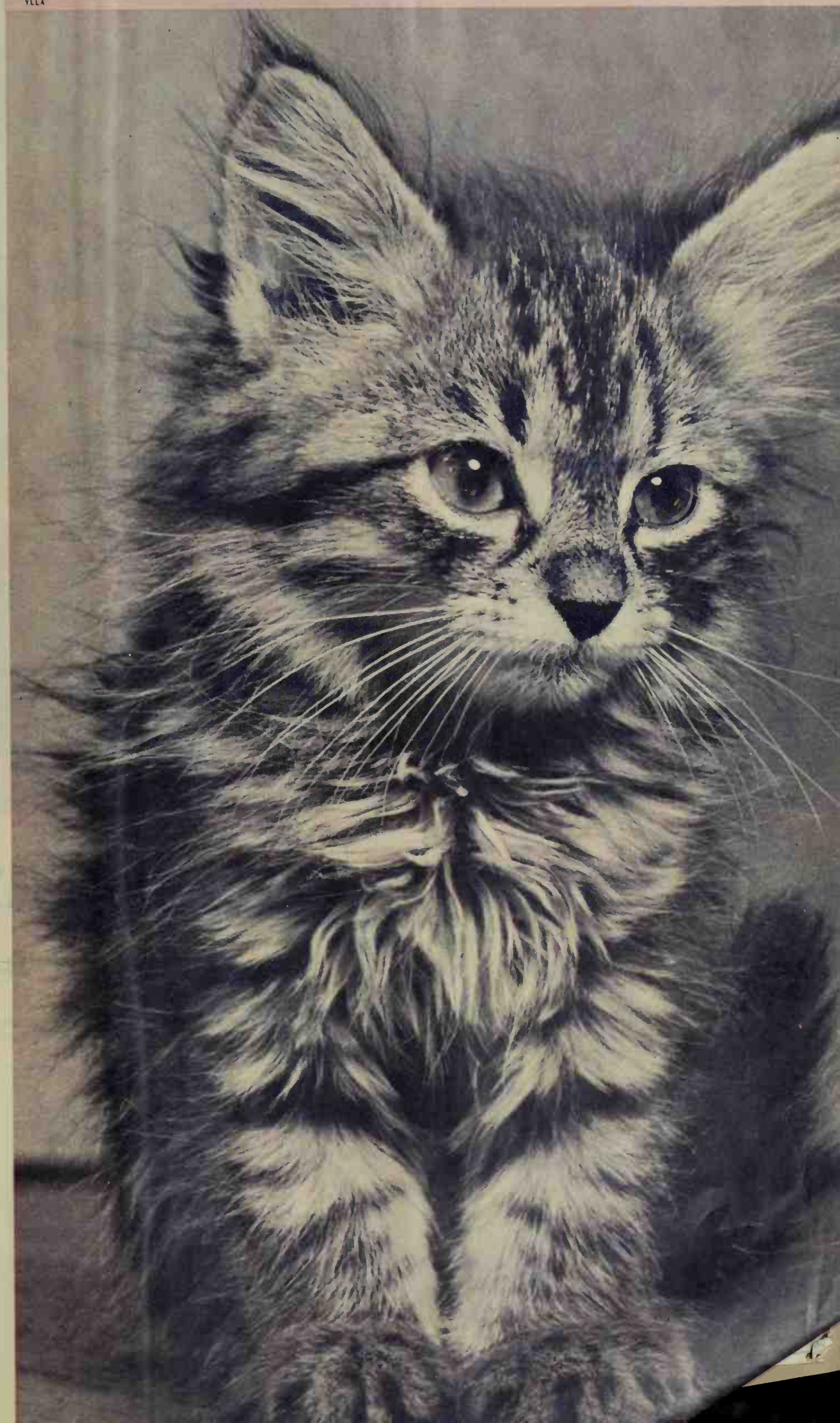
COCKTAILS AT BLINDMAN'S LAKE

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

NOBODY'S CAT

BY FRANK DUFRESNE

YLLA



THE case of the Joneses' cat is typical. Some boys are teasing a scrawny alley kitten when Sis Jones comes to the rescue by smuggling up to the apartment hidden under her coat so the evator man won't see it. When she puts it down n the kitchen floor the thin back pops up defen- vely, the ears button down tight against the head, e ragged tail puffs out, and there it is; a spitting ttle ball of dirty fuzz and sharp claws defying the hole Jones family.

Nobody owns it, of course. There's an old saying at nobody ever really owns any cat, that while a t loves the comfort of a good home, it only toler- es people. In the case of the Joneses' kitten, its ffled feelings are soothed gradually by careful tting plus a saucer or two of warmed milk. Even en the back-yard urchin is choosy, displaying fine stinct about where to repose its trust. Sis is ac- pted first, Mother Jones next and to lesser degree, ther Jones not at all. The cat seems to sense that e head of this house is strictly a dog man. Never- eless, kitty has a home and no telling how long e'll stay if she doesn't grow up and get herself in- lved with a tenor-singing tom down the street.

That's when Father Jones takes over. A batch of ttens around the place? Blessed events of this kind ming off every few weeks? Father decides the e for action has come. Early one Sunday morn- g when Sis and Mother Jones are still abed, he kes kitty for a ride in the country. Instead of plac- g his problem pet with the Humane Society where ey have a system for handling unwanted animals, ther Jones dumps kitty along the roadside, well er in the next county.

A dog, deserted under the circumstances, would obably wear itself out trying to find the way home appeal to some human for food and shelter. But t kitty. As naturally as though it were a com- etely wild creature instead of a product of some 000 years' domestication, it slinks into the brush d starts earning its own living. Almost before Sis alizes her pet is gone it has caught and eaten a uple of grasshoppers, pounced on a baby cotton- l rabbit, plundered a robin's nest and found itself ideaway under a haystack.

Of all the animals domesticated by man, none has tained so much of its wild instincts as the house t. None can return so quickly to its original way life in regions so distant from the land of its feral cestors.

Most of our common, short-haired cats came m North Africa, home of the wild Caffre cat om which they were domesticated at least as far ck as 2400 B.C. Kitty's forebears got away to a ble start over there because the Egyptians held em in godlike reverence. They were associated th the moon and the sun, and with the goddess of ve and pleasure. Ancients of the Nile kept their ts in temples, pampered them with carefully pre- red foods, groomed them tenderly. When the last , their nine lives slipped away, the bodies were apped in scented linen and laid away in special meteries. One unfortunate man who killed a cat accident was stoned to death by his fellows.

If the cats had stayed in Egypt this blissful exist- ce might have continued indefinitely, but the Ro- ans and Greeks, doubtless believing that good rtune attended the keeping of cats, started sneak- g them across the Mediterranean. The outraged gyptians organized special expeditions to bring ck their cats, but the damage was already done. tty had started on a prowl that was to take it com- etely around the world. It was to learn the ways the peasant as well as the prince. Plenty of places an into trouble. Witch trouble, mostly.

It was a dark day for cats back in 1662 when a tch named Isobel Gowdie on trial in Scotland od up in court to blame it all on the cats. She d that when she and her sister hags wanted to do Grade-A job of deviling *(Continued on page 50)*

Kitty was royalty once, but today 25,000,000 prowling felines signify trouble for Americans

MARIA ELENA ROCHA DE ARAUJO

LATIN AMERICAN KIDS

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

An artist gives us a close-up on some interesting young people

Granny (Bolivian variety) lends a hand with the baby

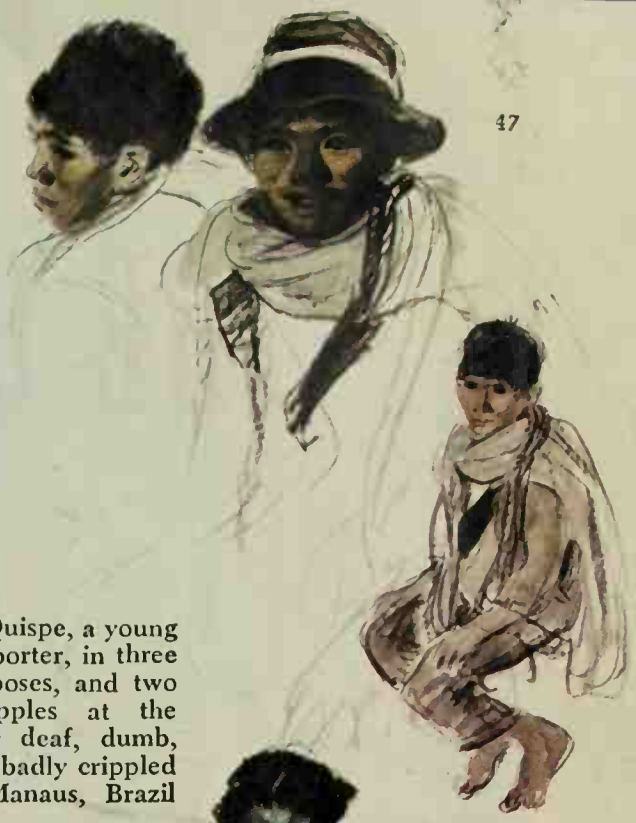
WHEN Collier's sent me to South America to sketch and paint whatever struck my fancy, I took one look at the children—and wanted to paint them all! Here are a few of them.

The girl I met in Manaus, Brazil—and whose dark eyes are staring straight at you—is one of my favorites. Her name is Maria Elena Rocha de Araujo and she is nine years old. Part Indian, part Negro, part Portuguese, she is a real Brazilian, a product of one of the world's greatest melting pots. Her older sister works for a family which runs a boardinghouse for the crews of the Panair do Brasil air line operating on the Amazon, and Maria helps her.

The little girl really works. She takes care of all the babies in the household (there are plenty!); she chases rats out of the rooms; she does the shopping at the water-front market; she is busy every minute. but apparently happy. As a matter of fact, kids like her who live in the tropical sectors seem to be happier than those in South America's western highlands. This may be because in the tropics life is less difficult than elsewhere and there is little or no class distinction or racial prejudice. (The schools of Brazil are filled with children ranging in color from blue-black through all the shades of brown and copper to white, and no one is favored because of his skin.)

The youngster whose picture is next to Maria's is

ANTONIO ANCCALLE



Mariano Quispe, a young Peruvian porter, in three different poses, and two small cripples at the school for deaf, dumb, blind and badly crippled kids at Manaus, Brazil

YEDA ZALDUANDA

Antonio Anccalle. A Quechua Indian (all Quechua names include a double "c"), he is eleven and lives in the village of Omuto, high in the Cordilleras. Schools for Indians being few and far between, he will probably not get an education, but he will work hard. He works now—herding llamas for his father—and, like most of the children he knows, he probably sneaks out behind the family mud hut with a pal and chews coca leaves—surreptitiously, because cocaine can be produced from coca leaves.

In a couple of years Antonio probably will tote a coca bag wherever he goes and enjoy his chewing openly. He could do worse—he could smoke opium—but in time the coca habit will destroy a man's appetite and diminish the will to better his place in society.

Antonio is regarded as legitimate although his mother and father may not have been able to afford the price of legal marriage. In Pisac I saw a mass wedding of eight middle-aged couples. They brought along the children to see the show, and a good time was had by all. Those youngsters have a tough time in the mountains. When they are old enough to walk it is up to them to lug the babies around in carrying clothes on their backs. Antonio no longer does any baby carrying; his younger brothers and sisters handle the output.

The girl in the lower right-hand corner is Yeda Zalduanda. She is a lush, full-fashioned Amazon glamor girl who matured as fast as the tropical growth around her. On her thirteenth birthday anniversary she posed for me in her party dress and wearing high-heeled slippers! American radio broadcasts and movies are exactly to her taste and she is definitely influenced by them. Thus far she has had no boy friends, but it won't be long before her parents will be ousting young bucks from the parlor.

In Maria de Araujo's home town, Manaus, there is a school for deaf, dumb, blind and crippled children—the Instituto Montessoriano Alvro Maia. Two of the inmates, as I sketched them, appear above Yeda's portrait. The sketches in the upper right-hand corner are of an eleven-year-old boy—a porter named Mariano Quispe—in the "white" city of Arequipa, Peru's largest center. "Quispe" is the equivalent of Smith, Brown or Jones in this country. Mariano took it from the landowner on whose farm he used to work. Since he had no name, the chances are that he, too, is illegitimate—perhaps found in a safe-deposit box in the outside wall of one of the schools run by nuns. His position in life, as a porter, is a cut or two above a burro's. Even so, I liked him—I liked all the kids I met down there under the equator. ★★★

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE REASONABLE MISS YOUNG

BY JIM MARSHALL

You don't have to be an autocrat to make a million out of the movies. Just be sweet, but firm. Look at Loretta Young

MISS LORETTA YOUNG was being sweetly reasonable about the whole thing. She didn't want to be kissed and that was all there was to it. This was strange, because Miss Young was just a bondwoman, newly bought for $18, named Rachel, about to become a wife-in-name-only to Mr. William Holden, and not supposed to have a mind of her own.

Plot? Aw, you remember. The one where the Indians set fire to the log cabin with flaming arrows. However, there was an off-screen twist this time. The cabin was built on land farmed by a war veteran, who said, gosh! he could use that cabin for a home. So a crew fireproofed the inside, and they just burned off the roof and then put on a new one, and moved in the vet and his family. Nice, huh?

But before this happened the loveless marriage with Mr. Holden had been threatened by Mr. Robert Mitchum, a bold and intrepid scout; the Shawnees had attacked and Mr. Holden had decided to make Miss Young a real wife, after all . . . (Are you following all this closely?) . . . Anyway, just before the wedding ceremony everybody tried to remember the wording of the rite. Mr. Norman Foster, the director, remembered some. Miss Virginia Lane and Mr. James Rowe of the RKO publicity department, remembered some. Your correspondent remembered some, and Miss Young remembered some. All the parson remembered was that he was supposed to kiss the bride.

Mr. Mitchum, the proud father of two children, was off somewhere mixing up a drink called a White Cow, and Mr. Holden was sitting in his private dressing room wishing to gosh he was home with his wife and three little ones and a decent haircut. Probably they too could have remembered some of the words, if they had been around.

The minister still thought he ought to kiss the bride.

"No," said Miss Young, "I do not think I ought to be kissed. I don't want to be kissed." She said this in a sweetly reasonable manner, sitting out there in her drab long dress on the steps of a log cabin in a frontier stockade. It was supposed to be back in western Pennsylvania in 1795, only it was on the banks of the McKenzie River in the Cascade Mountains of west central Oregon, in 1947.

The actor who was to play the part of the minister still kept saying that, as the ceremony ended, he would kiss the bride. It was standard practice, he said, and moviegoers expected it; not to do it would be a break with tradition; it might cause rioting in small-town theaters where audiences are traditionally tradition-minded.

"I shall not be kissed," said Miss Young, still sweetly reasonable . . . She wasn't, either.

Miss Young has been sweetly reasonable now for twenty-one years and even before that was no volcano of passion. She started in the movies twenty-nine years ago, age five, and since then has reasoned her way sweetly through more than a hundred pictures ranging from Naughty but Nice to The Farmer's Daughter and Rachel. She has a good chance for an Oscar in 1948.

She was born January 6, 1913, in Salt Lake City, where Youngs are as thick as Smiths in other towns. Mr. and Mrs. Young had four children—Polly Ann, Betty Jane, Gretchen and Jack. The parents separated and Mrs. Young brought her family to Hollywood—with no intention, it may be added, of becoming a movie mother. Instead, she opened a boardinghouse.

When Gretchen was five, her uncle, Ernest Traxler, who knew people in the studios, took her down to George Melford at Paramount and said maybe she would do for a kid part in a new picture starring Fanny Ward and Theodore Roberts. Mr. Melford said, well, she might, and bring her back tomorrow.

". . . and have her face washed," he added, as an afterthought.

A Good Job of Weeping

Her first chore was to lie on an operating table and weep moodily. She did this so well that other jobs came her way, and the rest of the family, entranced by this glamorous development, soon was working too. Polly Ann and Jack worked under their own names; Betty Jane became Sally Blane. As they grew older and the boardinghouse started to make money, Mrs. Young hauled them out of camera range and sent them to the Sacred Heart Convent School in Alhambra, California. After some years of this the older girls went back to acting, but Gretchen stayed in school, coming home week ends.

She was home one week end when Mervyn Le Roy, a director at First National, called the house and said that Polly Ann should report at once at the studio. Polly Ann wasn't in, so Gretchen went down herself, asked for the part, got a test and was assigned to Naughty But Nice with Colleen Moore. What Polly Ann thought about all this has never been recorded.

Gretchen kept the move a secret from her mother, and it was weeks later that Mrs. Young found out that her youngest daughter was playing hooky. When she did find out she just sighed, said all right and hired a private teacher for the girl. Gretchen, meanwhile, became Loretta, and she has been Loretta ever since, except for a short spell when Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, for whom she was making a picture, thought she was Laurette Taylor. She was very sweet, even about that.

Miss Young didn't really get going until the advanced age of fifteen, when she became something called a Wampas Baby Star—a distinction much sought after in the Hollywood of the day. That year, too, she played with Lon Chaney in Laugh, Clown, Laugh, as well as in lesser epics so strangely named as Loose Ankles, Fast Life and The Careless Age.

Two years later she married Grant Withers, a large, virile young man who was a favorite with adolescents. Her sweet reasonableness about this alliance lasted a year and then the marriage was annulled.

One day in 1939 she was summoned to a radio rehearsal by an executive named Thomas H. Lewis, who told her to be down at the studio at 11 A.M. Sunday. She replied very sweetly that this would be impossible, as she would be in church, at Mass, at the time. Mr. Lewis thought quickly and said, what a coincidence, he would be at Mass, too—if she didn't object. So they were married on August 4, 1940, after a long courtship.

They have three children: Judy, an adopted baby born in 1935; and two sons, Christopher Paul and Peter, born in '44 and '45.

She says today that she now has half her family; eventually she wants six children. She is a girl who believes in leaving the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, and living up to it. One of the best guarantees of a happy marriage, she once said, is "the sweet dependence of the female upon her husband."

She is terrified if she hears dogs howling after she goes to bed—a leftover, she says, from reading Dracula when a girl. When she finally goes to sleep she usually dreams she is being chased by a cow composed entirely of slabs of bacon, but efforts to trace this back to Dracula have so far failed.

Quite early in the history of movie publicity somebody invented the idea of having actresses give out like Delphic oracles on a variety of subjects, mainly love, courtship, marriage and how to use leftovers. There was the era of My Favorite Recipe and My Favorite Book—and some of the stars were mightily surprised when they read about their favorites in the newspapers and fan magazines.

Miss Young herself is on record concerning love (favorable); hate (the world could well do without it); the most important thing in life (health); my worst fault (forgetting people's names); hunches (I just don't have hunches); my favorite hobby (antiques); the greatest influence in my life (Mother); and what causes divorce (lack of understanding on both sides).

Her favorite book, incidentally, is one called The Screwtape Letters, but she has no particular interest in food, poetry, sports, jewels or the opera.

Quite Content With Her Lot

She is just a rich little working girl and intends to stay that way, having observed the trials and tribulations of some stars who decided to become independent producers. So she just takes her six-figure fee for a picture and leaves the headaches to strong, voluble businessmen.

Her latest picture is The Bishop's Wife, shown in England as part of the Command Performance by American players during the wedding festivities of Prince Philip and Princess Elizabeth. For this, she went to England with her husband, one child, and seven trunks—one full of soap and things for friends there. The Bishop's Wife, incidentally, is high on the eligible list for 1948 Oscars.

She is popular with crews on her pictures. On the Rachel set she offered to pay personally for extra safety guards for lampmen working high above the stage. She is the godmother of several babies, the most recent of them being the daughter of Billy Curtis, a midget who is stand-in for child actors. She has trouped too long to be anything but natural and hasn't had a flare-up since she and a sarcastic director fought it out twenty years ago. She walked off the set; he wrote her a sarcastic apology and she came back, admitting he'd probably won. She just can't be sarcastic.

After she had decided not to be kissed by the pastor in Rachel she got to thinking maybe the poor minister might think it was something personal—which it wasn't—and decided she wasn't going to be kissed by anyone, not even Mr. Holden, her husband. Not at the ceremony, and not even in the fade-out. That made everything regular all around.

Sweetly reasonable, too. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

NOBODY'S CAT

Continued from page 45

the populace they changed themselves into cats. So you could never tell for sure whether the sphinxlike creature crouched on the hearth was a cat purring contentedly, or maybe Isobel Gowdie muttering curses. Kitty's standing, never too secure in early Europe, fell to an all-time low.

The Scotch folks tried to drive out the evil spirits of cats by roasting them alive on spits. England developed the idea by using brick ovens. In Belgium cats were tossed out of high towers on the second Wednesday of Lent. Never the ones to be outdone, the Irish tied the tails of two cats together and threw them over a clothesline to claw each other until only the tails were left. From this pastime came the legend of the Kilkenny cats.

About the time when tabby was having such a brutal time of it in Europe another series of pussies started coming off the assembly lines in China and India. The wild Pallas cat of Asia is credited with siring the Persian long-hairs—the Fancy Dans of the kitty kingdom. As in Egypt, the early cats of the Orient lived royally. Mandarins prized them; rajahs fondled them on silken laps.

Only in Japan did kitty run into trouble, and even then amends were made. In one Nipponese village there is (or was before the B-29 era) a statue dedicated to cats sacrificed to make catgut strings for the native musical instrument samisen. Here incense was burned to assure departed cats that the manufacturers regretted the necessity of making them into banjo strings.

Yankee tea traders sailed back from the Far East with the first highly prized long-hairs, and while reasonable attempt was made to keep them separate from the already established European short-hairs, all you have to do is look at the nondescript strays in your own neighborhood to realize the futility of it. Not without cause did the pyramid builders link their felines with the goddess of "love and pleasure."

A Chaos of Mixed Breeds

Today, there are probably 1,500,000 cats in Greater New York alone; 30,000,000 for the entire country! Persians, tabbies and Manx have been crossed and recrossed into Mendelian chaos. You even hear tales about kitty mating with native wild animals such as was supposed to have resulted in the Maine coon cat, the hippety-hopping, bobtailed rabbit cat of Southern swamps, and hybrids from martens, even skunks.

Biologists, however, deny the probability of cats wooing outside their own family circle.

Nine out of ten of these cats are more or less vagrants in city streets, or prowlers of the open spaces; upward of 25,000,000 felines have been loosed in this country by thoughtless people. In the cities, particularly, many cats are bearers of contagious diseases. Nine lives? Experts scoff at the phrase and point out that the house cat is susceptible to such human ailments as common colds, tuberculosis, rickets, pleurisy, laryngitis, plus distemper and mange. Loose kitty in the city is likely to be an unhealthy specimen.

But it is in the wood lots and on the farm lands that the Egyptian immigrant is reviled by the blackest names. Bird lovers and game administrators condemn them to death without mercy. They say that of all the Carnivora the cat is the most completely armed to deal out death. The strongly muscled body is as flexible as a piece of spring steel, its velvet-sheathed, retractile claws are like fish hooks, enabling it to leap high in the air to bring down flying birds or climb trees to reach their nests. Its eyes are larger in proportion to body weight than in any other animal, and the pupils narrow to pin points to give it vision in the brightest sunlight or spread over the entire iris at night to catch the faintest moon glimmer.

Jim Stuber of the Ohio Division of Conservation, who has been keeping a sharply critical eye on kitty for the past thirty years, says there are five cats to each farm in his native Buckeye State, or a total of 1,250,000. He says these hordes of free-ranging cats kill vast numbers of quail, pheasants, rabbits, squirrels and songbirds. Stuber gives them little credit for destroying rats.

"There's a dump on the edge of my town infested with rats," he says. "But where are the cats? They're all out combing the fields for birds and baby bunnies, that's where they are."

Most other wildlife people feel the same way. Game wardens generally take a pot shot at every feral house cat they see while on patrol. Some states even write into the regulations that hunters may, and wardens must, shoot any cat found ranging the game fields. A nation-wide survey by an outdoor writer resulted in his naming the cat among the three worst predacious mammals in America.

In Oklahoma post-mortem examinations by research men of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service were made of 84 cats caught in traps set for coyotes over a period of three years. In this limited test, kitty's record wasn't as bad as the birdmen thought it would be because quail, meadowlarks and other songbirds accounted for only 4 to 6 per cent of its food. Cottontail rabbits and small rodents formed the bulk of the diet. Camp garbage supplied one fourth of its living, and insectivorous food one eighth. Kitty had even picked up a few lizards and frogs.

But Jim Stuber says, "Sure they eat a few grasshoppers and crickets. But they also eat wild game and that's where the damage is done. Supposing each one of Ohio's 1,250,000 wild farm cats kills but one rabbit, or but one bird a month. That's 15,000,000 a year just for one state. It's too much."

Stuber's proposal that all cats be licensed or pay the penalty has died in many a state assembly. Opponents are quick to compare it with the old fable wherein the rats organized and decided to bell their hated enemy and then couldn't figure out how to do the job. How are you going to license cats, they argue, when less than 10 per cent of them are claimed by owners? There are instances when deliberation of housecat legislation has been stalled by loud and prolonged catcalls from the galleries. But the plan keeps bobbing up in different forms, and game men hope that a determined legislature and a brave governor may see the thing through to a finish.

The real culprits behind most of our cat troubles, says Ohio's Jim Stuber, is the thoughtless person who kicks a cat out into the village streets to become a yowling pariah, or worse yet, lugs a sack of mewing kittens out into the hinterlands and turns them loose to grow up into savage killers of songbirds and small game. In this he has the stanch backing of Dr. W. A. Young, managing director of the Anti-Cruelty Society in Chicago.

Dr. Young has handled a parcel of cats in his time. A few years ago he helped pick up 77,000 in the alleys of Boston. Last season 21,000 vagrant cats in the Windy City were brought to the society. A good many of these cats acquired homes where decent treatment was promised. The rest were humanely destroy

In the Old World the process for ducing cat populations is made to sh a profit and, ironically, Uncle Sam doe good part of the paying. From Holla Switzerland, Russia and other Euras countries come bales of catskins—sor times mislabeled genet—which find th way into the American fur garment glove trade. But Jim Stuber sees no p sibilities in this for the United Sta "It's hard enough to get anyone arou here to kill a stray cat," he says, "mu less skin it for market."

The truth seems to be that in spite low-percentage ownership and genera poor care a lot of people are very fo of cats. How else can you account the well-attended cat shows going on every sizable community all through fall and winter season? Exhibitors sp no expense in importing such rare va ties as the ticked, bunny-coated Abys ian with its fondness for water, lustrous-furred Russian Blue, or snub-nosed, silky Persians of many hu

Blue Bloods of the Feline World

High in the social register are "monkey" cats—the vociferous, bl eyed Siamese which are born pure wh but develop into two distinct color pha as they grow older: seal points and b points. Darker than the Siamese is chocolate-colored Royal Burmese v points—face, ears, feet and tail—d seal brown. Here and there among the blue bloods at the shows are plebe domestic short-hairs and tabbies. T ping the exhibition may be the tail Manx, the aristocrat with the highest I of all cats, according to its owners.

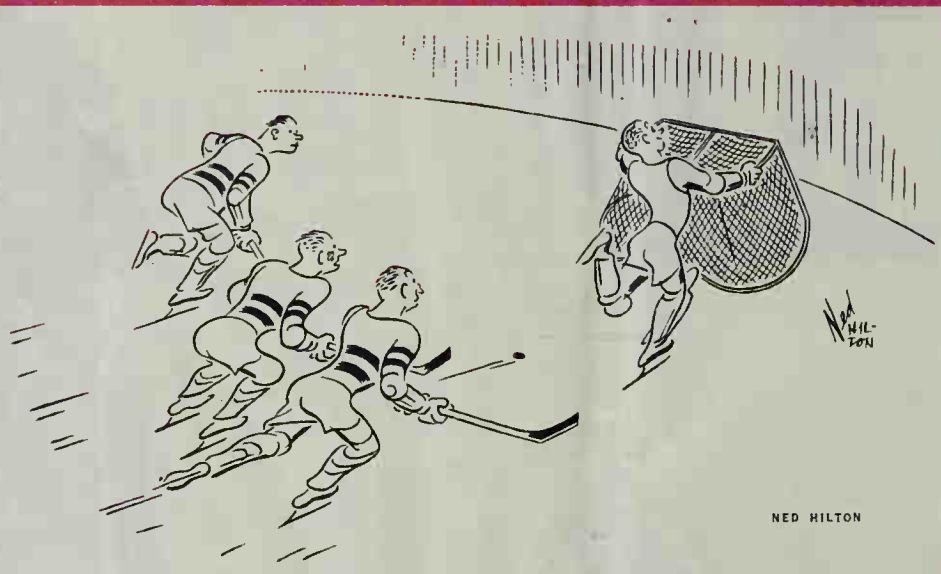
It is not these proud exhibitors v balk cat legislation. No one deplores more than they the scrambled mixtu of homeless felines that have given k such a bad name; no group has wor more zealously to preserve pure bl strains, to promote better treatment training. Dr. Young, this time speak as president of the American Cat As ciation, pleads their cause when he s that "cats are the most misunderst animals in the world" and claims t they are "extremely intelligent."

Game administrators have no qua with the high-born show kitties, nor deed with the pitifully small percent of properly housed and fed common But the feral house cats, the pets t roam the fields and byways at all ho of the day and night, are quite anot matter. Evidence is strong that they sly, silent killers; miniature lions leopards in fact.

Those who enjoy the companions of their cats can do much to ward abuse. They can help by confining k during the night hours and by feedin well in the morning before allowin out of doors. They can perform e greater service by delivering all surp cats to the local pound or anticruelty ciety.

No real admirer of kitty can feel ot than distress at the criminations hea on the many wayward descendants what was once a noble clan. Pampe by royalty they were, but now they lage the countryside or slink like w among the ash barrels. Perhaps the mals themselves feel some of the sha Perhaps their doleful caterwaulings press something of their resentment having fallen so low after centuries high living with Pharaohs and potenta Maybe the back-yard serenades bring old shoes and alarm clocks fly through open windows is the feline sion of You Made Me What I Am day, I Hope You're Satisfied.

THE END



SPORTING ODDS

At one stage of a spirited ice-hockey game between McGill University and Boston College many years ago, the officials had thumbed so many players to the penalty box that there were only three McGill men on the ice and Boston had only one, the goalie.

Nonchalantly the three McGill men skated down with the puck for a certain score. But the Boston College goalie was ready for them. He picked up the net and rushed it to the boards, mouth to the wall, and there he held it until the clock had freed his teammates from exile. The frustrated Canadians protested, but there was nothing in the rules to cover the situation.

Soon afterward the rules and the net were changed and a limitation was placed on the number of players to be banished at any one time.

—John E. McNary, Dorchester, Mass.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

Kinsey

Drink of the Month

Gift of the Year

Jan. – Feb.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..				2	3
4	5					10
11	1					
18	1					24
25	2					31
S	M					
1	2					7
8	9					14
15	16				20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....

KINSEY TODDY: *Put lump of sugar into mug, fill with ⅔ boiling water. Add 2 oz. Kinsey, stir, garnish with lemon slice.*

Mar. – Apr.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1				5	6
7	8				12	13
14	15				19	20
21	22				26	27
28	29				.....	.....
S	M				F	S
					2	3
4	5				9	10
11	12				16	17
18	19				23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	.....

KINSEY HIGHBALL: *Pour 1 jigger smooth, flavor-full Kinsey into glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger ale, soda or water.*

May – June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	.....				.....	1
	3				7	8
	10				14	15
5	17				21	22
0	24 31				28	29
	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	....	1	2	3	4	5
	7	8	9	10	11	12
3	14	15	16	17	18	19
0	21	22	23	24	25	26
7	28	29	30	.....	.....	.....

KINSEY SOUR: *Mix juice of ½ lemon, ½ tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Shake with ice, strain into glass, decorate as shown.*

July – Aug.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..				2	3
4	5				9	10
11	12				16	17
18	19				23	24
25	26				30	31
S	M				F	S
1	2				6	7
8	9				13	14
15	16				20	21
22	23				27	28
29	30	31	.....	.....	.....	.....

KINSEY JULEP: *Bruise mint in tall glass. Add tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Fill with shaved ice. Stir. Top with mint.*

Sept. – Oct.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	..					4
5	6				10	11
12	13				17	18
19	20	21			24	25
26	27	28		30	.....	.....
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....		..		.....	1	2
3	4	5		7	8	9
10	11	12		14	15	16
17	18				22	23
24 31	25	26		28	29	30

KINSEY MANHATTAN: *2 parts Kinsey, . . . 1 part sweet vermouth . . . 1 dash bitters . . . stir with cracked ice. Strain. Add cherry.*

Nov. – Dec.

	M	T	W	T	F	S
		3	3	4	5	6
						13
1	1					20
2	22					27
2	29					
	M				F	S
	....				3	4
	6				10	11
1	13				17	18
1	20	21	22	23	24	25
2	27	28	29	30	31	

KINSEY OLD FASHIONED: *½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . 3 tsp. water. Muddle. Add 2 oz. Kinsey, ice cube, lemon peel, fruit.*

Want to make or keep a friend?

Here's the Christmas gift to send!

KINSEY

SINCE 1892

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

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THE NEXT HILL

Continued from page 15

down from the wagon. Esau and Uncle Harry were carrying big buckets away from their wagons. Jed went up to them.

"Lord, now I'n get me some water!" boomed Uncle Harry, grinning childishly.

"The mules an' horses," cried Jed, "they'n have water now too! The rain'll fill up the pools again!" The old-timer in St. Louis had said there'd be water in pools all along the way for the animals. There had been, at first. But then they'd come to parched country, and the pools grew smaller and smaller. Yesterday morning the mules had finished off what remained of a sorry-looking hole of thick, brown water. Today there had been none. But now—now the rain would fix all that!

ESAU placed a bucket on the ground. He made as if to go back to the wagon for another bucket when Jed stopped him.

"There's a wind fixin' up too, Pa. Maybe we ought to keep the buckets off the ground. Then the water'll be fit for drinkin'."

The two men opened their mouths to argue, but at that moment the wind howled down upon them. Jed's mother and Aunt Clara and Missus Cotter cried out from their wagons. The two men picked up the buckets as if that had been their intention anyway. They raced back toward the wagons. Jed stood watching the weird sky. There was a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach, suddenly, just as there had been last night. That wasn't a rainstorm at all!

Uncle Harry had seen what it was, for now he came running up to Jed. He still carried the bucket, as if it were glued to his hand.

"Lord A'mighty! Lord A'mighty, look!"

Esau was there, too, his big shoulders bent to the wind. "Oh, Lord! First it was Sam, an' now us."

"Pa, you an' Uncle Harry cover the mules an' get under them wagon sheets. Then—"

But he didn't have time to say anything more. For they were already running back to the wagons. The buckets stood on the ground beside him.

"Hang on to the reins!" he shouted after them. Then he, too, boarded his wagon.

None too soon. For the fury of the wind struck them then, bringing sand that ate into the spokes and shredded the huge Osnaburg sheets. The sun went out and a blackness fell over the country. Jed could hear Missus Cotter mumbling. He guessed that she was praying, for every once in a while he caught the word God.

He figured the wind could grow no stronger. But it did. It was so loud now he could no longer distinguish separate sounds. He looked at Missus Cotter. Her lips were tight. She was watching the ripped sheeting overhead as it flapped viciously against the bows. One thing that was happening helped to keep his mind partly off the storm. The louder the roar outside, the closer Mary crept to him. Once, when the wagon swayed dangerously, Jed felt her grip his arm like a vise. He drew her to him tightly, but said nothing.

When at last the wind died down and he opened the flap, Jed saw what it had done.

"Mary! Take the reins!"

He waited until her small hands closed over the reins above his. Then he jumped to the ground and ran ahead to what remained of Uncle Harry's wagon. His father was already there.

The wagon lay smashed on its port side, and where two wheels should have been facing the sky, only grimy hubs were left. The spokes were scattered beyond the wagon in splinters. The team was gone. The water barrel lay smashed on its side, the ground beneath it damp. Only the little water in his father's barrel remained, now.

"Help me, Pa!" Jed began cutting away the sheet to get into the wagon. Uncle Harry was lying in a strange position. He kept turning his whitened face from side to side, muttering.

"What is it, Uncle Harry?"

Aunt Clara mumbled something about his back, a sprain maybe, she didn't know. "How do I know what it is?" she wailed, standing in the midst of the wreckage. "How in the world can anybody know anything in a place like this? Why did we ever go an' leave Mister Landemere's farms anyway? What good's land of your own if you'n never get to it?" At the back of the wagon, half buried under the crumpled sheet, little Tom and Jenny Owen were whimpering for attention.

"Maybe you better tell your ma," said Esau.

Jed did. His mother looked at him for a moment, and then the weariness that had been in her eyes for so many days vanished.

"I'll fix a bed here in the wagon," she said quickly. "He'll be all right here. You an' your pa can fetch him over." . . .

Clara Owen was no help to anyone the rest of the day. She sat in Esau's wagon and from time to time she raised her arms, only to let them drop in her lap again. Uncle Harry lay restless beside her, talking of water. The heat was worse than it had been before the storm but Clara seemed unaware of it. It was only when Jed and his father had picked up from the wrecked wagon what they could afford to carry that Clara spoke.

"You can't leave—not with him this way!" She climbed down from the wagon and placed herself in front of Esau. "You can't leave here now. It'll kill him!" she screamed. She began to beat Esau's breast, but he caught her hands and spoke tenderly.

"I know, I know, Clara." He squinted at the western sky, as empty as the land. "But God knows we can't stay, either. Can't stay in this desert much longer an' expect to live."

Jed smiled. His father was almost acting like his old self again.

MARY had come down from her wagon to help. She put an arm about Clara. "He's right, Missus Owen. We gotta move on. To that river, an' then toward the mountains. We have to!"

"But my God, he's hurt!"

"I know—" began Mary.

"Mind what I say now, woman," admonished Esau. "We got less than a quarter of a barrel of water for all of us now. We lost your water. We lost your team. We lost all the horses." He paused, breathing heavily. "My great God, we gotta reach that river!"

Without waiting for an answer, he motioned Jed to help him lift Clara into his wagon.

Presently the two teams began pulling westward again.

Mary was on the seat beside Jed now. Missus Cotter was busy under the sheet with little Tom and Jenny Owen. The wheels grunted and groaned over the naked earth, and the mules slobbered tiny bits of foam at each step. Jed marveled at their endurance.

"I'm glad Ma's got Tom and Jenny to look after," said Mary. "Keeps her mind off Pa."

"Way I feel," Jed remarked, "I'm gonna sit me in the river stark naked an' let the water cover me an'—"

"Jed?"

"Huh?"

"Now let's see—who do we know that gives good Christmas parties?"

COLLIER'S

"I'm scared."

He didn't look at her, but he could hear her breath coming quick and short. She was scared all right. "Ain't nothin' to be scared of, Mary."

"But first it was Pa—an' now all this new trouble—an'—"

"An' what?"

"Jed. Maybe—maybe we're really lost."

Jed winced. Quickly he said, "We're gonna see that river soon. Sure we are, Mary."

"But—"

"Don't you believe me? Don't you trust me?"

She looked at him squarely, then smiled. "I trust you, Jed."

He looked up sharply after she said that. He cracked his bull whip, high enough above the mules to miss them. Then he began humming softly, to himself. . . .

Camp that night was the loneliest they had yet made. The silence was complete, save when a coyote or a wolf howled. Jed sat watching the two wagons until even they seemed to disappear.

He hadn't climbed the hill in the west tonight when the sun went down. There just didn't seem to be any point. No matter how sharp the sunset might have been, it couldn't show up any mountains on the horizon. It just couldn't. The man in St. Louis was loco.

Once Jed was tempted to fetch some water from old Sam's jug. His throat ached for just a taste of it. But after the barrel on his father's wagon was empty it would have to do for all of them, and Uncle Harry would be wanting more than the rest of them. Jed turned his thoughts away from thirst, rested his head on his knees and tried to think of nothing. . . .

Next day when the sun burned midway in the west, the exhausted mules stopped in their tracks. They had reached their limit.

Jed and his father got down and went a little way off to talk. "D'you have anythin' to say now, son?" croaked Esau. His voice was hardly recognizable.

Jed shrugged his shoulders. The water barrel, he knew, stood empty now. He looked westward at the long slope of land heaving up before him. He struggled, trying to speak honestly. They couldn't last much longer. Not without water. He tried wetting his lips, but there was no moisture on his tongue. He supposed he should go up and wait on the slope there till the sun went down. Then, if he saw the mountains he'd at least know the river was around here somewhere close

"Now don't go frettin', Pa." It hurt to talk. "We'll be there directly."

"Dunno. I dunno. Them mules'd smell it if it was there." Esau shook his head from side to side as if to emphasize his resignation.

Jed looked at the slope again. "Pa you just wait here with the wagons. I'm gonna walk ahead a stretch an' just see what's beyond."

Esau offered no objection.

JED did not see the mountains. But what he did see beyond the hill made him want to cry. The river was there; he could see where it had cut through the dry, hot earth. It was the river, sure, because there were clumps of grayish willows growing on its banks. He was tempted to run down and sit in it, naked the way he'd planned. It cost him an effort to turn back to the wagons.

He found his father sitting on the ground, his mouth open, his back against the wagon wheel. Esau would not believe what Jed told him. He seemed not to be listening. Jed looked at his father again. Esau's help was essential if the barrel was to be filled. Jed went to the Cotter wagon, took out old Sam's jug. He opened it. He shook it. Not more than a mouthful in it. He felt the bottom of the jug. It was wet. The heat, since they left the Mississippi valley, had shriveled and split its walls. He put it back on the wagon.

Somehow, when he told them of the river, Jed persuaded them to bring the wagons up the long slope and down the other side. Yet when they reached it actually saw it, instead of water they found a dry, sandy bed. This was the river toward which they had journeyed so long. But from where Jed looked first he'd seen only the banks and the willows but not the bed.

"My God, Esau!" wailed Jed's mother. "What—what we gonna do?"

Esau did not answer. He stood dumbly beside Clara, looking at the dusty rock. Mary was by her mother, staring too. A drop of perspiration hung to the tip of Missus Cotter's sun-browned nose. From the wagon Jed could hear Uncle Harry sobbing for water.

Jed dropped to his knees. There wasn't much use in standing up any more. He saw Mary looking at him. She had trusted him when he said they would have water

lmost without realizing what he was ping, he began to dig. First slowly, en faster. Frantically now, he pulled way the stones and sank his fingers into e sand. It was rough going, and it made tle sense. But he had to do it—she'd usted him.

"Jed," said Mary.

He looked up at her. She had fetched pick from her wagon. "Use this, Jed. hen I'll get the spade from your father's agon."

NO ONE else offered to help. No one paid any attention. Mary's nearness d the effect of urging Jed on. His ck ached and the trickle of sweat from s forehead made it hard for him to see. om time to time he could hear Uncle arry calling for water. Once, he paused d looked around. Mary was still be- le him. The others were sprawled on e ground, their faces hard and bitter d motionless.

"Feel anythin', Jed?"

He shook his head. The blade of the ade was as dry as when he'd begun to g.

"Your uncle is bad. Ain't makin' much nse. He—"

"Mary, you know where your father's d whisky jug is?"

She nodded.

He explained about it. "It still has a outhful of water. Give it to Uncle arry."

When she had gone, Jed felt suddenly so exhausted that he sat down. There was nothing to do now but wait until the sun in mercy sank below the horizon. This wasn't the river they had been struggling toward. How could it be? Where was the water?

When Mary came back she said, "You'll have to dig some more, Jed."

"It's dry, dammit! This ain't our river. Can't you see it's dry?"

"Are you sure it ain't our river, Jed?"

"Look at it!" he cried. "It's dry!"

"Dig, Jed!" she urged him. "Dig some more."

He couldn't see at all now. He imagined he'd been digging for hours. His arms ached from one end to the other. His back ached. Each spadeful of sand seemed heavier than the last. The hole went down for nearly two feet.

Suddenly he stopped digging. "Mary!" He dropped to his knees, stretched out on his belly and reached down into the hole. His tired fingers touched what he had been seeking: the first trickle of water.

"Mary!" He sat up and stared at his wet finger tips.

The girl flung herself on the ground beside him and reaching down scooped out a handful of precious water. Instead of drinking it herself, she held it up to him. He wet his lips, but her hand trembled so he had to steady it. He took in a little and then asked her to take some.

"No," she whispered. "You finish it."

He couldn't help himself then. He drew the water between his lips and when it was gone he held his mouth tight against the palm of her hand.

When the sun went down that night, and the water barrels on the two wagons were full, Jed stood alone on the top of the hill west of the enheartened camp. Even Uncle Harry felt better now that he had water. Jed stood quiet, keeping his eyes on the horizon. For a while heavy clouds threatened to cover it, but they broke and he could see the sun sinking rapidly in a blaze of color. Just as the sun began to disappear altogether he saw them—the mountains! There they were, just as the man in St. Louis had said. Now there would be only a few more days to go before they reached the lush, rich land that would be their own. Jed stared at them until they were lost in the darkness.

THE next day Jed drove the Cotter wagon. He took the lead, Mary seated beside him. A cool wind touched them, urging them together. Jed smiled. Behind him he could hear the music of the water in the barrel, swishing and gurgling against the staves. There was enough water now for everyone.

Very quietly he began to sing. It was as if he wanted none but Mary to hear. He sang so softly she was obliged to lean still closer to him. She had to bring her head next to his. Which was exactly what he wanted.

THE END

A STAR TO LIVE BY

Continued from page 11

aw how it worked. What am I supsed to do? Deny science? Say science wrong?

Padre: Not for a minute, lad. That's e of the mistakes that got us into the ; we're in—the mistake of thinking t science and religion are at war. ey're not at war, Joe. Every truth that ence discovers is just another proof of wonder and magnitude of our unise. All the discoveries—your radar penicillin, atomic energy—what are y all but revelations of the infinite irit which runs the universe, which lers it, and which has authored all se wonders? Science is but a discerer of God's truth. Follow me, Joe?

oe: You mean I don't have to choose ween science and religion?

adre: That's what I mean, Joe. One our big gyroscope companies recently covered the secrets of the flight of the inary housefly. They took patents on at they found out, and they hope to the gyroscopic principles of the inificant little fly into our giant airnes. You see, Joe, scientists aren't hful. They know they can't make a but they'll seek out the secrets of v God makes one! That's what science oe. It is a quest for God's truth. The re of it we discover, the closer we are God.

oe: Putting it bluntly, Padre—what od?

adre: God is defined in the Bible as irit. That doesn't mean a ghost. It ns the thing you have in mind when say of a man, "I like his spirit." In finite minds it is hard to grasp the t, and some of us never can grasp it ess we give God a long white beard set him on a cloud. It takes work hink of what God is. Try it, Joe. nk of God as a spirit of love and erstanding, an orderliness and plan he universe, a purpose in the life of n, an essential goodness and a moving ard toward high ideals.

oe: As we'd say in the Army, Padre, re up at 25,000 feet. Come down to h—that's where my problems are. e the cost of living—it scares a guy. re's it going to end? Are we all going broke? I just can't make enough, Padre—the dough won't stretch that far. On top of that, a guy can't find a place to live. Then you turn on your radio and the commentators tell you, "Watch out for a depression!" and "There's going to be another war!" I feel like I'm hanging onto a life raft, Padre, clinging every minute to keep from going under. That's what life's like nowadays. That's the peace we fought for.

Padre: Sure, Joe. That's the kind of civilization we've built up. It has a lot of fear in it. I'm on the same raft. Maybe my deacons will take it in mind next week to fire me. And, brother, I give them plenty of reason. Everybody's that way. Uncertainty is part of our age. But haven't we always had uncertainty? Let me read what Jesus said to the people nearly two thousand years ago. This is from the Sermon on the Mount, Joe. Listen—

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . .

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

"And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, *shall He* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?"

Joe: That's beautiful stuff, Padre. But do you mean to say that God is personally looking out for me? That if I, Joe, and my wife and kids were thrown out in the street—that God would find us someplace to live? Gee, Padre, don't give me that!

Padre: "Not a sparrow falls but your heavenly Father knows it." Remember that from the Bible, Joe? And this one —"The very hairs on your head are numbered in the mind of God."

Joe: Yeah, what about my buddy? I guess the hairs on his head were numbered too. And maybe God wasn't looking when he got his head blown off at Leyte, eh, Padre?

Padre: The Book of Job was written about that very problem, lad. Does God look out for each one of us, personally? If so, how do we account for kids who went to flaming death in airplanes, or little children who are crippled, or people who get hit by cars? Well, Joe, we've got to grow up with our religions. God isn't a busybody of a mom with a couple of billion apron strings—one for each blithering child. God is the love and goodness in us. So instead of watching over us, God is *in us*, and each of us is a part of God.

Religion doesn't promise immunity, Joe. It would be at a premium if it did. Man, would our churches be packed every Sunday! When you and I were out

DESK MOTTO FOR A TIRED BUSINESSWOMAN

Overwork'll
Darkly circle
Pretty eyes,
Likewise
Make you crabby,
Logy, flabby,
Interfere
With healthful cheer,
Ruin your curves,
Fray your nerves,
And line your brow....

"DON'T DO IT NOW!"

—Ethel Jacobson

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there in Guinea I saw many a fellow shot up with the Bible on his breast. *Religion isn't a rabbit's foot, Joe.* We've got to get rid of the idea that it is. I used to tell the pilots, "Prayers won't hold your planes up. Only aerodynamics will."

Joe: You mean we shouldn't pray, Padre? You mean prayers aren't worth a hoot?

Padre: Prayer opens the door of your inner self to the spirit of the universe. It allows the God inside you to communicate with the God all around you. That's why prayer has brought many a plane in safely. Not because it gave magical immunity, mind you—but because it gave the pilot peace and calm and courage, and enabled *him* to bring the plane in safely. That's why we say the power of faith moves mountains. Do you follow me?

Joe: In a way, Padre. I used to pray a lot in the foxholes. Just talkin' to God, like. I think without that, I'd have died of plain fright.

Padre: And plain fright would have made you a bad soldier. You might have got yourself killed. See, prayer wasn't a rabbit's foot. It didn't draw a magic ring around you and say, "Jap bullets detour here." But it gave you inner peace, Joe—another name for courage—and so you ducked at the right time and you held your ground.

Joe: I still could have got killed.

Padre: Certainly. Remember what we said about immunity? No guarantees. Religion, Joe, is concerned with the indestructible part of man. So it isn't what happens that counts as much as it is *how we take what happens.* The faithless are rocked by feather taps, but the believing man is unmoved by a bludgeon.

Joe: But, Padre, aren't you being impractical? That kind of faith is okay for Sundays. But how about day-to-day problems? I've got my wife and kids in two rooms. Is this faith you're talking about going to get us a bigger place to live? Is it going to buy groceries and pay the rent? Is it going to put dough in my pocket if I lose my job, Padre?

Padre: Still thinking about *things,* aren't you, Joe? I can't say I blame you. That's our civilization. We've put our faith in *things.* And then war showed us that you could bomb, burn and sink *things*—and what were we left with? Practically no faith at all. Now some people would have us reclaim ourselves with *things*—the same old rat race. Oh, no, Joe. The only faith that's worth having is pegged to that which is indestructible. You can't bomb love and compassion. You can't sink it, or burn it.

Expel the faith in *things* from your mind, Joe. It's phony. It will let you down.

Joe: Padre, maybe I'm a simple toot. But I can't visualize this "love" and this "spiritual" stuff you're talking about. If you want me to believe in something, give me something real that I can see and understand—something I can put my finger on.

Padre: Many a man has asked the same thing, Joe. The answer is *people.* Human beings are fragments of God. Believe in people, lad—in the love and compassion and the goodness that's in all of them. Tom Paine believed in people. And Jefferson did. And the faith of men and women like them brought us democracy. Lately we've been losing faith in people, not everywhere, but in some parts of the world. What happens then? You ought to know, Joe. You just fought a war about it. But the big war is still going on, Joe. It's a war between the lovers and the haters of humanity.

Joe: You're not talking about America and Russia, are you?

Padre: No. That's just a symptom. I'm talking about the big war that's going on in man's soul. It crosses international borders, Joe. It's the war that Admiral Byrd had in mind when he said we need a world organization to keep the peace "until man can learn to control the evil within himself."

Joe: We must be going backward, Padre. Talk about your love of man. Over in Guinea, when the chips were down, there were no "wops" and no "hebes" and no "niggers." They were all Joes. Now look!

Padre: Sure. It happened in the first war, too. We thought it would be different when we got home. We would all be buddies, same as in the trenches. But when the boys got home they got afraid. And fear brings hatred. So before you knew it they were hating the colored folks or the Jews or the Irish.

That kind of fear is unhealthy. It's a fear in our inner self, a shriveling up of our spirit. We get feeling that we're not getting enough of the pie, that the other fellow is getting the best of us, that we're losing out, that the world is against us. How that generates hate!

Joe: Why don't you pastors and priests and rabbis get busy on all that, eh? Where are you fellows? Getting us to sing hymns and put a quarter on the plate! Is that all religion can do?

Padre: There's a lot of religion that

"Somebody slipped a piece of mistletoe in my hair. It finally turned out to be quite a party"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

st claptrap, Joe. Take some folks—
ey think that if they don't drink, smoke,
r cuss they're religious. Well, Hitler
idn't do any of those things.

Some others feel that if they go to
urch and sing hymns and say the re-
onses on Sunday, they are auto-
atically religious. Let's get it straight,
e. Going to church and singing
ymns, and all that, are merely the way
man can *express* his religion if he really
els it inside. It doesn't make him
ligious. A man can be deeply religious
ithout ever going near a church. And
can be pagan and empty, though he's
ver missed a Sunday for forty years.

Joe: Why are religions different,
dre?

Padre: They aren't. Only the window
essings are different. It's like you, Joe
if you were going skiing you'd wear
ow togs, if you were going to play
nis you'd wear white ducks. But it
uld be the same Joe inside.

Joe: Say, maybe there aren't enough
you guys. Maybe there's a shortage
padres—maybe that's what's wrong
h religion.

Padre: There's no shortage. We have
,000 ministers in the United States.
at's one for every thousand people—
exact same ratio we had in the Army.
e answer, Joe, is that people won't
ne to church at all if they ask for bread
d are handed a stone. We've got to fill
ir *real needs,* same as we concerned
rselves with the real needs of you lads
the Army. I may be wrong, and I've
de lots of mistakes, but I'm taking a
o at it here in Greens Farms.

We've got a Young Couples Club, for
mple. It's not just a prissy group to
nk tea and waste time on Friday eve-
gs. It's a serious group where the
blems of marriage are threshed out.
can see the rising divorce rate—
rly 40 per cent now—and we're
ried about it. Our young couples get
k aid in marital adjustment—and we
't dodge the sex issue either.

or the teen-agers we have talks on
paration for marriage, on courting, on
ing and petting. We don't pull
ches, Joe. Those are vital problems
e lives of young people. Talk about
quency and promiscuity! Why *talk*
t it? We're trying to *do something*
t it?

ental health is a big problem, too.
the church sit back and dodge it?
the living church, Joe. In Greens
s we have two doctors and two
chiatrists who work with the church.
I find a parishioner in trouble—
up in mental knots, or full of inner
icts—I have to decide whether I, a
yman, can handle it or whether one
e doctors or psychiatrists should be
in. Sometimes the docs will send
hts to me—people who are okay
ically and mentally but sick spiritu-
ly people who don't believe in any-
See, Joe, we work as a team
th mind doctor, the body doctor and
ul doctor.

Of course I give sermons on Sunday.
to deal with some of those day-to-
roblems you were talking about. I
done sermon, for example, on the
ost of living and what the people
uld do to bring prices down. I talk
about what Congress is doing, and
nited Nations, and how we are
to prevent another war.

Sometimes when you come into our
on Sunday you'll find petitions on
try table to sign and send to Con-
ss. We put the names and addresses
senators and congressmen in the
bulletin—so people can write to
m. We're pretty active, too, in a
government organization here in
ish. See, Joe, religion isn't up on
l. When you believe in something
know where you're going, you can
fully busy with things right under-
t.

Oh, I guess that's part of the things that have been bothering me: Why is it, Padre, that in the Army you chaplains could be regular fellows—in fact you tried to be as much like the boys as possible. But in civilian life, I don't know, you try to be as *different* as you can.

Padre: Joe, you've got a good gripe there. Lots of pastors act like little tin gods because they're afraid they'll get bounced out by the trustees if they don't. It's a business proposition, Joe. In the Army a padre was independent. He didn't have the hot breath of the deacons on his neck.

Joe: You mean our padres could use a little courage, eh?

Padre: I do, lad. It takes courage to come down off Mount Olympus and mix with the people. And yet the best parish work in history was done by One who did mix with the people, and so the critics called Him "a wine bibber and a friend of sinners." He was called Jesus.

Joe: Maybe we should get back to fundamentals. Maybe that's our trouble in this world.

Padre: Christmas is a good time to do it, Joe. Christmas takes us back nearly two thousand years. "Peace on earth. Good will toward all mankind." That happens to be a Christian fundamental, Joe. But it is just as much the rock and root of all religions. Study them, Joe—Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Judaism and Christianity. Every one is based upon *love*. I mean the love of man and fellow man.

Joe: And Christmas is a time to begin, eh, Padre?

Padre: Yes, Joe. You have come to me at Christmas, as you did in those rough days of the war. You had a need then, but perhaps your need is even greater now. And I wonder—what can I give you?

Joe: Now wait, Padre. I didn't come to *get* anything. I just came to talk. You know, as we said in the outfit: "Take your T.S. card to the chaplain and get it punched."

Padre: What is the spirit of Christmas? Why, the spirit of *giving*. We give gifts at Christmas—all kinds of things like ties and vanity cases and electric trains and sleds. Those are grand symbols, Joe.

Joe: Symbols?

Padre: Sure. They're the outward evidence that we want to *give*. But the priceless gift, Joe, is that which we give of ourselves.

Take the kids, Joe. Christmas is a children's holiday, we say. And we give them lots of these symbols of ours. But I hope we don't forget to give them the *real gift*.

Joe: You mean—really caring about them?

Padre: Yes, letting the love shine out of us so it may warm them. And letting the faith shine out of us, so they too may share it and build—as they build with the blocks we give them—great towers of faith within themselves. There, my lad, is a Christmas gift!

Joe: Yeah. Yeah, I see what you mean, Padre. For the kids . . . and for others. Thanks, Padre.

Padre: I remember my old granddad, Joe. He came from Scotland with just a change of clothes and a Bible in Gaelic. He lived to be ninety-six years old, the last twenty years on crutches. I remember him putting his hand on my head and saying, "Remember, lad, that God is always with you." Granddad left me no money. He left me a little land. But the big thing he left me, Joe—was faith.

Joe: Something to believe in, eh, Padre?

Padre: A belief in God, Joe. Not in a rabbit's-foot god or a god with two billion apron strings, but a belief in the God of love which gives life meaning and purpose, and which takes away fear.

Joe: You mean—a star to get your bearings from, Padre?

Padre: Exactly, Joe. A star to live by.

THE END

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THE LAST WORD

He could never bring himself to say it

BY MORTON THOMPSON

THE door to the private room opened without sound and without sound the nurse was there. She stared at the woman in the bed. The woman was unconscious. She was an orderly, arranged shape under a taut counterpane. She was breathing. The nurse said to herself: *Breathing shallow. Breathing slow. Wrong color. Blue lips.* She summed up what she saw. She felt for something else. It was there. It was in the room with her. It was no stranger. *It won't be long,* she said to herself.

And there was nothing else. Now the picture was complete. Now she looked away from the woman. She looked at the husband. He had been watching her steadily. Their eyes met and he shifted apologetically. *A fat little stone,* she said to herself. *Wondering when he can get away. All the feeling of a stone.* She smiled at him with her lips, ritually. The small, stout man stared back at her. *Mind's a million miles away,* she diagnosed. *Back in the hardware store—no, he was an accountant—back in his books. Everything upset. Who'll make him supper?* She looked back at the lonely, nearly dead woman in the bed. No change. *Never should have opened her up,* the nurse decided. There was nothing more to say to herself. There was nothing more to note. She smiled again at the small, fat man, turned and soundlessly left the room. The door closed behind her. She was gone. The room arranged itself without her. The man and his wife were alone, again.

The little fat man stared at his wife, savoring their aloneness. He licked his thin, almost bloodless lips. Tears were beyond him. He looked at her. He thought with all his might: *I love you.* The woman at whom he directed this thought breathed tiredly on, a little more slowly, as if he were not there. *Eileen,* he said again inside himself, *listen to me. Because I love you.* On his face there was no change of expression. He might have been examining a set of books. And when he said *I love you* this second time and there was no response to what he felt, his eyes faltered. His mind went back 20 years. He was sitting in her parlor. He was looking at her through his always misty glasses and they were not married yet and he was saying, *I love you* inside him, just as now. He wondered if she had ever heard him.

He knew he was a stick. There was no need to look at him twice. He swallowed. Deprecatively, his plump, ink-stained hand touched the bed. His fingers smoothed an infinite wrinkle in the counterpane. He had always been a stick. In the year of the bread lines, other bookkeepers were working. Not many. But some. Not him. And she'd never say anything, for she was as quiet as he was. And

Eileen was crying. George said nothing. Standing there he was thinking, I love you. I love you, Eileen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

d tried. Everywhere. For enough—
even for a present, on the last day—
enough for a Christmas meal for her.
d there was nothing.

When he came home at last, he
ldn't say anything. He hung up his
He turned to her. She blinked.
smiled, seeing the package under his
. She looked up at him and smiled.
n she stopped smiling. "George!" she
. And again, "George! Where are
r glasses?" He looked at her. He
led uncertainly. He couldn't quite
her at that distance. He held out the
kage. "Your good gold glasses!" she
thed. He knew then she was crying.
wavered toward her. She put her
s about him. He said nothing.
ding there he was thinking, *I love
. I love you, Eileen.* It was awkward,
nt to give you everything, he thought
all his might. It was hopeless. *How
I prove—how can I say how much I
you?* It was terrible to have so
h to say and not to say it. In the bed
de him the dying woman's breath
e more slowly.

utside the room, down the hospital
idor, the nurse made a last few notes
a chart. She looked at her watch.
orderlies wheeled a patient past her
ard the elevator and surgery. She
ed up.

een Dr. Brill?" she asked.

e orderlies said no. The nurse
ed at the chart. Then she looked at
watch again. She hung up the chart.
picked up the phone and called Dr.
. Upstairs, they said he was on his
down. When the doctor came they
ed together down the hall.

THE room the little man sat numbly,
small island of silence. He took off
lasses; they were the same glasses, he
ght dully. He polished them. He
hem on. He folded his hands in his
The years rushed by, the quiet, mild
. Each day was the next and the
efore. There came the day, finally,
he could have his own office—that
thing for a man to lay at a woman's
That was the year they moved to a
, upstate town. "In strictest con-
ce," the doctor had said, "the alti-
will be better for her. Upstate."
emembered how puzzled she was
they moved upstate. He looked
er. Her eyes were closed. Her
thing was very shallow now. Sud-
he became a little lonely. He did
know what was happening.

He half rose, bending toward the bed. The sound of her breathing came to him. He breathed again. He settled back. He settled back. He swallowed. *I love you, Eileen,* he thought with all his might. His lips began to move a little.

The door opened soundlessly. The small plump man with the neat worn clothing and the gold-rimmed spectacles moved apologetically back in his chair. The doctor entered. Close behind him came the nurse. A smell of ether came with them. The doctor smiled at him with his mouth and in the same movement reached the bedside and took up the dying woman's wrist. With a moist towel the nurse hurried soundlessly to the other side of the bed. While the unconscious woman's face spoke to the doctor, the nurse sponged gently, routinely, at the dry, bluing lips.

"I'm afraid that's all we can do," the doctor said suddenly.

His voice burst the quiet. The little fat man all but jumped. They looked at him. He licked his lips. The sound had been fracturing. What were they talking about?

"Is she all right?" he said at last.

He's so stupid, the nurse thought. *Even now—he's so stupid.*

"She's under morphine," the doctor said kindly. "She is unconscious. There's nothing we can do. She's slipping away quietly."

"Away?" he echoed. There was terror and death in him, now.

"It is almost over," said the doctor. He hesitated.

"We have a problem, Mr. Pollard," he said. "It is something you will have to decide." He looked at his watch. "Your wife has perhaps a half hour—certainly not more than an hour—to live. We can bring her to—" he looked at the woman in the bed, then looked quickly away again. "She is quite comfortable, now," he said. "She is sleeping peacefully."

THE small anonymous man swallowed. They looked at him. *What must it have been like to be married to him!* the nurse thought. She smoothed her uniform pityingly. They waited.

He stared at his wife, breathing only when she breathed. *Don't go, Eileen,* he begged frantically, soundlessly. She breathed another breath. *Ah, she breathed!* he thought. *They're wrong. She's not dying. She can't be.* He looked up. The doctor appeared to be talking. He looked back at his wife. And now he knew. Now he moved closer to the bed, closer to her. *If it's true—it's our last chance, darling—talk to me, talk to me for the last time—I want to tell you—we'll talk together—you're not gone yet—we've got an hour, maybe—"*

"You will have to tell me now," the doctor's voice broke in.

Pain is terrible, the little man said silently, panting. *But it will be brief. A little pain. And we can know each other, and hold each other—and say to each other—one last word. Know me, darling! Oh, Eileen! Just for one moment—*

"I'd like to say something," the little man's voice whispered in the silent room.

"I know," said the doctor, "A farewell. A last word. I know how much it means to you. And yet—"

Bring her to! he thought wildly. *Of course—bring her to.*

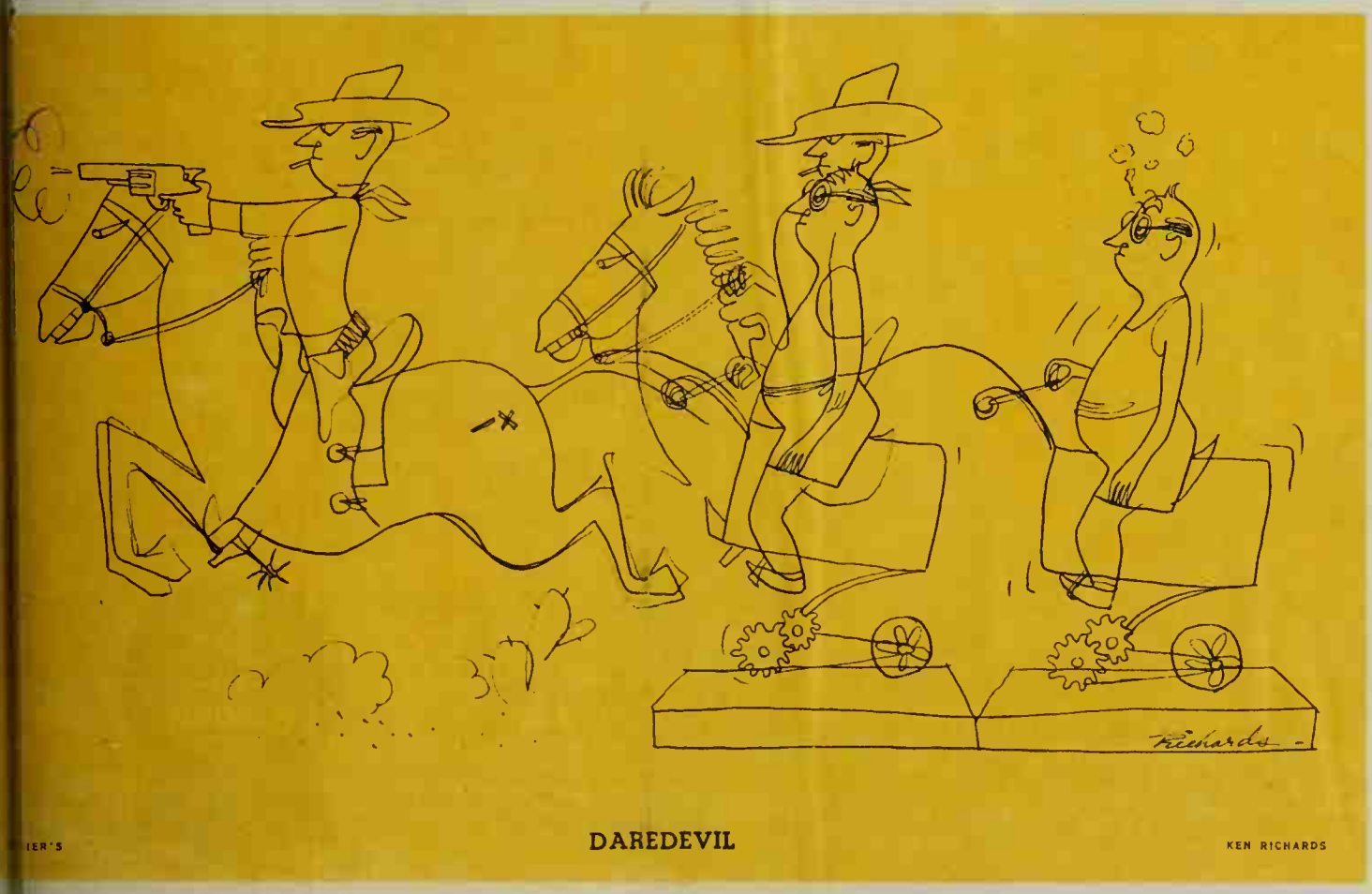
He turned to the doctor. He lifted his head humbly.

"Let her sleep," said the little man quietly.

The door shut soundlessly behind them.

Now the room was very quiet. Now they were alone, again. The little man stared at his wife. He leaned a little forward. *I love you. All I ever want—I want to give you everything.* He thought with all his might: *I love you! Listen to me, Eileen! Because I love you . . .*

THE END



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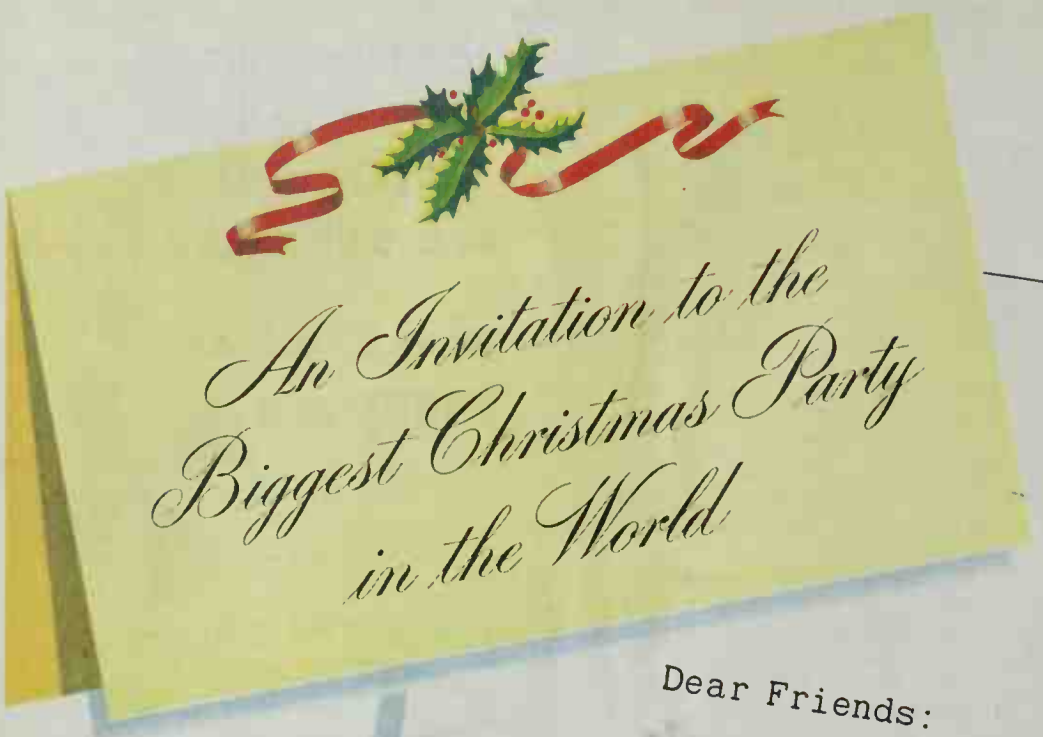

EDDIE CANTOR
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December 1, 1947

Dear Friends:

On Christmas morning as for the past four years, in hospitals throughout our Country, many thousands of wounded war heroes will smile with pleasure, when members of the American Legion Posts and their auxiliaries, the Disabled American Veterans, and other civic organizations come to their beds to distribute "Gifts to Yanks Who Gave."

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THE CRUSADERS' DOGGIE

BY MILTON GROSS AND AL HIRSHBERG

Basketball was a forgotten sport in New England until Doggie Julian and his Holy Cross hoopsters spread the gospel—and incidentally grabbed the N.C.A.A. title

HE people of Worcester, Massachusetts, showed no signs of mania until last May 9th. On that day 35,000 of them—who didn't ve a hoot when domestic politicians, foreign oblemen, Hollywood movie stars and Washington nerals and admirals paraded through their streets lined the avenues to cheer Holy Cross' N.C.A.A. ampionship basketball team.

At a reception following the half-mile-long pade, which included worshiping delegations from oston, Springfield, Providence, Rhode Island, and ashua, New Hampshire, 8,000 more strained the orcester Auditorium to its crossbeams to watch hristmas fall in May.

The Elks, Knights of Columbus, B'nai B'rith, asons, Chamber of Commerce and the Holy Cross arching and Chowder Club showered Coach lvin (Doggie) Julian and his Crusaders with tickets movie shows, suits of clothing and gift certificates most of the shops in town.

Since Holy Cross had won the title almost two onths earlier at Madison Square Garden in New ork City, this recognition and largess would seem mewhat tardy. It would have been, were it not r the fact that the Crusaders' basketball championship and Worcester's acceptance of the sport itself nstitute a pair of minor miracles. New Englands are not prone to clasp miracles to their bosoms a hurry, as the witches of Salem discovered.

Except for little Rhode Island State in Kingon and isolated Dartmouth at Hanover, New ampshire, New England had been an insular territry in a basketball sense. The sport was born ere, but through the more than fifty years since r. James A. Naismith attached a pair of peach skets to the balcony in the Springfield Y.M.C.A. ollege gymnasium, New England singularly had mained a basketball no man's land.

Three years ago Boston, which has supported ckey handsomely as its major winter pastime, ve basketball and Holy Cross the back of its hand. ven double-headers tried at the Boston Garden the 1944-1945 season drew a total of 29,000 ectators. The Garden took an $11,000 loss.

If Holy Cross, as one of the attractions, could be ken as a criterion for the entertainment offered, en that handful of spectators had been rooked.

What obviously was needed to turn this desert to green pastures was a man of missionary mind, no could spread the gospel besides importing a few lented hands to help with the menial job of playg and winning.

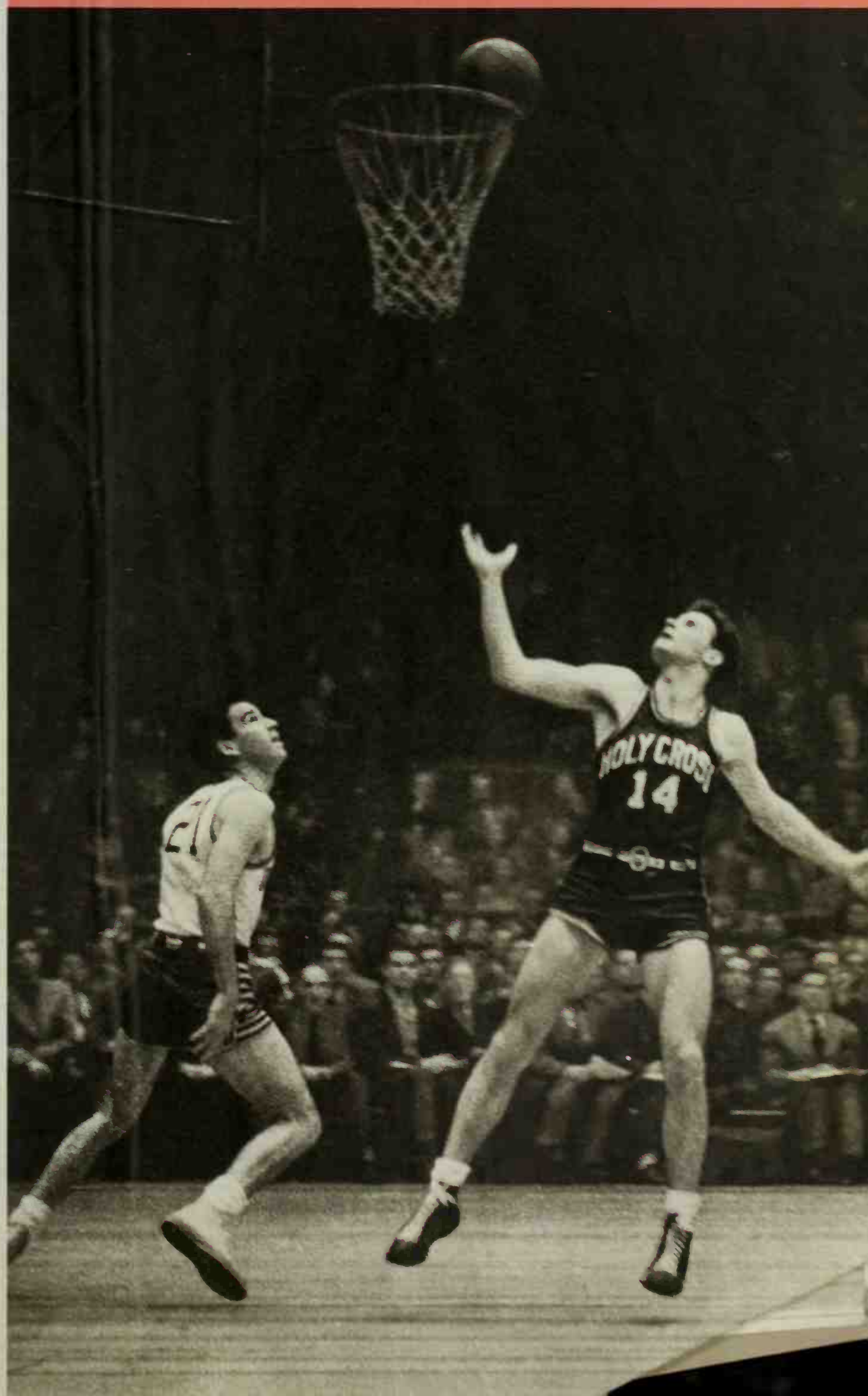
A Prophet Comes to the Wilderness

Doggie Julian was that man. No evangelist ever fected so general a conversion in such barren rritory in so short a time as the 44-year-old Julian. him basketball was a religion and had been ever nce his high-school days in Reading, Pennsylvania, nen he was allowed to work out with the touring lented Original Celtics, high priests of the game. Julian came from Muhlenberg, which he had ted from the status of a college team charging cents admission to one with a national ranking. hen he arrived at Holy Cross in the fall of 1945, did so under the mistaken impression he had been red primarily as a big-time basketball coach and, cidentally, as a football backfield coach. He rdly had his hat and coat off before he learned had his shay before Old Dobbin.

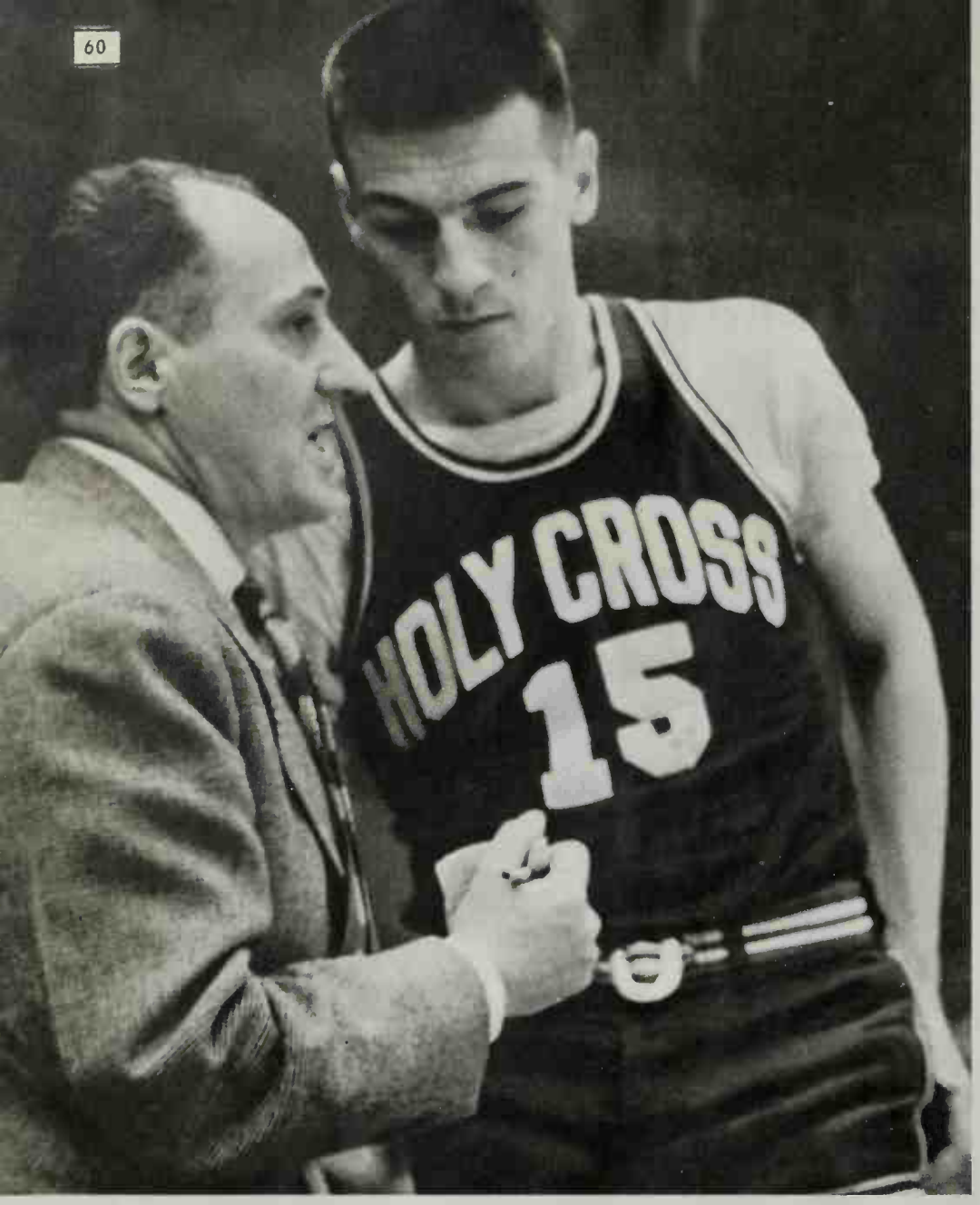
Among other things, Doggie discovered Holy oss had no home basketball court and no gym r practice. As an assistant football coach he uldn't conduct his basketball practices at a sensile hour, because gridiron workouts came first and ey weren't over until 7 P.M. And there were no ayers of established reputation or talent held over om the previous season.

As incidental obstacles, Julian was met with little dent interest, little more of the same from the outde, reluctant co-operation from college authorities d a basketball tradition, such as it was, of mediocrity or worse.

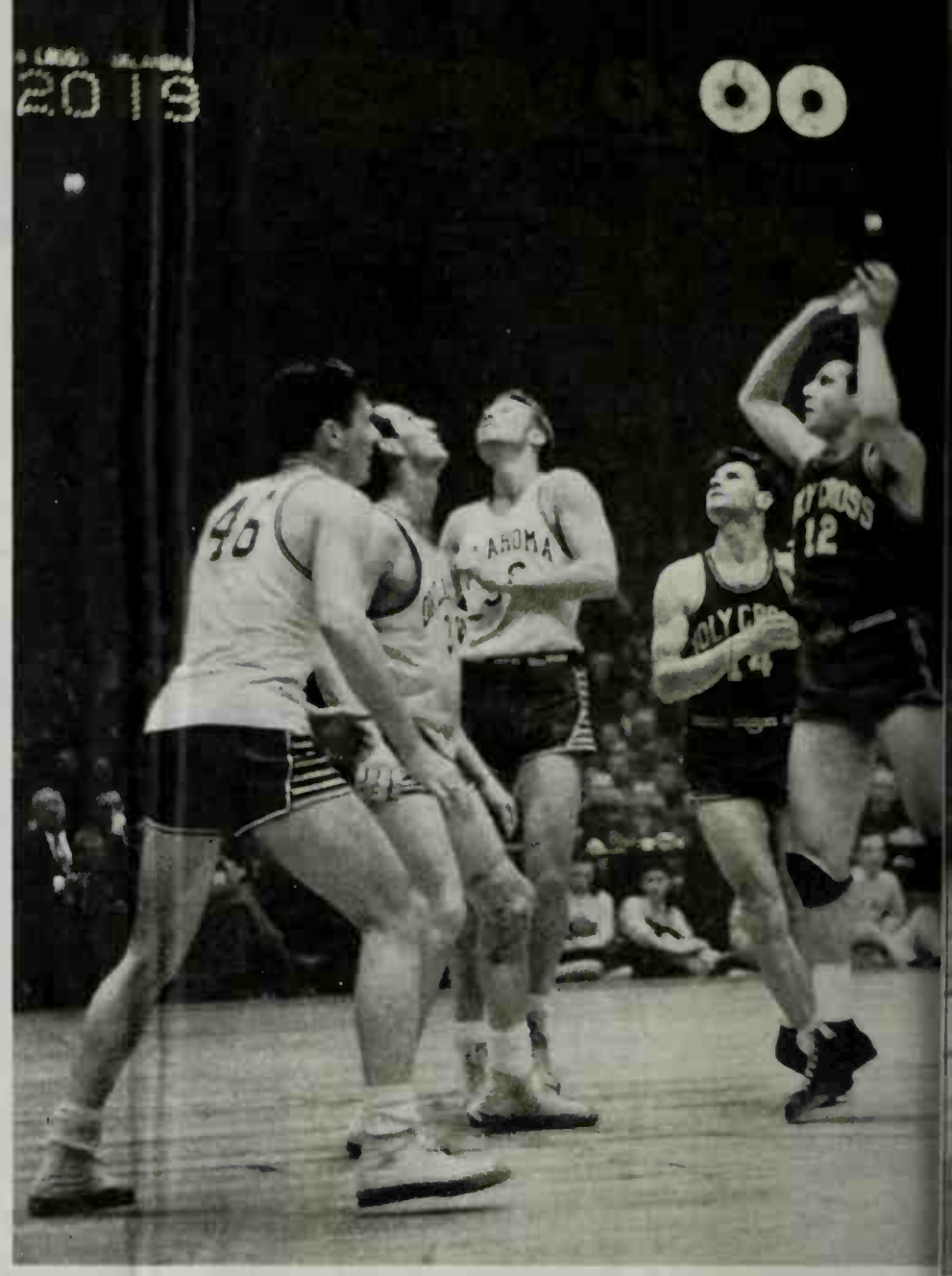
Basketball, dropped three times in Holy Cross hletic history, had been resumed in 1939, but with appreciable improvement over the previous depressing seasons. It remained a sport coached by



ermie O'Connell (14) of the Crusaders leaps a shot at the basket after slipping through lul Merchant of Oklahoma in the N.C.A.A. finals



Coach Doggie Julian gives last-minute instructions to Jim Riley before he sends him into the finals against Oklahoma. The Crusaders won by 58 to 47



Holy Cross' captain, George Kaftan, makes a basket against the Sooners. Shown also are Holy Cross' O'Connell (14) and Oklahoma's Courty, Landon and Reich

somebody else's assistant, and the Crusaders' schedules were the leftovers after Vassar, Wellesley and Smith had finished picking the bones.

And even in such company, Holy Cross had done no better than win 22 and lose 36 in the six seasons preceding Julian's arrival. In the two years since Doggie arrived at The Cross, disillusioned but determined, forty wins have been recorded in forty-six games against the nation's best opposition.

"If it weren't for Doggie, college basketball would be at least five years behind its present standing in New England," Walter Brown, Boston Garden general manager, and Bill Mokray, his basketball director, insist. "He made the game a paying proposition for us and his college when it looked as though it just wouldn't go here in New England.

"It's not just winning the championship that did it. I think we'd be over the top even if the title had gone somewhere else," Brown says.

"But Doggie and his kids did here what nobody else ever was able to accomplish before. They went out and made everybody basketball-conscious. They did everything but carry placards on their backs to remind people that basketball was a major sport everywhere else in the country."

To start the 1945 season, Doggie inherited four holdovers from Hap Riopel, an assistant football coach who had preceded him as basketball mentor. These holdovers were Bob Blinn of Springfield, Joe Dacey of Johnson City, New York, Bernie Prusaczyk and John Whalen of Worcester.

In a way, they resented the influx of outsiders whom Doggie had coaxed into his basketball desert—George Kaftan, Dermie O'Connell, Charley Bollinger, Joe and Dave Mullaney, Ken Haggerty and Ronald Anderson from the Greater New York area and Ed Krause from Julian's home town of Reading, Pennsylvania.

Keeping Peace in the Squad

For one thing, the newcomers were superior players. Julian solved the dissension in typically Doggie fashion by throwing the holdovers a bone in early practice sessions when he would alternate one of them with four of the invaders who were regulars.

Internal harmony, of course, was a prerequisite under the conditions Julian faced, since at many of the practice sessions the coach was present only in spirit. Holy Cross had an Orange Bowl football team in 1945 and Doggie, being the backfield coach, could spare only minutes for his basketballers, who did their practicing in an old barn near the college grounds.

It was a drafty, rickety structure with a badly splintered roof and floor, in which Julian and his boys had paced out a makeshift court and hung baskets at each end. But every difficulty had adjusted itself by the time the Crusaders traveled to Madison Square Garden for their first game under Doggie against City College of New York.

With Haggerty, an ex-G.I. and transfer from Fordham, controlling the ball and the game, The Cross confounded the experts, who had quoted the Crusaders a definite underdog. Holy Cross won by ten points.

Under the impetus of this victory, Doggie threw himself around like a canine chasing its tail. A gathering of as many as two people in New England was enough to warrant his appearance and a speech about the wonderful game of basketball. He and his players roamed the streets of Worcester like crusading hordes, engineering the construction of baskets in back yards, attempting all the time to wean future customers and players to their game. And the campaign soon showed results in attendance.

His team's third game, a victory over Dartmouth, drew 5,500 people to Boston Garden, 2,000 more than had ever before bothered to see a college basketball game there. The day after this win Julian was forced to leave for Miami with the football team for its Orange Bowl encounter, despite his basketball team's brilliant getaway.

Doggie envisioned his dreams going bust while he was away with the football team for two weeks. Bowling Green, a team of talent and stature, was Holy Cross' next opponent. Minus its coach, a basketball team composed of virile youths could not ordinarily be expected to apply itself to practices. But these were no ordinary players he had pep-talked into a crusading unit.

Julian returned to Worcester on the night of Jan. 5th, five days before the Bowling Green game. Haggerty and Mullaney were at the station.

"Coach, we can whip those guys," Mullaney bubbled. "We know just how to do it. Kaftan, O'Connell and Bollinger went down to New York with us last week and watched them play at the Garden. They're tough and big, but they can be taken. Look, here's their offense."

Kneeling there in the Worcester station, Mullaney and Haggerty outlined Bowling Green's style to Julian in the dust of the pavement.

"We've been working out our own offense and defense to match theirs while waiting for you to get back," Haggerty said. "What do you think, Coach?"

Holy Cross won, 69-63, before 12,000 customers, who saw six-foot-eleven-inch Don Otten so completely bottled up that he later said, "This was the toughest night I ever had on a basketball floor."

Value of Locker-Room "Sings"

That night Julian initiated locker-room community singing, which has become a ritual for Crusader basketball teams after each practice session and game. "It makes for good fellowship and relieves the tension," says Julian.

The Crusaders are thoroughly sold on their coach. Whatever he says is gospel. Doggie, for example, has a standing rule against drinking soda tonics, ice-cream sodas or any other soft drinks from the time practice starts until the season ends.

The team takes the taboo so seriously that Dermie O'Connell and Bob McMullan and Frank Oftring, who joined the club for the 1946-1947 season, called Julian late one evening to ask his permission to have a plate of ice cream.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Following a rebound, Oklahoma makes a typical Western-style fast break down court as Joe Mullaney (11) of Holy Cross leaps to block the path of Oklahoma's Jack Landon. Advancing down the court is Dick Reich (36) of Oklahoma

As one of his preseason conditions, Julian insists each player know the basketball rule book *in toto*. The value of this thorough preparation became evident to Doggie's pups in a game against Temple two seasons ago. In a scrimmage under Temple's basket, Haggerty, trying to retrieve a bound, slapped the ball through his opponents' hoop for a goal. As the Crusaders were the last to handle the ball before the score, Referee Eddie Boyle awarded the ball to Temple after the basket, and the Owls responded by completing another quick two-pointer before Julian had time to register a protest from the bench. Haggerty, however, rebounded from his own chagrin at having given away two points and rushed at Boyle just as the Temples were putting the ball through the hoop. Because Temple had been *credited* with the last two points, Haggerty argued, Holy Cross rightfully should be awarded the ball out of bounds after the basket instead of being doubly penalized. The second basket, therefore, should not count. Boyle agreed, admitted his error, nullified the second Temple score and awarded the ball to Holy Cross to put into play.

Underneath his professional veneer, Doggie is just a guy who likes people. The fact that Bill Gallagher is one of the team is proof of that. Gallagher was a student, but not a player, at Holy Cross. He is blind, yet he is considered one of the basketball squad. Encouraged by Julian, who spent much of his spare time explaining to Gallagher what went on at practices, one by one the players lost their timidity and became attracted to him. Gallagher sat on the bench at every game Holy Cross played in the past two seasons, except the three on the road during the last Christmas vacation.

Bill lives with the others now and eats with them. They take turns cutting his meat and reading his lessons to him.

His Emotions Are Contagious

A nervous little man with a generous nose and boundless energy, Julian has the epidemic faculty of communicating his enthusiasms to whomever he meets. His family always is on an escalator, ascending and descending the emotional scale with him.

Last season during the week Holy Cross was scheduled to oppose Canisius. Doggie came into his breakfast room, picked up the morning paper, immediately turned to the basketball scores and proceeded to turn green.

Canisius had walloped strong CCNY. Doggie pushed his plate of breakfast eggs from him. Mrs. Julian thereupon lost her appetite. When Christine Marie, Doggie's six-year-old daughter and the youngest of his three children, saw her parents despondent, she burst into tears which cascaded into her cereal bowl.

Dermie O'Connell appears to be the favorite of the Julian household, particularly of pert Christine Marie, who regards him as her particular pin-up boy despite his quaint New York accent with which he has translated his name to "Doimie."

Christine Marie hangs on to Doimie's hand with all the passion of her six years and looks little daggers of jealousy at whomever O'Connell favors with his Irish smile.

While the team was in transit from Worcester to the tournament, O'Connell left the little girl's side as she dozed and went to the diner for lunch. When Christine Marie awoke, she frantically asked her mother, "Where's Doimie?"

"He's in the diner having something to eat with a blonde," joshed Bob Curran, the war returnee who beat out Bollinger for the regular center post last season.

"Mummy," Christine Marie said hurriedly. "We've got to get Doimie away from that blonde before Daddy finds out."

Holy Cross currently is building a gym for Julian's team, which attracted 166,000 people to its games last season. Doggie even has been relieved of his duties as assistant football coach so that he can concentrate on retaining the N.C.A.A. basketball championship.

Since winning the championship, Doggie has turned down four attractive offers to coach basketball at other colleges. He didn't say why, but certain members of the Boston Basketball Writers' Association know the reason.

A few weeks after last winter's triumph, Doggie was presented with a traveling bag by the Hub scribes. They hastened to add the gift was not a hint for him to hit the road.

"I'm not thinking of moving on yet," Doggie said. "It's not time, although it probably will be when I see a basket in every back yard in Worcester."

THE END

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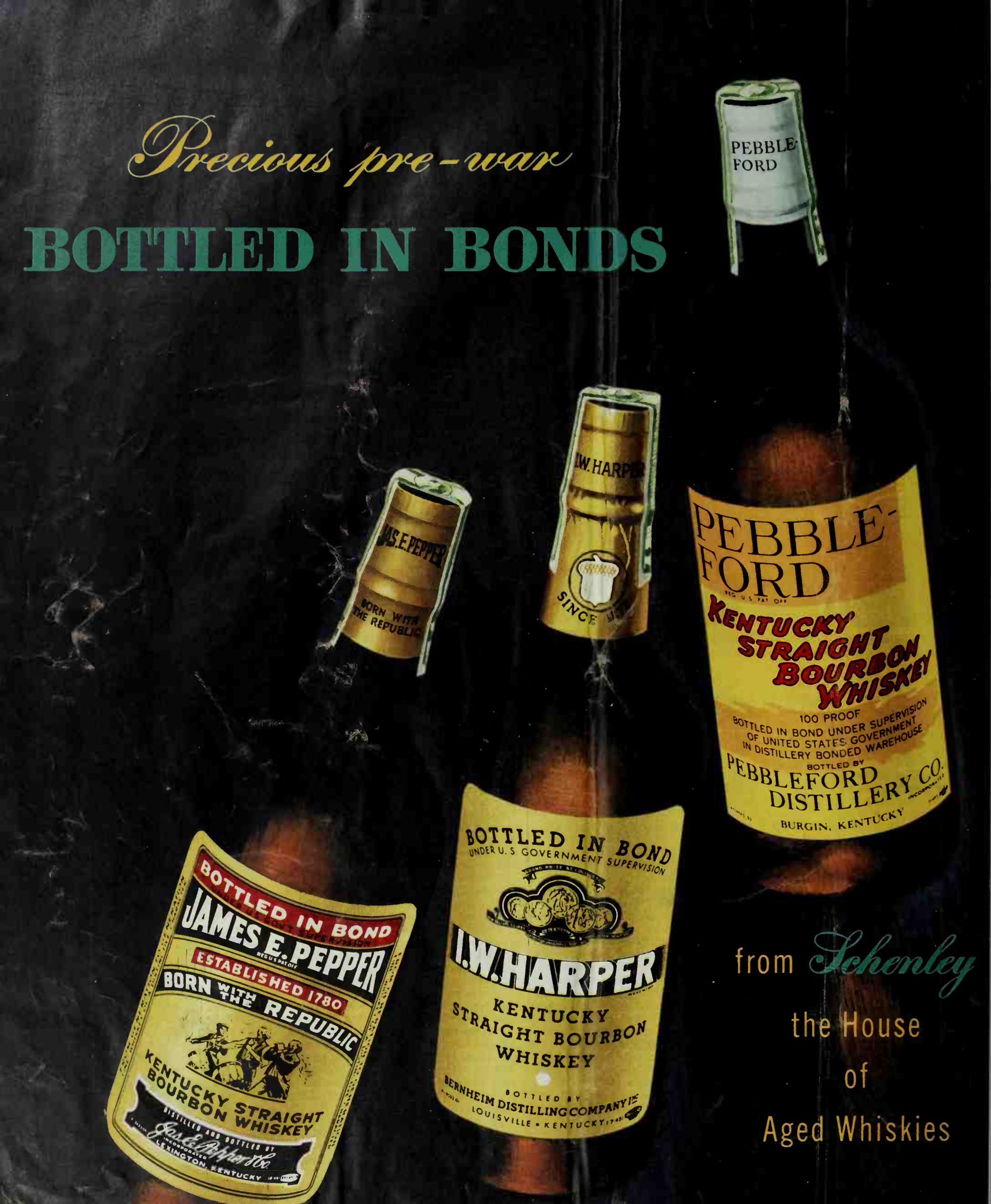

from *Schenley*

the House

of

Aged Whiskies

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THE HOUSEBROKE HOG

Continued from page 19

"Ma'am?" Uncle Steve said.

"The children mentioned her. Rosebud."

Rosebud must have been outside and heard her name. Or maybe it was the smell of the food on the table, because she came toddling in the front door. She weighed just over two hundred pounds and Uncle Steve made us keep her scrubbed until she shone all pink and white. Ella had named her when she was just a baby pig and cute and we first started keeping her in the house, but she had grown a lot since then. She went over and snorted at Miss Nancy's ankle.

It must have taken Miss Nancy by surprise. For a moment she sat there and you could see her trying to move but not moving. Then she screamed and rose with a sort of springlike motion to stand in her chair and the chair went over backwards and Miss Nancy was falling to the floor in a wild flutter of petticoats.

It was something to see, and Rosebud was always a curious pig. She started after Miss Nancy, making grunting noises of amazement. Uncle Steve started after Rosebud. He got her by the ear and booted her a couple of times and she headed for the kitchen door. She knocked it open before Ella and I could get out of the way and went over us and out the back door, squealing.

When I got up I could see Miss Nancy straightening her petticoats and Uncle Steve looking in every other possible direction. Then he saw Ella and me. "Eddie!" he said.

Ella and I went out the back door after Rosebud.

We hid in the guava bushes again where I could watch the automobile. It just sat there, big and bright with the sun shining on it. "I bet I could drive it," I said.

Ella said. "Eddie . . ." I looked at her and she looked like she was afraid of something. "What did Miss Nancy mean about that juve-nile court, Eddie?"

"I don't know. I don't know what a juve-nile court is."

"It's where they take children away from people," Ella said. We were twins. but she always knew a lot of things I didn't. "You don't reckon . . .?"

MISS NANCY came out the door and along the walk toward the car. Uncle Steve came after her, but she wasn't speaking to him. She held her head high and her mouth tight and she walked along without looking at him. Mr. Elbert Adams jumped out of the car and held the door open for her and she got in. Uncle Steve stood there at the gate, saying nothing. Mr. Adams turned a crank in front of the automobile and all at once it began to shake and make noises again. Mr. Adams got in and drove off and Uncle Steve went back into the house.

"Come on!" Ella said.

"Wait," I said.

But she wouldn't wait. She ran off toward the house and I climbed the fence and stood there in the road looking at the tracks the automobile had made. They were deep and clear in the sand, wider than wagon tracks and with ridges across them. The Plutney boys wouldn't believe me when I told them an automobile had come to our house, but they would have to believe it if I showed them the tracks. So I got some boards and built a shelter over part of the tracks to keep the rain off. It might be several days before the Plutney children got here, and I wanted proof.

When I went in the house Uncle Steve was walking back and forth across the kitchen. Ella watched him from the back door and her mouth was trembling a little. "Come in my house," Uncle Steve said, to all of us or nobody, "and tell me how to raise my kids!"

"Yessur," Uncle Oscar said. He was washing dishes and he had his Saturday bottle on the sink beside him.

"Sticking her nose in my business," Uncle Steve said. "I ought to have lambasted her one."

"Yessur," Uncle Oscar said.

Uncle Steve stopped walking. "Only it was such a pretty nose," he said, looking off into the distance.

"Uncle Steve, can the juve-nile court take us away from home?" Ella asked.

Uncle Steve went over and picked her up. "I don't know where you hear all these crazy things," he said. "It must be from those Plutney girls."

"Miss Nancy said—"

"Don't you worry about Miss Nancy." He put her down. "You and Eddie dig some worms, if we're going fishing." And as we were going out of the door he said, "That woman must be crazy. Because she can't be mean and that pretty."

"De pretty ones is de meanest," Uncle Oscar said. "Yessur."

"She needs a lesson," Uncle Steve said.

ON THE big day, Uncle Steve scrubbed us and put clean overalls on us and drove us into Tonckka in the wagon. The courthouse sat right in the middle of town. It was brand new and the biggest building I had ever seen. We went up the steps and through some corridors and then Ella and I were left alone in one room while Uncle Steve went into the court itself.

Ella was scared. I was scared too, but I didn't want to admit it. Uncle Steve had said there was nothing to worry about and of course I believed him. But I was still scared. Ella and I sat there alone and didn't talk. We waited a long time and finally a man came in and said the judge wanted to see us.

What I expected was rather vague: a big room with a judge all in black perched like some huge buzzard at the end of it. Instead there was Uncle Steve and Miss Nancy Hilton, and behind a high desk was Uncle George Murphy. He wasn't our uncle really; just an old gentleman that sometimes went fishing or hunting with Uncle Steve.

He said, "Hello, Eddie. Hello, Ella."

His desk was so high we had to look way up to see him. He looked imposing all right, even though we knew who he was. Neither of us felt we could say, "Hello, Uncle George" to a judge, and we didn't know what else to say. So we kept quiet.

He said, "Eddie, how do you like living with your Uncle Steve?"

"Fine," I said. Ella nodded her head.

"Is your Uncle Steve ever mean to you?" the judge asked.

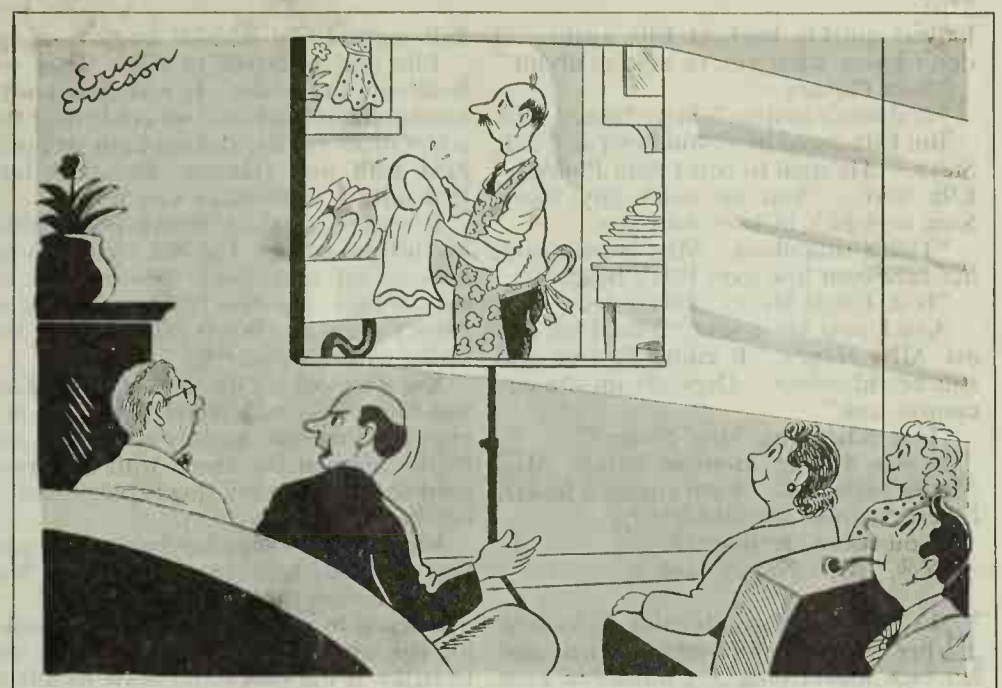
"He won't let me shoot his big rifle 'less'n he's there," I said.

The judge cleared his throat. "If you didn't live with your Uncle Steve, where would you live?" We looked at him. I was trying to think of an answer and I couldn't. He said, "After your mother died, if Uncle Steve hadn't come for you, where would you have gone?"

I looked at Ella, and Ella started to cry. Something hard formed in my throat, and the inside of my stomach started to tremble and I got that scary feeling which I don't like to remember even now. Because after mother died we had been alone for two days before Uncle Steve could get there, and we were only six then. "I don't know," I said.

Miss Nancy knelt down and put her arms around Ella and patted her and talked to the judge. "I don't mean the children are raised without affection. It's the physical conditions in which they live. A drunken Negro cook—"

"He's a good cook," Uncle Steve said. "And he don't drink except on Saturdays."



"Do you notice the propaganda his wife gets into their home movies"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

"And a—a hog living in the house!"

"Rosebud is completely housebroke," Uncle Steve said.

"And this little girl with her hair cut like a boy's and wearing boy's clothes!"

The judge leaned over his desk. "Would you like to have long hair, Ella, and to wear dresses?"

Ella had quit crying. She looked at Miss Nancy and she looked up at the judge. "With a hair ribbon?" she asked.

"That's right," the judge said.

"Eddie would say I was a sissy." Uncle Steve started to laugh, and stopped. Ella's face was set. "But I'd like it on Sunday," she said. "I'd like it to dress up."

"I'll buy her a dress," Uncle Steve said.

The judge leaned back and I could just see the top of his head. After a while he said, "I want a few minutes to think this over." And then: "I'd like to talk to you in my office, Mr. Crandall."

The judge stood up and stepped backwards, and disappeared. Uncle Steve went around behind the judge's desk, and he disappeared too. Miss Nancy was talking to Ella and after a while I had a chance to peep back of the judge's desk. There was a little door there and I went through it and was in a corridor. I went down this and there was an open door leading to an office and beyond this another office. In the second office sat the judge and Uncle Steve and there was a bottle on the desk between them.

"She's a good teacher," the judge was saying. "And good teachers are mighty scarce. There were two years we didn't have any teacher at all over to Grasshopper Slough."

"I know," Uncle Steve said.

"Maybe Miss Hilton is a mite more missionary than teacher," the judge said. "Maybe she thought she was going to a foreign mission when she came to Florida. But she is honest about the children. She's trying to help them. And if we make her too mad she might quit and we wouldn't have any teacher at all."

"We can't do that," Uncle Steve said.

THE judge poured from the bottle, filling the two little glasses. He drank one and smacked his lips. "So you won't mind if I decide Miss Hilton ought to visit your kids once each week, just to see how they are getting along? It'll make her happy. It might help the kids too."

Uncle Steve picked up his glass and emptied it. The way he was grinning you'd think it was a mighty good drink. "I think that's a fair decision," he said.

The judge reached for the bottle again. "How're the fish biting?" But before Uncle Steve could answer the judge saw me in the outer office. "Dang it, boy!" he said. "Don't you know it's against the law to bust in on a judge in his chambers?"

It sounded not only against the law, it sounded plumb indecent. I backed out of there quick.

So once a week after that, on Saturday or Sunday afternoon, Miss Nancy used to come to our house. The first two times she came with Mr. Elbert Adams in his automobile, but the second time he brought her, something had happened to the sand ruts in front of our house. They had got all smoothed out somehow and the automobile got stuck and Uncle Steve had to pull it out with a pair of horses. Uncle Steve said he was very sorry about the automobile getting stuck and he told Mr. Adams not to worry, we'd always have horses to pull him out. But Mr. Adams never came again, and Miss Nancy used to drive out alone in a buggy.

Ella and I enjoyed the visits, especially Ella. Miss Nancy would comb Ella's hair and bring new ribbons for it, and she'd help her with the dresses Uncle Steve had bought. She would straighten up our room and put pictures in it, and read to us. And nearly always Uncle Steve was around, helping.

ONE day when Miss Nancy was reading to us with Uncle Steve standing in the doorway listening she stopped and looked up at him. "Mr. Crandall," she said, "it isn't necessary for you to be here when I am visiting the children."

"The judge's orders," Uncle Steve said. "He told me to learn everything I could about raising kids." Then he grinned at her. "Besides," he said, "I enjoy it."

I could see Miss Nancy trying to keep from smiling. "I wonder—"

I was never sure what she wondered, because just then Rosebud waddled in and began to rub against Uncle Steve's leg, grunting affectionately. Uncle Steve put down his hand and patted her on the head. And now Miss Nancy's face was so set it looked almost ugly. "I have asked you, Mr. Crandall, to keep that animal out of the house while I am here."

"It'll hurt her feelings," Uncle Steve said. . . .

I was the last person to realize that my Uncle Steve was in love with Miss Nancy. At the age of eight, boys do not pay much heed to such matters. Girls are more precocious and it was from Ella that I first heard about it.

Miss Nancy was trying to plait Ella's hair, which wasn't really long enough for plaiting yet, although it hadn't been cut since that day at the Juvenile Court. Ella, with her head braced against Miss Nancy's pulls, said, "Uncle Steve is in love with you, Miss Nancy. Are you in love with him?"

"What?" Miss Nancy said, her face getting all pink. She glanced up at Uncle Steve who was standing beside her, learning how to plait Ella's hair; and then she

looked quickly back at Ella again. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Sara Plutney—"

"It doesn't matter," Miss Nancy said.

But Ella could be as stubborn as Uncle Steve. "He used to court Sara Plutney," Ella said. "And he don't any more. Sara says he's in love with you."

"That's ridiculous," Miss Nancy said, her face bent low over Ella's head.

"Is it, Uncle Steve?" Ella asked.

And Uncle Steve said, "You'll have to ask Miss Nancy. It could be true and still be ridiculous. Depends on the circumstances."

"Is it ridiculous, Miss Nancy?"

It was a long moment before Miss Nancy answered. "I am engaged to Mr. Elbert Adams," she said finally.

"You mean, to marry?"

"Yes," Miss Nancy said.

ELLA pulled away, turning to look at her. We were all looking at her, and her face wasn't pink any more but kind of white and tight. "Of course," I said, "he does let you ride in his automobile."

There wasn't much ring to Miss Nancy's laughter. She looked from me to Ella and then to Uncle Steve. He didn't move but looked straight back at her. Her gaze wavered away, then came back to him. Her lips were half parted.

That's when Rosebud came in. She went past me and past Uncle Steve to where there was a deerskin rug between him and Miss Nancy. She curled up on this and went to sleep.

"Mr. Adams does not live in the house with a hog," Miss Nancy said. Her voice sounded cracked, as though all the words were about to fall into pieces upon the floor. "Not even a housebroken hog. He is serious, and hard-working, and—and his children would be properly raised! And—" Her voice shattered then and she ran out of the room, crying.

After that Uncle Steve kept away from the house whenever Miss Nancy was visiting. Before time for her to arrive he'd saddle his horse and ride off to the Plutneys', or to Tonekka, or maybe he would just keep working all Saturday afternoon and into darkness. He didn't even talk to us about her, and her face had a thin, bitter look. Tom Plutney said his big sister Sara had said Uncle Steve was silly to think he could compete with Mr. Elbert Adams, who not only had an automobile but lived in town and had more money than the rest of Tonekka County put together, and Tom and I got in a fight and I made his nose bleed.

It was the first time I had ever been able to lick Tom Plutney and I was proud of it. I was telling Miss Nancy about it, walking out to the pasture to show her a new colt Uncle Steve had given me. "You ought to seen Tom Plutney," I said. "The blood was all over his chin."

"You are getting too big to fight," Miss Nancy said.

"No'm," I said, "just big enough to lick Tom Plutney. He can't talk about my Uncle Steve like that again."

"What he said was not against your Uncle Steve. Against me, perhaps."

"Ma'am?"

"You wouldn't understand," Miss Nancy said. "I'm not sure I understand."

Ella had gone ahead and now she shouted, "There he is, Eddie!" The colt had come from back of some scrub palmetto and I ran after him.

Ella and I caught the colt and started back, one on each side of him, the mare close after us. "Where's Miss Nancy?" I asked.

"Over there," Ella said. "By the palmetto."

Just as I saw her she screamed, a short, strange cry that choked almost before it started. As I stared at her she swayed, but it was like a tree with its roots in the ground, coming straight again without really bending her body. At the same time the old mare neighed shrilly. The colt snorted and whirled away from us.

Ella and I started to run. Then we both saw the snake. It was coiled with head and tail erect, and we could hear the whirr of its rattles, and we both stopped, held with that clammy, bloodless fear that only a rattlesnake can impart.

It was big, a thick brown pile against the brown grass. The flat vicious head was raised and bent forward on its slender neck, less than two feet from Miss Nancy's ankle. When she moved, the snake would strike.

She was looking down at it. Her face was bloodless and terrible. She shut her eyes, but that was the only movement she made. She stood there with her eyes tight shut. And very slowly, very gently, her body began to sway.

She could not keep her balance long in that terrible, half-frozen rigidity. She would have to take a step or fall.

I began to run in frantic circles, looking for a stick, or something I could use to strike at the snake and draw its attention. But there was nothing except open prairie. Ella had run to a clump of palmettos, but she could not break them.

"I'll get Uncle Steve's rifle!" I shouted. But it was two hundred yards to the house and I could never make it back in time.

Then I saw Rosebud. Half dainty, half awkward on her small feet she was coming toward us across the prairie, following our trail like a dog. "Rosebud!" I shouted. "Here, Rosebud!" And at Miss Nancy, "Be still! Here comes Rosebud!"

That's all there was to it. Rosebud saw the rattler. She let out a loud snort of delight and broke into a gallop. Miss Nancy felt her rush past and opened her eyes to see Rosebud with the snake's writhing body around her head and neck. Then Miss Nancy fainted.

IT WAS just before dark when Uncle Steve rode into the back yard. I rushed out to him. "Something's happened!" I yelled.

He didn't seem to hear me. "Eddie, I know you and Ella think a lot of Rosebud, but hadn't you just as soon have a new puppy?"

"I wouldn't swap Rosebud for a hundred puppies."

"Oh . . ." He uncinched his saddle, his back to me. "I know where there's a mighty good-blooded hound puppy. And the man would be willing to swap."

"Miss Nancy would be mighty mad."

"What?" Uncle Steve said.

"Come on," I said. "I'll show you."

Miss Nancy was sitting in the middle of the living room floor and she had Rosebud's head in her lap. She looked up at Uncle Steve and there were tears in her eyes. "We've got to do something for her!" Miss Nancy cried. "She's dying."

Ella and I were talking at the same time, trying to explain what had happened. Uncle Steve knelt down beside Miss Nancy and Rosebud and he looked at first one and then at the other. "She's just sleeping," he said. "A snake can't hurt a hog as fat as Rosebud."

"I tried to tell her that," I said.

Miss Nancy looked at me through her tears. She looked at Uncle Steve. "Sometimes," she said, "it is very difficult for schoolteachers to learn anything."

"I would have got rid of Rosebud a long time ago," Uncle Steve said. "But the kids like her. And besides, I'm stubborn as a hog myself."

"When I was looking at the snake," Miss Nancy said, "I couldn't think of anything. I just felt cold. But afterward, I thought how close I had come to dying. And I thought of what I would have missed, if I had died then. I thought of what a fool I had been."

"You can't talk like that about the girl I want to marry," Uncle Steve said.

"Oh, Steve . . ." Miss Nancy said.

Between them Rosebud slept happily with her stomach full of snake.

THE END

WE ARE PLOWING A NEW DUST BOWL

Continued from page 13

wheat was something that even machinery couldn't lick.

Absentee owners were the first to let their land "go back to grass." Those who bought at boom prices were unable to meet payments. Farmers who had expanded their holdings and were well enough fixed to hold on said, "We'll let the land rest." But none of it rested. Almost none of it went back to grass. Instead, the rains stopped and the winds picked up the dust from some 23,000,000 acres of loose open soil and hung a shroud over the land.

How closely has the old pattern been followed to date? Too close, say the soil men and the farmers who have stuck with the soil conservation program. Once more, in the face of a world-wide shortage of food and rising wheat prices the sod is being turned under and wheat acreage is being vastly expanded. Once more mechanization is being stepped up, this time through self-propelled combines, high-speed tractors and fast-cutting plows. Once more the sodbusters are moving west into the more arid sections.

Enter the "Suitcase Farmer"

But this time something new has been added to the drama on the Great Plains. It is the big-time, large-scale operator, known in the wheat belt as the "suitcase farmer," sometimes called a "suitcaser," whose acting, the soil men say, is likely, once more, to bring down the black curtain. These men are strangers who flit about in private airplanes and who would have a tough time explaining the difference between a rolling colter and a moldboard, yet call themselves farmers.

While driving through Washington County, in Colorado, I stopped to look at a plow. The tractor was huge. The plow was made up of four gangs, each cutting a 12-foot strip of sod. It was the disk type. Near the corner of the field stood a tent, a wind sock on a bent willow pole, and a truck filled with steel drums of Diesel fuel, oil and a collection of spare parts. It was lunchtime and the young tractor driver, his face covered with a mask of gray dust, had time to talk.

"I don't know how many acres the field is," he said, in trying to answer my question. "It's 16 sections. They don't go by acres in this country. I cover about a hundred acres a day. Takes me a week to plow up a section, but that's too slow for the guy who's putting in the crop. Next week my boss is bringing in another outfit."

Still answering my questions, he continued:

"No, sir. My boss doesn't own the land. All he does is custom work for the big operators. The guy who owns it lives in Dallas. He's got land in Texas, New Mexico and Colorado. Wheat is all he grows on it."

Walking back to the road I noticed the vegetation on the unplowed ground. There was some bunch grass, some native buffalo and blue grama. The field was vast, with the panoramic spread of a seascape. There was some sage, a little mesquite and dwarfed juniper, placed in piles for burning. The juniper told a significant story. It indicated that the average rainfall over the long stretch was probably not more than 10 or 12 inches annually. You can't grow wheat very long on that little moisture.

That afternoon, farther south, I saw the granddaddy of all plows. It was pulled by a Diesel tracklayer and cut a swath 60 feet wide. Ahead of it, like hogs digging for truffles, two bulldozers were rooting out troublesome tree growth and brush.

It was the same in all the grassland of eastern Colorado and northeastern New Mexico; in the Panhandle sections of Oklahoma and Texas. It is the same in Montana and the western parts of South Dakota and Nebraska. Everywhere, land that was once considered adaptable only for grazing is going under the plow.

Ten years ago this type of land was a drug on the market at $5 an acre. Today it is being gobbled up by big-city operators at prices ranging from $35 to $50 an acre. Nearly all the tax delinquent land in South Dakota—and South Dakota had plenty—is once more back on the tax rolls, and checks from as far away as Wichita and Amarillo are keeping the current assessments paid up. No one knows how long it will last.

"They can farm circles around us little fellows," said a Nebraskan whose farm was only 320 acres and who strip-cropped his wheat land with sorghum. "They've got the money. Those who own their own machinery have got the labor cost down to around a minute and a half for a bushel of wheat. And, mister, that's farming!"

There is more to it than that. What happens in the home county is likely to lend a lot of weight to a farmer's thinking, and this man's farm adjoined a 6,200-acre tract of wheat land whose owner, living in another state, owned and used his own farm machinery.

But probably 90 per cent of the big-scale Johnny-come-latelies own not a cow or chicken, not a piece of machinery, except perhaps an airplane to enable them better to look after their vast, scattered holdings. For it must be remembered that in raising wheat on the Great Plains no fertilizers are used, no time or effort is expended on weeds or pests. Wheat production simplifies itself into plowing, planting and harvesting.

Get-Rich-Quick Wheat Raising

The big operator gets his plowing done for around $2 an acre, drilling may cost him three for getting the crop in, a custom combiner may charge him three fifty, which brings the total cost, not counting land, to around $8.50 an acre. With only an average yield of 20 bushels an acre and with the price of wheat pushing the three-dollar mark, one crop will more than cover the cost of producing it—including the cost of the land. Two crops add up to a cleaning. Three crops would be like winning on a long shot at the races.

They don't really expect it that good. The big operator is essentially a gambler; he hopes for the breaks. He has no long-time plans for the land. His idea is to clean up and get out.

Just how much sod has already been plowed up in the Great Plains is hard to say. Cyril Luker, regional conservator, states that 7,500,000 acres in the old Dust Bowl are ready to blow. But this figure was given out some time ago, and during recent months the plows have been busier than ever. South Dakota's state conservator, Ross Davies, reports that in his state alone 2,000,000 acres of sod have been turned under since the end of the war. He puts the responsibility for what may happen squarely on the shoulders of the big operators.

H. H. Finnell, U.S. research specialist, whose office is in Amarillo, Texas, and whose chief apprehension is that the end of the plowing spree is not yet in sight, puts the acreage plowed up in the five states of Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas since 1942 at 3,170,000. Much of the land recently plowed up, he points out, is thin, hard soil which is unsuited to wheat production and will probably be abandoned when the boom collapses.

Not all the big operators are brief-

case farmers. Some are farmers with fat bank accounts accumulated during the recent lush years, who have been infected with the easy-money virus. Others who had been sticking with the conservation program took a look at what was going on, threw up their hands and joined the parade of the plowmen. For this the government itself is at least partly to blame.

During the war the farmers as a group continued to co-operate with the Soil Conservation Service. They helped carry on experiments with exciting new grasses which the government had brought in from Australia, South Africa and Canada. They were particularly interested in what was happening on the government's Land Utilization projects, composed of some 5,000,000 acres of blown-out land most of which had been purchased from absentee owners when the going got tough in the late thirties.

Farmers continued to donate their time to care for the trees, now ten years old, which had been planted in the 285,000 acres of shelter belts. They assisted the conservation men in classifying soils into high-risk, medium-risk and low-risk land depending on soil texture and rainfall. It was pretty generally agreed that the major problem was to get and keep all high-risk land permanently under sod, and that under certain conditions, even medium-risk lands might be better suited to plantings of milo maize, sorghums or Sudan grass than wheat.

And then, in July, 1947, the hatchet men in Washington who had forgotten the dust storms of the previous decade lopped a round 23 per cent from the funds needed to carry on the work of the service. Personnel had to be cut. Projects were dropped.

Less than half, only some 2,000,000 acres, of the government-acquired land in the Land Utility projects had been restored, but almost immediately the big-time speculators began hammering at the door, demanding that this land be released for wheat farming. Interest lagged in the farmer-managed, farmer-voted soil conservation districts. It was the opportunity that the big boys from the outside had been waiting for. They bought land, disregarded or outvoted the farmers.

A Texas Cattleman Sounds Off

In some cases a single operator, because of his large holdings, was powerful enough to scuttle the whole, locally controlled conservation program. I talked with a rancher in Cochran County, in Texas. This man had always been a cattleman, but had recently turned under 600 acres of grassland.

"Sure, I know what the score is," he said. "All my land's thin and hard. I don't need a soil expert to tell me my land's in the high-risk class. Some years we don't get enough rain to make spit for a grasshopper. But they raised a lot of wheat around here last year and they made lots of money. If they make another killing, I figure I'll clean up, too. If they don't, and it starts to blow, 90 per cent of this land around me will be abandoned and go out of control. It'll be hell for the man who tries to battle it out. I'm not going to be one of 'em."

There are three ingredients that make a Dust Bowl. These are wind, drought and loose soil. Of these only the last is controllable, and therefore the only one through which a future Dust Bowl can be prevented.

Will Rogers once called the Great Plains a "paradise for windmill salesmen." Winds throughout the year average from 10 to 15 miles per hour. In late winter and spring they often attain velocities of 40 and 50 miles for two or three days at a time.

As for droughts, there is no telling when the next one will strike. Old-timers stiffly maintain that the wet and dry years tend to fall into seven-year cycles. But the conservation men disagree. All they know for sure is that the wet and dry years tend to bunch up, that droughts have always come to the plains in the past, and that as sure as night follows day, they will come again. The average annual rainfall over the years is close to 20 inches. It takes 18 inches to grow and mature a wheat crop, and if the rains were distributed evenly, and if each year were an average year, all the land would be wheat land. Neither of these conditions obtains.

Along the eastern border of Kansas the average rainfall is 35 inches. Heading westward, a day's driving takes you to Dodge City, and here the average is 19. Another 100 miles, at the little town of Syracuse, near the border of Colorado, and it has fallen to 17 inches. This is on a line with Dalhart, Texas, a community that choked through 161 dust storms in the dry years of the thirties. A little farther west the figures drop fast, so that 50 miles one way or the other may make a difference of 5 inches. This is grass country, and in some years when the rainfall goes to less than half the average, scant grass at that. Yet these are the districts in which the big plows are busiest.

Risky Investment for a Dentist

In Prowers County, Colorado, a rancher was offered $30 an acre for a block of grazing land by a man who had given up a lucrative dental practice in Fort Worth. The rancher had continued to work along with the district soil conservation program, but the temptation to sell out and get out still bothered him.

"It won't take a drought to put the skids under these fellows," he said, referring to the wheat operators who had already plowed up more than 300,000 acres of his county. "Just getting back to a normal rainfall will break up the wheat boom in this part of the country. We've had pretty near twice the rain here in late years that we have any right to expect. Way I figure it, these fellows are raising wheat on borrowed moisture and their luck's about ready to run out. When she starts to blow, they'll head for California or Florida, and us old-timers, we'll be holding the sack. My wife figures we should have sold and pulled out ahead of the rush."

Two possibilities loom large in the near future. One, that the rains will continue, bringing into production the vast, new acreage of the recent plow-up and resulting in what the Secretary of Agriculture calls, "a bankrupting surplus"; the other is that the wet years have run their cycle and that the dry years, following the law of the long averages, are about due.

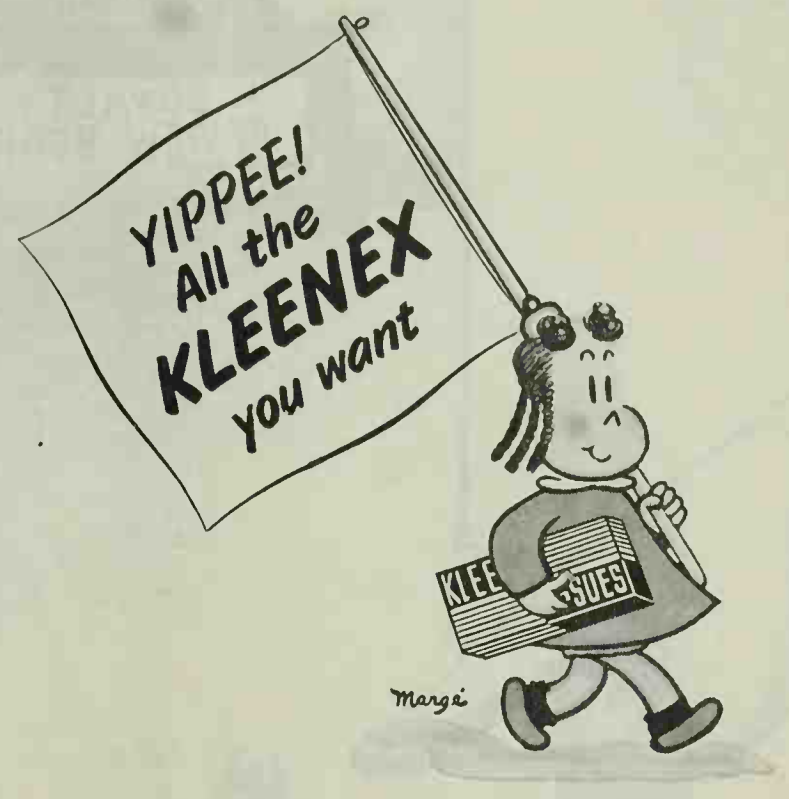
In the latter case much of the recently plowed grasslands in the southwestern sections of the Great Plains will be abandoned immediately. Here, where the fields are large, where there are few trees and the soils are thin, loose and sandy, the dust storms will strike first. But they will not end here. They will carry their burdens of fine grit and sand across the plains, and the more capable land, land that normally raises some wheat even in the dry years, will be smothered with dust and put out of production.

To the soil men it is a battle for grass. Already, the wall maps in the small, dusty offices are speckled with colored pins that indicate rainfall "below normal," or "scanty." They take a grim view of things. Today the plows are winning.

And the men in the Soil Conservation Service are already making plans to combat another Dust Bowl. They say it will be harder this time. It will be more difficult to keep the seed in the ground, to get it to sprout and take root, to get the land back to grass. Some of them say that it may take as much as twenty-five years to gain back the territory that has already been lost to the plows.

THE END

LITTLE LULU



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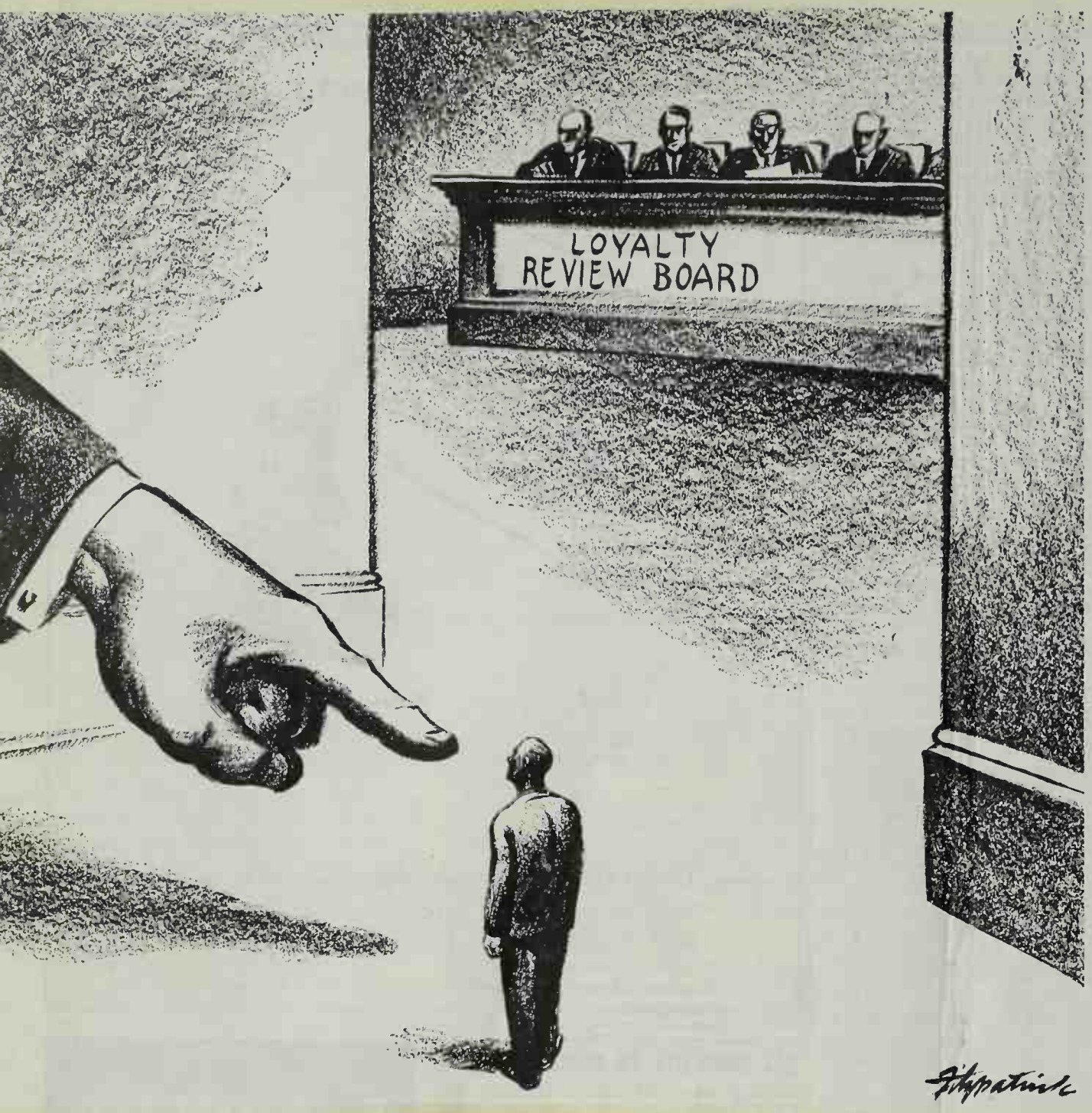

THOSE LOYALTY APPEALS

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S order of last March, that the government's 1,900,000-plus employees be investigated for Communist, Fascist and other subversive tendencies, alarmed many people. So did the ensuing firings, without open trials and with a minimum of publicity, of persons in the State Department, the armed forces, and the Central Intelligence Agency.

There was, however, another provision in the Truman order; namely, that an appeals board be set up to review the cases of any discharged government employees who felt that they had been treated unjustly. This Loyalty Review Board was established recently, and its 20-member panel is now functioning, with Seth W. Richardson as chairman.

Others on the board include such well-known lawyers and educators as George W. Alger, John H. Amen, John Kirkland Clark, Tom J. Davis, Meta Glass, Earl Harrison, Charles Sawyer and Murray Seasongood.

With such an agency on the job, it seems to us, there can be no valid objections to the loyalty tests—though of course nothing of this sort will satisfy the domestic Communists, who would love to have the United States government go on being as open to treacherous infiltration as it long has been.

We can't safely permit that any more. We saw in 1940 how France, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Holland had been honeycombed by Hitler's Fifth Column. We're seeing now how Stalin's Fifth Column operates in such unhappy countries as Hungary and Rumania. We were put on notice of similar goings on in this hemisphere a year or so ago, when Canada dug out a Russian-spy pustule heading up in no less a place than the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa.

It would be impossible in many cases to convict genuine Fifth Columnists in formal court trials. The more virulent of these persons know all the legal loopholes available in our judicial system; or if they don't, their lawyers do. Therefore, since it is essential to our safety to weed them out of government employment, it is necessary to loosen up the rules a bit in the American people's favor.

In the loyalty test, with full right of appeal accorded anybody who thinks he has been fired unjustly, we seem to have hit on the best feasible way to protect ourselves and to protect government employees' basic rights at the same time. Let's handle the Fifth Column fumigation by this method until a better method happens along, and heavily discount the thunder on the left.

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GIVE AMERICA A REAL "VOICE"

THE U.S. State Department's propaganda service, first called the "Voice of America," then formally christened the Office of Information and Educational Exchange, had tough sledding during the year or so in which it was under the supervision of William Benton, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, who recently resigned that post.

For all the tough sledding, the Voice of America idea is a good one. The idea is that, since Russia is flooding much of the world with the falsest kind of anti-U.S. propaganda, we should crack back with fair, factual and vigorous propaganda of our own. The Voice attempts to do that, but is pretty seriously handicapped at present because Congress last summer granted it only $12,400,000 for a year's work instead of the $31,000,000 the State Department requested.

All of which impels us to urge that the Senate pass H.R. 3342 at its earliest convenience.

H.R. 3342 is a bill, passed by the House last July, to make the Office of Information and Educational Exchange permanent, and to put it in charge of a wide variety of U.S. propaganda services—radio programs beamed in strategic directions, library and information offices in many countries outside the Iron Curtain, documentary films on various aspects of American life, and so on.

Representative Karl E. Mundt (Rep., S.D.), who led the initial Congressional attack on some of the Voice's misplays, is a strong backer of this plan to tune up, tone up and generally strengthen the Voice. Mundt urges that we spend some $50,000,000 a year on these efforts to funnel into other peoples' minds our side of the argument between democracy and Communism.

Such an expenditure seems to be a reasonable one, only provided the agency is run by realists and businesslike executives, with dreamers, phonies and tinhorn tub thumpers ruled out.

We have a mighty story to tell about this country to a world which knows only fragments of that story. Let's get busy and tell it.

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

THE new movie on anti-Semitism in the United States, Gentleman's Agreement, is not the best picture ever made. It's a bit preachy in spots, and a trifle long-drawn-out.

Nevertheless, it is good entertainment; and, even more important, it is good medicine for more than a few Americans. If you're inclined to be anti-Semitic yourself, better see it. If you have an anti-Semitic friend, better try to induce him or her to see it.

Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen has remarked that if any force ever succeeds in tearing the United States apart, that force will be hate—hate of group for group, class for class, race for race. It follows that any well-thought-out antidote for such hate should have the support of everybody who doesn't want to see this country torn apart. Gentleman's Agreement is such an antidote for the peculiarly poisonous hate that is anti-Semitism.